

The Philosopher's Poet

Written and Published By:
Christian Concepcion



Initial Draft Start Date: 04/02/2024

2024 Expected Publish Year

Copyright Laws Apply

No Co-Writer Or Ghost Writer Assistance Utilized

Individual Poem Creation Dates Vary, But For The Purposes Of Legality,
The Creation Date Of Each Of The Poems Contained Within This Book Is

The Same Date As The First Draft Was Compiled Which Was/Is

04/02/2024.

The Writer, Christian Concepcion, Claims Ownership Of The
Intellectual Property Contained Within This Draft And Each Distributed

And/Or Published Copy Of This Book, And Personally Claims All
Royalties And Accolades Associated With This Book Until The End Of

Time. These Royalties And Payments, In The Event Of Christian
Concepcion's Death, Will Be Directed To The Oldest Surviving Sibling,
Unless Otherwise Indicated In A Will And Testament That Has Been
Notarized

Time Stamp: 04:28 a.m. (04/02/2024)

Dedication

I would like to thank everyone who has supported me in pursuing my passions for the inspiration to write and compile this book. Without your optimism, the storms may have lingered. You all mean the world to me, and I mean that sincerely. Thank you to those of the past, thank you to those in the present, and thank you to whomever the future has stored. Thank you all again, and to those who I no longer know, I promise that none of you have ever been forgotten.

Contents

- I. Love
- II. Chaos
- III. Balance
- IV. Reconciliation
- V. Proverbs

Prologue

If you would like to go on a journey, you must begin by taking a single step. The belief that life cannot be sustained by love alone, is misguided and destructive; for the truest love is that which allows one to give, and to take, according to the necessities of each individual, in a persistent effort to help each other grow.

It is by these principles that life abides and maintains its balanced nature. Within the surrounding chaos, one may find peace in remaining still with a still mind. Guiding one another to a place in the light is the primary objective, and to ensure the safety of those we hold dear, we must build a community of practitioners of love as an act of humanity and safety lest the evildoers prevail.

Part 1

Love

...

At Her Bedside

As I sit,
Silent expression,
Guides me into a trance;
The form of peace,
Beheld beneath,
The sheets of hope and chance;
Entangled in the wild mind,
I search and often find,
My desires intertwined,
And, resounding each and every time.

For, now it seems,
I must oblige,
To sit and hold vigil,
Whilst you rest your eyes,
And to gaze at you,
For a moment or two,
As I wish to lay down by your side.

There is simply more,
Than my words could hope to say,
I may already have captured them all,
But, to be here for you,
And, to see you in truth,
Is the only real way,
I know how to soothe,
The pain of the past,
And to show you my flaws,
In a way that will pass,

As a bridge through the walls,
That you've built in defense,
And I hope once within,
You'll be easy to convince,
That the world beyond them,
Offers more to life than this cage.

The Holidays

The times come 'round,
And people gather,
Hoping to bear through each long year.

By eating a meal,
Or keeping tradition,
Or gossiping about all they hear.

Some families fight,
And some don't exist,
But whatever your case,
Be not remiss!

Follow the hopefulness,
And follow the light,
Give yourself time,
To fix your condition.

For the purpose of the holidays,
Is to enjoy the stay,
And learn to sway,
In the winds of life's disaster.

In the end,
It all comes down to,
Attending to those who matter.

The ones we hold,

**Grip tighter still,
That is our only mission.**

Laughter

After life,
We'll never know,
Her warm embrace,
And joyous glow.

Unless before,
We would have seen,
The goodness,
And the hope she'd bring.

For those who gaze,
Upon her brightness,
Persist with hopes,
Of present kindness,

And some who know her,
From afar,
Seek her out,
And chase her.

All with prayers,
Of one day knowing,
The happiness of laughter.

Love's Translucence

In love, you cannot stay;
It dances a while, then fades away.
How many people can truly say,
They've known true love for even one day?
The truth is scary,
And it may vary,
But the constant reminder,
We are confused and alone.
Life teaches the cost,
Of being love's finder,
Pushing us deeper into territories unknown.
The shriek that shatters the mind,
Welling up from inside
Exhausting, exhuming, and eliminating silence,
Caused by the catastrophe of love as the heart shifts to a state of
violence.
Who will love this broken heart?
Will anybody know?
The scars will show a story,
You can read it like a chart.
The lies they told you in the past,
Are living in your head,
From parents, friends, and partners,
Maybe someone who is dead.
The truth is right in front of you,
It's plain enough to see,
If you choose to hide away,
You never will be free.

And even though the past,
Casts shadows of it's ghosts,
You handle pain with laughter,
That's what it means to grow.
Then you must return to learn,
and trust within your soul.
The truth sought after,
Though happily,
A disaster,
For the thing that you loved is now covered in snow.
And although it's buried, and most certainly carried,
You look where you once found it,
You can't let this go.
The turbulent times they reach from down under,
Pulling in malice,
All evil asunder.
And though we take heed and try to hide from the storm,
It surprises us when we're tired and worn.
It claws at our hearts,
Shredding happiness apart,
Gifting anger and emptiness as a toll.
The weakness of humans is all we can know,
And limitations get clearer as you walk down the path,
But the pain cannot go if it's all that you have
So to love may be better, than not to,
I think,
And who knows?
It might be the love that you seek.
In some ways it lessens,
The fear of the fall,
But in others, love continues to be,

The hardest lesson of them all.

Nothing Left

But, as she walked away,
I looked upon her,
Wishing to pause time,
And I craved to run to her,
To grip her shoulder,
To stare into her eyes,
And in that moment,
Lost and hopeless,
I stood still and I cried,
All is broken,
By my lonesome,
There's nothing left inside.

Someone To Keep

The confusion emerges,
The aches and the pains,
Churning angrily,
Causing doubt to resurface.

Casting broad shadows,
Envious in nature,
Depicting thoughts and fears,
Of that fleeting heart,
Which, settled in her chest,
Destined not for thy keeping,
Drifting ever so slowly,
Further rips the soul apart.

Open, yet closely guarded,
You hope these fears will pass,
Counting days and moments,
Tempting fate's hourglass.

Then it all comes clearly,
The reason for the rhyme,
You wanted her to see you,
But you gave her too much time.

She went and chose another,
He asked her out to dance,
And all you feel is empty,
You blew your only chance,

The hurt you feel,
Consumed by failure,
Runs in the blood, so deep,
And all you ever really wanted,
Was someone you could keep.

The Abandoned Love

I gave you my energy,
I gave you my heart,
Yet, still I keep giving,
While you tear me apart.
And I cannot tell,
If you've ever known,
The depths of the hell,
You've placed me alone.
For, I watch your lovely laughter,
And it stings like a dagger,
Each time, a disaster,
As I feel the disgrace,
And unearthed,
An aching weight,
Lying heavily,
Laying waste,
Runs rampant through my being,
Depicting and deceiving,
Disillusionment and meaning,
Though, no actions do portray,
And in all they do abstain,
Casting shade over meadows,
Once hosts of possibilities,
Now barren in the frigidity,
And concealing the fragility,
Of the life that still remains,
Beneath the frozen plains.
And I break myself to pieces,

To break free from this bleakness,
That grasps my soul and leeches,
My love and soul away.

The Memory Of You

You do not know the depths I'd go,
To find you in my soul.

I'd search until I found you there,
Somewhere in the past,
And I'd cling to every single pain,
And ache inside my chest,
In every single moment,
The good and mostly bad,
At least I had someone I loved,
In a world that's very sad.

The Price Of Love

I would alter my very DNA,
In hopes of accommodating you.
No matter the cost,
Or what I have lost,
The price is worth the pain.
There is no boundary I won't cross,
Though you won't do the same.

The Ruins Of Me

Had the blows not been softened,
By the scar tissue of my past,
Or if one had succeeded,
And made its way past,
You would have shattered me,
But I'd never ask,
That you pick up my pieces,
Of rough jagged glass.

I'd say I still love you,
As you turn to go,
You don't say it back,
But you don't even know,
How deeply in hell you have cast me,
So low,
And I watch as you move away from the scene,
With shards of my being tucked into your sleeve,
But I did not know at the time they were taken,
And failed myself in all of my aching,
For the heart and soul are fragile things,
And sometimes when broken,
You can restore them to peace,
But once I had constructed,
Almost nearly the whole,
I find pieces are missing,
Still a gaping hole,
I frantically look around,
As if to find them,

Then I remember,
How I had belied them,
Upon her hands,
When she had requested,
Knowing not how much,
I had invested,
But now clearly as the sky I see,
She took and kept the light in me,
And having known the darkness now,
I prayed for her return,
That she might bring it 'round.

The Undying Message

Were I but a muscle in your being,
I would find myself,
Overwhelmed with joy,
Knowing the blood from your heart,
Would be flowing through my sinews,
I would will each passing drop,
To convey my eternal message back to you,
I would will it to say,

“I am here, and I love you”.

Part 2

Chaos

• • •

Calamity

Disaster and calamity,
Unavoidable halting.
Commotion, in the distance,
The cry of a child.
Distantly beckoning,
Calling for anyone,
"Please come and rescue me,
I'm too tired to run!"
The courage it takes,
Acquiring is daunting,
But lively and lovely
We dance all the same.
The world gets too cold,
And bravery, though bold,
Takes hold and unfolds,
Through the monotony of pain.
One person's treasure,
Simply one other's ember,
Of a memory once shared,
And remembered like rain.
And just like rain,
It washes, and stains,
With drops leaving pangs of the past in their wake.
The present, with effort,
Persists in our brain.
However real and enticing,
Reality might seem,
As though it were elusive and fading away.

As they say, nothing gold can stay.
Though, in the distance,
With glimmering brilliance,
It is lost to you,
But the gold still remains.
For, who will remember,
The beauty or luster,
That you once knew,
Or the way you'd trust her,
To continue shining her golden light,
On all dim things and turn them bright.
The way she once had laid in your arms,
The day of tragedy,
When she tore out your heart.

Capsized

With a speck of dignity,
And a potential dash of hope,
I find my pledge of fealty,
Towards all,
A painful trope.

Capsized, and in the wreckage,
I breathe in very slow,
So, as I slip beneath the waves,
I fear for my own soul.

Depression

Spiraling downward,
The endless abyss,
Craving connection,
But something's amiss.

Who will come save me?
I want out of this cage.

Who will relieve me,
When I hold all this rage?

My mind is a novel,
A series of the past,
But an onslaught of ruin,
Caused a publishing collapse.

After I'm gone,
Will anyone know?
Or will the funeral attendance read,
"Attending solely, was a crow"?

Here

Here,
A place with no comfort,
Here,
A place without love,
Here,
A consistent reminder,
Here,
The end of my run.

It doesn't matter,
The world has turned gray,
But when I get here,
I fall so far away,
Because here,
In this place,
My soul will not stay.

Remember

Slipping further into the cavernous abyss,
Dreaming of freedom,
And release from agony.

Constantly descending,
Approaching no end,
Reaching out with feeble effort,
Wrapped in a shroud of dismay.

As you go on,
Please just remember,
The place you once knew,
The place this all started.

Watch the light fading,
But always persistent,
Reminders of a life,
Lived long ago,
Memories too real to be dreams or hopes.

The Absence Of You

And sometimes,
Alone in my room,
I cry,
Because I suddenly remember,
You are not there,
That you are no longer mine to hold,
And a powerful dread floods my soul,
Knowing I will never be whole again,
For even if you return to me,
You have the dust of the past upon your feet,
And despite my longing,
And my spirit's anguished pleas,
The past and the future are not meant to meet,
But for that moment,
We call the present,
Which stays ever shifting,
And never extends.

My gift to you was love,
While yours to me was a lesson,
And though it still breaks me,
I sharpen my wits,
For never again will I stand still in vain,
While you curse at my name,
And deliver your hits.

The Burden Of Man

Alone in the night,
I paced through a plaza.

When I'd reached the end,
Of the long winding strip,
I arrived at a bench,
And I took a seat,
As a fear began binding,
Reminding me of the darkness of man.

As I sat there I saw,
A car was approaching,
And though quite unlikely,
I knew of the burden,
For myself and for all,
Temptation is certain,
And in that moment,
I thought surely through,
I saw the desire,
To let bullets loose.

Although I'd done nothing,
To deserve this ill fate,
I have witnessed many lives,
Taken early by the games.

So, as the car approached,
I drew one last breath,

Uncertain of this timing,
If now would bring death.

And I sunk in the silence,
As the car passed me by,
And instead of relief,
I began to cry,
For the ones who've been lost,
And the ones who have died,
All in the name of vainglorious apathy,
Derived from curious pride.

The Cancer's Crawl

Cancerous entities,
Feasting on the living,
Fighting to retain their form,
Unhindered in their operation.

Consuming flesh,
And tearing open,
Wounds that should be healed,
Annealing souls within the forge,
A blazing fire that rages,
Contained within a perfect vessel,
Imperfectly strewn together,
Not by the doing of its Creator,
But the undoing of ourselves.

Inviting practical demons,
Into the sacred space,
Erecting a chapel of darkness,
Within this holiest of hosts.

And invasive with abrasive intent,
These entities persist and invent,
New methods of claiming the body,
And, thereby, claiming the whole.

The Cost of Lost Faithfulness

There is nothing more sinister,
Than to love and take cover,
In someone's embrace,
Trusting their comfort,
All then to find,
They've broken they're promise,
And they weren't being honest,
When they told you,
"We're fine."

Even worse to discover,
They hold onto another,
And all that you longed for,
Is now long abandoned,
But the cravings remain,
Forming rifts and repentance,
Removing caution and refusal,
Coalescing and crashing,
Inside of the brain.

The Curse Of Addiction

I cannot choose words.
None convey the true feeling,
And the chasm deepens further,
Revealing ancient pains,
They rise on up to meet me,
In a time of tender dealing,
Leaving me no hope of healing,
But reeling in the shame,
My soul, consumed by consumption,
Everyone brandishing harmful assumptions,
And I sink slowly still,
Further leaning on the substance,
Trying so hard just to find the strength to overcome this,
But it's killing me,
So permanently,
That I cannot see or breathe.

Eternally disconcerting,
And fleeting as a breeze,
Are moments of sobriety,
That flee,
And with haste release.

Addiction's lesson,
Speaks consistent repentance,
And rejection of pleasures,
That harm one's own soul.

So I race in a hurry,
To find a moment of certainty,
Which will grant me acceptance,
And understanding of blessings,
That I must have overlooked,
Along this dreary road.

The Depth Of The Night

I believe I am cursed,
For, I have exceeded myself,
Each night no longer provides me with rest,
Because when I allow my mind to drift,
And to wander into the past,
There are an innumerable amount of regrets,
And broken moments,
That I must recount.

And I find myself caught in a wretched cycle,
For, I sleep only when the pain becomes unbearable,
And as I succumb to the shadows of my past,
I slip into slumber,
Hoping this night will erase me.

The Ensnared Happiness

Friendly banter soothes,
Only for a moment,
Beginning to unwind,
And cast into the open,
For, the company behooves,
And compels me to go find,
A solitary space,
Away from all mankind.

I find myself lurking,
And quickening in pace,
Alluring, the thought,
Of love's hapless embrace,
And I stumble, in passing,
Though, in time it means naught,
For some of those years,
In love's net, I'd been caught,
Though it brought many tears,
I find myself catching,
Visions of the past life,
In love, never lacking,
But then a new vision arrives,
A tunnel with no end in sight,
A death wish with no afterlife,
The ending of my happy.

The Overtaking

There are days,
When my feet fail,
My jaw clenches tight,
And my soul abandons its post,
And within the chaos,
No solitude is desired,
Though it branches out,
Intertwining with sinew and vessels,
The need for comfort growing,
But prevailing nonetheless,
Is my constant loneliness.

The Sleepless Night

In the silence,
Screaming,
Heard by not a one,
I toss and turn nightly,
But no sleep ever comes.

For, this I hold dearly,
And this, I know clear...
Should a man or woman fall apart,
Another should appear,
To guide or aid,
In meaningful ways,
Until they kill their fears.

For, when I've ever lost myself,
'Twas only me to keep the stead,
And having loved and lost,
So many times,
I just feel dead.

The War on Temptation

The abyssal void,
Which creeps in slowly,
Calls in moments of weakness,
Or in bored nighttime hours.

Incessantly, it beckons,
Tempting with erotic sirens,
The growing, increasing desire,
Unendingly persistent.

The addictive weight,
Of the burdens I take,
As I try not to stray,
Then, give in anyway.

I speak of a lust,
Much darker,
But I must,
Take care not to trust,
In the process of my mind.

For, in light of the problem,
And my efforts to solve it,
I find myself falling,
Much further still.

Because this addiction,
Has shattered my conviction,

I lean into opposition,
Against this pornographic infestation,
And, I feel,
I must forego this temptation,
Lest it consume my soul.

Part 3

Balance

...

The Author

After I die,
Will I wake up and be,
Just an author at his desk,
Who fell asleep writing me?

The Call Of The Sea

To no avail,
I hoist up my sails,
And I pray to the winds,
That they might listen in,
Heeding unto my plea,
Whilst stranded at sea,
I slowly turn inward,
Aware of the Lord,
As he steadies my heart,
And I am in part,
A piece of a whole,
Fabric interwoven,
Complex in composition,
And shifting each rendition,
As the lesson learned from nature,
Demands from us erasure,
Leaving wakes rippling back,
Forming once, a common mask,
Which must be torn and ripped,
The ego, raw and stripped,
Understands its place in all,
Cycling through that which befalls,
With no slack, it tightens its grip,
And continues down the halls.

The Discovery

It seems today
Finding hope
I've found my home.

Within myself
I take great care
There isn't much left.

You allowed light
To spill throughout
Overwhelming the darkest places.

The Face Of God

In council and kindness,
In wild and contended brevity,
In absolute abandon of one's perception and morale,
In contradictory juxtaposition,
In lament and fastidiousness,
In abhorrent indignation,
In righteousness proclivity,
In zealous consideration;
Do all things,
Knowing of yourself,
The consistent truth,
That "I Am",
Forever dwelling,
Within the similarity,
Within the consistency,
Within the fragility,
Of the cycles of God,
Which are natural,
Unending,
And compose a beauteous symphony,
Relaying their orchestral vibrations,
Into all things,
Resonating as a deep hum,
Pervading the mediums, and substance,
Of a tumultuous universe,
Chaotic, in its workings,
But in harmonic vibrancy,
As the whole.

The Grand Illusion

Softly weeping in shallow waters,
Tears pooling and conjoining,
Mixing together like brine,
As they stream down her cheeks,
Swirling in eddies,
Flowing and filling,
Her clavicle's cleft,
Cascading as she lays to rest,
Spilling over her shoulder,
Trailing and tracing her spine.
Remembering hardship,
Yet, never forgetting,
The ease of release,
And the kindness of peace,
Constantly searching,
Find a rhyme or a reason,
Such is the purpose of reality.

Do not go,
'Tis not your time!
There's so much more to see!

The thoughts that spin,
Inside your head,
Are not all they claim to be.
The songbirds sing,
Reminding us,
That spring is just ahead,

But time that passes,
Always matches,
And chronicles instead,
The kindly moments,
That clearly show us,
All this is pretend.

The Healer

Giving life to what once was dead,
Drowning in the impossible shallows.
Gathering, intertwining, collecting, and being
Whilst contemplating the gallows.

Stripping, beating, bending, no breaking,
Erratically shifting and avoidance retained.
She erodes me away as the wind over dunes,
Dancing, playing, singing, then silence.

Then, for a time, tranquil disorder,
Cascading, permeating, transcendental calm,
Overtaking, overriding the ominous hum,
As the Earth goes round,
Proclaiming to the sun,
“I am here, here shall I remain, I shall shout to thee until the end
of my days!”

And as the sun remains ever present,
So shall I preserve effervescence.
For, though there are trials,
Guised as threats to survival,
For you, here shall I stay.

The Prophecy

I lose my life,
And my time has arrived,
Coming into the light,
What do I find?

I see a white castle,
Alone in the distance,
I hear a great battle,
But no one else listens.

And in the roar,
Of the sound that surrounds,
I feel a deep shaking,
From below the ground.

The masses, they gather,
Presenting their folly,
The angels soar above,
Rejoicing and jolly.

But the whole of the heavens,
With power and reverence,
Reverberates fervently,
Knowing His vengeance.

And Earth, down below,
With fire and coal,
Is met with its end,

As it slowly turns cold.

The Secrets Of The Deep

Having and losing and hating and living and dying.
Who could possibly want for more?
Although, as it is, they still do.
How then, must we navigate,
Lost in a tumultuous wave,
Churning in the deep,
Spat back onto shore,
As though regurgitated by the sea?
For, even the beasts of water may tell,
The deep holds secrets it may never relinquish.

The Truth Within

If I write to myself,
I may find hidden truths,
But unto others, my work,
Seems of little true use,
So, I ask of the laughter,
And the chatter,
And the pain,
The turbulent motion,
Inside of my brain,
That silence befall,
And descend overhead,
That I may finally hear,
What they always have said.

For, their whispers are faint,
And their voices unknown,
But with thoughts all released,
They transform and they show,
In spectacular fashion,
A chorus and lo,
Afar in the distance,
The light of omniscience,
Pales stars with its brightness,
Enthralling all seers,
Wisdom scatters all the darkness,
And the light pervades and lingers,
Steadily and surely,
So as to let all know,

For all of time,
Nothing is certain,
But that of its ever lit glow.

The Two In One

I long for all the world to see,
The one split into two in me,
For, halves may never reconcile,
But yearn and search in vain denial,
Abandoning their solemn post,
Given to sorrow driven by ghosts.

The beginning and end meet now in between,
And the two is in one when the present takes heed,
For, in the beginning was only a light,
And it cleaved itself in two when it brought forth the night,
And what is sin or darkness,
But a product of the endless motion,
For, a mind cannot rest when it is rocked by an ocean,
And the darkness occurs because of separation from love,
And absent from being whole,
Emptiness must fill the void between spaces.

The Waiting Game

Good things come to those who wait.

Wait is all they ever say,
A constant reminder,
Of passion's foes,
And all of their attempts to bind her.

Wait a minute,
Wait until then,
It feels so persistent,
Does waiting ever end?

And I speak of things with greater purpose,
Than that of waiting at a table for bread,
But rather, why should I wait,
For a time with less hate,
When I could love everyone instead?

The Wandering Wonderer

Wondering, fumbling, and wandering farther,
Finding which way I may go,
Searching in places along the path,
Hoping to find,
I don't know.

A journey of seeking,
Destinations uncertain,
Though a feeling keeps guiding the road.

And I fall into moments,
Unforeseen and unspoken,
Through the process of travel,
And the wisdom bestowed.

The Weight Of The Ending

Sharing in discomfort,
They shoulder a burden.

The cost for dismay,
A valuable token,
Broken by thousands,
Fragments of moments.

Decrying their loss,
Mourning that which was stolen.

Slander appeases them,
They're hollowed scattered minds,
But engaging in gossip and rumors and lies,
They fall back in order,
Chaotically inclined.

And the satiety of fiends,
Always still open,
Desiring more of the world,
Although broken,
And capturing breaths,
In the scene upon closing.

The Words I Speak

If you do not need my words,
I promise I will keep them.

I will save them for someone who,
One day, may really heed them.

And in my quest to heal the rest,
Maybe you'll find reason,
And if, at once,
You had been stuck,
I hope that you'll choose freedom.

Part 4

Reconciliation

...

Forgiveness

Oh how it burns,
As tears stream from the eyes,
Salt stains tracing pathways,
Trailing further with each drop,
And the world is quiet, So incredibly so,
But with a fervor and a vengeance,
I heave a sigh and let go.

Now, a consistency of nature,
The existence of lies,
To daze or confuse,
To bring about demise?
The distinct and sudden stop,
Forming sudden riots,
Leaping into the dreadful abyss,
In the process, letting go,
Leaving drastic distance,
But, never so persistent,
That I'd lose sight of my mission.

For, even in the dark I know,
The fear and shadows,
Foretell of gallows,
And, even in my self righteous innocence,
I have made my amends,
And forgive myself the sins,
That, accustomed to the world,
I've allowed into my mind's lens.

Redemption

Time after time,
I struggle and try,
And though I may fail,
Or may not survive,
I will not waver
Or give up my fight.

All that I am,
I confess my whole,
Always shall stand,
Lending claim to my soul.

The unfiltered truth,
Nobody can know,
This unyielding darkness,
That I hold alone,
Eats away slowly,
What little I have,
Breaking me down and killing my hope.

The one, only wish,
That I can maintain,
Is to share what is left,
In an effort to gain,
A moment with God,
When He's all that remains,
And one final chance,
To return to His grace.

The Call Of The Spirit

Farther away I drift,
Back into memory,
Subsiding into the dream,
Reality presenting its grasp,
And hands are held within tight clasp.

The end of obscurity,
Retaining a thought,
Misguided and brought through with force,
Examining perfection,
Entitled to reflection,
Inflecting upon that which is within.

The once guarded certainty,
Brought forth from eternity,
Transforms all the yearning,
And seals shut its doors.

Unearthing darkness,
And breaking through barriers,
The last of the happiness,
Begins to unfurl,
Casting its shadow,
And surpassing each wall,
Whilst clamoring and displacing the soul.

The Confession

Unto heaven, do I proclaim my sins,
And righteousness overflows in my heart.

I thank the Lord for His unending mercy,
And strive to attain His blessing.

As He has ordained,
There will be fire and brimstone,
The future, as of yet, undetermined,
Continuously shifting and erratic,
Will always return to this one truth.

The beginning will be found within the end,
The end, within the beginning,
But until the time has arrived for finality,
All will by awry.

The Ending Gates

Give to me the keys,
Before I force entry,
Through gates of timelessness,
And please grant me passage,
Lest this wretched flesh,
Or mine soul doth not persist.

For, thou art a keeper,
Sacred in thy stance,
Born of diamonds and jewels,
And kind steady hands,
But Alas!
There!
A reaper!

A collector of souls,
Shrouded within tendrils,
Unraveling shadowed coils.

And, unto me his gaze,
Fixed, somberly adorned,
With envious bronze,
Poised ready and armed,
With not a scythe,
But golden sword,
And right then he lunged, As he broke down my guard,
And beholding in his contemptuous glare,
The forceful state of his inevitable snare,

I knew that all my breath was gone,
And I knew that finally,
My card had been drawn.

The Jester

Uncontrollable fear,
Rippling in waves,
Casting over all,
A web of anger.
Yes, it is provoked.
Though, enchantments,
None prevail.
Giving sight unto the blind
Relieving them with laughter
Allowing a glimpse beyond the veil
Through which they vanish after.
The lies we tell,
We wear them well,
Masking what's the matter.
But who could know,
This fantasy show,
Would crumble down and shatter?

The Mountain's Peace

To find a moment of solitude,
I climbed a mountain.

The mountain was steep,
And it took what seemed,
Like an eternity to reach its peak,
But I finally arrived and looked out into the distance,
And I found myself at peace.

The mountain was my pain,
And the peak was the moment I remembered,
That feelings are maintained.

We are our own torturers and we feed our pain,
In hopes that it will blossom into something beautiful instead,
But of course,
It does not, and the cycle repeats.

But as I sat atop that peak in my mindscape,
I knew that I could choose the way I wanted to feel,
Because I will always be there for me even when there is no one
else at all.

I figured if I have always tried to bear everybody else's burdens
out of love and kindness for others,
Then, how much more should I focus on carrying my own?

So, I may place it where it needs to go,

And turn back to help the others.

The Path

Heaven help me,
I can't find the way,
And I pray for the future,
That it might be less gray.
With my hands, I behold,
The once familiar shape,
Of the sands and the souls,
Of the times in which they stay,
And unfurling into a flourishing gesture,
The pathways that lead to life's grand adventure,
Winding and bending,
In lost contemplation,
Searching through forests alone.
And, in the silence,
I arrest my mind,
Captivating thoughts to bind them,
And, though it's a struggle,
I take my precaution,
For, the nature of my task,
Although it is daunting,
Provokes the dismissal of my demons,
And the ghosts who've been haunting.

The Process Of Love

A poem,
A thought,
A hope,
A prayer,
A dream,
A will,
A concern,
An understanding.

A love that abides,
A fear no longer hides,
In the face of constant strife,
Through the bitterness of life,
Takes hold,
But doesn't go,
In the moment,
Forever slow,
Foregoing certain anonymity,
In the chase of releasing burdens,
And in a chaotic blunder,
Of compassion,
And the peaceful love,
Engaging further,
Necessitating outrage.

The Promised Land

Week after week,
And bottle after bottle,
Overcome each hour,
Slowly becoming hollow,
Trying with all I have,
Not to floor the throttle.

If I could escape,
If I could muster,
Just enough strength,
So I don't slip under,
Maybe I can reach,
Any bit of cover,
And maybe God,
Will provide me with comfort.

Losing all my hope,
But I will stay standing,
Even at the end,
When I've been abandoned,
Until He returns me,
To his promised land and,
Wraps his arms around me,
Saying,
"My son is now home!"
And that's when I rest,
Concluding my show.

The Search For Land

Upon the rooftop,
I peer over the ledge,
Calculating the distance,
From myself to the ground,
And in a sudden motion,
My thoughts begin to churn,
And I wonder what would happen,
If I fell down,
But then, in an anxious panic,
I quickly avert my gaze,
From the ground to the sky,
As I yield to my dismay,

"What if on this day,
Gravity shifts and vacates,
Leaving all things,
Which once were grounded,
To lose hold and fall away?"

For, as I fall into the sky,
Will there be no more place for me?
I abruptly reach for my telescope,
And through the lens I search,
In hopes of finding nearby land,
In the event of a sudden lurch.

The Trickster God

There before,
There forever after,
Chantackeling, cackling,
Ominous laughter,
Smacking waves echo across every shore,
Beckoning softly, saying,

"Walk through the door."

The foolish god prances and giggles with glee,
As he takes pride in watching me stumble and flee,
And I take off running from the things I desire,
For, an illusion had formed and all was on fire,
Just for a minute, then gone in a blink,
I turn back, just in time,
As I come to the brink,
And I see all I have as it sets and returns,
And I cry with remembrance for each of their burns,
As the world lay in ashes,
Alone in my mind,
The things that I love will inevitably die,
Although, they remain for a time and are here,
Fear roots deep within and reflects in the mirror,
When you glimpse your own image,
Another peers back,
For a moment, then gone,
And you question,

“Who’s that?”

And you see him all the time now,
In moments here and there,
And you know he can’t be you,
Because you have always cared,
But the person you keep sighting is malicious and mean,
He likes to play his games and tricks,
Such is his routine,
The fact that he is taunting you and ruining your dreams,
Can only mean his game’s afoot,
That tricky god Loki.

Part 5

Proverbs

• • •

Shadows Of Oppression

What manner of evil is this? That I must suffer alone, knowing all others are suffering in the same silence. I hesitate to point a finger at the gods or even to the Creator; so, I reflect and find the source of this evil. I find it within all, and it infects the soul. It is the self. The creator of our perception. The part of us that adapts to the environment we grow up in. The part of us that learns to hide the truth of our being from the world because it was never good enough for them. Because they want to be teachers so badly, they slander and lie and build up falsehoods and unrealistic expectations; instead of being guides, they seize power and maintain sovereignty and authority.

What manner of governance is this? When the life we have all been given already has trials, they add to the plate and force us to devour the weight of their pain, as though we will somehow grow wherein they lost their way. The only truth is that we are the cause of this affliction against humanity, and seemingly nothing can be done about it; who can say they are whole after they have never been understood? And who can be understanding of the commotion inside when they are never allowed past the gate of another's palace?

A Guide To Love and Life

Of all that is done in the pursuit of love, consistency, above all, is the foundation on which that love is perceived. Be vigilant and methodical in life's execution, thereby proclaiming

intention and motive with your operation. Know thyself as an instrument and, with precision like that of a surgeon, mark your incision upon life in the manner which you desire yourself reflected. Provide an illustration through your acts, unveiling in the end a portrait, shining light on the whole.

The Ego

The sense of self, the ego, is always a fragile and stubborn aspect of humanity, and for what purpose? The contemplation of the ego, shows its fragility and its pride. It can be said of the ego that one fears its loss greatly, as though their very essence would perish. Upon in depth consideration and introspection, I have found the ego to be nothing more than the mask that is worn over the soul. In moments of confusion and dissonance, the self is formed. Learning to become a unique individual, because we deeply desire to set ourselves apart from those we see. And the ego grips its image ferociously, creating a divide between its host and all others. It kicks and screams in any moment where it feels at risk of being stripped away. This is the truest evil, for, we have all hid ourselves away deep within, and we perceive our ego as our protector. And as we hold it, we descend further into the pit of diversity and unknowing. If one is able to free themselves from the ego, the self, they will find the greatest fear of the ego, is truly our greatest salvation. For, once removed, only the soul will remain, and it will recognize its reflection in all things. You find God within yourself, because He is you, and you find yourself within all, because you are them, and lastly, you find everything within yourself, because you are the universe. The issue is no one explains what that means. It means you can understand the way in which people are capable of performing acts of great kindness, as well as acts of great evil. It means you can see that you have every possible tool necessary for navigating through life's good and bad times. It means you no longer view yourself as special, but rather, you find that you are now in the company of those people whose names have been immortalized throughout philosophy and poetry and history. For, in

constructing a poem, a song, or a book, you will come to find that every line has already been stated or written, meaning the same as you intended, and you find yourself knowing that all of these words were always yours to begin with. You find that, as you write, you do not create a story, but rather, you continue the one that another version of you has already manufactured. You look into the eyes of an animal, and you see the face of a homeless man, and you see the weight in the politician's eyes, and you see the murderer who has embraced so fully the concept of his deed, and you understand the reason for all of it. You understand that: pain, trauma, destruction, depression, deprivation, deceit, and disingenuous people, have caused a great burden in this world. You understand that people feel they must heal their wounds in the ways that are perceived by them to be effective. You understand all things, in a manner of speaking, and the understanding transcends all knowledge you have ever held. The wisdom of inner workings becomes known to you, and you finally see people as broken mirrors instead of the monsters we all pretend to be.

Quotes

- There is less in life to learn, though its lessons may burn, than we choose to discern, when we hide behind words, in fear of hurting the heart.
- To love unabashedly, to love through the pain, to push through the anger, to push through the rain, is to love with your soul and surrender to patience. For in love, there is no space for hatred.
- Peace and tranquility, achieved through understanding, adapts gracefully, knowing its gift.
- Do not fret when you lose the path, it is still where you left it, but trace your steps and come right back, lest you soon forget it.
- Too many days and times and draws, attempting to fill the void, but focus on why you're still alive, and listen to the voice.
- The mystery, softly deciphered, procures no reaction. The mystery, unveiled, is revered as a terror.
- Walking in shadows and searching for signs in downtrodden places provokes wonders and illusions of the heart and the mind. Sometimes a reflection within the broken mirror simply shows the emptiness of a room.
- Why try? Why not? What is is, and what was will always be. What is to come does not exist. That's the irony.

- How do you know what will be waiting when it's time? Take a look at the stars and remember, there will come a moment when nothing exists, just as it was before. There will be a birth and death of everything we know. Now truly take a minute, breathe, and breathe again. The only truth is in this moment, and the beginning is in the end.
- Let go of the fight, this is not your story. You have been in battle for far too long. Rest awhile, regain your strength, then walk a few more miles. Then keep moving further still, until will has returned; then, hopefully, you will find a use for the skills which you have learned.
- Crimes which tamper with innocence and safety, corrode away viciously, at the soul and core, removing the very being. Do not lose yourself piece by piece, you may never return if you never discern the fantasy's lies from its truths. And if let to grow, the hatred will flow into generations of miserable youths.
- Sit awhile and take it all in. Allow goodness to present itself. There are times we won't be happy. There are times we won't be strong enough. There are many reasons to give up, but far too few giving us the will to move steadily forward, and trek up the hill. All in due time, the things that await slowly become clearer giving rise to the great overwhelming sensation of joy and excitement at the thought that you'd find it, when you least expected, you'd never have guessed it.
- Suffering breeds patience unattainable through peace. It anneals the soul through pressure and pain, allowing virtue to be

forged and engrained. Do not close your eyes, nor look away, for the consequence of suffering is knowing how to refrain.