

The Year
Of
Divine Madness



Candice James

SURREALISTIC
POETRY

*The Year
of
Divine Madness*

Written by

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Architect

It's flowing and glowing

Heating and meting out

The embers from my heart

That you may hold them in your hand,

Breathe on them and spark them

Into a flame

We can burn into Eternity's body and soul.

You are the architect shaping my dreams

Until I become the dream itself –

The dream only you can create.

Oh Architect –

Be gentle yet precise

As you create the me I've been waiting so very long to become!

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The Air I Breathe

Whenever I hear your voice on the phone

Electricity flows through the line,

Drives through my heart

And splits the moment

Into some degree or slice of paradise.

You have taken the ice I've lived in for years

And melted it into its own fiery glass.

Sometimes I wonder how I ever lived before you.

Most times I'm aware of the fact that I didn't.

If there ever comes a moment in my life called "After You",

I won't be living in it

Because

You're fast becoming the air I breathe.

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The Blade Of The Knife

Sometimes I just need to have a few drinks

So it doesn't actually seem like it is in the moment.

It lets me hide

Somewhere in between

What is

And what isn't.

It allows me to surreptitiously live in

What could be

And what should be.

The way it dulls the blade of the knife

Doesn't allow the "missing you" feeling

To cut quite so deep.

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The Brush Of Your Breath

Smoke rings rising in images of you.

I see all possibilities in them for a moment –

For all time, and then

I see only one possible moment.

The atmosphere,

Paints and molds a statue .

Creates a mission

Sculpted at the edges of castle deep.

Left behind

Most assuredly, all negative vibrations

With the brush of your breath on my soul.

I'm a vagrant of love

Claiming clemency from all separations.

The brush of your breath

Is the wind beneath my wings.

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The Change

Even if hell freezes over

I'll never forget the first time I saw you –

So alive,

So effervescent,

So attractive,

So real.

Like steel to a magnet I was drawn to you.

Helpless against this force of nature.

Escape from this moment -- impossible.

I had never asked a stranger to dance before

In a hypnotic spell I stood up

Flowed to you,

Silently,

Took your hand in mine

And led us onto dance floor of dreams

Just outside of Heaven's Door.

And now –

Everything has changed.

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Choice

I said it once.

Now I'll say it twice.

It happens fast or it doesn't happen.

Time and tide wait for no man.

They won't wait for us.

Time passes too slowly for some

Too quickly for others.

To everything there is a season

And a season unto all things.

This is our season.

We either claim it or we don't.

Life is ever changing

Destiny calls –

Sometimes

There is no choice.

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