

Poetry Series

Rory Sixx

- poems -

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Rory Sixx (3-25-1988)

Robin 'Rory' Sixx was born into a middle class family. At the tender age of 16, Rory fell in love with poetry and literature, citing Edgar Allan Poe, Robert Frost, and countless other poets and authors as influential to, not only to his writing, but his personality as well. Also noteworthy is his loyalty to psychedelic music. His motto is: 'Life is never short of drama.' His writing touches upon subjects like love, pain, war, and dreams.

'Well, I am just another poet. I don't know everything about poetry nor do I consider myself an outstanding poet. I try to write as much as I can, whatever comes to me. I am heavily influenced by music and other literature. (I always enjoyed using psychedelic imagery or symbolism to tell a story or prove a point. I know a lot of folks probably don't do that. But I only hope you, the reader, can enjoy it.) You could call me a product of my surroundings.'- Rory Sixx

A Change In Season

As the leaves fall to the ground
And as summer yeilds to autumn,
Another day passes with this secret inside of me.
I kinda' makes me feel like I could have told her the truth.
In the meantime, I thought of her
And how it could be.

Did you ever have a secret to tell?
And really wanna tell someone that secret?
How it ate you up inside!
I just want her to know
That I love her so.

I think I'll wait a little longer
When the time is right.
The seasons may change,
But my love for her will not.

Rory Sixx

Am I Going Insane?

Laying in the dark, consumed by the night
Nowhere is there found any light,
Where evil lurks and darkness reigns,
where we are all hide behind our pain.
In the distance I hear voices
Amongst the unbridled silence.

As I lay in bed
I think I'd be better off dead.
Living off of tubes and machines
And losing a grip on sanity.
Awakened by schizophrenia,
Drowning in paranoia.
I am a slave to my wounds
And better off in a tomb.

Can you see what I see?
Assaulting the low valley
My superior officer is shot to pieces,
As the bullets never seem to cease.
Air cover has come in late
And has left us all to wait.
Before our eyes, we see our fate
While entire troops are laid waste.

We try to retreat
But the enemy has us beat.
In the field lay my friends
With a sickening odor of burning flesh.
Are we all just a tool?
Just to satisfy a war hungry fool?
This is the price we pay
Reliving this horror everyday.

A mortar shell, like a thief in the night,
Has taken my arms, taken my sight,
Taken my appendages.
All that remains are under these bandages.
Though my eyes are closed, my thoughts are pacing
Through the corners of my mind they are racing.
While these things streak across my brain,
I wonder: Am I going insane?

Rory Sixx

Angel Rising

I am a traveler who has lost his way and is seeking truth,
In what I search and what I do.
The winds of an ancient time sweep across the desert.
Parched, I would give away my eyes for a drink of water.
At that, the ground starts to tremble and quake with fear,
A loud roar is all I hear.
At that, the Earth splits open and bleeds forth its pain,
Just like a torrential rain.
The figure of a bright angel ascends from the crevice
With a deafening bellow and hiss.

In a flash of brilliant light,
My eyes are blind but I still have sight.
I cannot scream, my tongue is paralyzed in silence
And time is no longer in existence.
The sky glows black with a fiery haze,
As the wind is set ablaze.
I feel so alone
And I want to go home.
The angel's face gleams with an overpowering white
A great spectacle of heat and light.
A light brighter than a thousand suns,
From which I cannot run.

At once I see my life flash before me,
My experiences, my trials, my family.
With what seems my meeting with death,
I ask with my last breath,
'What do you want with me today? '
At that the creature said, 'To show ye the way.'
He adds; 'You have travelled far and have proven yourself upright,
A man in life seeking what is right.
Ye will be shown wisdom far superior to mortal man
So utilize it all you can.'

With that, a great yellow aura fell upon the desert floor
As my sight was restored.
I look back and see there is no horizon
And hear only the blowing of the wind.
The angel proceeds: "Remember, share what you have learned,
For a reward is yours to earn.'
At that, the angel extends his hand
To touch my eyes. Then I collapse in the sand.
The angel, with a low sounding drown, vanishes from sight
And all is set back in place on this starlit night.

I awake in the morning in my cot
And very distraught.
Was that real or was it a nightmare,
As an eerie calm sets in the air?
I realize I cannot see
And find it hard to breathe.

Finally, I realize a waxy buildup was placed on my eyes
About a leaf in size.
I remove it as I look around my chamber
I see things in a different manner.

I think to myself;

Though this path has many twists and turns,
A great destination is what we yearn.
We are driven to the limit
But never broken in spirit,
Many may waver in life,
But wisdom, the application of knowledge, makes one thrive.
What I have learned is more precious than gold
An abyss of treasures to behold.
Though I do not understand why I was selected
I must live up to my directive.

Rory Sixx

By Your Side

Seeing you in tears brings me much pain
and absolutley no gain
But for you, I'll be right here
I'll be here to give a listening ear
I'll be there to hold your hand
And sweep you off your feet where you stand

I'll be there to wipe away your tears
And take away all your fears
I'll catch you if you fall
At no trouble at all
Please remember
I've been where you are before

I will always love you all the same
Despite what may come our way
You don't have to weap and moan
Because you'll never be alone
Better times are ahead
So you need not dread

Rory Sixx

Close But So Far Away (A Stream Of Consciousness)

How do I tell her what I am not able to comprehend myself?
The best thing to do is forget about it
But all I think of anymore is her.
This feeling is so universal
But so hard to describe.
What would she say if I did attempt to tell her?
I try so hard to fight these feelings.
The answer is written on the wall
But my head is in the clouds.
Every time I close my eyes
She's there.
Every time I find myself all alone,
I think of her.
How can I tell her I'd rather die
Than see her unhappy, miserable, or displeased?
When I'm only inches away from her
It feels more like miles.
So many nights were spent drowning in tears
While this mental laceration never heals.
Why am I doing this to myself?
Why keep reaching out for her
When I am told to let her go?
The answer lies ahead of me
But I don't want to see it.
Not having her is the worst of my pains,
Pains that no medication could ever deaden.
How do I justify all this?
Treasuring every moment just to see her,
Starving just to talk to her.
I never thought I could want something this bad.
Are these feelings true?
Or is this just a passing phase?
It hurts so bad to realize that
The thing I want so bad in life
Is the one thing I'll never get.

Rory Sixx

Death Grip

My life had changed for the worst
As I wait here for the hearse.
While tears of pain stream down my face
I can only think of you.
No longer can I run this race
Nothing else can I do.
I have tried so hard to be the man I am
Insted of strong, I am downcast.
Now I am crushed under the weight of this stone,
Destined to see your picture and feel so heartbroken.

Rory Sixx

Drifting

She came to me in my dreams
This is how it seems
She takes me by the hand
And shows me the scope of the land

Under a creamy moon and velvet sky
She turns to me
With eyes as green as emeralds
She sets me free

There we are, floating above the trees
Above the cliffs and above the sea
She leads me to the beach
Where the waves are just out of reach

Hand in hand, we walk into the surf
Not knowing what beneath us lurks
With our heads under the waves
She leads me to a cave

After hastening much
Both of our lips touch
There under the surface I could breathe
And I could see

Together we watched the suns rise
From the watery depths and marvel over their size
We find strange but beautiful fields of green
And in the center a monolith we've never before seen

Swimming over to it, we touch its side
And at once we are shot upwards to the sky
Light turns to darkness
Weight turns to weightlessness

At the edge of the sky
Where the daystar no longer lies
We see stars that shine like ice
We pass on by those mellow cries

Drifting deeper and deeper into space
We see clouds of crimson haze
How could we ever ask for more,
When we're so close to those little holes in Heavens floor?

Rory Sixx

Exit Wounds

Here I am, laying on the floor
Since you walked through that door
The holes in my chest seem like an abyss
I never thought it would come to this

All these tears I cry
Right before I die
I think of all the good times
How I would get lost in your eyes

But those days are gone
Like the rising of the dawn
With my last breath I manage to say
And I dare not delay:

Love is like a loaded gun
And she's trigger-happy

Rory Sixx

For Her (Driven By Love)

This road has many twists and turns.
And yet he'll keep driving just to see her.
Storm clouds seem to come and go
But his longing for her never ceases to grow.
Driving much, sleeping none.
But he knows, back home, to her he will run.
He'll do anything for her.

Every road, every path, they all look the same.
Every passing car, every bus, they all look the same.
No one hears his lonesome groans.
Nobody knows he is all alone.
He prays to God to watch over her
And keep things as they were.
He can't wait to see her.

She permeates his dreams.
Her long, soft hair flowing like a gentle stream,
Her green, emerald eyes so astonishing,
Her soft, creamy skin so alluring,
How the sun sparkled on her glistening body so colorful,
How she would laugh and giggle.
He can't stop thinking of her.

He can't keep a single thought in his head,
How he wants to see her again.
All these thoughts kindle his fire
And fuels his desire.
He hiked mountains, traversed canyons, survived raging torrents
How his injuries left him so sore.
He won't stop to get to her.

Will the road ever let him go?
Will he reach his goal?
He hopes her love for him did not fade
As he drives on another day.
Nothing can keep him from what he adores,
Just to be with her and all the more.
Today, nothing will prevent him from loving her.

He stops in front of their home,
And walks to their humble abode.
Unknowingly, she comes to the door
And what was in her hands drops to the floor.
She runs to his open arms and says, 'I've missed you so! '
Witness a true connection of two souls.
With her legs wrapped around
Both fall to the ground.
Quietly, He looks up and thanks God for being with one of his angels divine,
Expressing how he truly feels inside.
Finally another day has past.
Finally in her arms at last.

He did it all for her.

Rory Sixx

Hers Forever

As we drift along life's ocean
I want to prove my devotion.

After a bad day
Her love keeps me going all the way.

She deserves only the best
Above all the rest.

I can hardly believe what my eyes behold
As your love never grows cold.

The only person who completes my heart
And how it aches when we're apart.

Just to make her smile
I'd walk mile after mile.

I'd stand out in the pouring rain
Just to get to know her again.

Without her, I feel incomplete.
Without her, my heart would cease to beat.

Rory Sixx

I Drank Of Her Love

All it took was one drink
And I was pushed over the brink.

From the love that comes from you
All I need is a glass or two.

I hope her love never runs dry.
Without it, I couldn't be alive.

Her love is sweeter than any wine
A luscious nectar divine.

Just when I think it's over
I'm back for more.

Rory Sixx

I Was Born To Love Her

Laying out in the dew
sweet summer dew

With my love by my side
I have found my paradise

I am a prospector who's found his treasure
One of value you cannot measure

To see her body bathed in moonlight
Brings me much delight

She is my pearl, with jewel-like splendor
More beautiful than any flower

I want to relive this moment for an eternity
I hope she never forgets times like these

But yet I live another day
Just to be with her

Changes may occur
But I'll never stop loving her

She is my vixen, My diamond in the rough
My only one true love

We may be worlds apart
But she'll never leave my heart

Rory Sixx

I Will Always Be There

Please, let me take you by the hand
And how I wish you could understand.

Because a joyful heart
Is all I want to impart.

For you, I'd slow down the clock
And carry you when you cannot walk.

Life may give you worries and fears
But please let me gently wipe away your tears.

I consider it a pleasure for me to walk beside you
So please, let me love you.

Come to me with every whim and care
Because for you, and only you, I will always be there.

Rory Sixx

Into the Maelström

Now I see who you truly are.
Now the world can see through your disguise,
Your facade.
You left me here,
Broken and bleeding,
Here by the roadside
Entertaining thoughts of death.
You have dragged me through an endless void
Of pain and misery,
A void where angels dare not fly.
There is a shadow that follows behind me
but that shadow is not mine.
It is yours,
Forever latched to my mind.
I thought scars were only skin deep,
But you proved that wrong.

This is only the beginning of the end.

Rory Sixx

Lake Of Dreams

Turquoise blue.
That is the color of a dream I had about you.

Maybe a little violet and maroon too.
Laying under a tree of florid leaves, there I found you.

The sky filled with billions of stars shining so bright.
The golden moon immersed the mountains with amber light.

Looking at you, my breath is taken away for such a beautiful sight
During this eternal, flawless twilight.

At the edge of a lake, lies a garden
Filled with blooming flowers and vines.

Flowers colored from the purest white to the deepest blue
Begin to play our favorite tune.

Her eyes widen, as I take her hand
And ask 'May I have this dance? '

Hand in hand, I pull her in closer to me.
In her eyes, I see the reflection from the inland sea.

We step and we sway.
The flowers never cease to play.

There in my arms lies my love
The object of my affection, my dove.

I then realize something is amiss.
We are off the ground and starting to drift.

In the light of the moon, we dance across the water
Elegant, graceful and full of wonder.

Holding her close, I kiss her ever so tenderly
And her hips, I hold ever so gently.

I want to prove my love for an eternity
As we move across the lake of dreams.

Rory Sixx

Man Overboard; A Dream At Sea

This poem is dedicated to anyone who has ever dreamed

Pulling the covers over your body,
You thought the frozen winter would change you life forever.
So you dream you stowed away upon a trawler
To avoid the snow and ice

In the dark you float along, all alone.
The colors of the sea catch your eye
Filled with turquoise colored mermaids
And magenta colored fishes, spotted with electric indigo.

Now your curiosity has got the best of you.
Travelling to the main deck, you peer over the rail for a better look,
When a wave crashes into the ship and sends you plunging into the depths.
You try to stay afloat, but your efforts are all for not.

You are left motionless by the violence of the sea.
Yet you are not blinded to the beauty of what surrounds you.
You notice fuchsia colored creatures with stripes of bright blue
And mermaids with bright pink hair and fins of amethyst
Floating near seaweed colored green
With flowers of pink and purple.

How your naked eyes are tortured by the beauty,
For the mermaids are beckoning you to kiss their tender lips.
And you see their bodies floating through the turquoise blue sea.
When your lips touch hers,
It carves shockwaves through the crevices of your mind,
For you now breathe water and not air.

As you strain to reach the golden city under the waves,
Little scarlet seahorses run laughing through your hands.
And you wish to keep swimming
But you are pulled to the surface and are left unconscious.
You awake from your slumber only to hear the roar of the waves
Crashing into the beach.

Rory Sixx

Misery

I cannot face the day when she'll be gone
Because her love is all I crave.

How can I tell her that I love her
When she turns a deaf ear to my pleas?

The more this cavity forms in my heart,
The more I scream.

There is endless misery and strife.
So how can I go on when I need her in my life?

Just when I thought I saw the guiding light,
It turned out to be a locomotive, destined for a collision.

It's misery to know
That I love someone
Who will never love me back.

Rory Sixx

My Sailboat Named Hope

Floating on an endless ocean,
An ocean of tears.
Floating home, to you.

Floating on an eternal sea of broken hearts,
On my sailboat named Hope.
Floating home, to you.

While there is still time, there still is hope.

Rory Sixx

New World (A Journey Beyond Our Realm)

Traveling deeper and deeper into space
We are immigrants in search of a new home for the human race.
We leave a world poisoned with pollution, greed, hate and death
No longer can shall we ruin the Earth.
Leaving all we know back there
Hear the mighty rocket engines roar across the air.

Through the vastness of space and time
We hear the mighty engines whine.
We are then put in cryogenic slumber
As our sleeping days will be numbered.
Soaring through the infinite ocean of space
Floating along with a touch of grace.

As eons of time pass
The mighty computer wakes us up at last.
As the ships population begins to awake,
We glide through a nebula, a colorful and starry lake.
A nebula roaring in silence and tranquility
We spot a planet on the edge of this unknown galaxy.

This planet recalls Earth to mind,
The home we were forced to leave behind.
We enter the atmosphere and land
On a deserted tropical island.
We stumble upon the beginnings of a new world so pristine
With human eyes never before seen.

Witnessing this seemingly breathtaking utopia,
This colorful myopia,
We cautiously exit the craft
Treading lightly upon the sand.
I see inhabitants in the distance
But I have not taken their notice.

I decide to search out the land
From the rest of the crew, I disband.
What I witness is something from a dream,
Quite a blissful gleam.
In this tropical paradise
I spy creatures like the human race.

Like us, they have a distinction
Of males and females, living in perfection.
Guys fishing and catch what they find in the ocean,
Girls sipping plasma potion.
Lining the coast we see palm trees,
Bearing many kinds of fruit to eat.

The red sun sits right above the horizon
As the ocean below sparkles and begins to glisten.
While shades of red gas discharge up to the sky,

Clouds of pure white fly on by
Igniting the heavens with purple and pink hues
Mixed with different shades of blue.

As beautiful a sight,
I realize something is not right.
Not a happy face can be found
Nor any children making a sound.
Not one joyous expression can be discerned
Which makes me very concerned.

Abruptly, I am discovered
Even though my spotter has a quiet manner.
'I mean you no harm, ' I allege.
'May I speak to someone in charge? '
The humanoid replies; 'Nobody is in charge.
We all live for the betterment of each other.'

'Well then, are you enjoying the colorful sunset? ' I manage to utter.
He says: 'What do you mean 'color'? '
'Ah, the blue of the sky, the golden sun. Things of colorant.'
'Well, I must admit our eyes cannot detect any pigment.
We were all once like you stranger.
Having emotions, witnessing vibrant life in color.

Here, the planets' rings sustains our life all our days,
But for a large price to pay.
We no longer need emotions
Or the luxury of colored vision.
On this planet, you never be cold
Or ever grow old.'

'Thank you sir. I will leave you now. Goodbye, ' I say
As I begin to walk away.
So, this entire colorful allusion
Was not worth our quiet intrusion.
I think to myself; 'What do I tell the crew?
What else can we do? '

The crew is addressed
And my feelings are expressed.
We decide to continue our search
For a new replacement of Earth.
Even though it saddens us to leave such a beautiful place,
We want to live as it were, a stimulating amount of days.

Even though it was something out of a dream,
Living here is not what it seems.
A color seeing eye cannot be found
Nor a being with feelings can I expound.
How I wish we could call this our home,
Something to call our own...

Rory Sixx

Pink Rose

It was the springtime, the warmest one I've felt.
It was there I fell in love with an angel.

She is my pink rose of the spring
A rose the gentle rain would bring.

Her love shines through like the spring sun
As my thoughts drift toward that special one.

My love flows from a never ending well
For my beautiful belle.

With the enchantment of her eyes
She melts all of winter's ice.

Only a hindering gloom
Would hide such a gentle bloom.

Together we watch the fire that grows so tall
Never to be drowned by rain that may fall.

As beautiful as the heavens above
I was embraced by the arms of her love.

In my heart, this spring will never end.
As my love I wish to send.

In my heart, forever shall her love rest.
These are the memories of a spring so cherished.

Rory Sixx

The Odyssey

I stand alone on the edge of the world.
Nothing but my problems to dilute my thoughts.
I clear my head
So my mind can breathe.
Here I stand waiting for an answer.
Here, One singular moment
Can feel like a lifetime.

I stare at the pale moon
Glistening in the autumn breeze.
I think of earlier times
When things were so much better.
With every passing day
The light flickers and fades.
Waiting for the right time
But that time never came.

I lay on my back
With my eyes toward the sky.
This one day out of the year
Seems to drag on forevermore,
Knowing I will not be missed.
All this time I spent
Waiting for you
But you never came.

Will this odyssey ever end?
Or am I looking at life through kaleidoscopic eyes?

Rory Sixx

Thinking Of Her

If I were to start now
I would need an eternity
To say how I feel about her
To relay every single feeling
I've had hidden inside from the world.
To look into her eyes
And be at a loss for words.

To see her wrapped in scarlet silk,
Entranced by the aroma of lavender,
Hair flowing in russet waves.
I may go blind tomorrow
I may even die tomorrow.
But just to see her
And to talk to her
Made it somehow
All worthwhile.

Rory Sixx

Tragic Love

[NOTE TO READER: With the permission of Punit Jain, a poet here on this site, I borrowed her idea from her poem 'Some Romantics.' Although her entry takes on a more 'acts of bravery', romantic (as identified by the title, DUH! !), mine runs along the lines of a flat out tragedy. If you like it, give her the credit. if you don't, then oh well.]

1. A husband and wife divorced on a Thursday. By Saturday, the husband already had an apartment. That day, he took a journal and started writing in it non-stop. On Monday, the landlord stopped by and found him dead. An autopsy revealed he hadn't eaten, slept, consumed any alcohol, or drugs. All that was found was a journal filled with the words; 'WITHOUT HER, I CAN'T LIVE ANYMORE.'
2. A husband and wife are at home. The husband has terminal cancer and doesn't have very long. He calls his wife into the room. She sits on the end of the bed. 'Come closer' he says. She comes closer. He reaches under his pillow and reveals a loaded pistol. Frightened, the wife inches away. He grabs her arm and slaps the gun in her hand. He says: 'If you love me, you'll pull the trigger...'
3. A couple are rock climbing. Suddenly, a piton in the rock holding both climbers slips out of the rock. The man realizes that the rope cannot hold both their weight. He looks up at her and says, 'You know I will always love you.' He takes out a knife and cuts the rope right above his head.
4. An apartment building is on fire. A man and a woman run to a window on the fifth floor to meet a firefighter. The firefighter is standing at the top of a tall ladder. Instinctively, the man brings the woman to the window first. She holds on to the ladder for dear life. He then attempts to climb onto the ladder. With the combined weight of him, the woman, and the firefighter, the ladder begins to buckle. Quickly, he jumps back through the window. When he does, the floor beneath him collapses. His remains were not found and the other two survived. (When he saw the ladder begin to buckle, he decided to sacrifice his life by jumping back through the window instead of all three of them falling to their death.)

Rory Sixx

Truth?

Life can be a waterfall.
Over the edge,
We fall to be shattered on the rocks below.

Swimming through the current
We hear the call.
We spread our wings
And start to fly.

Flying through the infinite void
We miss the flak,
Only to tire out
And plummet to the ground.

Broken and crushed in spirit,
Under the cloak of night,
We flee to our sanctuary
Only to stand at the locked iron gate.

We were the ones who wanted to leave,
Or constantly on the go,
And never wanted to return.

Now we stand bound and chained,
Poised to lose what it takes,
We free our very lives.

Rory Sixx

Unfathomable Beauty

I see her from afar.
But at once both of our eyes lock.
I feel the air rush out of me,
Something I've never felt before,
Her voice reminds me of angels.
I'm always thinking of her,
Just like the rising of the sun.
She is always on my mind
And always in my dreams.
Just the warmth of her smile
And the glow she emits
Can turn away rain clouds.
She is delicate as a flower in spring
And gentle as a feather
But as strong as a mountain.

Certainly a jewel on a crown of my life.
How I wish I could call her my wife.

Rory Sixx

Wishlist

I wish I could be the cure for cancer.
I wish I could rid the world of hatred.
I wish I could be the shoulder for you to cry on.
I wish I was a news anchor with nothing but good news.
I wish I could tell her how I feel.
I wish I could be 'Mr. Right.'
I wish I was the one song on the radio that tugged at your heart.
I wish I could distribute world peace like sunlight.
I wish I could switch the lives of rich people with people who go to bed starving.
I wish I was the consoling word at a funeral.
I wish I was the north star to guide you at night.
I wish I could be the blank check for you to splurge with.
I wish I could be the shelter from the storm.
I wish I was that cup of hot chocolate in the winter to warm your soul.
I wish I could have infinite knowledge and wisdom.
I wish I could invent an 'backspace key' for everyday life.
I wish the only tears to shed would be tears of joy.
I wish change would be an easy thing.
I wish fame and fortune would not turn people to drugs and alcohol.
I wish I could slow down time.
I wish I could delete any bad memories.

I wish all my wishes would come true...

Rory Sixx