

Mad in their World

The mad
do not truly exist
in our world.
They live in their own
so, their madness
makes sense.

Dreams

Dreams are my enemy
Lying like alchemy
Promising hope and gold
While interrupting reality

Sea Foam

Thousands of bubbles
gently surrounding her face,
fashion a grand crown

To Write

To be consumed, possessed,
infatuated, obsessed,
enamored, crazed,
engrossed, and enthralled.
Otherwise, it is not worth
doing it all.

Memories

We honor others
by growing them
in our memories,
as we destroy some
by burying ourselves
in theirs.

Written

No poet has written
only to have one,
yet hundreds are written
to have only one.

Sweet Fire

From far deep between
she soaks the world around her
with waves of sweet fire

Breaking

Once deep inside,
it takes a prison break.
Leaving heartache
And chaos in its wake.