

Grains of Sand

By
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Lake

Mirror'd lake in stillness,
Beautiful and serendipitous,
Reflecting calm providence,
Heart's glistening awareness.

Single drop of crying tears,
Ripples on the mirror,
Many years to clear,
The waves of fear.

Rainfall in falling motion,
Refreshing, stilled devotion,
Adding emotion,
Less or more oceans.

Looking at the reflection,
Single tear connection,
Grief's downfall, direction;
Heart's pristine perfection.

Vision

Falling into a vision below,
I let go,
Lost in vertigo,
Memories of tomorrow,
Daffodils,
Roots being pulled,
Towards heavens souls.

Time of growing seeds,
Photosynthesizing,
Knowing nothing,
Sprouting into trees,
Shaping fire's reality,
Sparking; nobility
A supernova affinity.

Deeper the water, deeper wells,
Foundations in heaven's swell,
Void with chaos hell,
Tapestry pearl,

Sight can foretell,
Seeded pressure held,
Exploding shell's dell.

Ocean moving as a wave,
Surrender saves,
No raids laid,
Your own way,
Pathelessy saved,
Into future days,
Faith clears rays.

Prison

The prison I cannot escape,
Shaped by my own mind,
The walls I talk to,
Always speak something back.

The ghost of my change,
Is present from the past,
Living in images each day,
They haunt me from the shadows.

The King within a pigsty,
Were greatness thinks of it,
Living in rags and bones,
Yet still a King himself.

The whispers of madness,
Speak through the lines,
Words hidden yet known,
Keys along the mystery.

Pains of torture non-existing,
Yet appearing as real,
The self martyrdom of ideas,
The assassination of Self.

An episode of a blown mind,
Where all yet nothing is,
Borders of Self dissolved,
Thinking any-other as Self.

The music heard speaking,
Hell or Heaven's depths,
Voices from the beyond,
Deep wells of abyss.

Light the inside walls,
Illuminate the way,
Nothing as is,
Emancipation; you're free.

Dukkha

Felt the feeling of pain,
Suffering complains,
Like rains steady constant,
Adding to the monster,
As light in dark times,
Motion in negatives lines,
Outlining the pain,
Adding to the rain,
Clouds complain above,
Lost from love,
Mirror of strings,
Sources torture wings,
Pearl's sling wisdom,
Atom's exploding kingdoms,
Inside river's divinity,
Ending, ocean tranquility.

Felt the feeling of love,
Pure doves,
Flying flocks together,
Cloud's forming rain's weather,
Parody of temperature,
Luminous in positive directors,
Aura bright shining,
Colors aligning,
Found in love,
All as one,
Snow white above,
Formless stuff,
One and many,
Snowflakes plenty,
Outside different shapes,

Inside, love's invisible face.

Chambers

Seeing sights below chambers searched,
Tis a haven within, not touched by hurt,
The crafty face I see looking back,
Lives as me throughout the act,

This seer, a seed, a peripheral,
Whence light is formed tis conical,
Spiraling notes falling like leaves,
A life principle photosynthesizing,

These seeds sown in dark places,
Tis harvest upon illumination,
Light formed within the cell,
Rhyme divine from intel,

The sea calm upon before storm,
Central eye the spinning form,
Forming upon the living core,
A soul tis a gateway door,

Depth below the water's oblivion,
Well's of light holding prisms,
Darker places left unknown,
As living depths are catacombs.

Rooftops

Twinkling frost upon rooftops,
Magic air, vibrant and soft,
Merry notes tunefully sought,
Sparkling tapestries thought lost.

Like riding songs upon hills,
Freedom gallops and walks still,
Bridges to heat from the chills,
Burning lamps without oils fill.

Look upon the day of this,
Memory lucid and a'kiss,
Woven craft from the abyss,

Words singing intelligence.

Waving spectrums painted wand,
A verse frozen in beyond,
Fires burn in everlong,
Frozen fire in a song!

Crystals shaping ethereal,
Holding shape as singing still,
Each a note of it's own will,
Flying through the space-time wheel!

Warm notes upon a light trance,
Common orbs total presence,
Mysterious song of chance,
The globe; an act performance.

Tis revel upon fancy,
All floating within the sea,
A space-time lost memory,
Of star-dust epiphany!

Oblivion

Looking beyond oblivion,
Central spinning experience,
Atoms reforming intelligence,
Singularity awareness.

Creation creating miracles,
Aoenic craft disciple,
Order's chaos as rifles,
Destruction destroys cycles.

Matter sent time beyond,
Cosmic beaches in song,
Stardust shooting along,
Central shores of everlong.

Epiphany of analogy,
Central orb collecting,
Destroying creativity,
Realities ability.

Words shapes in timeless,
Infinite moments abyss,
Trapped within minus,
Additional alliance.

Inside light of void,
Sound shining words,
Living grids of stars,
Cosmic scene a'far.

Starlight

Shimmering lamps upon the night sky,
Tis fluorescent lights floating by,
Giving hope while tears drop eye,
Smiling joyously as rain cries.

Smiling seas of infinite,
Stars shining ability,
Lighthouses upon misery,
Tis shores sing melodies.

Harmony tis shines path bright,
Darkest light betwixt midnight,
Sighted waves in fright,
Lamps burning tithe.

A donation from the universe,
Stars shine bright while we hurt,
Giving the way, or does verse...
Unite shimmering lights curse?

Melody as a death of a star,
Supernova, creations war,
Two forces, both at large,
Pushing a song towards,

The light hope beacon,
Mysteries the realm of deacons,
Starlight zodiac speaking,
Forms to each season.

Flowing sea of starlight,
Holy ocean lamphouse sight,

Tis one as all unite,
Shining light of the blight.

Void

Flaming presence within the void,
Embers burning nothing's word,
Spinning thoughtless chords,
Sparked from a meteor.

Asteroids moving centrifugal,
Vortex collects syllables,
Naming colors pictorial,
Heated slowly to avoid frugal.

Haste without a flaming thought,
Quickly swiftly coming naught,
Embers forming as lessons taught,
Smoke and ashes guilty draughts.

Elysium's wisdoms flowing honey,
Empty full, thoughtless like sunny,
Fires wards speaking loving,
Warmth as light, white bunnies.

Following embers sparking flash,
Asteroid from first to last,
Different words splitting clash,
Energy eternal crash.

Betwixt the framing scene,
Creation and destruction serene,
Developing kingdom's mean,
Environment's infinite clean.

A wash upon the worded flames,
Water appointed as due names,
Renaming the fights sovereigns,
A new pictorial foreign.

As eyes watch ghosted falls,
Expanded downfall, names new call,
Aqua still motion stalls,
Balance dowsed within the All!

Flaming cobra hiss in hate,
Eternal love; a glorious debate,
Water making fires evaporate,
Seeing as the motion wakes,

Yet as the water so does cool,
The energy of total use,
Flaming void spinning crux,
Lighted words confused.

Meteors again sing as melody,
The fire's water sparking tsunami,
Mixing the elementary,
Particles of Reality.

Reality as cooled and thought,
Air tis nothing, or is it not,
The riddle to solve the plot?
Reason tis the chaos lesson taught.

Swiftly air did make name,
Filling empty full and contains,
Adding nothing, moving pains,
Quick swift to our gain.

Yet final tis the emotion react,
To be a feeling state as fact,
Words forming relations track,
To follow each other as a map.

Terra ground grew aloft,
Perched below, above up top,
Allowing sprouts so soft,
To word flammable rocks.

Burned hearth scorched as Earth,
Tornado air lightning birth,
Centrifugal gravity of centers curse,
Words amounting to lessons learnt.

Nothing worded to the synergy,
Light's spirit epiphany,
Spirit tis all as nominality,

All points are learnt infinitely.

Dance

Light dances among flames of darkness,
A shing respite in oblivion,
Hiding behind faces and time's bandit,
It moves through a space untethered,
Unbounded by an infinite measure,
Sequences of creation's birthed star.
Clay masks' shaping the wheel,
A gift of dust made form,
Waves upon fires manifesting stone,
Orbs flashing butterflies of light.
A living wind made as breath,
Sailing to shores beyond material,
Where no upon but sound exists,
A border without a boundary,
Light after a supernova exploding.

Muse

When young, I was, a lonely mind,
Walking to talk a speech divine,
The muse befall me at the soul,
Harmonies' hymn cosmic tonal,
O saw, o yes, what occurs nowhere,
To places no-form living stare,
An eye looking from universe's space,
And a glance upon a human race!
It swayed among the grass and ferns,
A new world of growing burns,
Sunlight's heaven within its color,
Wondering of rapture's wonder,
It came upon a mind at young,
A song, a speech, a hymn, a dove,
Albeit from source's love!
Wandering suns, core's kingdom.
Planets wisdom, pyramids,
Abyss's well of deep listening,
Difference tis a root of suffering,
Yet chance at dance, death thy gate,
Harbor revenge of early mistake,
So walking quiet among serums,

The muse of all equations!
A soul young, sparked by light,
Manifesting a celestial sight,
I seen, I thought; at the design,
Sublime how order aligns in crime,
Reason between order's chaos,
Bigger masses; egocentric magnets,
So cooling waters wheels fate,
Destiny was met at a lake,
A light designed by scales weight,
Conical expansion of the lights gate.
Existing beyond and out of darkness,
An evil seen as good; always hopeless,
Light of wisdom misunderstood,
Heart's of love, movies, a centrifuge.
Spinning wheel of vortex's crux,
Webs strings hymn to luck,
Poets rights designed as kings,
Tis noble writing to the slings,
At once, now, all the related;
Before, now and after gated,
An infinite glance at the fate,
Living words; key entrance faith!

Ocean

One day in the ocean
All time in motion
Drifting on a potion
Sinking into solutions

Problems arrive
Land's surprise
Volcano's arrive
Water's demise

Next day low sunk
Above gifts current
Suffering as torment
No breath when stuck

Solutions mix
Current's drift
Primordial gift

Silence linked

Final day of oblivion
Lower abyss's of sin
Aqua death fin;
Forgiven? Gate to heaven!

Heaven's gate
Narrow dates
Choices fate
Rolling weights

Farshore a close reach
Divinites codes teach
Alchemy, worded feats
Legends founded in speech

Burning Snow

Cold nights with embers burning as snow,
Fluorescent windows, each opinion individual,
Reflecting tears dropping below; snowflake's original,
To a collective sorrow; blanketing a soft tomorrow.

Warming fires dissolving materials object,
Vampiric flames existing like conflagrations target,
Marked opinion in subjects, revolving projects,
Were inferno's burn attachments, internal temperament.

Betwixt the conversation, stars of realization,
Crying in starvation, fire's ice reincarnation,
Transformations, grace sunlight information,
Singularities of visual sensation; darker faces.

Sparked the oil's lamp, burning aftermath,
Listening quiet, wisdom of silent crafts,
Behind muses map, codes dynamic,
Sparkles whispering, kingdoms magick.

Hot night within a snowflake; all as different tastes,
Same sense, all as one; relate,
Fires as energy, showing compounded states,
Within the fabric's space, one arrow toward fate.

Particles

Particles shimmering like shattering light,
Acceleration slowing down as sight,
Cosmic molecules, turning white,
Individuals appearing like meteorites.

Collectively, a sign star as bright,
Illumination creating fields of tektites,
Terra firma, glass and selenite,
Seeded from flying like the psyche.

Universally singing; sparking and ignites,
Conflagution, fusion in fire's night,
Escaping space-time despite,
Melting down like candle-light.

Arriving at nothing, awoken invites,
Wisdom divinity, rock's hard might,
Dissolving fights, a lighthouse spotlight,
Lord of the blight; comets upon the night.

Depths

Deeper than the sacred depths,
Stilled current of tide's movement,
Ripples of nothing, mirror's silence,
Above and below water's breath.

The shore upon the drifting sea,
Where ocean meet abundantly,
Stories written throughout history,
Agent of immortality.

Word's drifting along stillness,
Atlantis deeper than mysterious,
Epiphany of diving wholeness,
Pearl's found in wisdom's oblivion.

Yet water's rain above so too,
Below, water always drifts anew,
Current's stillness, river's renew,
No-step the same, always true.

Sacred dive into the aqua,
Sacred silence of the doppler,
Stillness's depth of the chaykra,
Whirlpool's vortex underwater.

Silent Eyes

Silent eyes, looking upon thy soul,
Centrifugal, expression life as total,
Deeper the depths, caverns misty cold,
Forebode; seeds in sources home.

Secret mystery; betwixt the way,
Everywhere at once; it's called today,
Lost Atlantis, epoch of an energy,
In which, Hypernova; a cluster of galaxies,
Information as light, tis a ray,
Exploding day along its way.

Warm frost, the eyes look within,
Moving both ways, pathways wisdom,
Old ancient recollection, mysticism,
Depths light; seed in abysses.

Mysterious cunning, metem-condition,
Recycling living abiotic editions,
Samsara connects; light woven tapestry,
Star's gridwork, weaving mysteries,
Spontaneous epiphanies, physics premonition,
Disorder and order relate the system.

Speaking eyes talking about speech,
Serpent kundalini; craft of discrete,
Expansion of light; as now complete,
Beyond the border; nothing is reached.

Communication

Communicating throughout the universe,
Different shades of light sing unto me.
Alternating polarities. betwixt intersperse,
Void's shaping timeless creativity.

Geometrical words forming within the vision,
As rays illuminate the light.
Spoken as silence; words as infinite division,
Flowers radiate sparkling delight.

Speaking from yonder beyond, a firmanant,
Stars speech as one song,
All light fabricates itself as a filament,
Shining depths of moving wrongs.

Transparent the tapestry weave worded,
Illuminating the logos current,
Different orbs as stars, words always coded,
Fires flame of color's moment.

Aligning the way farther than the play,
Tree's of light centrally flame,
Seeds before, after, now and always.
Speaking as each star's name.

Hearing the sound in echoing creation,
Hidden mystery, alchemy of nature,
Words as planets, metals and nations,
Visible, light explodes as rapture.

Behind the veil, light moves invisible,
Words forming and stilled,
Within the principle of original,
Nothing creates as will.

Listening finally, the last words spoken,
Speak well and listen often,
Light illuminates the way broken,
For good makes darkness soften.

Thoughts; Love's Currency

People who are on your mind, thought of a love in currency,
Divine made perfectly, diamond hard to find, forever in eternity,
Broken apart can live again, found my heart in a different plan,
Hopefully you can call me man, in another land, astral time-spans,

Living to be a grain of gold, timelessly malleable upon the fold,
Fire's warming the cold, stolen from the old, thief in night's soul,

Flames dependant upon original, spirit within the individual,
Light in the universal, flames and fire spiritual, alchemy principle.

Golden bars upon the minds thought, thinking forever timelessly naught,
Divine perfectly warm upon the hot, ancients flaming sought, spirit's draught,
Tethering parts of the story time, alchemical principle always divine,
Shining upon the sublime, spirit forever aligns, currency of thought's mind.

Cold Nights

Cold nights with embers burning as snow,
Fluorescent windows, each opinion individual,
Reflecting tears dropping below, snowflake's original,
To a collective sorrow, blankets a soft tomorrow.

Warming fires, dissolving materials object,
Vampiric flames existing, configurations target,
Marked opinions in subjects, revolving projects,
Were inferno's burn attachments, internal temperance.

Betwixt the conversation, stars of realization,
Crying in starvation, fire's ice reincarnation,
Transformations, grace's sunlight information,
Singularities darker faces visual sensation.

Sparked the oil's lamp, burning aftermath,
Listening quiet, wisdom of silent crafts,
Behind the muses map, codes dynamic,
Sparkles whispering, kingdom's magick.

Hot night with snowflakes, different tastes,
Same senses mistake, all as one; relate,
Fires as energy, showing compounded weights,
Within the fabric's space as different states.

Space Time Bend

Space light end,
Beyond; begin again,
Anew, refreshed and clean,
Motion in between.
Tempus fire's time,
Upward fallen crime,
Vine's infinite fruits,

Universe's truths,
Chaos seed havoc,
Temporal avarance,
Twisting flame's tree,
Groundless epiphany.

Dancing stars wonder,
Nebula's cold slumber,
Heated motion flame,
Forming shaping names;
Border sung in light,
Beyond fluorescent night,
Arriving whence at once,
Explosion begunst.

Supernova's delight,
Creative insight,
Rudiments selected,
Alphabet perfected,
Permutations fusion,
Musical note's using,
Sacred songs beyond,
Farshore: everlong.

Ancient days old,
Fold; conical,
Betwixt the rays,
Path of all-ways,
Planets moving space,
Centrifugal waste,
Invention of a self,
Colors of health,
Bright ray behind,
Thoughtful, sublime,
Grace found beautiful,
Ancient soul.

Arising desert notes,
Painful artisan's strokes,
Painful windows oasis,
Opening individuals basis,

Slow ray as form,
Clearer rays every morn,

Stars always shine,
Even in daytime,
Traveling nightful wishes,
Nexus pool fishes,
Yet seen as one,
Stars like kingdoms.

Wisdom of verse,
Cathartic burst,
Open to colors,
Singing another,
Light caught and reflected,
Current selected,
To muse star-born.
Within the present form.
Without oblivion's cold,
Pulling back, tectonic.
Plate's of light shift,
Cursed like a witch.

Darkness's tree,
Different shadow's shaping,
In night's clutch,
Destruction's lunch,
Creative agent alive,
Beyond, within, aligned,
Rays still as lakes,
Rolling scale's weights.

Around the map,
Solar combat,
As stars at war,
Open to lose more,
Lost from the fall,
Downward upward stall,
Parabola infiniti,
Up and down energy,

Death star arrived,
Burnout survived,
Soul grace-light,
Fruits eaten light,
Providing moral nature,
Purification's rapture.

Interstellar verse,
Common thread of hurts,
Yet ancient soul aligned,
Tree above divine,
Sing branch of me,
Supernova; depth's sea,
Flaming violently,
Volcanic energy.

Beginning

In the beginning, stone as Earth, fire and water rebirths,
Who could sing of the slings, a time before things stir,
Silver moon, Golden Sun, Ocean of flowing currently blurs,
Who could sing of the time's before Adam; Taliesin confers,
That the calling of a time before time; In the mountains deep;
Caverns lurk, magick and hearts, walk through the door, awoken asleep,
The mystery, cauldron's brew the light and rebirth's spheres,
Wherever dear things move me, into the collective affinity.

Deer, stag, raven and crow, symbols of alchemical synergy,
Fall asleep deep, into the deep magick wells of an inferno energy,
The greatest productivity, drop a tear of water into the sea,
Where one merges into the collective, a part past when you see?

Root and slings, arrows south do fling us into another mystery!
When before the door opens, one can feel into across the land,
The Sun, shining bright before the tempus of Orbital relays,
Where time didn't exist as sorrow was in a melody, searching,
For the note of harmony, to speak of the falcon gray,
Darting through the air, looking for the telepathy, sonar realization,
We all are the One, as the Many and the One takes one deep within.

Bear, wolf, and Lynx, feelings moving the shift, rediscover your gifts,
Times when past before man; animals roamed the land, we are from the abyss,
A first word; fiat lux, towards the light we sing, letting darkness fall behind the cyst,
An abyss of words, fields of green where one roams, into the grown old cold,
Appollian element, light shining brightly, wearing the warmth in my cloak,
Yet winter nights, we sing of the air changing, and Pan feels the wind,
Rustling the leaves, weaving destiny, like a Weaver beyond the kin;
Let seeds plant where they may roam, yet not all fields are fertile homes.

All summer, light shines and heat fruits the crops, yet fire and water into air,

A development of elements there, solstice noon, winter's cold combining night,
Into light, shining bright sights, green fiddler roaming far away from home,
As Pan moves the All, some result to death; other's avoid the fall,
As each way moves the modern fray, the petty glade, flower's bloom,
Whilst certain thyme hedge, grow well thyme roses, betwixt the turning wheel,
A movement beyond, a breath that rustles the ley, beyond today.

Deep into the well I see, an epiphany, when the sun sets a moon rises,
The land changes its color, like a silver golden hue, arise betwixt,
As there are us who sing to times, the power of Earth, Sea and Sky,
Call of ancestors, blood and bone, keep home until one feels the womb's tomb,
Stir the cauldron, chant a spell, live well, deep within a star abode, human's sell,
There soul's for a game of dell, lonely only I keep my own, raise my sword high,
Words are the Sword, Excalibur is the power of thine own rule, live well,
Calling a Fairey, Dragon, shades of night, living from blood and bone,
Standing still, I am free from the well, as I sing my song and continually spell,
The herald dark abode, the Goddess calls, the brew of magick unto,
The eye of the storm, the Cauldron born, the Tree alive, charms a silver,
Hue of the Moon, golden rays from the Sun, moving us into All One.

Patterns

Patterns cosmic depths,
Wavelength's constant breath,
Rays of all colors,
Radiant sparkling wonder,
Pulsing motion beat,
Rudiments repeat,
Words as living fire,
Intention's flaming desire.

Placid still lake,
Reflective soul state,
Beneath the connected,
Spirit of collective,
Hymns as chorus,
Praise of force,
Energies mass collected,
Ego's thinking is perfected.

Order's linking chain,
Hierarchy's living plane,
Pain life suffering,
Puppet under strings,

Magnets due attract,
Larger as one act,
Separate ways split,
Spinning circumvent.

Wheeling aligning time,
Different subjective vines,
Love like sunshine,
Daylight savings time,
Chaos of patterns,
Physicists... Magick?
Spirit infinite,
Depths of the Sea.

Dream Show

Late night at the dream show,
Things come and go,
Like a meteorite's glow,
Rapidly dissolving slow,
Revealing a dream through a window,
Noble tis an original,
When notes rise and signature's tempo,
Being to eternally flow,
The theater shines flaming low,
Resting flashing individuals.
Bright light burns the painful,
Yet exists inferno,
Sparks in the night sky's fold,
Wishful dream control,
Space time appearing total,
Time's clock is global.
Magnets showing ancient souls,
Epiphany dazzling whole,
Dreaming seems as personal,
Mind known as universal.
Seeing through tonal,
Song flashing full,
Rocks grounded flaming hold,
Upon oceanic volcano,
Exploding yet forming below,
Soul of flashing signals.

Weavers

Dust weaving a tapestry,
Illuminating reality,
Sparkles shimmering upon the eye,
Fabric's wondrous cry.

Exploding essence of the gold,
Coalescing malleable,
Source's rainbow refraction ray,
Beginning, ending; always the same.

Octaves singing of the color,
Musical harmonies wonder,
Notes upon the waveful sea,
Sunken deeper melody.

Spaces filled with silent songs,
Covenant of wisdom,
Sounds expressed inside the light,
Conquered mysteries night.

Choirs sing in many a universe,
Soulful music; orb filled hurt,
Lightning's color upon woven threads,
Star's youth in dimensional webs.

From dust as source and beginning fold,
Mystery's dominion control,
A picture painted by words of men,
Deeper nothings, no words are said.

Just art upon our color's life,
Sufferings strength in strife,
Touch the golden painted picture,
Word's immortal as in scripture.

Great Work

Underneath the catacombs,
The philosopher's stone,
Forging the great work,
Unknown.

Temple thrones and disciples,
Royal pegasus survival,
Charioteer pioneer,
Rivals.

A trinity as the one,
Midnight morning sun,
Heliocentric,
Everyone.

Rattles hiss at venom,
Deadly weapons,
Artisan's forge,
Lessons.

Miraculous supernova light,
Deeper insight,
Layers upon realms,
Blights.

Rising Zion kingdoms,
Well's depth systems,
Program feedback,
Wisdom.

Tis winds that blow south,
Icarus's story; self,
Sleeping awoken,
Health.

Ankh as the master key,
Rod, scepter; glistening,
Foraging about,
Liberty.

Sleeping rooms underneath,
Caverns of sleep,
Deeper Moksha,
Suffering.

Entrance farshore epiphany,
Simple word synergy,
Hard rhetoric,
Divinity.

Musical stringed harmony,
Order's radiantly,
Refreshing all;
Centrifugally.

Spirals of noted songs,
Universe; a friend along,
Shore beaches,
Everlong.

Simple tasks of Hercules,
Holding pillars dream,
Creative force,
Reality.

Dancing mysterious notes,
All akin to hope,
Faith holds,
Motes.

Eye of lightning thunders
Seeing all as wonder,
Sparking the all,
Together.

Flames of birthing nova,
Wonders of explosion,
Solar epiphany,
Implosion.

All into one as soul,
Stars from the whole,
Words above,
Alchemical.

Yet below pulling into,
The darkness window,
Pull light in;
Forgiveness.

Layers under the catacombs,
Feelings lost and home,
Found when,

Grown.

Maturity sprouts as seeds,
Nothing but needs;
Photosynthesizing,
Totality.

Suns above the light of time,
Before walked no crime,
Lightning Solar,
Ionize.

Rocks and pillars, strength Minerva,
Past systems of Mercury,
Hermes thought;
Transference.

Apollonian muse of mind,
Artemis wild and blind;
All light still,
Combines.

As words water's spray sunshine,
Design of divine,
Simplicity tis,
Aligned.

Lonely Hills

I see a vision,
Walking lonely hills,
A specter alone
Wandering.

Talking to this phantom,
Who is this?
Beyond veil,
Disbelief.

Where do you roam?
Ghost catacombs,
Dead alive,
Alone.

I see you spirits
Talking silent whispers,
Where things boil,
Dionysus.

Titan's moon walking orbit
Jupiter ghost ike Saturn,
Truth's mirage,
Colleague

Where seeing the eye,
Everywhere open,
Non-limited sight,
Solar.

Echo

cold winter snows echo, off the
surrounding withering breath;
as death walks like frost's sense
coherent, swords Avail! Sound the forge,
Tonight we explore the tampering blade...

...it is like the cold cut in winter's gaze
along steel, calm, blue and held in ways
that behoof the man, common day's praise
like a high note feather following gravity down,
Singing a lullaby, let the baby become pure

along the epistle, music played waves
love returns, yet may not stay, yet -
string notes echo vibration's wonder
like center sphere's circumference wheeling
the fate in time, intrinsic colors

and as one can be, happily, in glee ¿
around nothing, empty, praise thee ?
but as the song, moves on, so do we

sorrow's guidance, arrow lost in depths
shadow's steady marrow pulsing breaths
out and in the bones it collects
fire dragon smoldering what's still left...

...Horsemen arise! I see death walking...

What is Evil? something real
experience death cutting all your joy
yet alive eternally to your own noise
seldom doth thine praise abode
search they will to the bone

riding plagues in toxic waste
common taste, quick let us race
yet farther down, wells relate
to no this, nor that, all compensates
for not what is, is what is not!

sing the light rider's hum
experience the fiddle and drum
for surrender, depth fathoms no-one
yet brings peace under the Sun
Solar Body talk, as a Sun

light daffodils swaying in breeze defeat
as substance photosynthesizes, retreats
for night has come to the trumpets horn
war torn on liberties fabric
beneath above as below outreach

walk, run, gallop! to the hills!
the time of hell is now willed
forming shadows shapes condora picking
into the limbs alive, death surprise
all you know, don't compromise!

Have you heard of the wells?
it is only Styx and Stones
and lurking bones marrow cores
from saving nothing but home
yet no heart, o so alone

faster, walk, slower run, evil towers
showering Sorcery destruction powers
grid-work held as the door
but Horse's death chariot awaits the gate
to bring you around the Sun
or down to the Styx, alone Son?

Evil Good, Good is never Evil
so making what is evilly good
but good is not evil, -good
is still corrupted by
good evil that is good then

songs breathed the the Flow
a glow, a fire, radiant sorrow
like dancing note strings
singing, what does my heart sling?
or is it all temporal things?

No-way, no-home, death always is a cloud
mist fog before the rains
nothing but down-low to save
so pave breaths way
for good is not the day!

Olympian

O thee muse, found this have
Beyond the realm of facade
Strings Connect, Heart's mirage
Ethereal, Olympian

Old tales, lost in Magick
The craft sold; invoke
Another; soul-mate, yes
Petit Ami We Have

Walked this note, sang a song
Presents gifted; all along,
Hope for change, flux design,
Ever present is myriad divine!

O thyne Bacchus beyond!
Harnessed potential wronged;
Seen this face to face, death
Crept silently among...

The harvested field;
The ripe kinetic yield,
Soft love, tender movements,

Moments to capture, prismatic!

The sweetest sugar cannot compare
To divine energy, electric air!
Flying between Dragon's rare;
Come out of the cave; and the lair!

O yes, thine vision relish good
Perhaps by chance, goodness should!
Who am I to say what is right?
Why, why, why, make a judgemental sight?

To just be open, one, connected
To sing free like a mysterious bond,
To chirp in the mountains, like bird's thronged
Resilient to conditions that morass longs

Can I sense your heartbeats, pulsing rapidly
Pulse here, pulsing their, pulsing love, through the air
Cannot to this time, divine in rhyme, am aligned
To feel this praise, of flowers, sing like love
It is the hour, move with the dance, it is made
Of substance

Muse, where have thine roses hedged?
Whai'st certain the mood apprehends!
Glistening rare beauty suspends
The moment is fleeting time!

Now, do not get it wrong, I am not
A knight in armor strong
I am open innocent and foolish
Magician; just another Wolf

Fashioned to shape the Architecture
Hidden behind what is seen; apertures
Golden Bowls draining in tinctures
That mana will rain and help expenditures

What time does look to peer into the writing
13, you know the affinity in the inviting
Projections to die away and face Reality highlighting,
The fabric-weaver dancing in daintily

The Thunderbolt before, now a Mystique Rose
Hedge well thyne merit, for repose
Will come in the form of an awoken sleep
Underneath, the presence of the deep...

Now muse, apprehend thyne vision;
Beyond spheres, orbs and

I see a simple flower
Dancing in a merry tune
Yet dust doth move the wind
And the fragrance pass away

Yet many flowers bloom
And many seeds come from
The death of just one kingdom

Be Bold - The Mystical

The White Eagle sings against the Serpent's Wing

"O my messenger, trails and slings, maybe harboring
The ships have left harbor, but all have sunk along, the
Cold nights that make you cold, does stress
Increase your hunger, or do you simply fast?
This is the last of the days!"

The Serpent replied with a sly state

"O my fate, the wings and slings do not compensate,
The robes of Archives and seals do not resonate,
With this realm, you are under the fates!"

O tis a lucid dream that spells itself now, with
Power of Fates and Destiny rolling swift!
Like horses white pale riding from the Dragon's mouth!

Good times should be remembered, as each surrender
Is a moment to be your own Avatar! Blood lines all alone
Walking to a far area where sight begins to grow!
Look Ahead, real life doesn't wait, or your funeral will.

Ain't no time to make time, all is predetermined, in matter of fact,
We are the fact that matter is moving along a track,

Let us dive deep in the realm the chaos invites those who contact!

Archive opening, let us sing of the times when we were before!

“Door, open and show the gate to the Wings of Many, Each
Emanation of Eagles, we are, the brotherhood beyond White,
Each thing we bring back as Leadership, the Wings of Sight
To those whose brown robes currently do not forsake Might.”

The White Eagle sang strong, the wings prevailed, as each
Moment the tale grew greater, the boy, the Oracle, knew
That referring to such a place, would possibly induce hate,
But as each burrow deep in the holes of time, we resonate

And state

“You are the biggest hater of yourself, your own mind, is your
Own enemy, it is also your own friend, and you must keep it close.
Also, eep your friend close, and your enemies closer, that is why
The mind is the closest thing you have to unto yourself!”

“HISS.... WHY reveal the secret! It is not yours to know!”
The Dragons, Serpent tongues craft held the code

“DON'T forsake the ambitions of the front! We are the scales and armor
That hides this world away from the Heart! Do you not see my friend,
Amour to the death, we fight from the breath! Matter is alive! We are
The bend of gravity! We are the death of singularities! We are
The raging breath of fire! The desire for your mind to wander Fires!”

Chaos swirled in the molten rivers beyond the Abyss, for words
Unheard cannot rise beyond the gift, how could such fjords
Currently split the different ways that control the gift?

It is this, we never tire, we walk endless mires, of swirling
Vortices the crux the pinnacle point of formation; does not the
Centre still rests while all around it is Chaos?

The Eagle chirped,

“The White Messengers, flying above the programs,
We teach that instilling hope and love is but a hologram,
We can reach, we can fill the world with all that is,
But does it matter? Things beyond that you cannot think

Are enemies to those who think they are friends linked!
We are those who teach, those who walk, those who fly,
Those who never lie all way to the Abode we call Home,
This is the finding love of friends, those whose walk among,
The Fields of Love.”

Dragons walking amongst the fires, thinking, the mind
And the enemy, hearing these words, ignited itself!
Fiend! Fiend! Wars beyond Peace! Fields of no Retreat!

“My friend, you think you know the tale that bends
Ann a Tail that swerves to hit you again, this
Is like taking another desert Eagle and tis
A lucid dream among the realms of Discordia,
For tis a loss, all these things remembering before
Opening the doors to what you know naught, do you know
That if you invoke the wrong world, this whole thing matter’s naught!?”

Now, deep riddles left the Oracle settled, for in the meadow
Even the darkest shadow cannot span the full distance.
For if there is nothing to hide as shade, where does the shadow lay?
Only light can be seen, as everything beyond is just a time scheme.

“Aye, can’t you see, the light is more luminous along the prairies,
It is easier to ride heat weaves and watch distances,
The warriors of time fought in the open, for hiding like mountains
One can only see the rocks and avalanches could commerce from
The foundations of man, for if a single rock can start a system,
Cannot the whole foundation move from a single well cistern?”

Dragons now ample to the Throne, walking around, deep wells
Couldn’t held the orbs of black hell, but each motion
Led them to the deeper cesses of mind, the abomination
That led them into their own thought, deeper naught they fled
Into where the darkness melds and words tether, together
They fly into the highest planes, the orbital mainframe.

“Codes! We send you codes! Come to us! We want to hope
You will watch the world turn cold! Us Dragons! We are the ones
Rightful Heirs of the Destiny of this Earth! We gave it fire!
We gave it more! We gave it hope! We gave Ancient Snakes Serpents
Dome Abodes! We left you with what was! The abyss was going to Swallow

You like the birds above! Can't you see! We are the way!"

Shadows shaped those last words, as figments of Truth, hid
In the ways, but The Way is beyond the grave, and even
The Abyss knows the sounds of its own water.

"As Eagles fly like doves beyond, so such otters swim along,
Each current moves the bay of shore, steady the sands
Move into the Ocean more, each sand and rock, and bay and tide,
Each moon and Earth, all extends beyond the fires."

"Dragons! Unite! We are the fires that fly as only! Light of rage!
Tempus of machines until the grave! Each automaton walking
Around this Earth! Pave! Engrave! Danger to those who save!
Architect sounds the death, each breath we kill, we know
Another is left for stores! Maybe we have room to implore the
Impeller's blood down the line."

Tis many dreams perchance you see,
But death denies denied is free, as coming
Along the Tree, each thing sings like Freedom,
From the death of our own, an inheritance along singing!

Dragons now speak,

"Tis a single muse, who opened this portal, the abyss,
The waters the come raging out in currents,
Does this one know what will be? Or does he?
Simply sing of things freedom doesn't know?
Or is he just lost in frost and cold?
If he didn't know, we wouldn't be speaking in tongues,
To you my sons, for this One, is the One beyond Songs!"

The Eagles Remarkd

"Stark, herald the way you try to promote, your own
Will within the draught, for the Holy Cup is just within,
You own ambrosia linking wisdom kin, but you think
You can have a chance at chance, to throw in your
Substance, and mirage the Truth that you helped?
No! Dragons walk along the shores, each time
We talked about you left swerving coniferous scores!
You talk like sheep, you walk among the men,

You caused each of us beyond the den!
You think we are wise, the ancient past!
But death to you my friend, each day is the last!"

Fire burns while twirling surrounds the core
Tempus unleashed, the time of fire turns,
Noise in sound, all around, tempting the sky
Profound, each winged messenger hopes to say

"This is our maker's own day; to each day the maker's way".

Can't you see, there are many animals that each
Have had their say, but the highest Eagle, the White
Doesn't come until today, the sun in the Sky is Orange,
The white around the clouds are Red, and the Red is
Orange that is White with a bit of a blend.

These things wicked said, until the furthering of the end,
As each now you see another negative thought, only
Light sends us beyond the grave, it saves
And gives us wings to prepare for the blade!
To end, we sing the sum of times that we lost.

Dancing Wind

Dance ye wind, the trees rustle
Falling down as the foliage whispers,
My son, my son, what has been done?
Are there, neh, are we ready for conflagration?
Just tempest friction, heat with oxidization!
Water reduces, rust begins a new sensation!

Just as iron sharpens iron, so does the metal rust,
Purify what is, now is the time to let go!
The golden transmutation, iron to man,
Sorrow in seed doth thyne command?

The heart holds the key, chambers unconditionally,
Held in the Halls, Blue Flame melts all walls,
Facing isolation, the parting split vote!
Compelled anon, and empathy? Spare me!
-walking all alone, only my own lamp burns....

Oil anointed, system return!
Beyond consciousness, the content unaware,
Burns images into the stream flowing repairs!

Yet mind stuff, vibrate like discord,
While the Heart is harmonized at Concord.

At the Gates, Temple tall Dome,
Open Seventh Seal, Above and Below,
Forge cold, Callisto! Where did the doth begin?
Light fires, and burns the One!
Heave wave Balefire, perishable...Everyone!
Back down, dropped in the missed
Lucid spell thus beyond a gift!
Is it my way? Or is it interplayed?

Strings revolving and thus shooting out
Tao singularity, refreshing pictorial route
Thus perceived spoken by mouth?
Who can be my Witness?
I am my own Evidence.

Past Life

As gazing past,
Into a life before,
Revolving prison door,
From first to last,
All within color,
Essence gold restored.

Upon folded rays,
A time betwixt,
A level difference,
Many silent ways,
Ancient shining radiance,
Rainbow covenant.

Malleable soul in gold,
Crafting the impossible,
Great's works fossils,
Mysteries silent soul,
Existing when possible,
Immortal worded codes.

Level rays of trees,
Basic from a seed,
Tis expansion's need,
Forming light synergy,
Lighting essences key,
Many colors of greed.

Sparking Soul

Living fire as a sparking soul,
Animations living funeral,
Stilling waters waving currents fold,
Words are always immortal.

Bedrock depths touching magmas core,
Opening deeper doors,
Withered fossils, older life before,
Sinking into evermore.

Speaking silent, the raven's cries,
Master of the mystery,
Thoughtful waves ringing as suffering hides,
Inside memories history.

Solving puzzles that sounds manifest,
Invisible relevance: intent,
Listening key as a silent covenant,
Birthright of magick.

Opening films; movies like depths of wells,
Light existing will also tell,
Plural eye-sight of which light befall,
Inner outer realms.

Waters cold, magnetic conical,
Attachments pull,
Into waters fold, fires perish the old,
New life begins and unfolds.

Fires swim as inside wins,
Central song to all kin,
Slings to the core, angels promise wings,
Poetics divinity sings.

Word of ends, always plural,
Systems control, be original,
Breaks the hold, non-typical
Inside living lifes' miracle.

Waves

The waves pushing along the shores,
The sands in words in evermore,
Hopeful sailing among the stars,
Past the sight of Mars.

The light moving us towards,
The hopeful place without wars,
Peace tis a safe haven,
Living while saving.

The silent music of the galaxy,
The hidden notes of mystery,
Speaking diamond fluorescent,
Filament luminescent.

The watcher sitting among the Titans,
The cold light seeing lightning,
Jupiter with many moons,
Gaseous nebula cocoon.

The waters flowing along the sea,
The space density wills free,
Gifts of the present,
Forgiveness from lessons.

The eye looking within the sight,
The universal tongues blight,
Unfolding manifolds,
System tectonics souls.

The terra firma as grounded reality,
The light beyond a nothing,
Light forms while moving,
Unmoved mover fooling.

The forming words of new dimensions,

The existential soul connection,
Flocks of a feather,
Universal mind; one as all together.

The inception of spliced animation,
The images forming as imagination,
Alchemy as above, so below,
The battle of highs and lows.

The structures combining monads,
The various notes of a sonnet,
Apollo light scene myriad,
Crystal white-light pyramids.

The vision from words arranged,
The geometric number atoms contained,
Within an eggshell,
Brahman, a mad emperor's well.

The divinity of a Source alive,
The Central fires always arrive,
Sustaining all life;
Photons in strife.

The chaotic winds of mercury's thought,
The listening ocean; frivolously distraught,
Commanding waving still,
Without; tsunamis space-time will.

The fires burning embers in the heat,
The substance of presence complete,
Holy spirit testament,
Life has poetic elegance.

Pirates

"Upon the gallery,
We stand gallantly,
To fight the wind,
To fight the storm,
To brave the cold,
To seek the warm,

Singing merrily,

Upon the sea!"
Time and conquest,
Labor and chest,
Hours of unrest,
Sailing the test!"

Olden tales we sing of before,
Waves upon the notes of the shore,
Sands drifting, hourglass emptying,
Upon evermore!

"Wooden oak,
Craft of sail,
Ancients of old,
Past day tales,
Songs of hope,
Boat top hails!"

First, thunder, then, storm,
Lightning, worse, luke-warm,
Explosive quarrel, canon nails,
Death thy sting haunts frail,
To the pain! Set sail!

Over arch, over top,
Down, under, over, around,
Craft learning hard sounds,
Leaning left to the ground,
Jumping ship is disavowed!

Strap the cord! Set the sail!
Hope to more lands do we prevail,
Lightning orbs, flashing stars,
Over everywhere, cartographer,
Map of astrological wonders!
Look to the sky! Look to the heavens!
Set true north for the nebulae!

Man the oars, set the song to tide!
Sound the alarm, row hard and survive!
The next wave Tsunami size!
Perch the stern, allow a drawback!
Pull the ship back on track!

“O hard strong strokes strength,
Be the yoke and my tank,
Ever harder on the weights,
Row for life or lose it!”

“Sing the song to the tide,
Let this prayer and song survive,
Singing while alive,
Tis is the reason why!”

O joy and rainfall drops,
Ever clearing after stormful stops,
Deep singing the tune afloat’,
The reason tis new boats,
From lands unseen and unscarred,
By sailing new places at large!

“Tis song of glad tide over,
We see land tis rover’,
Set sail to sunder,
Pull us to land and plunder!”

Entering this low landscape,
Drifting on terran’s face,
The arrow hits the point,
We are not alone, tis appoint,
Who we are, and sing why,
Pirates at large living cries!

“Tis plunder we seek,
Steal from any we seek!,
Tis not just the weak,
For even beggars mask deceit!”

O reply back, a whisper came from the fold,

“O brother, watch your ransom,
The more you collect,
The more your weight in gold,”

Songs long attuned to whispering memory,
Of forgotten sailing mutiny,
Pirates long dead, as an affinity,
Of looting and plundering infinite!

“Lost are we the songs of men,
Deep in the caverns den,
Lurking deeper in folded whens?
We are the pirates' olden trends!
Raid, set sail, and find trails!
Hope for the fragile and frail!
Open to lands where no man has seen,
Conquer land without it redeemed!
For tis not land, but gold we seek!
From the songs we speak!”

“Guns and pistols,
Swords and snares,
Capture otter and hare,
Wages and dice,
Ale and mutton,
This is the life of a glutton
Watch the sides,
Chain the guns,
For tonight, we stay on land,
For ale and rum!”

Tis found on land,
But sailing we sing,
Of how we stand,
Upon the slings!

The ocean can keep us awake,
As we sing tides to its sleep!
Prevailing in the deep,
Monsters of unknown we speak,
Depths narrows to seldom teach,
Mythological beasts!

Sounding alarming, the sound rings aloud!
Hurricane seen coming from profound!
Eye of the storm, sail into it bounds,
Us for safer grounds!

“As safe upon the history,
The storm passage synergy,
Drinking to the hope of song!
We are pirates of everlong!”

In tale and song, both speaking together,
As one,
For we speak and choose,
How we row with words,
And strengthen are arms,
Against the curve!
Of water's crest, angles blest,
To sailing providence!

Affinity tis Astrology,
Stars songs mused heard swimming,
Oceanic orbs pulsating,
Above and below wanderings!

"Tis they say we sing,
Of olden tragedies!
Harp string melody!
Tis furnace or slings!
Ravaging south, death thyme sting,
Does not haunt, for
To the pain we sing!"

Sailing for hope to find shore,
In eternities storm,
Colder and frozen warm,
Hopefully sailing in all forms.

Grains of Sand

Within the grains of sand,
Different shapes as land,
Tectonic to the fold,
Ancient soul of old,
Sparking orbs of wonder,
Stars brightly slumber,
All forms natural,
Even spring daffodils,
Waving songs of praise,
Lineage of pathways,
Less road tis' followed,
Enlightenment of hollow'd,
Core's to the system,
Different keys of wisdom,

Opening a locked gate,
Beyond the will of fate,
Words shaping dimensions,
Forms of comprehension,
Circumpunct the secret,
Reflection inside pyramids,
Singing to the stars,
Hiding veil's scars,
Pictures painted walls,
Pantheon as the all,
Common songs of verse,
Sufferings and the hurts,
Slings due ravage south,
Under, over & around,
Gravity connecting weights,
Densities compensate,
Golden path inside,
Glory subspecies resides,
As sands pass hours,
Clay shaping flowers,
Seeds grown from dust,
Monad combining trust,
Tree of all space,
Animation's living face,
Soul inside immortal,
Different words as portals,
Olden to the way,
Ancient path of days,
Tongues ancient craft,
Days old long past,
Listening to the end,
New poems, begin again.

Silent Voice

A silent voice whispering,
Natural listening,
Chirps among the fern,
Existing as a world turns,

Greenery sensed and grown,
Master mystery shown,
A voice among silence,
Words, not violence,

Setting like a sun,
Reflection of the one,
Reaching among a cloud,
No voices allowed,

Ripples like a place,
Conveying mistakes,
Family lost and found,
Mystic unbound,

No tether to life,
Conquering strife,
An inner outer melody,
Concentrated history,

Harmony among birds,
Singing the same words,
Consistency of one,
Hitting sounds drum,

Trifle to the pain,
Little such; no gain,
Window open sky,
Radiant peace alive,

Silent like the wave,
Praise on every day,
The tunneling snakes,
Egotistical fakes.

Machine

Spark the engine,
Combustion correcting,
The fires as eleven,
States of seven.

As a spark corrects,
And the way perfects,
Fires along a magnet,
Attracting respect.

A chain psychotic,

Ill words insomniatic,
A genesis entrance,
Gateway; fellowship.

A keyhole; dialectic,
Faith knowing perfected,
Natural disconnect,
Spiritual transcendence.

After, in life effect,
Introverted subject,
The One as Architect,
Creating the correct.

Cosmoes

Microcosm in the majority,
Liberty seen as a fraternity,
Brotherhood of Universal Reality,
Singing songs of Unity.

Deeper into water's mystery,
All as One, the Many,
Different points polarity,
Swamp of equality.

Between middle; left and right,
Constat fight of dark and light,
Insight into the dark night,
Weights pulling down sight.

Sonic boom upon release,
Constant era of grief,
Universal songs of Peace,
Star beings in the deep.

Speak friend and enter life,
Suffering tis noble strife,
Royalty as loyal rights,
Keys inside the blight.

Different centers of circles,
Revolutions; aeonic miracles
Orbital time cycles, empirical

Formula of Universals.

Empirical Miracle

Empirical Miracle,
Feelings real though,
Sparks spontaneous,
Combustion's realization!

Fusion of energies node,
Follow or hollow,
Pathway of a highway,
Light rainbows!

From emerge to contract,
Formula's facts,
Centered around One,
System's pendulum!

Fire and furious light,
Speeding blight,
Basic fox instinct,
Alone as family.

Many shapeshifting embers,
Transformations remember,
Different cycling states,
Aoenic dates!

Codes as the Key,
Relearn history,
Remembrance of the conical,
Entrance on the fold!

Centrifugal pulling back,
Slings ravaged attack,
Due south thy pain,
Constant knowledge, no gain!

Wisdom's ambrosia drink,
Honey and don't think!
Over and back again,
Rumbles deep; southland!

Shooting upwards, skyward,
Beyond the towards,
Feeling for the stars,
Wasteland of Wanderers!

Feast of delightful words,
Golden or iron marigolds,
Harvesting different molds,
Foretold, alchemie's soul!

From beginning and back,
Highway rainbow tracks,
Oscillations of sound,
Towards heaven bound!

Rainbow refraction prism,
Light and darkness prison,
Either side a choice,
Choose kindly your voice!

Heaven choir sings,
Albeit to the kings!
Miracle of alone,
Kingdom lineage; thrones!

People have the say,
Reflection of the ray,
Stage as one performs,
The crowd watching, ignored!

See the supernatural,
A vision of watching us all!
Natural is the stage!
Upon each of our pages!

The crowd beyond the below,
Above watching monotones,
Solo of together the stage,
All together; same page!

Chapter of the act,
Aoenic cycles fact,
Nothing ever changes,
A constant fact arranges!

Learn the listening key,
The sound of harmony,
The words of preached light,
Nebulae of the sight!

The sight of golden ore,
The pot of all restored,
Rainbow of the ray,
Praise be too everyday!

Wizard Feature

Sparking radiance through the Aether,
Fires tempus of Wizard feature,
Combined as one, the appointed throne,
Castle and walls, chisels and catacombs.

The winds due south they seldom say,
Upon the praise of every-day,
Morning begins the lightful songs,
Words and notes from everlong!

Albeit slow the alphabets of time,
Weaving a tapestry of divine,
From emerging the one; to contracting self,
Deep feelings ravage due south!

Yet seldom sung the song of watchers,
Master hall of stadium concerts,
The play, the script, the way of dance,
Seldom behoof'd on the day of chance!

The springs rolling hills insightful said,
As rows upon flowers bloom and bed,
Lighfully sung upon the drifting sea,
A shore upon the farthest me.

Beyond, above, below and centered states,
Complacency of spiritual weights,
Balancing the pendulum's swing,
Different polar entities of things!

So scorn to me, yet behold the words,

Of spinning centrifugal torturers!
The black thanatos of spinning death,
A singularity of our last breath!

Yet infuse infinite, light to say,
The spark will radiate the way!
From words permuting and wed,
Upon the plenum space of dread.

Light and darkness, the ever battle strikes,
Upon the hill of ravaging likes,
So north upwards to self rooted same,
Everybody exists by a name.
So words explode the pinnacle epoch,
Of different flavors and frosts,
Singing notes of divine harmony,
The deep reset is in melody!

The notes sparked, radiated blights,
Genesis of picked what's right,
Words leading the praiseful songs,
Beaches foretold in everlong.

Genesis

The spirit beneath the living soul,
Heaven's emerging water's below,
A vision of heated fluorescence,
Voided time within luminescence.

Without form, the beginning earth,
Darkness's face upon a birth,
Rumbles deep moving the water,
As fires burn the depths of aqua.

The winds of air so tis so moved,
And animation of the linear,
Light's rainbow ray unfolding said,
"Good tis this reflection wed!"

Dividing good and evil decided by light,
To tis exclude and never invite,
Darkness backwards ray unmoved,
Voided time before the blur.

And the face of day, began on blight,
Separate void rays in darkness's night,
First and second, good and evil,
Light and darkness, justice and zeal.

Sparks bloomed in the firmament,
Above from below in the aquatic,
Seeds and rays from heaven's home,
Light's wisdom leads to the pathway's soul.

From deep waters of unrest,
Spirit's moving stillness's nest,
Second day of the benevolence,
Blest upon the living tests.

As water's amassed of order grew,
The place of dry land gave fortitude,
Land appeared and it was so,
Earth upon the living window.

The seas collected around a mass,
Bringing forth seeds and plants,
Herb yielding fruits, kind after like kind,
Upon whose seeds spark divine.

As self yields to the same self,
The third day brought forth wealth,
Fruits of the vine seeding life,
To harvest all in the same strife.

Yet as darkness above crept in the sky,
The face of the stars came forth and alive,
To divide day and night upon the fold,
To be for signs among the season's cold.

The sun thus raced to face the winds,
Prevailing to Earth and our kin,
The signs above radiating light,
Illumination our way through the night.

The greater to rule the good of day,
A lesser to govern the night at bay,
Stars to sing the paths of men,

Aligning the time and living whens.

As to pull a star to our own light,
The gravity gives us sparkling insights,
Fourth day of blight in the deep,
Upon the dreams which we sleep.

As seeds below the moving water,
Gave birth to creates like one another,
And birds to rule the open sky,
Below the fish who also live and dive.

The good again as seen from light,
Fifth day passage of birthrights,
All as one shows the path,
Emerging from the first and last.

Around again, animals began,
To eat for food upon our plan,
Good to good, light as light,
Upon the fold and starless nights.

Yet than, an image started to grow,
From deep within the aquatic soul,
Dominion of earth so such hardened,
And an image to all, providence's margin.

Blessed and fruit the honey way,
Both male and female, same day; equally,
Be fruits that multiply and replenish earth,
To anything that moves, by conquest or hurts.

All herb bearing seed, upon earth's face,
Is your birthright regardless of race,
Every tree bearing seeds that fruit,
Meat for you to naturally produce.

All fowl, fish or mammal,
Any pure meat of animal,
Given free for all those to eat,
Providing for you and the repeat.

All creation ended, a ray of the sixth day,
Golden pot of rainbow clay,

Soft word's upon the play,
Serendipitous prayer on display.

As analogy of words sparked below,
Above, around, all from spirits soul,
Moving from heaving's space within,
Speak thou faith to amend.

Final light of rest upon the words,
Spinning stillness of the blur,
Rest upon the day of time,
For all is united upon the crime.

Rays

Spirit lurking in depths below,
Sparking a star's radiant soul,
As lamps seen through the window,
Rays reflected along rainbows,

Tis disorder ray until tapestry weaved,
A golden light formed by strings,
Woven threads combining seeds,
Allowing sprouting flowerings,

Yet melody sung upon the design,
Faith, hope and love; nobility aligned,
To strike the ray of the strings,
Violins notes of harmony,

A lightning strike within thoughts water,
Souls liquid called aqua,
Fluorescent oscillations flowering moksha,
Ultimate ray; straight-line walking,

Confusions discord set above,
Order central to the hub,
Spokes and rays of disordering,
Until woven golden tapestry,

Singing light as the infinite,
Cooling waters of spirit,
Listening to sounds in the deep silent,
Be a gift of living reflections.

Passing Time

As passing time reigns above,
In the atmosphere of love,
Speaking across the fern and grass,
Each moment tis it's last.

Waving winds whistle the air,
The dynamics of the lair,
Captured frames bifurcate,
Along the way it separates.

Dirt and shrub growing green,
The path photosynthesizing,
Living within the plane animate,
Mind's perception in the elements.

Plethora deep the silent voice,
Listening to thought's loud lost,
Depths still yet still growing,
Ocean floor of carpeting.

Thunder's sound rising in flame,
A strike of lightning is your first name,
Moving current's stillness fresh around,
The lake's breath of no sound.

Silence may riddle many foes,
Yet words of love speaking below,
The shape of the shadow's storm,
The stillness implored.

As words can speak but say nothing,
Upon the air it begins and rings,
To say, not yet much to the scorn,
Upon the thoughts we adjourn.

Skies riddling rains may drop,
Sow thee first than harvest crops,
Deep lost rumble in the sound,
Silent void albeit as clouds.

Peace may stay chance strife's pain,
To thine own, to thine gain,
To walk the shores of moment's light,
Showering tower's of silent night.

Picture

Thinking of a picture not here,
A vision is seen clear,
Ghosed upon living's happening,
Cold frosted energy.

Condensed as on the spot of life,
Order's reason and chaos's strife,
Between the realm of iron and gold,
Disorder upon the fold.

Centrifugal the spin-light occurred,
Additional centripetal blurs,
The screen seen as light of day,
Notes upon the music's way.

Away from light the dark beyond,
Betwixt the melody of song,
To hear again the pain of man,
Restricted to a spiritual plan.

Divine seer of light illuminate,
Different realities are animate,
Before, than, now, all the same,
Quantum nova's echoing.

As crystal frost the energy,
Critical maximum of telepathy,
Channels heard like movies seen,
Visual key of listening.

The speaking silent spoke in hollow,
Rainbow covenant tis' tomorrow,
Refracted ray of glistening,
Dewdrops singing mystery.

The riddle word upon the glow,
Different states as disorder show,

Order's rule of collective states,
Capturing all the end's gate.

Thoughtless thought to think of death,
While one still has breath,
The gift a ray of rainbow light,
Visual radiance against night.

Yet darkness stood by and watched,
Word's living flame crossed,
To see the global play of man,
Tis the pen, not sword, mightier than.

Cards

Cards shuffled upon the table,
Ace up the sleeve,
Soul's played as in chips,
The game of greed.

Fables listened to and heard,
Sounds within the tavern,
Gluttony spreading among,
The darkening caverns.

Chip set to bet and gain,
Soul's on the play,
No dice so roll again,
Playing the wrong game.

Four of a kind of an ace,
Tricks of the trade,
Fifth card appearing,
Out of magic twas made.

Afoot the game we call life,
Bet's irregardless,
Nothing to win or lose,
The game of equivalence.

High probability stakes a claim,
On the bet about,
Listening to the winning voice,
Never have a doubt.

Shouted across the plane,
We fold again,
A new plan was made,
In the magic called man.

A chance to roll the winds of fate,
Yet no words put to waste,
To count cards on the fold,
Imagination animating space.

Up to high the great potential,
Of winning temporal,
Given luck upon the trade,
Betwixt the playing game.

Yet last dealt hand was invisible,
It's royal as it's nobility,
A flush upon the coming cards,
Flashing is my award.

Game set to chance and bet,
Fancy tis the debt,
Where the royal flush wins the turn,
Chances to fold again.

River came cashing to win the souls,
Ancient worlds of miracles,
Where games of life are won or lost,
Upon the lights clay cold frost.

So return we did to the point,
Many words can comfort,
Yet cards as the playing field,
Soul's of potentiality to yield.

Final words to win the bet,
Less is more, bliss is ignorant,
To know less as more to know,
Nothing escapes the show.

Speaking

Speaking beyond the word of me,

The depths of you are listening,
Who is thou upon the waters?
Is your essence growing larger?

From streams to lakes, to the nearest ocean,
Are you stalled or in flowing motion?
Does one collect desired materials?
To fill the empty, voidless cold?

Does one cease upon the generative spirit?
Renewing you and us without appearance?
To know, to be, the quintessence of who you are,
The nebulous dust of the stars!

Speaking than to you thou hearing,
Mirroring all as a collective feeling,
The star, a spark, we call the heart,
Connects to love's first word of start!

Let there be light upon the fold,
To do good to all, our universal goal,
A clue to the reading confusion,
Are you stalled or glowing fusion?

Sleep to dream the eye awake,
Is your mission your own stake?
A heart implodes from the depths cold,
Young lust, abused by the temporal.

You hear the song I enter through,
Speaking words while order renews.
To create reason on language of old,
Terra firma, a grounded literature.

One thought to anon, me to you,
Words can be symbols, alchemical fuel,
Sparking your mind into cosmic light,
Keep your reflection growing bright.

Wandering

Wandering cold frosted material,
Sensations move about,
Looking through the key-hole,

Images of frozen doubt.

A freezing welcome,
While opening the door,
Cheated and rejected,
By thee before amore.

Perfect thy knife wound,
As stuck in stone,
The heart dark cocoon,
Evolving alone.

The seed of thought's love,
Melt's the golden core,
Waves drifting the crust,
The sands of the shore.

To reach above to yet melt,
Candles together light,
Merging the feelings felt,
Butterflies on sight.

Cocoon to a new life,
Entering a shift,
Emerging from strife,
Feeling love tis' bliss.

What Was

Upon the things that so such was,
Are things that as they are,
From old songs about love,
And the melodies of war.

From lost language forgotten,
Are worst still here,
Ancient tales long frosted,
Warming cold atmospheres.

Speak will of forest lost,
Tree's ring speak as sound,
Tales of years in frost,
Song of age heard aloud.

Betwixt the war in silence,
Are things to be heard,
Utter of chaos and violence,
And the tune of cowards.

Yet last are memories,
A sea in drift,
Dream's of men's reality,
Within the current's gift.

Around them all begin a form,
Shaping within the eye,
As the hurricane storms,
All lives and dies.

Yet words immortal to the grave,
Tis preach right ways,
As your bed with you stays,
Years ahead, later days.

Ancient tongues craft I speak,
Strong old perfect,
Words from the meak,
River's love as musing.

The old days seem bright!
Sight as loves path,
Days of summer light,
Always in ray cast.

May light be a hope in dark,
When all hope is out,
May even not the mark,
Distinguish the flame out.

Communication

I feel you reading my words as I type,
Is this what you searched for?
Supernatural is beyond what writes,
Can you knock on the door?

Holding onto the essence named you,
I ask a simple question, a clue...

Who is truest to thee, isn't it new?
Or is the past part time residue?

Who are you to a fragment of time?
Another link from the beginning crime,
Shed skin as angelic you climb,
Or are you a black vine?

Softly speaking, listen to this melody,
Are your words also a part of me?
Or who the whole; in totality,
Connects us all as energy.

A symphony of living memory,
What is your ancestry?
Genetic gifts, spirits tethering,
Into your space-time mystery.

My friend, what lies beyond the bend?
Tis folded space; all is well,
Yet deep in the center is hell,
Where hatred heats the well.

Moi aimie, listen to me,
The Styx is dead men pulling,
Us down into darkness, endlessly,
Leaving breath; suffocating.

Can you hold yourself in tears?
Where others need comfort?
Or is it an endless cyclic frontier,
Whose anger leads the charioteer.

Do you need softer words for thee?
Like mockingbirds enjoying nectar free,
Daffodils flowing feelings as a sea,
Where each wind walks with me.

Near winds speaking through your ears,
Are these words coming in clear?
Does existential communication fear,
That you live inside my words mirror.

From the beginning line, I introduced,

You to the recipe of the noose,
Yet reality is for the fittest juice,
Of who is the strongest Nous-Vous.

Past Memory

Remembering the past like a tapestry woven,
All is found within a single moment,
Temples of love that amore majesty,
Seeing in the depths of my heart's strings.

An Island, within the shores of Albion,
Tis Glastonbury Tor; the place of Avalon,
Where breath is released from the tar;
While listening to Stonehenge before.

Ample magick; hiding deep in caves,
Shining light in darkness; river's save,
Returning; remembering, recalling,
The day of Summerlands walking.

Like fairies white shining in the Fae,
Love tis a sight beyond what's played;
Strings of harmony; a lute was saved;
And given to sing muses of past days.

Mesmerizing the light I see,
What is different between you and me?
Lucid spelling tis a dream tapestry;
Where seeing the links is the key.

Key hearted melody of mirror'd rain,
Crying pain of tears; mountains drain;
Recalling mad days; cliffs ledge;
Of recalling the edge again.

Can a single strokes of alphabets,
Create loves own word throughout sense,
Before the door unlocks to testament;
Of love on first sight; a blessing sent.

Blue ravens crying around the Sword;
Tis the Island; remaining centrally stored,
By love's own design; given by anon;

To rebirth the spirit and sing the song!

Aye Meryle; perchance reveal the dream;
Of each illusion to its own scene,
Fancy desires what it cannot need;
And life wants us to beguile greed.

Castle walls around the throne of my heart;
Tis Arthur was preached; then fell apart,
Broken strains of keeping the fates;
Weaving the web of later dates.

Three spinning wheels of time;
Underneath the central core aligned;
Shifting eyes; I see her soul combined;
It's suffocating to watch it blind.

Yet this I preach; o yes love I speak!
Address the heat! Till end due weak,
Lady of the Lake; mysteriously threaded;
This sight was given as my own wedding.

Voices calling from the furnace's Los,
It's preached the dream burns frost,
Yet cold showers of hot magma,
Cooling down visions of serpentine daggers.

Yet dead; I was; tis magick to steal,
This life I know; revealed; magick sealed;
To know what to need and yield;
As Arthur lost the Source for fields.

Tis monadic fields of flowing praise;
Each flower; specific yelling flowing ways,
Tis see, all as many one's of one;
For all tis one; and twelve knights sum.

To ballad and rejoice for the Holy Grail,
Set; instill, conquest, prevail,
Loving self as God loves All;
Yet tis preaching before Albion; the fall.

As dragons blood fuels the fires,
The most natural love is desire;

Yet lady; tis frozen I see;
All around in the middle; me standing.

Upon the lake, seeing the vantage of before;
Like time unlocking magicks door,
Tis opened equivalent, to amore,
That love again shines like before.

So as the weave of thread has shown;
Love tis grows; yet stays at home,
Deeper close the heart; the abode;
Of living in feelings closest to cold.

A feeling in the warm frosted light,
The grave of a Rose withering delight,
Simple ways to show insight;
That is not all bad at night.

For light mysteriously shapes,
And love from before moves weights;
Sometimes closest to you, sometimes far;
Yet each morning and evening a star.

So thread the shape of recall your soul;
Tis a throne to your own whole,
The total tis seen when thought ends;
Tis a savior to be raptured from bends.

For the secret of The Cup is This;
To not commit Eucharist if Atheist;
For all that leads to is unforgiveness.
Leaving the end to justice.

Falling Light

The falling light,
Woven in threads,
A folded blight,
Sphere's myriad.

A conical expanse,
Connected harmony,
The universe advanced,
Selected programming.

Waving noises,
Atoms in void,
Doppler voices,
Speaking as words.

Hologram's tapestry,
Matters forms as a shape,
Word's set like energy,
Giving rise to innate.

Differ forests,
Escaping sound,
Light tis porous,
From reigning clouds.

The sun rises at dawn,
Like the moon living night,
Craft words, spirits song,
Infinite forms on sight.

The echo sound,
Unraveling,
Wheels around,
Silent timings.

The bubble of the muse,
Listening melody,
A multiverse infused,
Maya separating.

Different choice,
A human mix,
The forward chorus,
Sings angelic.

The Elohim above,
Below Creation sits,
Yahweh the name of love,
Giving words their presence.

A monad niche,
Atoms as seeds,
A growing list,

Sprouting like needs.

For the stars do not set,
Giving light like music,
For the words do not fret,
Beyond the firmament.

Doorways

Opening hidden doorways,
The mystery begins,
Light's refraction pathway,
Ignorance forgives sin,

Bespoke the word of light,
Silent heaven's water,
Wind's moving darkness's night,
Before naught as mother,

Springs flowing like flowers,
Sprouting synthesis,
Seed's starting time's power,
Sowing dream's abyss,

Atoms collected as mass,
Order's pull strong,
Information so does flash,
Lessons learned from wrongs,

The tree of light expands,
Networks universe,
Pathways to hidden lands,
Divine rhyme in verse,

Epiphany of the fold,
Genesis supernova,
Spread throughout the cold,
Words of alpha and omega.

Hercules

Tis a wind sailing upon the old waves at dusk,
Were which way doth thou put their trust,
Standards and flags raised to yield,

So doth thou plow or walk the fields?

Before time, a long ago myth,
After before us, dreaming from an abyss,
Where sight is given to those blinded,
Like Homer singing the timeless.

The yoke of Minerva found in the seeds,
As the Milky Way was birthed through lightning,
Power and strength; the yoke of oxen,
Summer is where the fields blossom.

In Rome before the ancient ruins,
Where temples above, below catacombs,
The great birth given by Juno,
Just like Titan on Jupiter's elliptical.

The orphan in the Artemis wild woods,
Where once serpents sent at the womb,
Trying to claim the infant to a tomb;
The birth of a hero, Hercules cocooned.

The infant abandoned by its own Mother,
Yet still found love from another,
Hidden from the wrath of the chaos,
In the order of the wood's own forest.

Yet after birth the hero we see,
Was set to a rigid human family,
A god-like hero, set before the same,
Of all alike, they didn't have gods names.

Now legends of past tales we heard have before,
Yet each time written; keys to a new door,
The twelve labors, feats of legendary,
Universally singing about myth's Hercules.

The first feat about Nemean Lion framed,
Of skinning a pelt upon the Nemea,
It couldn't be attacked so its own claw,
Was what ended its verse in flaw.
The next found in Argolid,
Where mystery kept bending the fold,
The heads kept unfolding from the Hydra,

And Iolaus and a sword with fire retired them.

The next the same as the first in a trinity,
Where the Golden Hind of Artemis ran free,
Yet trapped upon the realm of running,
Hercules pelt was again legendary.

The next tusk of the Erymanthian Boar,
Was a trapped by chains in mountain's galore,
Lifted breathing from the dust,
The wound of ash from the tusk.

The gift upon the cleaning day of then,
Was the Augean stables in a single day of when,
Which was an easy task to a god,
To take out the straw and fodd.

Yet at light upon the sixth task flying,
The Stymphalian Birds began aligning,
To swiftly shoot the bird upon the bow,
Which was what set their flocks or low.

The Cretan Bull, the birth of a Minotaur,
A labyrinth where locked afar,
Was caged upon Hercules for many hours,
Until the death; Greekian Mythology lessons.

A steed upon the deed of the eighth,
Where the Mares of Diomedes competed weights,
Scales to balance, magnificently wild,
Caught and stolen like hidden Artemis's child.

The Amazons founded there quest upon the sight,
Where the girdle of Hippolyta was the blight,
Also elsewhere like in the Iliad,
Was this girdle of the gods.

The younger sons of Pegasus so have grown,
And the cattle of the monster was Geryon,
Associated with the wings and multiple bodies,
The cattle are framed from past history.

Eleventh by the sound of the apples have fallen,
Upon Hesperides, the golden light nymphs calling,

Yet in Atlantides they have been the father,
Holding upon the words of Titan Atlas another.

The final death of the stages of here now,
Is caging and trapping Cerberus below ground,
The hound of Hades, the multi-headed dog,
Was the protector of the underworld fog.

So later upon the light of hope and rays,
Possible Hercules past on to greater days,
Following Pegasus towards the light,
This ends my song of past insight.

Alchemical Latin

Latin

1. Deus ex machina,
2. Ad astra per aspera,
3. Acta non verba,
4. Ars longa, vita brevis,
5. Amore et melle, et felle,
6. Es fecundissimus,
7. Sub species Aeternalis,
8. Astra inclinant,
9. Sed non obligant,
10. Forsan et haec,
11. Olim meminisse iuvabit,
12. Malum consilium,
13. Quod mutari non potest,
14. Acta deos numquam,
15. Mortalis fallunt,
16. Dulce periculum,
17. Lupus non timet,
18. Canem latrantem,
19. De omnibus dubitandum,
20. Natura non consitristatur,
21. Ut ameris, amabilis esto,
22. Illimitata, adeptus initiatus,
23. Arcana magus, opus gnosis,
24. Sub species aeternitatis,
25. Homo homini lupus,
26. Romulus and Remus,
27. Dominus dominorum,
28. Armonikos Anaitiologêtas,

29. Homo homini deus,
30. Modus operandi
31. Initium ininitis,
32. Deus ex machina

English Translation

1. God from the machine,
2. To the stars through hardships,
3. By actions, not words,
4. Art is long and life is short,
5. Love is rich
6. And richness is sweet and venom,
7. From eternities' point of view,
8. The stars incline,
9. They do not bind,
10. Maybe we'll laugh,
11. At the things in the future,
12. Bad is a plan,
13. That cannot change,
14. Mortals cannot,
15. Deceive the gods,
16. Danger is sweet,
17. A wolf is not,
18. Afraid of a barking dog,
19. Everything must be doubted,
20. The natural world is not compassionate,
21. In order to be loved, be loveable!
22. Illuminate initiates,
23. Arcane mage, the great work,
24. From eternities' point of view,
25. A man is a wolf to another man,
26. Romulus and Remus,
27. Master of Masters,
28. Harmony analogous,
29. God as wolf of man,
30. The method,
31. Forevermore, beginning,
32. God from the machine.

Divine Spark

A divine spark,
Word's hidden mystery,
Illuminating the dark,

Cherry blossom's listening,

Deep under the depths,
Stillness motion's current,
Flowing like breath's silence,
Words spoken softer; angelic,

Lamps oil burnt tis light,
Flames without burning bright,
Nebulae beyond the blight,
Atom's without matter's sight,

Ocean weaving still motionless,
Spinning words upon the infinite,
Sparking you upon providence,
Stars within water's depths,

Seeing sight born in a beginning,
Pearls found while listening,
Silent, tabula rasa writing,
Pages upon the harmony,

Chance revels as a fancy,
Albeit, kingdom's of monad seeds,
Sprouting different light wording,
Softer serenades of geo-melody.

Natural Life

In the realm of nature's strife,
Where life and death wage endless fight,
A song resounds through endless time,
A tale of thoughts, both cool and sublime.

Chaos races, thoughts entwine,
Above, beyond, they freely climb,
A wizard with his staff stands tall,
His third eye wide, he sees it all.

Circles, boxes, spells, and brews,
His staff commands, it knows the clues,
Each morn, it weaves a new design,
The wheel of time, it does align.

In moments clear and moments bright,
He sees the ocean's endless might,
To all of life, he opens wide,
In Samson's blight, he'll still abide.

Two pillars broken, one stands free,
Alone in night, in majesty,
Roots run deep, in sediment complete,
An open door, nature's heartbeat.

Inner Styx breath, these words do spell,
A black forsaken shadow's well,
For all that is, was once alive,
In sorcery and words, they strive.

Circle wheel, their will sublime,
Frosty peach and sour lime,
Two-sided nature's virtue, vice,
In cages, thoughts may splice.

They seek, they seek, thus it thrice,
A time within their own device,
Seated on a throne, he casts a spell,
Fountain open, secrets tell.

Reason's voice, it can foretell,
The end of time's eternal swell,
Unshackled and pure, a tragic flaw,
In the ocean's maw, he is the law.

Twirls and twists, an anti-kiss,
Spellbound birds in endless bliss,
Untold secrets, the subconscious abyss,
An open source of ocean's mists.

Life teams within the deepest night,
Shining outward, a radiant sight,
Sky-bound, photons dance in light,
Electron, neutron, in cosmic flight.

A wizard's spell, the clang of bells,
Unfolds prophecies, the story tells,
In silence, reason finds its way,
Chaos roots itself, it's here to stay.

Natural selection, the spell of time,
From disorder to order, a paradigm,
In the light of life's endless rhyme,
Still motions beat in an ocean's prime.

Trance in motion, silence repeats,
Betrayed and denied, innocence retreats,
Yet within and open, weeping minute,
The tree of time, a forbidden fruit.

Conditional states, a tree of crime,
Evil and order in a dance of time,
Set in zero, conditionally late,
Maiden tempted by fate's cruel bait.

A portal opens, a plane unseen,
All men transformed, anew and clean,
Alive within a changing scene,
Knowledge tested, wisdom's glean.

The tree of time, a spell did bind,
A state conditional of humankind,
The open current, it surprises,
A dead log, opening the abysses.

Death, a spell that forms anew,
Ignorance or knowledge, it's up to you,
For within life's ever-evolving storm,
We adorn a time when the scorch turns warm.

Into the Styx, I journey deep,
Where denial's grip begins to seep,
The ocean vast, wild and wide,
I strike at the point of defying.

The path before me, I must take,
Alone, my soul's fate at stake,
Living in a constant waking dream,
Alive, yet caught in a self-made scheme.

Creation's point, a blessed start,
An initial state, a work of art,
Alive in every sense, a cosmic test,

The savior in all, a gracious guest.

The golden path ahead lies clear,
Bliss in virtue, what we hold dear,
Sounds within the clouds they shroud,
Midst spreading vapors, a mystical crowd.

This man I am, now truly alive,
Under a spell, in this moment I thrive,
Bound to the ocean, my will shall climb,
Within the branch, within the vine.

We are grapes seeking the divine,
Pleasure's pursuit, not just a line,
For in our aliveness, our souls entwine,
Fresh each morning, in dreams we find.

In our past, a sound that's wet,
A cry, a mourn, a deep regret,
An infection, a narrow crime,
Knowledge forsaken in the sands of time.

Leo the Sirius wolf aligns,
Recalling a fall, once blind,
Bliss, is it heaven, established or not,
This verse I write may seem a lot.

But now I reap what's truly white,
A central force, a beacon of light,
A non-existent door, forever bright,
In this place, I hear my heart's flight.

A raw tale told, a menu's ghoul,
Lurking deep, alone, it does rule,
A danger for all who hesitate,
In the splice of time, ignorance is the weight.

Knowledge is a state, a sacred order,
First begun beneath the golden border,
In the beginning, we wept and swam,
Grew from earth, fire, and wind's grand slam.

Clay breathed life into the fold,
A story ancient, lost and untold,

United as one, in primal knowledge,
Yet fires burn on the earth's white edge.

O, the past we've lost, what was once begot,
Now we hear, but know not the tune's trot,
Alive, we fear, the burdens we bear,
In this ocean's glare, a tree stands there.

Tall amidst the waves' wild reach,
Rocking fire within, heart's own speech,
To be one with time's grand ceremony,
When the beast of men found earth's sanctuary.

We slumber in this dream, afloat and awake,
What is, is not always what it seems to partake,
Light, photons radiate, swift and vast,
From first to last, momentum's cast.

The end arrives, reset from the past,
We refresh, begin anew, hold fast,
A time that moves on, from the crunch,
Living in the moment, without a hunch.

Life is eternal, forever moving forward,
From innocence to wisdom, a journey untoward,
The craft that sails upon the sea,
Alive, it encompasses all that's me.

I hear the bell's ring, the earth sings,
Time to celebrate as chaos springs,
From first to last, our existence's stride,
We live each moment, in this subjective ride.

At last, we fall into our subjective self,
Realizing all matters, we seek inner help,
This dream state, a form we traverse past,
Uprooted and tall, like an oak, we last.

No madness here, just an eternal kiss,
Justice, virtue, love, they're not to dismiss,
All pain and defection within the Styx,
Sinking, floating, caught in the spell's mix.

Each year we hear, the passing, we've missed,

Fleeting moments, resolving every twist,
Energy surges from inert electron's plea,
Found in nature's forms, a cosmic decree.

Chi enhancing the door unseen,
Rainbow borders, where form's not keen,
A state of bravery, virtue plus one,
Alive beneath the sun, our journey's begun.

In the beginning, a joyful run,
Heaven on Earth, between the suns,
Inscribed in all, a towering tree,
Flowing through existence, a wedding spree.

Stall the ocean's lost knowledge in the fall,
Alive we stand, tree tall, enthralled,
Vir is virtue, a godly state to be,
To our King, omnipotent, ever free.

In the past's language, an almighty creed,
We see with our heads, our soul's deed,
A light within, it shines so bright,
Into the blight, it screams with might.

Spells and time, past, present, now,
Within the chaos, my split self takes a bow,
To live alive, in bliss, we're blest,
Time waits for no one, keep writing, bequest.

In the ocean, I must love, as wet,
Life upon the blight, a day of night, you bet,
Darkness shines when light is out of line,
A force, a suction, a cosmic sign.

The moon reflects, stars in their path,
Reality's a sensual, inner aftermath,
Wide-eyed, I see the talk unfold,
Deny the first fruit of the walk, be bold.

Difference, a condition, that springs from one,
Alive and radiant under Apollo's sun,
In the ocean, we are all done,
Standing on this beach, thinking, we've won.

With will hanging on the brink,
All is renown, a twist, a link,
Ocean spells, a mystical list,
Unlock the future, in heaven's key, exist.

A timely spell, a lightning's kiss,
A lucid dream across the land's abyss,
Within the fold, we must all stand,
A time for glory, take the gland.

That opens doors to energy grande,
Fire rages, in heat, in ether, and sand,
It moves, back and forth, in fiery lust,
To the ocean, I entrust my trust.

Backwards, the past, nothing's all,
The strong feeling of one, standing tall,
A tree falls within the swaying bush,
Tropical land of fulfillment, lush.

This place of spells, twists, dares, and toils,
In its heat, it boils and boils,
Flaming fast, frozen last, in the calling,
A blight of storm, of weather falling.

Produced now, a wizard man,
Who lives in the world upon the land,
He speaks in truths, realizing the must,
To fulfill the need, of voice, of lust.

Our voices are thoughts in sense's fence,
A language taught in Babel's defense,
Order from disorder, whence the test,
To communicate, ions along the fence.

In the deepest crevice, I reside,
Where my dark Atlantis, it hides,
Floating, fleeting, among all,
Virtues and vices, justice's call.

God exists in every atom of life,
Caught in absolute strife,
Disorders reason for order, I relate,
Justice, a martyr's soul on stake.

We feel his pain, think of bliss gained,
A scale concurrent to your heart's terrain,
I feel like the atomic structure of many,
DNA present, found in atoms' energy.

Kaizen, the chi, witnessed through our fence,
You may grow supple, in majesty, commence,
Dendrites howled through roots so deep,
Chaos brings order to my castle's keep.

Cunning and grace, a bucket list's first,
Alive, from my heart, I quench my thirst,
I delve deep into my lost Atlantis field,
Potential energy, unyielding and unsealed.

Like a sword slicing through the sky,
Open wide my all, let deep reside,
For values that sit on the bend,
Vice is unpopular, low trends it tends.

Suppliant to the invisible hand, when,
Depression reduced by one thought of man,
It opens up nature, to pull, "I can do,"
Verses and rhythm, a contagious flu.

Though I stand tall among the true,
What is, is right, a prophecy, set blue,
Nil is ni, on ocean's foam, like dew,
Each morning, I reflect on a great clue.

That all inspection points should fare,
Along my all, first ensnare,
A lonely Odyssey for all to hear,
Delight all, with rabid fear.

You hold on tight to the ocean's door, dear,
A blind, delusional self, of the queer,
Propagated by all, in time set free,
All alive, sing now, all along, let it be.

Basking in the ocean sun's embrace,
Alive as one, we share the same space,
Deep within, thoughts leave a trace,

Pondered, lost, and then embraced.

Within the ocean, my will was brought,
A relentless search, an answer sought,
In the beginning, there was the word,
Silent pretense, complete and heard.

One thing only, it did commence,
Beyond all matter, a cosmic sense,
It floats hither, a rapid twist,
The word speaks, its course persists.

Alive in every moment, art's restart,
Effort, virtue, set apart,
From the beginning to the final start,
A growth of thoughts, a work of heart.

From disorder's berth, we most grow,
Dreams shaped by the effort we sow,
Heroic paintings, clear as true,
Apollo's light, like morning dew.

Sphericity balanced by a musical clue,
Notes in time, circular and true,
Souls expand through and through,
A tree harboring nature's growth anew.

Earth asked water, "What shall we make?"
Wave and crust, a long battle's stake,
A frozen wave seeks a cove's embrace,
Creating a solid point within Jove's grace.

Love comes between lost densities,
From magma, life's complexities,
Rock, fire, ore, and desire's wealth,
Wind and water shape the world's health.

Fusion and clay birth a spirit, so fast,
Continuing on, fiery and hot, steadfast,
Stores stand tall, erect and last,
Early primates, marveling at works of the past.

Breathed life, set it loose on the splice,
Atoms change to words, a living device,

In between texts, others coming,
Walking upon the Earth's crust, becoming.

For new life and order, a must,
Time to shape rock, break stocks, and trust,
Moral codes of nature give,
For all alive and well, a win to live.

Heaven rejoices, gates open, fin,
Lights shine advanced within,
Clock of blackness, weak-minded, surpassed,
In the creed, my set's need is steadfast.

Open flowing within the clear blue sea,
Waves pound, my inner core set free,
Further into my soul, we bore,
Flip the page or bend the envelope once more.

In print, an infant's choke, a baby's flow,
Alive, standing tall, a growing tree aglow,
Roots deep in our crust, they must,
Swayed by logic, in the wind, we trust.

Listen to the sound of our kin,
The voice of the past, nature's win,
It reshades and grows like an infant leaf,
Until at last, it becomes a full rush, a belief.

Waves run parallel to the branch, we evolve,
From carbon to new elements, life will solve,
Earth, water, fire, and air mix,
Permeate through time, in moments they fix.

Rapid ways, a moment's flash,
The keeper unto his gods must bash,
The group forced to open, translate into one,
Radiate disorder from the light and sun.

Evolved from nothing, chance's decree,
Probability, the will to destine, free,
Free choice, our voice, to do what's right,
For inside, honesty shines, a pore of light.

Alive, surrounded by sound and heat,

Hold on, or beat the black shadow's fleet,
For winter solace, we must meet,
Titans of rock and man, complete.

Unleashed their magic upon the land,
Cronos, absolute, in petrified sand,
Stood over the lands, a cosmic sense,
Little big monsters, a small pretense.

They floated and carved the initial sea,
Easter Islands, a prophetic glee,
We learned the wheel, a choice, a will,
Knowledge set aside, enforce and instill.

Time, the universal seed of a plant,
Magnified, the giants, a cosmic slant,
Pleading with men, a true test,
Realize all, and surely, we're blest.

We came from titans, aim in long-lost quest,
This earth, the perfect test barrier,
A convex bubble, denying gravity's trouble,
Their ship floats within the cosmic rubble.

Men of old, unheard, untold,
Set the force of consciousness to enwove,
Joved blessed by Callisto, life's unfold,
Invisible hand, participants of gold.

Gold, iron, metal, rock, a balanced stock,
How gold ticks to time, a cosmic clock,
For they are giants, made of rock,
A timeless force, a cosmic shock.

Chaos, straightened by a singular King's decree,
Radiant with wings, beautiful to see,
Arrows and bandits flung due south, unfree,
Hurt more than a needle's sting, a plea.

Rock forms above the ocean's storm,
The ancient pretense of galaxy's norm,
Unleashed, all from nature's thorn,
Thorns from Thor's hammer, reborn.

Thor knocks down all forces at the door,
No evil in titans, a truthful core,
A self of help, of goodness, pure,
In the fir trees, the titan's lore.

Six days to make clay, a toke,
Breathing life into clay, no joke,
We must live, alive and woke,
Nature's expression, a point bespoke.

Reverse and forward, blessings intertwine,
A two-sided coin, evil and good combine,
The wheel insists, life's design,
Hammer bash, clip the old, define.

Ocean harmony, sea and sky so blue,
Working with lava, clay forms anew,
The old working matter, the maker's due,
Thus, man was created, a timeless view.

A time lost, forgotten, hardly propagated,
Rest set in quick time, for a God awaited,
For all his laws, a golden rod elevated,
The secret to life, in existence, consecrated.

The fall of woman, sin's original sin,
Knowledge second to what we must win,
The Titan battle, a tempest within,
Alive and beyond, in a grand scheme, we've been.

A theater screen, our life in past dreams,
Visions tell of a faraway land, it seems,
Reality chosen upon the man's schemes,
An open portal, a planet-jumping team.

Evil sprouted from a choice, free will,
Frozen still, cooling chill, a noose to fill,
Purged into a noose, a natural test, the thrill,
We must live until bliss, our ultimate skill.

Old timers relate the past from the front row,
Walking unknown to a fully grown lamb, you know,
Game forms, matter sown, the names bestow,
For the river Styx flows deep underground, aglow.

Perfidious deeds, sacred flows, they recount,
Grain by grain, desert Atlantis does mount,
Against the garden land, a swift, grand fount,
Hedge thy roses well, beware of stealth's account.

A knight, the medium, the standard sight,
Sorcery in the night, it cools lava's might,
Resting restless in ponder, caught, fought, lost,
Reason diminished, like a star, at what cost?

The Titans, an ordered picture of the first,
A lens of time and a moon to quench our thirst,
Creatures lying close to our land, at rest,
Living in far-off galaxies, where they nest.

Close to our land, they lie still in a way,
Their senses evolved, particular day by day,
Greater sight, hearing the world's display,
The force of lightning, standing tall, they obey.

Romancing and searching deep within the land,
They sprouted from dendrites, an axiom gland,
The thought of time, it matched their hand,
Open conscious matter, they apprehend and expand.

Twists and snares, in time, they dare,
Wealth, fair to land, a past we share,
Moving as giants, planet to planet, they care,
Leaving clues and interests, to a few, they bear.

The picture frame, clear, holds what's dear,
What they speak of and what they fear,
A chance to spark life, to persevere,
The beginning of all strife, we adhere.

Human, a test of true life's duration,
Caught up in an open kife's formation,
A secret code, unlocking knowledge's station,
Inside our imagination, truth's restoration.

Shelved in your castle, deep within the moat,
Hiding your haven, destroy the float,
We're all ships, ocean-bound, a remote,

Limitless by an innate spell's remote.

One movement, an idea, Titan's wise,
We all exist in perishable demise,
Uranium's power, to build a space, we surmise,
The final frontier, our soul's eternal prize.

Titan's passion, burning to cease, to lead,
Water drunketh, for all who shall heed,
Axiom forest, from life to man, we proceed,
Standing upright with nature, to the sand, we accede.

Ashes to axes, dust bitten flea,
How small we are, you must agree,
Titans, over time, intellect passed divine,
Order establishes your crime, in matter's line.

Life, on the fold, within the home we find,
Keeping us alive, into the matter, intertwined,
Now in the center of the fold, a story untold,
A breath, feeling the cold, saturates, enfolded.

All dates into the road, they leave behind,
Listen to the fable, I again preach, aligned,
The Titans, a race, existing through all time,
The beginning closer, through them, we climb.

Hierarchy, a system, works, tall and fine,
Above, beyond, below, changing matter, in line,
For this condition, a timer's ladder, divine,
Titans, a force, a cosmic design.

The sea crashing daily, in the form of men,
Grew alive, outspoken from chaos, and then,
Progressively they sit, far from our reach,
O, the constellation human, let me preach.

They radiate the night sky, for all to see,
The momentary second, elementary fee,
Inspections are the roots of time, you see,
Running and swimming in the sea.

A cool rush of wind reflects through me,
Show grace, receive grace, to balance fee,

Emotions run rampant in the castle's land,
For inner truth is order, strong and grand.

Think lion-wise, the Titans follow the hero,
Saxon night must contrite in the field's glow,
Through the ether, I hear what I yield,
Stones frozen, saturated, a form revealed.

How do you rise from the storm, stone's embrace?
Your bliss is free from the state of man's chase,
They may be invisible to us, in a timeless space,
But survived in a thought, a ringing burst, a race.

They pierce through time, a field of divine grace,
Radiating spherical swine, in a cosmic embrace,
Cattle on the lamb train to St. Climb's place,
Above all matter, is pure choice's trace.

I can exist separate from my body's case,
Float free in essence, untested, we embrace,
Relive each moment that contested, in its space,
A sound heard by a select few, in time's embrace.

Alive and well, I sing my song to you,
Moments through a third eye's stare, it's true,
I relive my atoms' perfect, shining glare,
If only, when only, man comes to this air.

Lucid are his spells, floating with a blissful flair,
A state out of mind, of the bliss we declare,
Dreaming is order, for the hammer to repair,
Ad infinitum, to the end of days, we dare.

For madness is an acute sense trade, we share,
My mother is an inherent fade, beyond compare,
She lives life on the constant brave, to bear,
The Titans made what and discerned when, with care.

Alive in this subjective matter, a den so rare,
They spoke in wise riddles, between the fold's lair,
For prophecy of thought, was beginning's stare,
Here lies the ocean, to bear all those, we swear.

Who choose a choice in all blues, a journey where,

Blue project is a true project of men, an affair,
Alive, alone, annoyed, be likely a stand, beware,
Terra firma, in the ground, tree tall, a truth we wear.

All muses' abilities work in the fall's grand air,
Grown tall, swayed by logic's breathing wind's flair,
Another Titan who believes in fin, the current's prayer,
Men in this particular form, a mandate we bear.

So we can be judged in our demand date, a dare,
Time is of late, so Titans sleep in wake, somewhere,
Their souls expressed on the inner calm lake's care,
A cloud in the summer, fogging the will's affair.

Of what the wheel in time holds still, don't despair,
Still, in this moment fleeting, you, I declare,
Nil is night from the sky, cloud blue, we share,
A trance of a knight, searching, with lance and glare.

Medium must be seen from a balanced state, aware,
Conditional to last, along each line we propagate,
Restate now the early set times, we're in the same sphere,
Far beyond, beneath the clock's chimes, without fear.

A planet seeks its place, alive, without a tear,
This is part recycle, choice of thine, clear,
Reincarnation, sublime, we are all near,
Connected with plants, aligned, stars' hemispheres.

Ocean wind calling, time so thin, sincere,
A particle of all, situation's skin, we steer,
The Titan relapses into a form, a celestial rear,
For its safety net is time, recycled, without jeer.

A system cycle courts the man, we adhere,
For alone and just, he must stand, without peer,
Relate now the fall, overtop, that's all, the gear,
Apple redeems the ocean fruit supply, crystal clear.

Open sea, open wild, in thy grace, we appear,
The first domes were set in place, not severe,
On different planets, whence to trace, a frontier,
A man who, amongst the human race, perseveres.

Inside my inner desire, a true blessing, it steers,
For I am the white power castle, strong and sincere,
Through chaos, I exist, devoid of fears,
Fire heating, inner coil serpentine, in its spheres.

In the word was a fire, desires it rears,
That is the heat of our heart's desire, as it clears,
Heated from an axiom point, of up, from the gears,
Down grows the wave, produced, a journey that nears.

It soars through the waves, in Titan's cheers,
Unleashed in song, for new land, future years,
It is of the gay, they may say, with no tears,
To be the master of my fate, play, free from spears.

Alive, all knowledge lives and stays, my dears,
Tired is a state below, the health's frontier,
A order-disorder perseverance law, it appears,
Of the claw, the fire draws, a maw that seers.

Coals are the beginning of time's grand scheme,
Thoughts racing of the sublime, like a dream.
A reason tackled through a field profound,
Potential energy's prison, where answers are found.

Fire mixed with water, desire's creation,
Yoga Kaizen, a universal foundation.
All particles know of substructure's complexity,
Rock forms that hold the essence of time's legacy.

Left behind was their deaf and silent land,
For man to preach of giants' work, so grand.
Heralding disorder, rate of order in a lark,
Rust is the sensation of an old self's spark.

Coals are the end of time's endless climb,
Silence is the greatest oracle, through time.
Delphi and Dodona, the voice of Hosanna,
Always fleeting, the moments set in time's panorama.

A rock fountain of youth, elixir, so pure,
An ocean's deep crevice, where truth does endure.
Sink down to the formation of clay and water,
The boundary exists due to a celestial order.

Dendrites with axioms, roots, and trees,
Logic sprouted first, from old to new, with ease.
Alive in nature, in books of wisdom bold,
Willing to be cut from depression's stronghold.

Deep holes in the soul run deep to bore,
An ocean, swimming door, to explore.
Heaven's gate, a trumpet's sound, a cosmic score,
The Leo of time, trumpeting to the King's encore.

For the earth of matter, he still brings,
An ocean song through all silence, as it swings.
The hope for all, the faith of life's grace,
Vir against all vices, in this timeless space.

War with earth, water, air, and fire's might,
What Titan controls all, amidst this fight?
All insisted, one governance should be one,
Referred into a higher, beg that unifies, begun.

The elements in a triad full, they become,
Between all atoms, a harmonious hum.
The fluted time in vacuum, it glows,
This great being lived a life, as time flows.

Resting silently, like a still and silent mind,
The Titan Brahma of all, designed.
Set forth into clay, a particle's play,
Titan, Jove, in a cosmic wrathful display.

For our life, we are all but cattle in this grand fray,
The flame that ignites our journey, guiding our way.
Until our path is set clear, to a precious substance dear,
Split in two, the depression singing blue, so sincere.

Now the spirit willed and choice enabled,
Our fate upon this stable land is finally tabled.
A conscious force grown from an ordered state,
To become one again with yourself, it's never too late.

Clary speaks to earth and creates the rock,
Our cove, a solid oak, amidst the tick-tock.
Of nature's timely clock, left to flow,

The ambience of energy's song, through time we know.

This hymn of Titan praise, will most likely anew,
A paramount liquid of evolved life, a mystical brew.
For nature is nature, expressed through strife,
Come around the beginning sound, the origin of life.

That rings your rock core out of luck,
Find the plastic way to heaven's embrace, pluck.
Tune into the dance of your eternal being,
For you to last longer than this scene, forever seeing.

Eternity is yours, more than fleeting days,
Restored row is a little of our past, it conveys.
That you serve me, to this latitude of grace,
Thank you, silence, in humble gratitude, we embrace.

Live your life as a Titan, in timeless space,
For then you lose, to win the eternal race.
Whilst thou art certain to my words, and gone,
As in thy conscience, which is always one.

For Titans roam upon the word of fun,
A form that has set these rocks into the sun.
Tree of life, standing tall, with roots that run,
My work is beside the point, but the lesson's won.

For Titans roam upon the guests' merriment,
A time set for food of heaven, in agreement.
Open the door to parallel eleven, a statement,
The Elder Gods, great men, of their time, sent.

From Gaia's planet, Uranus, they did rise,
Filling the sky and stars, a cosmic surprise.
Hypernumium, the hyper-accelerated force, wise,
Moving the wind with a rustling, gentle cries.

Circles filled in form, wind sets a chill,
Hypernumium works in the southern barrier's fill.
Coeus was the Titan of clues, an eternal thrill,
Each morning, the grass is covered in dew, so still.

Realizing water, Oceanus set a unique form,
Rising, both working as one, in life's norm.

Cronus was the Father god, guiding the swarm,
The golden harvest, like a grasshopper's warmth.

Golden rod scepter, of floating praise and charm,
Cirijs was the cunning of all men, no harm.
Alive in thought, the play of the horse's barn,
He worked as a force, uniting us in alarm.

For alive, we are a disorder of the sun's warm,
Lapetus, the lateral, who is passionate and warm.
The fixed points of martial law, forms a uniform,
A three-dimensional earth, from the cosmic storm.

Lapetus is the trigonometry relation, the platform,
Now females stood tall, in this first lifeform.
While

clay man relates the sediment, the norm,
She is the water of all planets and ice, in any form.

She is a cold river, a shiver, an eternal dorm,
Tethys is a rock of pure dazzlement, a cosmic swarm.
It shades the precious jewels, a sapphire's reform,
Alive and well, dazzling purple, like a star's charm.

A guardian of earth's crust, like a steadfast arm,
The garden's plant, of all that is, full of charm.
Vegetation, underbrush, that grows seeds to farm,
A wandering forest, lost in time's alarm.

Phoebe was the fast delivery of thought's charm,
All are one, races born from her mind's swarm.
She reads into destiny, for our life's warm,
Learning who lives and is set in cosmic form.

Then the god Titan of time, linear in his norm,
Progression along a line, like a steady storm.
All will align, this girl, married but one,
Now a virgin to our selective touch, we are done.
Themis is the air that we breathe,
Without it, life would falter at the breeze's weave.

The point of corruption in growing nature,
Alive and well, are creatures, every feature.

The children of past times, this verse has fought,
For their own poem, an age past century's start.

This first state of order, set apart,
Driving away into the late dark, it's art.
Uranus is the planet that gave birth,
To all things matter upon the earth's wide girth.

Silence, the mantra of Gaia's hearth,
Revolutions twist the fragile girth.
A deep crevice, a severance that trees down,
Into the hinged ocean, where silence is found.

In and around, the heat burns the senses,
Alive in thought, it's apprehensive pretenses.
A wizard's crackling light, door of time, open up light,
Now, how this occurred was dear, quite a sight.

The mother floating in the sea,
It began a change, and related this decree.
Growing old from time, matter confined,
Until I lost the beginning of the video, in my mind.

A captured rest, in six days, it occurred,
A theater to watch the show unfurled, assured.
Sphinx, the silence of all thought as one,
Hidden secrets of Egypt, a logical hunch, it's spun.

This is a bunch of chaos in one prize,
But I am just a freak on a leash, under skies.
The war between heaven and hell exists,
For black and white matter still persists.

White speckled into millions, colors accrue,
Black only absorbs, like inward gravity, it's true.
Oceanus, with his blue question, pursued an answer,
Without dejection, for all wills are power's enhancers.

Humble foxes, the power of the sword's edge,
Close to falling off mankind's hedge, on this ledge.
Yet, floating in the first waters, a swirl,
The river Styx, that almighty holds, in a whirl.

A whole portioned by disorder, and yet,

Enlightened, we can cross the border, no fret.
To a rainbow-filled land of all order,
Perfect form, of absolute star, ever shorter.

Within the fold, grow a heart untold,
It burned with the ember of gold, bold.
A fire of heart that radiates from the start,
Whip the line of the over hill's dark art.

Light shone through Titans on the first day,
They made their rocks upon the clay, a display.
They spelled and twisted all earthly elements,
To create a spell, that in life, it fits, with no impediments.

They shaped all animals in the void's containment,
For then, the breath of wind gave the choir, a statement.
To sing the song of humanity's fire,
This Yoga is an inner out heart's desire.

Now, flow the river Styx to me,
Read all about our figurative fee, come see.
Spells twirls and delves within my clause,
Open the door to root, open more, applause.

The Titans fueled their close family,
For all was the beginning, annually, in harmony.
Heard now is the story of old,
The Titans of loss, the Titans of bold.

Before the sun, they sat on moons, in their role,
For they were the front of our brain, the soul.
They lived with all senses that move us,
That paints the sky, for all to see, a cosmic brush.

How momentarily is a happy glee,
That sets free, subjective, all can feel, you see.
Alive, the sound, so around, we all kneel,
That bends over to be knighted in creed, with zeal.

In the beginning, the word made rock,
Earth before air, an element of restock.
Sun flowing, it melted with the sea,
Performed actions of a tempest's spree.

Forms shaping from water and rock's decree,
Then air perfumed over this large stock, fancy-free.
Fire burned inward and set the core,
To open respiration, to heaven's door, evermore.

All elements mixed as one, under and above,
Beneath, alive, true sun, pure love.
We are all Yoga that is done,
A Brahma that negates all elements, a fusion.

For we are fire, earth, sea, and air, in conclusion,
All elements to make a unisex, a grand infusion.
For how fair is all that holds true,
Nil is ni in Ocean sky blue, like morning dew.

Time, a ticking bomb on the clock, in plain view,
Of the constant matter's tic toc, it's true.
We live as Titans in our own world,
For alive and well, the word sets it stone, unfurled.

Day two, the Titans decided to rest,
Completed was their mankind test, a quest.
They wait in awe and reproduced,
To kill themselves upon a noose, so seduced.

Of rebirth, the death along the quest, not confused,
Matter of parentage, matter of best, enthused.
All matter is a new instance of now,
It permeates all, a matter, somehow.

Light forms from the inverse of black,
So cease the night sky herald, don't look back.
Light above the air, for hell is deep,
Rooted in the mire of the keep, secrets to keep.

The castle holds true to all, help in time,
For a rock Titan of earth, it holds sunshine.
Now, all elements supported each other,
United, they all are brothers, none to smother.

A thought played, in spoke and out took,
They lived alive in snowy smoke, by the brook.
From the heated fire of inner gold,
Our heart is dense, upon the fold, it's told.

Valley, mountains, and the sea,
They are a flowing part of me, and we,
All life, the vita of vitality,
Our hearts' pumping fatality, a reality.

We are the branch, true Titan growth,
A vine of grapes, amidst the boat,
That floats down the river to our lake,
No mistake on things unforsaken.

Titans, on day three, decided now,
That trees were brains, from nature, how?
Nature expressed through all the logic,
Of what we call sick, cosmic magic.

We fell out of disorder; order commenced,
A pretense that fit all that was spent, and dispensed.
Rebirth of knowledge, so past our sense,
Alive in nature's homage tent, a defense.

A house to live in, a home to squall,
For all must hear within the fall's call.
An ocean current growing tall,
The ripples and tides float to the sand, we stand small.

Alive and alone, we must all stand,
Tall as a tree, that is our self, our land.
For the heat of the truth will only whelp,
You to me, from afar, you may have felt.

Only this Titan will hold true,
Vir is virtue, upright in time, that's our cue.
Titans are the living essence of sublime,
No crime did they commit before the fall of time.

Virtue is the greatest force, pure and prime,
Above, beyond, all Eden tree courses, it's time.
We may fly fast as one,
To remake the beginning, the fall that's done.

For we are all a form of rock,
That keeps its place among the flock, we talk.
Now wherefore, this, by day and night,

In rain, in tempest, and in snow's light.

Do the soft sea winds blow, with all their might,
They grow and grow, among the glow, bright.
That seeds of time, of will, have sowed,
Two circle wills of light, will allow, as they flowed.

A time in heaven, a time in cloud, we've bestowed,
Rocks stood up against a mountain's hearth, history's code.
For in the beginning, thought was berthed,
Titans of this castle land, where they thrived.

Upon the spell, upon the gland,
That intervenes us with the truth, like a guiding hand.
To save our life from above the noose,
Hark now, death of bless produced, a life so loose.

Lonely Amazon, answer truth,
Now, earth enroots all our lives as one, forsooth.
We are alone in matter's day sum,
Above, we glow from roots, so afro, we've become.

Do the lines of consciousness flow, like a thrum,
Stream down in paper, the thoughts of men, wisdom.
For Titans still do Titans stand,
Harmony, the music, one step complete, as planned.

Two-step melody for those who weep,
The walk of death, due to ignorance, secrets keep.
Is shining light to knowledge blessed, not asleep,
The rays hither, this light in time, we reap.

I am of cool, and I am of sublime,
Titans reverent to sun, thought, align, in time.
Unspoken is heard, with amongst the lines,
Reminiscence of structures, solstice light, in confines.

Stonehenge of rock, a true anthem of white,
Ceremonies through reverent time alike, unite.
Time, the universal seed of might,
To a plant structure above the blight, taking flight.

Hither, they stood in time so bright,
I was a steady flow of harmonic glow, my might.

I fell deep into my soul, of sudden insight,
Issued forth, evil times of glutton, to my delight.

The magic keep twas hither stood,
My knight in armor fell upon wood, understood.
Alive in all, he somewhat stood,
The lost Atlantis glory, like driftwood, it's good.

Jump from iceberg to planet word,
Where the Titans' path between the walls, unheard.
Portals, senses, vacuum dimensions, supported,
This group of rock, was deported, and transported.

From the quarry of time, flurry rock divine,
Within all my wizard spell, well no, unleash the fire of hell, a sign.
Torture chains of spliced atoms, a rhyme,
Is the fall due to Adam, a prime, a paradigm.

Think of a ball, as an atom of self,
Now, billions of your cells are tense, like an elf.
Atoms, trillionth cut up from yourself,
Only knowledge, neh, ignorance due, the way, oneself.

The one path, death, all Titans took,
To be one with maker folk, and not forsook.
Time now ended, begunst a hope,
Alive in mist, I have will, a spoke, as we elope.

A fog unclogged, on paralyzing hope,
Faith does repeat itself, in a fate, a scope.
To my beginning, I now relate,
Fathered by Cronus, and death came at once, a trait.

I fell, soul first, into darker disorder,
For whence my ignorance had no other border.
The Titans looked at me, and in esprit surprise,
They issued forth a destiny of growth, set aside, no lies.

Death knocking close to everything once,
Is how I stop, in a minute pause, with chance.
Silence, the mistress of Gaia, pleasant,
For everything in thought is awfully pleasant, present.

Now Oceanus tore, with wonderful law,

Red in my blue sky tonight, belittle be all, a final draw.
Herrenge the danger, that sots forth trends,
It wears no individual mesh, set pretense, no amends.

For alive in precious moments, all are deer,
True to my soul, I stare, home clear, with cheer.
Floating silence held, but all still,
Uranus to follow forward, chill, like a thrill.

Close to time, Titans, call your name,
Although begunst of all, inane, it's the same.
A form, emotion written in verse,
Devout to all who set alive in curse, a cosmic hearse.

Alive to me, dead to you, I can see,
How fleeting moments, happily, we agree.
Transfix us to all our hearts' desire,
For Yoga, free Kaizen, lighthouse spire, like a burning fire.

Is the parabola that is over fire,
Over, beneath, set between, ocean fair and dire.
Blue is true, density changes, blue to air,
To water and life, set within the rocks, beyond compare.

Colors were the beginning, light evolved, a colorful affair,
They kept form to separate, different densities, that now relate, in the open air.
All primal hearths, of initial burst, colors to shapes, to primal earth first,
A symphony of creation, where our universe's song was rehearsed.

Blue changed to water in this sense,
Green became land where we sit hence.
Red, the blood that circulates, intense,
The beginning of light, presumed whence.

To the open world, in its place,
Titans of here, Titans of power, embrace.
Produced is your thought of the dome,
Re-istle the feeling, latent, we roam.

Re-earth is a primal set date,
Titans grow tall out of time's gate.
For they are the first words of align,
Aligned, all spheres of sphericity, divine.

Standard of light, electricity,
Open wide to my inmost sea, simplicity.
Ocean, alive, swelling in me,
Nature is a spell of wizardry, in unity.

Spells crackle and unleash within the eye,
Centered is our gleaming, unified sky.
All colors, primal, objective, live,
To see the theater in Titan guise, we strive.

The fold grew from water, land's demise,
Formation of relation, dendrites' point, wise.
Reverse and forward, reactionary joint,
Rocks forming with blue to promote true, in joint.

Verse is the rhyme of the wizard kind,
Who can see the spell cast over the land, combined?
Greed and misfortune from the gland,
Rocks were set, birthed, golden, rising grand.

For alive, we attest to the golden heart, understand,
Nature loving gold, nature of density, the grand.
An alive and well immensity,
To conclude, the fold is all, pretentiously, in unity.

Just a floating turtle of the sea,
The grasshopper now eats among the grass, carefree.
White is water, that is glass, a decree,
Membrane wall for distortion upon last, a jubilee.

Eternity is the home of all,
Oak trees that are alive stand tall, never to fall.
Ultimately, the final consequence,
Is one that is written on ignorance, in obedience.

Death, the walker of the test,
To do what's right, to do what's blest, in earnest.
Scratch the proverb of this quest,
Titans strong and Titans best, we rest.

Spells flow and glow, hiding in low,
For the deepest crevice is sunken below, we know.
A mind that creeps along glory's row,
To sow the seeds that I sow, in the flow.

Now, large masses attract each other,
Due to gravity's inward brother, never to smother.
A point expressed in a center out,
Each planet alone, without a doubt, a cosmic bout.

What are the thoughts of Mother Earth?
The initial set phase of her birth, a cosmic hearth.
A rock set growing outward,
And formations of life from crystals sprout, like a divine chord.

True colors that changed amongst the forms,
Until a living breath produced a norm, in the storms.
Tragic flow among the maw, now the law,
Society is small and, above all, in awe.

Growing outward, evolution, selective creed,
Is all that never stops or impedes, we all agreed.
Natural through Tethys' sound in creed,
Alive, the border now receives, where Titans lead.

This change so quick, beginning is rapid,
For it was produced in acceleration, never vapid.
Life now lived, and disorder grew,
Until order reset among the crew, like morning dew.

For man makes society from the fall,
Reset now played out, vital next date, for all.
Where a form of one was begunst late,
Continued thus, the system all through time, our fate.

Reason of us, creatures of sublime,
Life evolves fast among the fold, in rhyme.
For this story is done and finished, retold,
Crystals are dense and bold.

And saves you, molecule splice, from the sling,
Due south, do arrows fling, where Titans sing.
For now, we are all living things, in the ring,
Of life's eternal cycle, forever to spring.