

# Attempted Poetry

- revised edition -  
by André M. Pietroschek

ISBN:  
9788892532632



ASIN (Kindle):  
B019WTUKJA

ANDRÈ M. PIETROSCHEK

## **Attempted Poetry**

An ex-bum's restart in ruins...

UUID: 30f43318-e2b3-11e8-b0bc-17532927e555

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# **Preface And Introduction**

## **Prosaic attempts I expected to fail miserably...**

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*For me 2015 began with becoming urban homeless. With the insight that even feeding from trashcans, and sleeping in filth while surrounded by criminals, still means you must expect the competition. I knew instantly that the All-Time-Low I called my life had to be restored. Sadly friends of me died, while I became good in performing the bureaucratically-controlled dance of demands which resulted in me renting a new apartment late in April 2015.*

*January the 1st in 2016 my life still lay in ruins, but I was back on the social fee and in my own room. Busy marketing this ebook, busy patching it, and felled by sickness or not: Busy looking for a regular job. Because even desperate measures are preferable to giving-up!*

*I apologize for the limitations and unpleasantness of format in an unknown-to-me publishing software. Truth is I have to earn more money before I can pay the extended editor to use in these newer ebook formats of my chosen publisher. This is my first ebook for sale, I work to improve it, and I try repeatedly to learn how to do better.*

*So now I am sitting here, before a second-hand 64bit Lenovo ThinkPad T400, which does not really do the thinking for me, and I even got some Windows 7 Professional purchased, registered, and installed. The Penguin aka PCLinux abandoned me even before I had to make it as a bum! I can't afford a real celebration, so I unleash some more of my prose unto the world. This leads to a warning I use since 2014:*

*I wrote this in Pietroschek Prose, not US-English, nor British English. Pietroschek Prose is something like unintentional, imbecilic-moronic violation of the two English versions to which it is often, and lets hope accidentally, compared to. ;-)*

## **Recent Autobiographical Note I Wrote**

*Hello, my name is André. On date of writing this I am a 42 year old German Skinhead. I've been a hobby-author & occult-dabbler for some decades by now. I have always been an outsider or pariah in my own way. Technically my prosaic way makes nearly all people (on occasion even my wife-to-be & myself) underestimate how much of a pro I tend to be for real. If I do something as an author or artist, then there is a 99% chance that it is part of some 'labeled-proper' way for authors and artists.*

*To clarify something certain people need: I am not a racist and only AntiSemite as far, as all Germans tend to be so (historical guilt or what), plus grew up with pretty many people from very different cultures and religions. Being a decently educated German of my age though I had family and neighbors who worshiped & served Adolf Hitler, when the original Nazi were still alive. I have streaks from both sides, and I wouldn't be honest, if i state too much enthusiasm for democracy as I had to endure it so far.*

*I have been a passionate Fantasy-Roleplayer for the most crucial years of my passed life. The state of being an Ex-Roleplayer now belongs to that in an abstract way - at least, if one asks me about it. New Years Eve 2014 to 2015 I had become a bum (urban homeless), spending my Winter sleeping outside in the urban city-center. I recovered and rent myself a new room in late April 2015, but that was overshadowed by one of the few loyal friends I had dying, and the second suffering a stroke brutally knocking her down. I have been a small-scale criminal for at least two decades of my life, and I was really never arrested, nor sentenced in any \$-form. Sometimes that makes a twisted arrogance shine through, especially in social surroundings where I feel unwelcome or which I am only pretending to respect.*

*By now I can be both, a decently good man of the world who has lived thru much and achieved some wisdom & a fierce, unforgiving, and violent-prone bastard, when i am pissed-off. Both is me, and always has been. On TV I liked: Castle, Dexter, Game of Thrones, Sherlock, Those who kill (Danish & US versions), and Supernatural (early seasons). Books I read plenty, but outside of Satanism I noticed that I dislike indulging small-talk about them. I am a gluttonous person, bounce between workaholic and utterly lazy, and I never had it too easy with women, so some know me as the boring loser to ignore, others as quite a sexist macho. I like plenty of animals, and I am able enough to socialize, if I decide to try. In January 2015 I had decided to accept my Stalker's triumph and start a completely new chapter of my life. Continuing what & whom I cared about is part of this.*

# ***TOC - Table Of Content (Updated)***

*Don't steal & rob from a bum and play me the moralist!*

*Preface and Introduction*

**TOC**

*Witchhunter Poem*

*Vampire-Hunter Leona Poem*

*God, I have my own truth, too! Poem.*

*Old Man Poem aka 'In Retrospective'*

*Resume of the work process (author rant)*

*Training Poem 1 - Darkness & Doom*

*Training Poem 2 - Catferatu*

*Training Poem 3 - Happy Go Lucky*

*My true Love Poem*

*My early modern cinquain-phase*

*My early acrostic poetry*

*Contest Poems & the trouble they spawned remembered*

*Additions: Cinquain plus a Haiku or Myku done in the meanwhile*

*Bonus Content - Extended*

*Final experiment: A fantasy epitaph & a freestyle fantasy poem*

*Vampirehunter - Fates worse than certain death*

*More bonus content, revised due feedback!*

**Witchhunter for Witch's Wake NWN-Story by Rob Bartel**

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On enjoying to play Witch's Wake 1-The fields of battle

My crucial struggle is now surely lost  
Even the winners can't cover the cost  
My body is hurting as much as my soul  
The night witch soon reaching her goal  
Overwhelmed by stygian power and vice  
I learned they are cruel, and cold as ice  
I pledged my loyalty to our king in faith  
Now death calls like a harrowing wraith  
God could forgive me I doubt that god will  
So my blood flows out while I lie here still  
At Brogan's Tears I could not help but fail  
The dwarves act as if this spot is the grail  
The nighthag foretold me my life goes worse  
Her prophecy to me was just a wicked curse  
No longer my hurt body allows me to stand  
my poor life as my poem is destined to end...

- Differences in meaning compared to the German version are purely due artful first aid. I am not really gifted in translating poetry, obviously.
- Rights for the poems (these files) remain with me, rights for the module and all components of the module remain with Rob Bartel and Bioware.
- Thanks for the song "White Witch" performed by the band Savatage.



**Vampire-Hunter Leona, Revision 1.02 ↓**

© Andrè M. Pietroschek, all rights reserved  
On faith, love, and consequence...

My futile struggle now seems finally lost  
As even the winners can't cover the cost

My body is hurting, as much, as my soul  
The Clan Tzimisce soon reaching its goal

Overwhelmed by the savagepower of vice  
I learned they are callous & colder as ice!

No more use of money, no armour of faith  
So death calls me like a harrowing wraith

God could forgive but I doubt that god will  
My husband sucked dry, while I lay low ill.

True love was the force that made me fail  
yet fools claim this power to be their grail  
The Malkavian foretold my life gets worse  
her prophecies in truth just a dread curse!  
No longer my hurt body allows me to stand  
This poem, just as my life, is destined to end

## *God, I have my own truth, too!*

**Prayer Title: God, I have my own truth, too.**

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[Form: Doublets aka Couplets full of Faithful Prose]

God, please lets talk about what "we" have done.

My sins of the past, and my new choice undone.

You've forced me back, unto a "Barabbas' path".

So my creed's: Commandments up your holy ass.

I had just wanted to live a life which pleases me.

Your own ten demands only ensure devils' uppity.

I wanted to be again what heaven eternally denies.

We both know, too, only one of us pays the price.

You ignored my prayers & robbed Baby from me.

I face thy war betrayed of any chance of victory.

God, you demanded what even God did not achieve.

F\*ck rules, heed the advise of your remade Thief.

As atrocity triumphed no holy Savior dares to come.

Still you grant luxury & health to the worst of scum.

No unrepentant sinner could shatter my faith in you.

Yet oh holy dictator you achieved that, for it is true!

Academic science so-subtly fulfills the Nazi-Dream.

Perverted mockery of human society gone extreme.

Mortal Elitism, as new guilt makes vile Devils rejoice.

You abandoned us, yet blame us for each MF choice!

God, please enforce justice on this, your planet Earth.

Because Mankind's blind faith just made it much worse.

And if you, God, really hesitate until that judgment day.

Know, too, that by faith in God I've an evil God to slay!

Short before my departure from the modern human race

A poem's found, and oh rejoice, for it restored my faith.

In my weak moments an afar stranger carried my cross

I once more remember the good god, not the vile boss.

I cannot break my curse, and yes I will die like all before

Yet still true to our good god is the sacred oath I swore

And bro, thief's gratitude may come like a subtle spell

For if you fall just pray, so I'll steal your soul from hell.

amen

**Old Man - in retrospective**

(prosaic poem in doublets, once for a Contest)

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Many couples entranced in their bout of love and hate;  
United by their own hormones' pseudo-decree of fate.  
Crippled souls, compulsively whipped forth on and on.  
No sense for precaution, until that fatal virus has won.  
The Loneliness sucks and yes a relationship sucks, too.  
Love won't force God to play butler for me, nor for you.  
Any overdose of trust, blind faith, or even just wrath;  
And before our next round starts the winner is Death!  
Still love does grant strength, to go on with our life;  
Compared to wisdom she is a more comforting wife.  
I am old, sick, and abandoned now, yet looking back;  
I feel Love, Joy, and Hatred in a heart once so black!  
Poverty, envy, and sickness had banished me before.  
Yet I lived love & hate before I reached Death's door.  
The young ones storm forwards, to feel it themselves.  
Keeping that spirit, like Gandalf kept it with the Elves.  
Some lessons of my life felt like a kick below the belt.  
Yet what is left of life, if one has thought, but not felt?  
I've never asked, nor begged, God to be forgiven at all.  
For I had to make my own choices and answer the Call.  
We both know such sermon does not make us friends.  
Yet now it's time that my crappy attempt of poetry ends!

## *Resume of the work-process*

### *Comment...*

Manually inserting all those little files, enduring the mind raging against the once more utterly destroyed formats and line-lengths... My life had many adventures & ordeals. Some of my friends, just two decades too late, even realized that precisely that was my problem and downfall. Well, downfall or pride-fall, opinions vary on that part. I never turned back.

I named this file 'Attempted Poetry'. At this part of the work, on date of editing, I was tempted to name it 'Contextual Poetry', as that would proverbially pin-point my stronger aspect. Such was learned during the secret courses we authors do in absence of our readers. Strategic Marketing of sorts. Did never work for me.

It is Sunday. Second day of being comparably sick and exhausted. I didn't make it to the super-market, and am angry about the extra-costs of buying Cola & Milk at the gasoline station or kiosk instead. Even though, to be fair, the prices here are much better than in the city-part I was coming from.

# *Training Poem 1 - Darkness & Doom*

## **Training Poem 1 - Darkness & Doom**

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When thirsty vampires awaken in darkest crypts  
When our true friends are nowhere to be found  
When even dread Cthulhu has that right eclipse  
That's when we have greater Evil soon unbound

\*

When precious science failed us one more time  
When even consequence becomes a vile fiend  
When zero police prevents that next best crime  
That's when we know we must die unredeemed

\*

When darkest revelations are becoming true  
When the Devil spills blood in holy meadows  
When we no longer know what we should do  
That's when we're spellbound by the shadows

\*

When the witches ride lusting for mortal blood  
When the ghouls indulge their unholy gluttony  
When all holy guidance remains misunderstood  
That's when we see it's our own damned mutiny

- This training poem was done with a guide found at Wikihow. <http://www.wikihow.com/Write-a-Rhyming-Poem>
- It was created with help from <http://rhymezone.com/>

## Training Poem 2 - Catferatu

### Training Poem 2 - Catferatu

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When under the moonlight icy winds blow cold  
When horror lurks all around our warm house  
When heart pounds, bones chill, we feel so old  
Cause out prowls the cat, inside hides a mouse

\*

When darkest legends are spooking us all anew  
When each unholy nightmare's becoming so real  
When no Abe vanHelsing comes with a job to do  
Cause we have the dark wake of Catferatu to feel

\*

When murderous claws bring our bloodiest demise  
When we are trapped, as if inside a haunted house  
When we've become forlorn and hunted little mice  
Cause dark Catferatu hungers for each tasty mouse

\*

When we see terror in our beloved families eyes  
When terror whips us callously through the night  
When nobody dares to make a stand for us mice  
Cause against the Catferatu we mice cannot fight

- This training poem is done with a guide found at Wikihow. <http://www.wikihow.com/Write-a-Rhyming-Poem>
- It was created with help from <http://rhymezone.com/>

Cats & Mice really live with daily horrors we consider extraordinaire, if they happen merely once to ourselves. Human Ego is not without its problems, within each of us!

## Training Poem 3 - Happy Go Lucky

### Training Poem 3 - Happy Go Lucky

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When your cashflow never ever ebbs at all  
When sexy women raise their top on sight  
When health surges at every back and call  
That's when you walk on the brighter side

\*

When all your critics are proven damn wrong  
When fans are family, and not pestering fools  
When for you that sacred chorus sings a song  
That's when you are above the envious hools

\*

When mind and heart still live it, as if truly one  
When neither doubt nor greed blind your mind  
When you feel peace not torment and have fun  
That's when you know life dished it really kind

\*

When you face death after a worthy and happy life  
When even oblivion does no longer mean any doom  
When you know paradise reunites you & your wife  
That's when you have lived life as one blessed boom

This training poem is done with a guide found at Wikihow. <http://www.wikihow.com/Write-a-Rhyming-Poem>

Now comes another one written directly on a website. Since browsers have inbuilt auto-correction it can be decent.

Raw flow instead of meters, crudest rhymes, and perhaps I even form it into simpleton doublets, so I can rightfully & formally call it a poem.

**My True Love**

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She claimed, with fierce insistence, that she is my one and only love  
Her mere existence made me doubt the sanity of our holy God above  
That first gift she ever made me drove bone-shrapnel through my spine  
To help me heal she clapped my back and claimed she'll be forever mine  
She stalked me for my lifetime, destroyed all which I had ever held dear  
I am too old to break the stranglehold, and anguished too much to fear  
Abusive beyond redemption, the madly sick urge that she calls her love  
She helps all who torment me to stay safely established, so high above  
Such decades of Bedlam's injustice have taught & changed me quite a lot  
If age wouldn't undo me I could soon kill all, except our useless, holy god  
Each day anew I face my ruined life, for my only true saint is really there;  
A shadow-self I melted with, so I'll kill all who demand that I should care!

Contextually I saw a remake of Stephen King's classic 'Misery' in 'Family Guy'  
& hoped that a twist inspired by occultism would entertain and inspire a little bit.



**Catherine**

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Catherine  
Befouled Princess  
Loves' feminine nemesis  
Selfish lust spoiling Love  
Hypocrisy

**Middleearth**

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Middleearth  
Paradise Defiled  
Ringwar taking toll  
Free folks arise anew  
Fortitude

**Desolation**

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Desolation  
Painful state  
Word rarely used  
No easy way out  
Harrowing

**Verwüstung (Desolation in German)**

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Verwüstung  
Schmerzlicher Zustand  
Selten genutztes Wort  
Kein einfacher Weg raus  
Heimsuchung

**Warlock**

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Warlock  
Witchborn Son  
Doubting Gods' Dictum  
Grim Resolve versus Consequence

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