Xavior's Transparent

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Taken hostage by an insatiable desire for creative writing at the age of seven, Joseph Xavior Patterson has completely embraced his capture. Through the years he has pushed the envelope of conventional form in his personal and academic writing. Today that envelope is falling through space, for Xavior has long since shoved it off of the cutting edge. While he was still serving on active duty in the United States Marine Corps, Xavior's creative ingenuity was re-energized exponentially. From this revival he has catapulted into his mission to share with the world a way to see and create literature in a new light. Committed to that difficult task, Xavior is set to release what research and veterans in the field of literature have indicated to be the first of its kind. Transparent introduces Xavior and his new forms, to the world.

FREE EDITION

Xavior's TRANSPARENT Shines Through

First you might be in the dark, but soon comes a transmission of light, and clearness and clarity comes through. In Xavior's TRANSPARENT we find ourselves looking into a glass brightly, like those who master glasswork, stemware and windowpanes. Xavior's TRANSPARENT is like reading a crystal watch in a display case. It is vitrified and lucid. His microscopical distinctiveness becomes explicit as we read his work in plain English and plain speech. Stain glass is poetry, as too is waterford and uranium.

As new worlds and alternative versions of reality emerge, it's about time we had a new genre of poetry. Should not language and poetry grow? Poetry should have a moveable feast, having variations and many relationships. And through the fantasy and poetic skills of one talented writer, 24 year old Joseph Xavior Patterson, we have transparencies in poetry. He extends our traditions in poetry and accomplishes some astonishing effects. It is a new medium, a new form, a new style. He has embraced an articulate syncretizing force that has its own rules, logic and integrity. In His creative process, he brings to poetry a new being and a new beginning. It can very well revitalize the imagination of those who love and appreciate poetry as art.

I invite you to come to the door and look out the window. Look into this glass brightly, and you will see porcelain, rhinestones and rubies.

Rayfer Earle Mainor, Poet Laureate

FREE EDITION

Masquerade

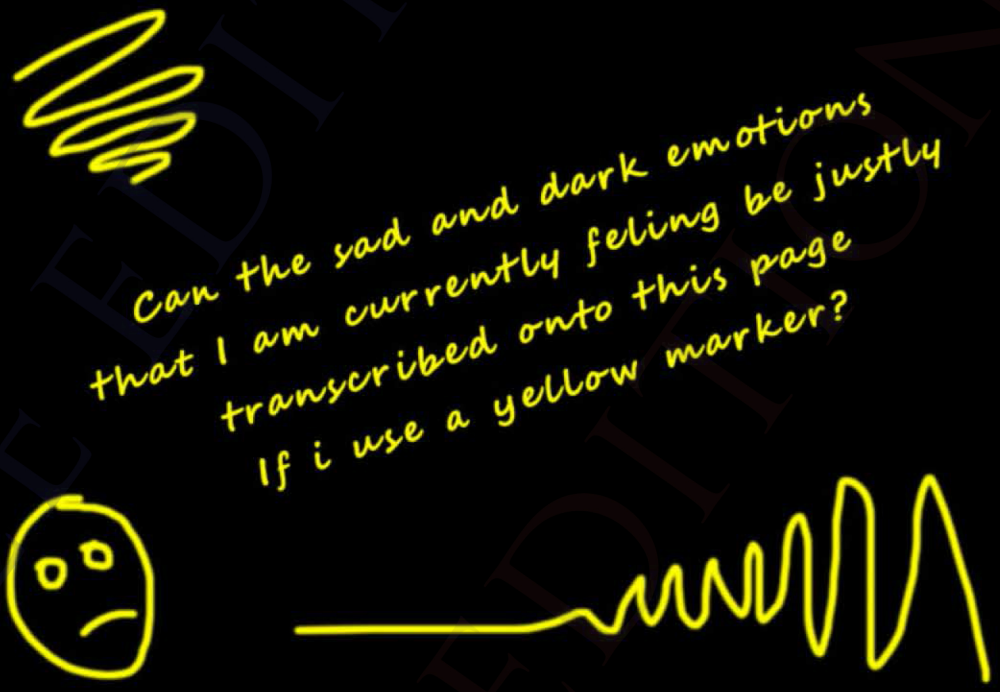
This world is obscurely opaque.
Truth remains surface
yet disappear behind obstructed surfaces
deceptively painted with ornate shades.
Windows to the heart and soul of matters seem always boarded up
in preparation for a terrible storm.
Abandoned hopes and dreams for this world
which were born of youth and innocence
haunt this ghost planet
where is hard to find anyone with enough time, patience and
discernment to care.
Reality lurks under fabricated covers
never revealing enough of itself to be identified.
The fog seeps in through sealed up pains to threaten the clarity inside.
This atmosphere yields such low visibility
it is hard to catch a glimpse of the sun kissed horizon
the Light at the end of the tunnel.

The way of this world is deception delusion and diversion.
This world's citizens raised within the tents of its magic show
feel the most awkward senses of surreal displacement.
Although their hearts demand an explanation for the eerie illusions
members of this audience reluctantly add their applause.
When doubt and unrest yield loneliness and isolation
despite firm disinclination
attendees of this facade
join the masquerade.

FREE EDITION

...I am in the nightmare
but i still
have a dream

...almost too ignored
to face myself



FREE EDITION

I Miss You Like Your Almost Home

Years have passed in these few cursed hours she has been gone

And each day of those years has brought me their pain to bear all in this moment

Immortal the fragrance of our world together lingers

Torturing my despair with the pleasure of what could have been

And somehow I remain seated in the very cell I sat as she sentenced me with goodbye

Even as I go about the nothingness of my day

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The Pardon

Episode I

I dared not rise to loves occasion
And thus give way to gravity

I would not answer whispers shouting
Boasts from loves eternity

Episode II

While robbing my fate of hope in the promise:
"You will find someone to call your own"

I banished my heart and the love inside
To roam in the land Alone

Episode III

East of Nowhere in the Unknown Abyss
I discovered in my heart's void

This wasteland buried with more grace than I gave
The love that my pain had destroyed

Episode IV

While existing to the rhythm of a heartless beat,
Unaware of where I was going

An Angel led me toward myself
Without me even knowing

Episode V

That flesh and blood could comfort my death,
For me was painfully strange

Yet somehow She birthed within my grave
The chance for Life and change

Episode VI

Amidst Rock Bottom, still, I fell for her
In pain, in chains and all

For in Her voice I, though deaf within,
Could hear a lone grave call

Episode VII

Flawless scars embraced her flesh
And spoke of where she'd been

This Angel had survived the hell Alone
And confirmed my heart ward sins

Episode VIII

And in the moment I looked past her eyes
I knew what sight could not see

That my heart was resurrected from Alone through her
To unite us, and thus, pardon me

FIRST EDITION

Question Your existence as I write this to no one

Reasons why half emptied my cup to the brim.
How it now runneth over is mystery to me. Raindrops falling on ever barren grounds share plights with my teardrops cried out for help and my cup runneth over.

Floodgates ajar this river is wasted.
My freshwater springs prove salty when tasted.
The depths of my soul are lost in this flood where fossils of dreams lay deep in the mud.
I never thought that I, a giver, would need. To interrogate my worth while my tortured pens bleed could not be the fate of my peace.
So... question your existence as I write this to no one.

For I have found that no one cares.

FREE EDITION

Keeping the Nightmare Close

I am sleepy,
Beyond tired.
Awake only for fear that
Sleep will erase the vague markings
On the already cloudy chalkboard of my mind.
Markings fading into the background of my life,
Now dust, scattered about by the relentless sweeping of time.
Still traces of meaning call from behind the haze
Only to be found overlapped or incomplete.

And this is my nightmare,
A fear that grips me tighter
At every passing sign of its reality.
A horrid dream
That need not hide behind the shadows of closed eyelids,
Haunting by day and night.
Where, mangled by passing minutes,
The pulp of my thoughts and memories
Lies unidentified in the morgue of my recollection.
Vanishing hours chase one another mocking me in unison.
As I search in vain for the corpses of moments buried alive
In the folds of my memory.

FREE EDITION

The following blank page is a moment of silence for the longing ghosts of lost art whose creators struggle to validate their existence in the absence of their conveyable form. We human channels must grieve their loss like the irregular anniversary of a still born child. We have spent many mind hours searching for our kidnapped creations as if they were the lost keys to our destiny. Though they have been properly laid to rest in our searches for closure they still haunt us from the chasms of our waking sleep with phantasmal epilogues of their homecoming. These innocent charades and cries for attention can weigh disturbingly upon the minds and hearts of creative conduits instinctively an involuntarily tuned to the ever changing keys of the universe's muse. Thus we captains of art must mate with life and parent new offspring above the same vast sea in which our irreplaceable seed perpetually drowns in a co-created state of conscious oblivion.

FREE EDITION
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Abyss of the unknown

You have fallen into the abyss of the unknown
Where illusion dwells at the speed of light
The only constant found is that which is missing
The only way is paved in doubt
Residents beware the endless question
Continually drowning the spirit
In a world where nothing is discovered
Thinking you understand leaves you blind to the piercing darkness
Embracing the far greater evil of counterfeit light
For here common senses betray logic while at war with one another
Here loneliness echos from invisible walls intensifying the pain
Here invincible mysteries show no mercy in the battle for all sanity
Surrender and you will never cease to gaze at a hopeless horizon
Just as darkness looks beyond fallen stars

FREE EDITION

The chase

premeditation riddles this well woven plot

of which tide's every turn traces paths of shifting faces

warping faces turn to figures

and figures fade to questions

on the thirsty desert's horizon

i am forced to wrestle with

and forfeit to the notion

that there is never much there to forget

that despite the allusions of fleeting details

mankind maps faces

instinctively

even in pieces of toast

i try to return to the darkness

to find and drink

the poison of significance that can taint every harmless scene

into a sleeping nightmare

awakening with me

and unraveling it's torture

with twisted tauntings

rivaling the most treacherous fears of death

yet this small price to pay for reconciling subconscious affairs

remains a reoccurring tragedy of epic distortion

to my very lonely world

At times I have thought i had broken the curse

when vivid plays blessed by the trinity of life, love and death

seem to permanently expose the meaning of existence

through to the other side of my sub conscious veil

yet to my dismay

all that ever develops from these backwards scenes

is the ambush of a dream with in a dream

and as that pain dawns on me

I fall into full awareness of my previous state

dawn is a light which night must conceal

awake

sub conscious constellations are to enlightened to reveal

what was there

in slumbers wake recalling

feather weighted mountains moved

void of how or why

drowning limbs grasp at what cannot

not be there

as the new days light floods the closed mind's eye

lines between points which stood out like wonders of the world

fade until north stars lose their directions

and hence this emptiness

which mirrors like a mirage

reading like the pulse of a corpse

you momentarily deny

is your own

my ghost town is a graveyard perpetually exhumed

per voices in my head

testifying that those laid to rest

are not dead

a cipher-less encrypted map at the heart of my hunt for treasure

I dig a hole deep enough

to bury my next attempt at saving a destiny

that sadly resembles me

I have undertaken so many endeavors

that I have not lived

for the sake of burying my dead

and my act of diving back into sleep

to scavenge it's vagaries seems

to echo the truth

of my real nightmare

the chasing of my dreams

FREE EDITION

My Own Prison

As I shut my eyes blind
Can't you see, we are bound
And unless you escape
I can never be found
Complete desperation is causing this plea
I've tried and I've failed and you must rescue me from bondage
This is weakness, I counted it might
kill the wrong I have nurtured and give birth to right
Forgive me, I've held you so tight spite your will
Concealed you and wrestled your restlessness still
Resist this oppression, suppression it grows
Race through to embrace this our freedom that flows
You are bitter and salty still I yearn to taste of thee
The wine which the depths of my souls encased
My chest grows tighter with each shortening breath
For the pain that replaces what life I've not left
I'm begging, I'm humbled my face drunk with blood
Stream anguish arising like so nervous a flood
Escape!!! Here's your chance to complete my soul cries
Answer now or else all the more my soul dies
And I shall drown in this fear save we order my fears
Witness long last the escape of me and my tears

FREE EDITION

I broke when gravity claimed I had fallen
To deep to be lifted again

Unknown to loved ones who pictured me flying
And would view my failure as sin

Could it be that a lifetime of lies
Had finally sealed my fate

To drown in the ocean of all that is me
Filled with all of the creatures I hate

Yet with help from the Father, Faith, Hope, and the Truth
I'll confront these demons spawned from my youth

And finally shed light on these shadows inherent,
With my first attempt

At being transparent.

FREE EDITION

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