

Soul Crush

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Ancestral Blood

Almond Cut Eye

Nitroglycerin enthralling the burst into life
Completely out of the reach of the ordinary
Emotions that never cease to bleed out
Spilling their heartfelt tongues on the ark of craft
Tyrants under their pillows resting their guns
Resting their powered-motion to fight games of times forgotten with thrones
Aware of becoming a target as they targeted well
Living creatures with blood and tears to share for a chance at living.

Blinking eyes, with rapid lashes a wave,
Love rests on the single bed, pillow soaked in tears of an angel
Offering you a pleasant memory for the en-core of a last time;
Over the grounds of your salvation you shed down your past cries out to be
Devoured in the desperate gasps of that love you could have had...

Dei DisChord

Deities guiding their rivers of pain, our rivers of shame
Not to be ashamed with
For they have loved and they have died and killed for their love,
For their heart and soul
Under attack: a find of justice and mercy and healthy pride.
It's all written down on your skin in ink of a pride broken
Giving you the movement you need to build and rebel, to fight and know well
The blazing treasure of the heart that mend and killed
For the pleasures of innocent guilt,
Blood spilling remorse and shame and lack of a poverty you admired as hell,
Hell was working for us, hell was working for you, hell was working
Like Doctor Jeckil I and Mr Hide, a hit
In Hyde and seek plays of a Jack Kill.

**to the poor dead who didn't have it all, they had it all..."

Soul CruSH

Sunsets come out of a shrill
Hovering o' sepals above a haO
Out looking for butSU
United skies with louD
Territories holding handS

We create our apologies every day
With every moment of a thought given,
Taken an idea and moved forward
For the sake of multiplication
Of our dearest instances!"

This is a collection of poetry and thoughts gathered in certain arrangements with different meanings; my purposes and the personal significance behind don't have to be your own choice. I merely offer a perspective on these matters of encounters with the self, explorations of soul matters and needs of spiritual kind that reflects into obedience and rebellion of the flesh. Each reader has a mind of their own and a set of knowledge that may help them see things in their gifted fashion and grace.

The make-believe

The skies hold the please of a star,
The mountains of surreal clouds
Painted by the hands of a child
Sweet innocence and light
Under the canopy of which
The Shadows with their takers make believe.

Cosmic DNA

I have become a nobody
And that is not a shame,
That is an opportunity,
My opportunity to leave behind all the pain,
Rid myself of the burden or learn how to carry the load
With the ease of photons gliding on the rods of solar loom,
Explosions having sunlight pass through thick air,
Hit grounds and products of their existence-manifests,
Cast Shadows over surfaces exposed, Surf with the aliens, walk with the man,
With the moon and stars and planets a movement
Spiralling to expand the sheet of paper that's a Universe asking to collide, intersect, take a glance at...
A parallel...
Our
Cosmic DNA

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some Times wonder
So it seems...
Amoeba glow
Want'aBreak... Ow
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Z
Out of... Sorry words
Oh, how I wish...
Ruby, my diamonds
Sparkling Hell party
(I am) The seekers
Music to...
Sunset Soul
TH'ell (a variation)
Life...
The COWart
But I'm a human
(Motion)PhotoCopy...
Family ad
Plead for a walk
Private Party Pen
To _ Peace Rebellious
Pride waves encounter
Fantasy
Tramp restoration
O. P. I
Go Go plans
Pouting at football passion
And... For What
She cures it all
Lion Heart Please

Life reflection
Seruproar
Visions in a photograph
Told'n Showed
Now what my image
F*un
A heart of stone
Magic Frogs Business
Arromercyfaithfulhardsoulselfia
Those who can't be reached
You
Whatever the share
How are you?
Experience
Though
Wisdom take Pt I
'Whahh' for the Love of Life
Magical snake
Blade that can take it
Too much oven
Child Kidding Hard
Heavenward
Words flow
Kids and ideals
Sorrow ass shaking and shaking
Oh, Socrates!
Sexy Spring of Joy
" Whaaat? "
Poor Margaret
Goats
Just a whore (letter)
Music to the ears
Let yourself...
Shadows that can't feel anymore
See the Sea
Defended punisher
The Vegan Style Pt. I
Sound of the familiar....
Faustated
Lucid Streams
Blue the playful heart of stone
A Mountain crowded with Gold

The City
The Vegan Style Pt. II
Sky of Light Journeys
The Damsel in distress
The killer-knot
Echo of a shadow spill
If a Child...
If you want to know
A laughter that means his endless cry (1st version)
To the eyes that see... (1st version)
Horror and Crimes
With your tires
Child, have some rest
You givers!
Still famished
A perfect summer day
Yo
Sheherezade
Touch of a silky rose petal
Looking for the right role
Here
Mountain Crest
Cup of Heavenly Light
If I am
By fires learned
Friends...
In the name of colour
Hah the life I had
Brought back to life
Clues Title Obsession
Bottom page notes deterring
Red Flamenco Heart
(Red Alert) Love Cemetery
Come now, End those Tears (You are an Angel)
Mask or facelift
A Big Bang Romance
Totem
Fa Si La - LockDown Memories _ I
HeAvens
Habitual Ravens
Cacti worm
Pork soup in a frying pan

BCS

Sweet treat

Raven Heart

The morgue

A Place for Cornt

(I am) The Line

Ta Phell

You...! I hope you've got your password

Care

It's perfect the way it is

A

AMp Swamp

Revived Robin

Your light

The Ers Group

The Lovely short but rich poem!

(Only A) miracle

Know

A little place o' heaven

Soul Crush

What the fly

Great Family Poem

All wrong

Clues Title Obsession

You're dead

God in love

Apple Rolls

Warbled Soul

Humiliation Avenue

Stain of Dark Blue

Cut! (this can get much better!)

Everything right?

Thou shall not feel but think

My soul is lost

MNY, ooy!

Saved I

Enjoy the sight!

Cry of pride

LLT

Dopamine soul

Planet Spaced U

(I am) moments

Interview with a Ladder
(I am) The Rope Collar
This given...
In silent screams
Fading carcass-ghosts
When Hurt an Apology
Funny Hell
Breathing like... Hmm...
Rear gear mirror reflection (Core I)
The same blue sky
The Third
Rrriing - Hello... - Just... Nothing
... Gl.ON...
Thanks for the visit
A need expressed
Strains of Phililth
Up the hill
Rainbow Clouds
The mess
Untitled Sun
Horror of the Being
F-d butT.Proud (?)
Force
Art Sylph
Rust
Peace makers
Rich ink flow
"He's a pillar of society!
Beware."
4 PeoPle, 5 StarS
Reflection on Solitude
Beam out of spleen
Cinder treasure
Talk about good lies told
Eye's Life
Arms
pyr
So a Mother filled a page
Soul Cry
Eyes Scream
Brave Feelmoticons
Silence Walk

Rose of Thornasia
Lives-Living
Intrigued
Swinging Vessel
Brightly lit ocean
This Haunted House
Porcelain Clown
Memoir of Romeo and Juliet
Engin Izer
Well Scented
When will I learn to kill?
With her
Active in the Bliss of our dreams
(long version)
Fantasies of childhood
You had it
Arianna's travels
S.A.
blue bills
Ah, being poor...
Sphere's Spirit
Sac à dos
Strings talk
When someone loved
Minds
Do! Doo, birdie
Crawl
Alt+/Alt-
Wings of crystal Missile
Muse Light Dome
Tale set ablaze
StarLeHe
flowers of frost melt
wiBlack
Properly dressed
Tokugawa Secrets
Dream of an artist
Just, like before
In Silent Resonance
HoEP
Maybe...
Drone

Hex Sonnetta
Zebraic Philosophy
SonFrites
Grounds and Skies Rhymes
Botanima
Toll-tale Parts
Crumbs of building
Crescent Moon
Seared Skin
What famished souls can feed upon
Brightly lit ocean
Hagakure
A
AnZi
WD/DeW
OTF (YaYaYo)
Thou shall do harm...
Way of the sun
Ardent Angel Grounds
Cornucopia
It matters
You...
God
Curtain fall

...

Extra work and Bonuses:

Light
AMp Swamp
(AMp Swamp) Joc de soc
(AMp Swamp) Fantômes de vie
(AMp Swamp) Sueño de palabras
Sparkling Hell party (II-nd version)
Well Meant _Heart mend (Full-version)
FLoW
(I am) Full of it
The Elephant Hospital
One Love for Ever
Roll Arts
A Song
Nude in a museum of lore
Your head
Ta tête

Soul-Seek

At the crack of Dawn

A laughter that means his endless cry

To the eyes that see...(II-nd version)

The dead want to be alive

The monarch

Skiagraphy disturbance

You... You...

God

How much we can suffer for our souls!

It's a soul take, soul give...

Maybe God can bless...

And maybe what we do is what will matter in the end.

In this house surprise

Of Sin and Sinners we have heard

It's tired-some as sin is everything today...

I wish my heart and life quite clean.

I'm tired.

If you're not cheating, lying well,

If you don't go for what they stand

Too proud for...

'Have tried, you know...

Now I can't stand this anymore.

As they would

Then they wouldn't do

What they are asking

Coming through

In ways you can accept

Then be

Upset and vexed,

Just how I'd be.

But still, they would

Look for a way,

If you don't take the examples there,

The best ones out there

For which you can stand

Too proud for...

I can stand proud for...

Alone

Together dreaming well,

A hide and seek play

Left in times that were

Forgettable...

Then war was on!

Of Sin and Sinners we have heard

I'm wasted, blighted heart and soul

Embracing ruins of the world you sacrificed us for
And cry for acts of love and hate,
Revenge and luminous embrace of peace,
Enjoy a time you left behind
Into the dark, into the light, into the passing grey
as sin is everything today...
I wish my heart and life quite clean
Of dirt that cannot sin, dirt cannot sin just right,
right, right...
holy this life!
Holy the life of sinners...
It's getting tiresome.

*And I tricked myself into being too grateful
for what set a belief and a wonder in my I...*

Plato Tribe

It cleaves the heart
And tares the flesh apart, off bones soft splinters of lacerating joy,
This pleasure take engaging me into romantic current takes!
I sit, long watch into our heroes work,
Like Plato exploring the infinite of the unreachable,
And with myself a letter all alone is surfing
on waves of hissing farewell sea-words,
Sacred flesh, dry spoken a word lift
For blood spills all over the carpets and floors we simply adored...
"Ah, women! Will never try to be ignored
A taste anew in wonder!"

Tortured by need of thirsty grounds and famished brain cravings,
He wastes no time with enemies and friends he doesn't know
But too weak to follow his enchanted rendering
Of tribes from which he takes the wit and wisdom looms.

"Haven't I lost my soul already?
For you and your kind, my kind suffered well,
To be alive and take the chance at weaving
A coating whisper of tomorrow's endings."

Lost in a contemplation of pasts glorious,
Growing with day to day awareness in times present,
I gaze into the night of grounds I left for fantasies,
Looking the truth in his eyes: a multitude of sparkling Champagne wines

Expecting nothing but a smile... “Oh, I’ve done wrong, my child!”

Yet, truth feels tired with my lost desire to build homes,

“It’s only an illusion until it all becomes

Our new reality to take, embrace of part-takes...”

It doesn’t hurt the flesh when it’s just nothing,

It’s nothing but the light of knowledge, pure_

Only the beast is thirsty for a carnage, thirsty for a cry and gruesome kills

And I do seem to be the only one who’s trapped here,

Wasting away a fair future past to take into this present life to cherish,

Crying and hoping not, no more; I’m done with glaring into the maze of lost hopes
but I’m doing naught

While you go on minding your businesses.

(*a tribute brought to Plato as I was asking myself these other days _again?_ “Why would I want to live when death sounds so sweet and appealing?” _ “Oh, but what awaits in this silence, darling! What awaits was never more delightful to those who are still craving for a miracle...”)

Mosquito Salad (1st version)

Good food for the brain,

Good food for the brain!

Little creatures looking for fun,

Mesmerized by the light,

Going for more and more at night,

It is always more than they can take

So they get either burned or temporarily crippled,

Turned into carcasses tattoos on our skins

Reflecting marvels of the universe in one drop of shameful defeat;

We show with merciless pride our kill and brag upon their death

Remembering to add a few words

To our mosquito salads.

K-Boom

I thought of killing you but then

I got distracted,

My missile redirected,

The bomb you’ve mistaken for my treasure chest

Going K-Boom on screens too many times,

Skeletons spread all around,

Past-time broken,

Heart-felt joke.

I got distracted

And couldn't put an end to the whole world.

Then I tricked myself into believing

that you will be all too grateful for what I ...

(I am) Series I

I am too embarrassing for your might.
There's nothing to discuss with you.

Cleansing

I have poured rivers of tears,
Remained with a bulge of clay
and some miracles idea
To help me recover my faith...

But trust! Where to put it
With an interest pay doubled?
I have been putting back together
Pieces of work
But evil and awfulness must go together
Just like love and hate,
Just like faith and the strong,
Faith and the bold,
Faith and the beautiful...
Just like... That!
TV shows:
You've killed me,
For your *filth* I had to survive.
Clean her
Clean her somehow
Of the worst
You will not love,
You will not love
And not because you're ugly or too beautiful
But because the misery you made her out of...
Speaks Soap.

"The walking poems

preferred,

Each saying something."

Origami Book

Tell me the story of that page you treasured more,
In that book of your life that didn't mean but
A drop in the oceans of pages filled with words and tears,
What we used to call life,
Images to rest our souls with.

Tell me all that story of your youth, lost hours in words,
Feelings adorned with the explorations of shapes
Moving you on the abstract waves of games,
Thinking of that first page in the origami-heart-book you designed
To impress a sad old child.

*"As I wait for flowers to emerge,
out of the lovely piece of material imposed,
made of matters of importance,
Great
producers of laughter and tears..."*

I keep clowning."

You may live

Out of my pride
I should be dead and working for the happily alive.
Don't offer me your goods,
Stop telling me what to do,
I don't want to live that normal life of yours,
Call it your sanity,
That's you,
I am here to describe a moment or two,
Observed thousands of lives
For those who may...
They may...
And I just may...

You will never understand a heart too broken,
Too proud to live
A miserable thought or word
coming out of a mind that is too old
For that ink,
The Ink that loved and knew
no trauma.

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