

**Insanity
Enslaves a
Once
Respected
Mind**

A Little Night Walking

I walk in the cold night air to center myself somehow.

Perhaps it was the actress in high-school who possessed my mind with nothing
but her embrace.

Perhaps it was the woman who's baby lies dormant...forever suppressed.

Perhaps it is the girl who just wanted to have fun.

Perhaps it was the sister who's heart called for a yearning which I could only
hear, but not fulfill.

Despite this uncertainty of why, I still walk.

**Is this that, me, it and the nothing a
Test or a Show, or is it simply a laugh?**

Everyday all you see is what is left of me.

I'm not cryin',

but this trial you have placed on Me...

You can clearly see...

I am not playin'.

Agapos

Don't ever let me go my friend, when my final bow is through.

Dare not to ever say the end, if your love for me was true.

For once you've purged your thoughts of me a second time I die,

And all that remains for you to see is the ground wherein I lie.

So never let me go my friend if ever you held me dear.

Grant me life inside your heart, to be seen in every tear.

Then down the road when pain strikes hard, and solitude o'rwhelms your mind, look deep inside your yearning eyes; for one again you will surly find a voice, once had dried your tears, and a smile as bright as day.

While visiting our crazy youthful years, your pain will fade away.

So I will never let you go my friend, when my final bow is through.

I will hold your heart 'til they lay you down in the earth on which we grew.

Until the day I see you again, and we both can rejoice at the sight of a friend. I leave you with this, my last gift to give, the memory of me, that still I may live.

Already Full

I have regressed too far

As far as the eyes do see

As far as the mind does feel

As far as the body can take

I let the bitterness into the flesh where it overflows in anger

I must allow troubles to slide off this ever elusive skin

I am already full

As far as the eyes do see

As far as the mind does feel

As far as *my* body can take

I am already full

One Last Look at Myself

Drugged by the pain my heart becomes ill.

My amigdila suppressed, and my thalamus sends a chill, through this pail sick body now silent and still.

I think of the time I spent with you, how boldly we grew, and quickly time flew, but now, in my life, I must start a new way of thinking, dealing with what has occurred, before these events in my mind become blurred; yet I long for the day when I recall not a word.

Not a single angry thought, or word we may have said; they are the hindrance pulsing through our head, as my wide-spread-eyes saw your warm, strong body collapse upon its final bed.

Audition One

I await the inevitable.

Soon I will have my opportunity to finally break out of this
wall-less, bar-less prison I have created for myself.

Do I have the strength to do this on my own?

I trained for this for years with some truly remarkable people,
to whom I would like to express my gratitude.

They were the ones who had faith, even when I pushed the limits of their faith.

This one opportunity could put me back on track.

Finally I would be able to show them what they have done for me.

My heart pulses with anticipation.

There's no turning back.

Lights up, I'm on.

Blinding-Love

As her soft golden hair waved in the breeze
Her soul stealing eyes put a smile in my heart

We lay on a bed made mostly of leaves
Through I held her close we were still worlds apart

I should have known what would happen back then

But I couldn't look past the mask we both wore
A mask most call love 'cause they still pretend

Love conquers all and opens all doors

That's not always true as now I have learned
Sometimes the closer you hold someone tight
The less you can see and never get warned
You are about to give up and give into the fight

Since love is only the mask not the cure

The disease still grows day after day
Though you believe the love in your heart is so pure
Its purity won't matter once she's gone away

Breathing with Her

A steady pulsing surrounds my heart, as it's
rhythm alters.

Cautious precise movement is of the utmost
importance.

Meticulous planning and enduring patience
makes the end worth the means.

Fighting with the Woman

Blood vessels glowing around a dilated pupil gave early signs that all was not right.

Suspicion confirmed by a second glance into your eyes.

I could sense the impending conversation, but still did not know why.

What new atrocities have been committed?

What catastrophe is it this time?

All you do is vent! Nothing ever changes!

So the cycle continues, as I become increasingly numb.

Hanging with the Woman

Here I sit

A breath away

A simple phrase would change both our lives

But the moment passes without a sound

Moments like this have come before

Who knows when they'll end

The simplicity of this phrase is absurd

Yet I choke whenever I think of it

Why?

I don't know

Caught Up In It

Where did my inspiration go?

Who holds my muse now?

I know the story...she said I wrote the damn thing,

but still I can't make sense of it.

Every turn, every twist

takes me someplace I've never been.

This continuous cycle has sent me spiraling, obtaining nothing.

My ever growing weariness contributes to this eternal cycle.

Now, my monotonous pain outweighs my will to fight.

Here I lie, caught up in it.

Chaos

Swirling chaos on this beautiful day causes me to pause.

Now Me must reflect, take stock, and once again jump tracks.

Where will this new adventure lead?

Dorian supposes it does not matter.

My new track gives me clarity of thought I, and Dorian never thought that possible.

Climbing Again

The ground beneath me is constantly shifting as I stand
unsuspecting.

My faith in its stability is juvenile and unwarranted.

The ground has swallowed me before.

Every time I have had to climb a little harder to get back to
the top, but I always survive.

Only now I begin to wonder why.

What is so good about having my feet on the ground?

New disappointments open a perilous cavern to challenge
my sanity.

Dance in her Kiss
(The Supposed Marriage to You)

Slender lips entwined

Anticipation swelling from the rising temperature

One rose petaled sweep of the curves in her back inspires an aerated feeling
that tickles all over.

Rhythmic movement creates a pulse; felt from the tip of my petal, our fingers
so soft to the touch.

From the front of the head now touching, pushing downward with building
tension from the thought of a breach, but no breach, or deviation...this force is
focused and enrapturing.

Dark-Purity

A stream of light across the sky, this heavenly wonder catches my eye
It's sparkling tail was shining so bright,
but in the following second had burned out of sight

Some say they shoot,
some say they fall
But do they truly know after all
What happens when it's light fades away
I've watched them forever and now I can say

A star without light shines so much brighter
Though it never is seen by the world I still say
In them you will find the lover, and fighter
They know all the games yet still they won't play

They've watched others play those games time and again
They've seen people do wicked deeds just to win
So every day you see stars that lost all but their light
While the ones who stayed pure are the ones who shine bright

Death

Soft grey smoke curls up, from his freshly emptied gun.

His dark red blood grows cold, under the hot blazing sun.

The iron heart, and steady hand, of a killer known by none.

With his hard core look, and sharp keen eyes

by a flowing brook, where a body now lies,

a man's life he took, and only he knows why.

Some live by the law, some live by the gun,

but all live in fear under that hot blazing sun; in fear of a killer, still known by none.

Some wonder, "Who is this villain we fear?"

While others don't care as they guzzle their beer.

Then in the distance, a faint sound they all hear.

It sends chills up their spines, and quiets their cheer.

Inside they all know another battle's been won, by the cold...blooded...killer,
still known by none.

Desencitised

Tension and rage ball up in my fist,
as I reel from the pain of the people that surround me.
Aggravated, I turn inward in hopes to discover the cause of
such chaos.

These unanswered questions leave me in a state of futility.

I cannot help.

I cannot ignore, yet I cannot retain such frustration.

I WILL NOT BE DESENCITISED!

Difference without Indifference

I seek enlightenment.

When I die I will still be seeking enlightenment.

In doing so, I push myself toward the middle of the crowd, into a reality which suits me for that moment.

In this reality the crowd revolves around me.

From the center I can see all the intricacies of how life works.

Why should reality be based on me?

What makes me different?

Dorian's Letter to his Muse

The fire inside is hot because of you.

Everything you taught I know is true.

Never have I felt so bold.

My heart was always dark and cold.

Now everything I got I give to you.

The way you make me feel inside tells me I no longer have to run and hide.

Then, when I did give, I gave to you.

All my life I've been looking for that single love and every night I've prayed beneath the
stars above to bring her into my life.

One love which won't let me think twice.

Won wub what won't wake we wink twice.

My Catholic Lover

I sit there silent, as tears flow from her eyes.

A warm heart lies before me as I clench my blood soaked fist.

Her thoughtless words, like daggers, pierce my cold weary flesh.

All I can think is

“How dare she.”

“How dare she accuse me...”

You know I can't Love so what is you to me.

Everything happens for a reason, but mien appears not to be reason, simply
justification.

My Humble Dreams

Me sitting on my car, jamming out a beat, watching futile little drones scurry on their way.

Better place than here, there's gotta be a better place...
stop go...mus'n't pause...get out of my way.

White feathered weeds fly by me, whispering wishes
come true if you simply believe.

I believe.

You know I believe!?

I pan around the parking lot.

Suddenly, my heart stops.

I see her walking out of the bar.

Without one glance she returns; without one single
glance.

Why do I care anyway?

Everything I say makes her run away.

Why does she run away?

I turn back; play this song.

My heart cracks; not for long.

Me plays guitar in the sun.

What else could be more fun than playing guitar in the sun?

She's going with those white feathered weeds.

She's going far away and carries all those dreams I have conceived.

All my humble dreams

All my dreams

The Short Kiss Goodbye

She watches the jets force their way into the sky; bound for some place other than here. Dreaming of the adventures on which she will embark, she envisions those distant lands and people. Soon she will leave me to *seek her dreams*.

As much as I desire her to stay...It's those dreams that bring a smile to her intoxicating eyes, not me. So I watch her silently with a melancholy *smile*.

“Big old jet airliner, don't carry her too far away.”

She holds my heart in those big blue eyes.

This witch, leaning next to Michael, constantly yearns to sail your *skies*.

Fame

A prisoner of attention; the spotlight is on me.

Privacy has become unattainable.

My thoughts are never complete.

Too many interruptions!

Peace cannot be found as I struggle with clarity of
thought.

Free-Speech

Now I stand holding the Conch, but what do I say,
what might I know?

I have only this moment to speak and be heard; to
sound my voice strong enough to bleed their stale,
rotten, corps of being.

Yesterday, my plea fell beneath the daily stampede of
success and greed.

Now these dumbfounded drones, whose mouths and
eyes open wide, demand I answer how, what, where,
who, and why.

I know I can make them see, but how?

For to them, it is easier to hate, sneer, resent...and
go about their way.

Free-Spirit

I strive to be a free spirit.

People come and go as they please.

My life has been full of short term everything.

I lead a short-term life.

No adherence to anyone's ideals; not even my own.

Spontaneity has surpassed compassion, honor, and common sense.

Life is a game for which I find fewer players as time goes on.

One day I will be left alone in my quest for the perfect opponent...proponent...
component.

Nuclear What?

A million screams silenced, never to be heard

An attempt to harness a power never meant to be touched by man

Chaos and destruction

On the day we burned the world

Futility

Looking at these same sights every night; walking the same steps; smoking my cigarettes.

I tread upon these foreign stones with little thought to where I step, and yet my path never changes.

Were I to live thousands of years longer than I am able, I would wear these stones down, finally leaving my impression upon the earth.

Then... and only then.

Greed

You play the cards as dealt in hand.

Sometimes, in number and suit they land.

Then my friend, you will be left to stand alone, on top,
propelled by your greed; with your lust for control and need
to succeed.

A desire so great one day you will find, greed and success
made you so blind, you couldn't see they controlled your
weak enslaved mind.

Grounded

An electrifying shock courses through my hand.

The pain of holding on so tight has caused me to lose my grasp.

Reality and sanity have become more fleeting by the hour.

This can all end if I would just give the word,

but my hope keeps me here.

How I long to shuffle off this mortal coil.

My hope keeps me here; my fears keep me grounded.

Hate

I prepare to write a masterpiece.

Everything is placed precisely for this operation.

All that remains is divine inspiration, but nothing comes.

The essence of life is to be captured on paper as my pen longs to drip a painted
passion of twenty-two years.

Thoughts won't stop, nothing is complete.

He gave me passion but she killed my drive.

Did they do this together?

Why in presence of so much love do I feel hate?

Death surrounds me.

Even the tree who's braches granted me sanctuary looks sad and withered.

I don't climb the tree because I fear its sadness.

My solace is now found in a bottle that cannot fill me.

So still I sit, empty, but full of hate.

Hating-Other's

Only those with hate will die.

The rest unite, continue...

“Only the good die young,” Billy said.

The rest untie, continue...

Only the Truth never dies my friend

So build upon it...continue.

Hidden

In mystery I live
Where none can reach me
In shadow I find the will
to be free
With mask upon mask to
cover my plea

Hope

Like a poem without rhyme or song without verse, is
the chaotic confusion of a life suppressing curse.

How or why it began I know not, but whose dark
hidden secrets for years I have sought.

A struggle as feeble as any I've seen; through
comfortable shadows enveloped in a gleam caused
by hope, stage one of utter despair.

A feeling that blinds, with an illusion of care.

Contemplating “IT” Again

Questions unanswered; peace cannot be reached.

I dwell on the same questions time and time again.

I feel the Day of Judgment approaching, as my
uncertainties grow stronger.

How I long for blind faith, or a miracle so obvious I would
have no choice but to accept my own belief.

Second thoughts keep me here, but I long to shuffle off this
mortal coil.

A Lingering Memory with no Faces, Just Feelings

A notion of devotion came my way on the fourth of July.

I kneeled before this young girl; asked her to be my bride.

She said,

"To prove your love's unlike any other, grant me this one request.

Go find one hundred lovers and tell me if you're still impressed.

One thousand years and I'll marry you.

One thousand, then you can try.

One thousand years and I'll marry you, but first your love must subside."

Slowly rising bewildered, I looked her in the eye.

I said, "One thousand years and I'll marry you, 'cause my love you won't be denied."

Never have I seen another who compares to the butterfly.

No one hundred lovers will compare to the butterfly.

I went home to my brothers, told them I found my bride.

In one thousand years I will marry her with you both by my side.

'Cause never have I seen another who could make me feel this way.

No one hundred lovers will ever take that away.

"One thousand years and you'll marry" they said, "One thousand and still you try."

“One thousand years and they'll burry you; waiting for your bride.”

“You'll still be waiting for that butterfly.”

Rip my heart out one hundred over.

Rip my heart out if I care.

Rip my heart out one hundred over.

Boy you had better beware.

Rip my heart out one hundred over.

I'll pass your fucked up test.

Rip my heart out one hundred over, 'cause I have never been more impressed.

I will never be more impressed.

My Letter to Alcohol

I glance into the window and horror fills my eyes.
There stands a beast starring back at me whose hatred
swells...disguising a body that once resembled a man.

Neither of us moved.

I'd never seen this beast before.

I didn't know what to do.

So I stood stead fast, breathless.

My fear grew stronger yet, but I did not let it show.

I could feel that beast's hatred reflected on my face;
a countenance that remained for some time, 'til at last I
broke.

In a fit of terror I turned my head and ran.

I've never seen that beast again, and I wonder from where
it came.

Though most days I live happy and free, every once in a
while I get an unsettling feeling, and fear for *the return*.

Losing the Woman

I always loved the way the light sparkled on the
water, as the sun rose to fill us with warmth.
The feeling it gave me was one of tranquility.
Things always just seemed better at that moment.
I wish this still held true, but today I turn my head.

There is no tranquil feeling, no warmth.

Today I wish the sun had never risen.

My Letter to Marijuana

I was rum-tum-tumblin' down a windy beach.

Caught a hotty little blonde groovin' on my beat.

Primitive instincts take over before my brain has the
opportunity to comprehend what I am doing.

Fueled by the haze that filled the car with happy thoughts,
my inhibitions disappear.

For a moment I find peace.

The words flow from my lips like the waves of the mighty
Columbia.

Roll on.

Memory

Memory fading

Thoughts, once processed and logged in seconds, now escape me.

Dreams, plans, events of the past, even words I have spoken disappear as soon as the moment passes.

There is a certain comfort in living in the moment,
never feeling accountable for words or actions.

What is true in the moment may not be true in the next.

So change becomes the only constant, but nobody can keep up.

Now I have left them all in the dust, but what good is success.

How do you define such a word?

I have always said material possession can't make me happy.

I know this still holds true, but today I walk a very thin line without the knowledge to determine whether I should move forward or turn around and run away.

All I know is if I stand still for one more second I will surely fall.

After all it has taken to get here, I can't let that happen.

Decisions are too complex.

I blindly dance the line...tempting fate.

Minus the Catholic

Three silent spirits with each separate quests

In lonely soul searching to answer the test

Separate in thought, but parallel in motion

Banished by the pack, and confounded by the rest

Each holds their own voice

And speaks only to themselves in these moments of silence

A united power whose might is unseen

Ocean Park

Traveling northwest again;
from one small town to another,
searching for the Columbia.

Petite waves caress the shore of an island in this
gaping river.

Columbia, lead me home.

Where the waves crash, the wind storms, and the
undertone is deadly.

My Rap to Alcohol

I tell you man you never heard, a single word that I said.

Tried to scream and shout, just let it all out, but you never cared so my heart just bled. From this twist of fate I can relate, the wicked change we all go through. But as I recall, you were much too small to climb those hills just to see the view.

(six part rif)

So you say "calm that fire inside.

Don't let it out.

Don't let them see how hard you tried.

Don't let them doubt a single thought that's in their mind.

Just leave them blind, (six part on the just)

forever."

I know your kind the ignorant blind, talking like you hold the world in your hand. So back off fool, don't play with my mind, 'cause I've seen your weakness and know you can't stand. Without a sucker beneath your feet week after week. Hanging on your every word, and praising you when they speak.

That's right, I know the truth behind those games you play, and that my little leach is why your here to say, "Calm that fire inside.

Don't let it out. Don't let them see how hard you tried. Don't let them doubt a single thought that's in their mind. Just leave them blind, (six part on the just)

forever.

(six part double rif)

"You could have left clean."

"Got away without a single scratch, but no you had to stay.

Just one more trick, one game, another sucker."

"You retched, scrupulous, dirty mother fucker."

"It's the wrong time and the wrong place, so get out of my face."

"You lost your cool with me, and now you're afraid they'll see the fear and pain you caused with all your lies, but it's you who holds the hatred in your eyes when you say:"

"Calm that fire inside.

Don't let it out.

Don't let them see how hard you tried.

Don't let them doubt a single thought that's in their mind.

Just leave them blind," (six part on the just) (music cuts out on blind)

"forever?"

Cause I say “calm your fire inside, you took this one I don’t deny;
you’re still the rage I hold deep inside.

Just stop, they won’t be blind forever.”

(Bridge)

I won’t listen to you anymore.

You played me like a fool and all these people before me.

You failed the test, when you tried to impress, all you did was
oppress.

So now I confess, to this notion I attest, the time has come for all
people to be one.

So lay down that gun, man lay down that gun,
and step back.

Step back!

Just stand back.

Silence

My words fall silent, even before I can write them out.

In the distance a thunderous roar of time.

Die Mädchen

She has me waiting for my phone to beep; anxious to read the words I hope to understand.

Only a language apart, but often words need no voice, no pen; just two bodies that communicate.

Our Fingers interlaced, palms curled slightly outward, head to head.

Even motionless we are expressive.

In her eyes I whisper.

Never gaze.

Never read, stare, or question...

We just communicate; a communion I need daily.

The Storm of Insanity Awaits Me

I can see it coming from miles away.

I know I should leave, but still I will stay.

It's so far off, so why should I care.

I have time to relax, and more time to spare.

So call me a fool, or say what you may,
this storm can't possibly touch me today.

It's winds are fierce, and it's disaster so great.

Again I should leave, but I've decided to wait.

So call me a fool, or say what you may,
this storm can't possibly touch me today.

I say to myself I don't need any protection.

In a second or two it will change its direction.

So call me a fool, or say what you may,
this storm can't possibly touch me today.

The storm continues to creep over the land,
as I wonder why things didn't go as I planned.

It shouldn't matter now, because it's all in the past.
I should have known *the moment* could not truly last.

So call me a fool, or say what you may,
this storm can't possibly touch me today.

I can feel the storm coming over my head.
I don't run for cover, I ignore it instead.
It gives me such pain that touches me deep.
I can no longer stand, so I will now try to sleep.

So call me a fool, or say what you may,
Despite all your words, I have this to say:
Tomorrow, the sun, will bring a far brighter day.

Stupidity

My stupidity over whelms me.

I inevitably hurt everyone I care about.

The more I care...the more they suffer.

I have grown tiered of pain and hurting others, so now I detach.

My thoughts turn inward as I cut the blood flow.

Suddenly my internal debate becomes a three-ring circus complete with pink elephants and dancing bears.

The third ring is reserved for me.

I stand there amazed as the whole world laughs.

The Dance of the Children

People all standing 'round while the music is calling loud.

Why aren't they dancing like the kids who don't know how?

Moving with the rhythm.

Moving without the rhythm.

Unabashedly thrashing their way to more attention.

The End

One sits on the bench.

One lies in the grass.

One rises in triumph, casts his fists up and laughs.

The game's finally over, and one team has won.

While the other, defeated and smiles come there none.

We walk away with a loss, hearts broken,

but still in us pride survives, as does our will.

We continue to fight, as a fire burns inside,

but when our will disappears, that fire will die.

Then time will cut short, and the true end will be near.

There would be no more pride, and we would cower in fear.

So never give up the fight my friend;

not even when they all say, the end.

The one that got away

Of all the years and games you'll play
you will never forget that fateful day
When your number came up and you ran down the field
If the ball would have stayed, with a score you'd have kneeled
but as you stood up, no ball did you wield
The crowd took their seats and silence grew longer
You return to the line with your heart beating stronger
You want a chance to make it up, but after the kick there's no such
luck
Time runs out, you want to lie down and die
Agony takes over, makes you break down and cry
Deep inside you begin to say
If only it hadn't gotten away
If only it hadn't gotten away
Next week you don't listen, because you still say
If only it hadn't gotten away
If only it hadn't gotten away

It never happened before, nor would it happen again
but there is no way to change what has already been
You can never make up for what's already been lost
If you try, in the end, your heart is the cost
So in your mind it will always stay
and you will have to learn to live each day
With the memory of the one, that got away

The Wind of Time

The blinding sun is sheathed in the earth, as day slips into night.

Its gentle warmth spreads across the land, in absence of its light.

The thousands of stars the sky now holds shimmer and shine almost as bright.

You lie there calmly on the soft cool grass.

A gentle wind combs through your hair,

but you hardly notice it was ever there.

For as quickly as it came it again has gone,

leaving you behind without a signal trace of how it combed your hair or
caressed your face.

Time goes on as you lie there still.

You've lived your life, and you've had your fill.

Winds will blow and winds will calm.

They'll continue to blow long after you pass.

So will time and those blades of grass.

Yet so long as you're here, don't just let them go by.

You may not succeed, but you still have to try to remember the feeling of that cool summer breeze; the sound of the crickets, and birds in the trees.

It's true what they told you again and again, what's done is done, and what's past is past, but what happens in life, good or bad, still in your memory allow it to last.

Then when life seems grave, remember the good.

When all is going well, don't just glide with the breeze.

Live for yourself; don't make my mistakes,

And you'll find still more could have stood where I stood.

Thinking on Love

Thought this paper cannot hold.

A swirling tumult of reds and oranges as she once said.

This struggle keeps me here, yet all the weight it bares upon me...

has propelled me to this moment.

(please draw an impressionist view of a beach sunset with four people sitting around a fire, girl opposite boy...They are coupled as twelve and eight) P.S. I need to give you a speech from one of my scripts to describe the sunset.

Unsatisfied

I now set forth, stealthily stalking my pray like a childish game.
How I long to howl, run with the pack again, during this night when the cool
brisk wind blows from the north.

My senses are heightened from the rush.

The unsuspecting crosses my path, I pounce.

In the slightest of moments I catch my prey's eyes.
Terror, pain, and fear fill those eyes open wide from the northerly wind.

You don't even see me, don't know Me as I am already knows you.

Do you even believe in the one with many names?

An explosion of power sends us both to the ground.

A satisfying silence sets in as I rise; the hunt is not over.

Again I set forth with great stealth, in search of another to feed my desire;
never to look back.

Wicked, undaunted, and immortal am I, for before me lies another
all too easy.

Where's What?

In my quest for Love I have, in many cases,
ignored the Loves that are easily reached.

Therefore, my quest must not be for Love after
all.

By overlooking the loves that open themselves
to me I deny myself access to them.

Windows of opportunity are only open for so
long, and once they close no one...no two...no
too many has said they will open again.

In my quest for Truth I have, in many cases,
ignored the Truths that are easily reached.

Therefore, my quest must not be for Truth after
all.

By overlooking the Truths that open
themselves to me I deny myself access to them.

Windows of opportunity are only open for so
long, and once they close no dream can show
that they will open again.

In my quest for God I have, in many cases,
ignored the gods that are easily reached.

Therefore, my quest must not be for God after
all.

By overlooking the gods who's people open
themselves to me I deny myself access to
them...the people

Windows of opportunity are only open for so
long, and once they close God never said they
would open again.