



"Fract"

&

"Flect"

ABSTRACT
SURREALISTIC
POETRY

Written by
Candice James

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Box 5 – 720 – 6th Street,

New Westminster, BC

Canada V3L 3C5

saddlestone@shaw.ca

TABLE OF CONTENTS

4. Circles
5. Black Top Hats & White Gloves
6. Branding Irons
7. 8 – The Impossible Formula
8. All Things
9. White Ballerina Shoes
10. The Best Part
11. Choices
12. Dark
13. December Bird
14. Desperate
15. Dreams Given
16. Following Myself
17. Forgiving
18. Waiting For You
19. Fract And Flect
20. Gentle Earthquake
21. Hearts Break
21. Hazing
22. In My Darkness
23. Waterfall
24. Murderer
24. Midnite Ride
25. Goodnight Mr. Davidson
26. A Taste Of Life With Myself
27. Light Switches
28. Human Knives
29. How Many Miles
30. Mickey & Minnie Mouse
31. Somewhere In Between
32. Icicles
33. You Were There Too
34. Nevada And You
35. Reborn & Baptized
36. Smoking
37. Stolen Nightmare
38. Sunset Death
39. Too Late
40. Victim Of Purple
41. Robbie Burns
42. Ripples
43. Understanding
44. A New And Torn Language

45. Doug
46. Naked Escape
47. Masterpiece
47. Cool Blue Ache
48. Lost Angels
49. Close Your Eyes
50. Avenue
51. The Dying Room
52. Clay Warrior
53. Love
54. First Stage
55. Angels & Devils
56. Eye Of Midnite
57. Naked & Needing
58. Basketballs
58. High Wires

CIRCLES

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DRAWING CIRCLES IN ETERNITY

BECOMES EXCEEDINGLY DROLL

WHEN FACED WITH THE FORMIDABLE FACT

THAT MOST OF US ARE NOT INVULNERABLE.

YOU,

I KNOW I SEE YOU THERE INSIDE YOUR PRIVATE SQUARE

BUT I ALSO KNOW YOU ARE NOT REALLY THERE

BECAUSE I ONLY DEAL IN CIRCLES.

BEGONE

HE WHO IS BUT AN APPARITION.

GHOSTLY SPECTRE

TOUCH ME NOT,

FOR IF YOU DO

CIRCLES WILL MEAN NOTHING

AND THEN WHAT WILL ETERNITY BE?

BLACK TOP HATS & WHITE GLOVES

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BLACK TOP HATS & WHITE GLOVES,

VELVET & SATIN BLENDING MAGNIFICENTLY.

I CLAP AT THE THOUGHT WITH A THUNDERING HEARTBEAT.

I LAY MY HANDS ON A BRAINWAVE

TO LET IT BE AS IT IS MEANT TO BE.

WE CREATE OUR OWN WALLS

AND THEN WE EITHER CLIMB THEM,

CRUMBLE THEM,

OR HIDE BEHIND THEM.

.WHEREVER WE DECIDE TO BE,

INSIDE

OR

OUTSIDE

OUR WALL,

WE ARE ALWAYS ALLOWED TO WEAR WHAT WE WISH.

I CHOOSE TO WEAR

BLACK VELVET TOP HATS & WHITE SATIN GLOVES.

BRANDING IRONS

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SOMETIMES I FEAR YOU

AND YOUR SOURCE OF TEARS;

JEWELS TRICKLING DOWN THE CHEEK

OF SOME HAZY CHERISHED MEMORY.

YOU BLEND YOUR EVIL AND MAGIC

SO MAGNIFICENTLY

IN THE GUISE OF PRIMAL PASSION.

YOU HAVE TIED ME TO THE SECRETS

THAT HIDE IN YOUR BLOOD

AND SO WE MINGLE

WITH LOST INNOCENCE.

BEHOLD ----

OUR HANDS ARE BRANDING IRONS

AS WE TOUCH EACH OTHER'S SOUL.

8 - THE IMPOSSIBLE FORMULA

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EVERY WEEK SHOULD BE ALLOWED 8 PAGES TO TELL ITS STORY
AND EVERY HUMAN BEING SHOULD HAVE 8 DAYS
IN THEIR LIFE THAT REALLY TRULY COUNT.

8 TIMES 8 IS 64.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 9 AND 7 = 2.

6 PLUS 2 = 8.

4 TIMES 2 = 8.

8 TIMES 8 IS 64.

64 IS 12 MORE THAN 52.

12 IS ONE 8 AND A HALF ANOTHER 8 (4)

SO 12 IS ONE AND A HALF 8'S.

ALL THESE THINGS THOROUGHLY UNDERSTOOD CAN EQUAL
8 GREAT PAGES IN LIFE AND MAKE LIFE GREATER THAN
AN EIGHT DAY WEEK.

THIS IS THE IMPOSSIBLE FORMULA

I TRY TO FATHOM DAILY.

THIS IS MY LIFE --

FATHOMLESS.

ALL THINGS

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WRINGING;

SQUEEZING;

EVERY LAST POSSIBLE DROP,

TRYING TO FULFILL THE RECIPE OF LIFE.

KNEE DEEP IN EMOTION.

SKULL DEEP IN LIVING.

CROSSING BONES,

THREADING ARTERIES,

TRYING TO BREATHE SOME LIFE

INTO THIS QUIET SEMI DEATH.

I AM HERE.

I AM THERE.

I AM EVERYWHERE.

I AM ALL THINGS.

LIVING IN THIS DEATH WE CALL LIFE.

WHITE BALLERINA SHOES

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WHITE BALLERINA SHOES,

DANCE FOR ME

THE FANCY WAY

I NEVER COULD DANCE,

BLACK VEIL OF ILLUSION,

CURTAINS OF LIFE FALLING,

SHAWLING,

OVER MY EYELIDS,

DISGUISE THESE THINGS

THAT ARE TOO PAINFUL

FOR MY EYES TO BEHOLD.

WHITE BALLERINA SHOES DANCE,

THAT YOU MAY NEVER GATHER DUST

AS I DO.

DANCE WHITE BALLERINA SHOES DANCE.

DANCE ONCE MORE FOR ME

BEFORE THE CURTAIN FALLS.

THE BEST PART

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WITH THE BEST PART OF US LOST,

VIOLINS AND PIANOS

COULD NOT MAKE A MELODY OF ME

WHEN I WAS WITH YOU.

ORCHESTRAS AND SYMPHONIES

COULD NOT MAKE A SONG OF YOU

WHEN YOU WERE WITH ME.

ARRANGERS AND COMPOSERS

COULD NOT ORGANIZE

OUR BIZARRE MASTERPIECE OF MUSIC

INTO A HEARTFELT HARMONY,

AND A SONG IS NOT A SONG

WHEN YOU'VE LEFT THE BEST PART OUT.

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