

Poetry Series

Joseph PARASCANDALO
- poems -

Publication Date:
2011

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Joseph PARASCANDALO()

A self-published author to an extensive collection of poetry, essay and short story.

Cure?

Unfulfilled, with some regret
I write on things that my mind frets
I offer no real answers or mythical cures
It is just a means by which to endure
Viewing the global experience, physically detached
It serves as 'emotional process' by which to patch
The canyon between virtual and real
To appease the inadequacy I feel
To harness an energy as yet to be discovered
To cure the world's ills and, our beleaguer-ed Earth Mother

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Future Life?

Sky thunderous, dark; the river raging black
Trembling land under foot, starting to crack
Rolling ominous clouds, lightening clap
Will the day's sun ever come back

How long will tumultuous conditions last
Human patience for change is waning fast
Resources to survival limited by contrast
Political will to remedy scarce, but much bombast

Youth's generation confronting a new pain
Higher education's promises void of real gain
Fearful of a vibrant future, with no job to sustain
Hope dwindling, optimism hard to retain

Bleak need not be the outcome, if all were smart
The course to correction, is tear the old system apart
What is needed is a fresh and realistic start
One where classes of people are not driven apart

Each human offers for the taking, a unique resource
Each must be regarded as a contributing force
The collective power of all can chart a new course
One of prosperity shared, respective of natural resource

To be asked: what catalyst will it take?
To recognize the depth of the 'original' global mistake
And that a new road to real human prosperity, must we take
Otherwise future life on this Earth, will be one grown on hate.

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Galactic Cycle

In this time humanity must concede
All is to its source is beginning to recede
To allow Mother Earth to stop the bleed
That but once again, new birth, to life, will breath
Spawned from galactic cycle it will again commence
Exposing revived cosmic forces sent to re-invent
Revived presence in harmony to Mother Earth's content
That Life renewed onto Her body in harmony, once again be spent

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Granite Boulder Rock

Enconced, meditative, silent
Perched upon boulder granite rock of shore's residence
Forged from the mouth of ancient glacial energies
Transmitting it's earthly vibration into conscious mind
Sensitive to the ebb and flow of age's human observances
Translating history's time passage by third-eye imagery
Reincarnating to the present each soul's reflection
Cast upon and infused into its seemingly impalpable face
Eternal for eternity, poised ready
To the observant living soul

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Harbinger To Fate

Dispelling the furor that can bend the soul
To others not knowing - black as coal
To cleanse of its impurity - a godly goal
For with evils lance it does unabashedly troll
Death lurks within crevice and putrid hole
Evidenced by bodies lay waste, pity to bestow
This harbinger to fate is one to know
To guard the heart from this darkness to grow

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Hoping For Hope

I pump my psyche with loads of hope
It gets an immediate high as were it dope
But then when the rush finally subsides
Reality sets in and I ask: why even try?

What I aspire to do seems a futile bent
Putting words to paper, inspiration meant
But alas, it's evidently clear to be a lost cause
For the lack of response, reaction that it draws

This is not meant as a cry or plea
Or to sound as 'oh wow is me'
It just a moment's expression of a fact to this life
That just hoping for hope - does not make things right.

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I Am Born

Born to this world not of choosing
From first breath it is life loosing
Its journey contrived and not amusing
Made unnecessarily complex and confusing
False ambitions implanted and deluding
Educated to a system for enslavement's recruiting
Purpose of being dismissed, no need for pursuing
Only at death's door is given to finally refuting.

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Losers Win?

Freedom beyond liberty
A goal not for all to attain
Most loose it from failing
Others by whom to blame

Freedom is only for the willing
Willing to look beyond the rule
They gain no forgiving
For not doing what serves the gruel

Freedom need be hard if to sustain
For the losers always seem to win
The challenger being reason to blame
So losers can feel good again

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Reverence

Expunging the pain that rails the soul
Imposed by demons of theocracy's creation
To spur into damnation wistful thoughts by free minds
Toward reward of flesh given to life senses
Composed of elemental consciousness
Born to all though realized by the few
The few strident in their challenge to refute
The shroud of restriction divinity imposes
To let flow the fluids of body's purpose
That by its doing is to revere its creator's creation

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Revolt To The System

Limitless is the breadth and width of the mind
When thought to word one does find
Speaking to injustice and despair be inclined
For others to hear, your words they find
Truth to their meaning, evidence defined
Not messaged to serve up as kind
But brutal at times, if not to remind
That revolt to the system, may have found it time

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Rosetta

Cascading, spiraling outward from this vision of One
Seeking understanding of what it is I am to become
Each day passes living under a mighty Sun
No closer to an answer, then when I had begun

Purported wisdom read, compiled, done
Only serving to fuel this living conundrum
Resolved to not loosing, before death has won
A Rosetta clue to this life's truth need succumb

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The Chosen

My mind anchored in the soil of reality
Yearns for its uprooting from this domain
Broad and wide the search to the answer
Presence of its promise by witness to others
Given the wisdom to its seeing, a gift to behold
But not from words can it be told

Floundering on this plain of mortality
Desperate to enter the light of its knowledge
Yet left feeling dismayed, not being of the chosen few
Those who have `eyes' to its seeing,
Ears to hear its call,
Wisdom to know its reading,
Before death to incarnation, takes its toll.

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To Understand - Time And Space

The spiral wave that un-coils through the galaxy that is space
Infinite was, is and to be our time of place
Earth's inhabitants being part of this cosmic ride
A fact science has relentlessly try to hide

To understand the mechanics of our cosmic realm
Is to believe you are captain - command at the helm
Outward you embark what's thought to be a straight line
But soon you will encounter a spiraling twist of time

Charting a course through this galaxy universe
Is to recognize what is up is again the inverse
Like an eddy-current you travel spinning around
Knowing always to the center, the moving Sun is to be found

All the planets in their own movement of time
Is to this same spiraling course if tracked, you'll find
So to believe we are always where we always began
Is to admit, you do not fully understand

Every where one looks, the clues are before our eyes
It is all just a matter of avoiding the lies
From a the spiral of a DNA strand to the twist of a common piece of twine
The individual, twisting strand equates to travel through space and time

So shed the constructs of science, that comfortable cocoon
And recognize the true relation between the earth, sun and moon
That as partners we are on this wild, spiraling venture ride
Spinning in unison, within this galaxy, a fact that can no longer hide.

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Warriors Of The Covenant

'Journey, Awareness, Redemption, Rapture'

It came to pass in the beginning, contrary to orthodox belief in the Genesis of human-kind on this Earth, that a demon false god cast with a fury, Adam from the Garden for his indiscretion in eating from the Tree of Knowledge, reserving for Eve and her progeny, by impregnating her with his fertile seed, the infinite curse to promulgate Evil throughout generations of human-kind to be borne, that their numbers become a billion fold, to be soldiers awaiting the return of this demon god, to rise up, empowered by the full energy of darkness, like a black hole.

Adam, having eaten of the Tree of Knowledge thus possessing the Truth of Divine Light was taken by Angel messengers to the true Divine Creator God who took from him a rib as to create a second Eve so that their union would carry the Seed of Knowledge given Adam, to be carried forth throughout generations of human-kind, yet to be borne.

Thus was the genesis of Light versus Darkness that has come upon this Earth, the seeming infinite battle of good versus evil.

Yet now into this the second millennium, amongst the many, comes one man driven by unseen forces to discover this knowledge of truth such as to give him strength to seek and gather those whom, upon sharing in this Divine truth, join in the conquest to confront those souls borne to darkness of evil, that they too, through death, may once again, be borne to the Truth of Light.

A vessel of Knowledge
Contained, preserved
Hidden from the masses
The truth to all – the Word

A soldier of ignorance
Starved from dearth in knowledge
Craved to drink, to feed
To fulfill a driven need

Blind guidance did direct
The soldier of promise to find
The secret of the vessel to beget

The fruit within to feed his mind

The sustenance – the imbibe
Knowledge to the Truth – the Light
To the soldier's wisdom did reside
Purpose being made right

The soldier armed with Truth to profess
Spoke until an army had risen
The Enlightened – those confessed
Evil from whom was driven

The Spirit of Light given to shine
Their soul to life did spark inside
Giving mind and body combined
To God to reside

The Soldier – Knight of Light
On winged steed of power did ride
Sabers of Truth drawn to Fight
Legions of Goodness, to his left, to his right

Charging toward Darkness
An army of Evil contrived
By demon god's Genesis
Soldiers of blackened heart inside

Fierce battles of Darkness to Light
Bloodied swords slay down spears of pain
Countless century's destiny to fight
For Goodness in human-kind to sustain

Death of Evil given to a Rebirth
Of Soul's spirit within
For All of this Earth
Be Forgiven, to absolve, Mortal Sin.

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What Awaits Us?

How frivolous the world has gotten
All the seriousness want to be forgotten
While things get sicker and rotten
YouTube, twitter and facebook are just'a rock'n

Duality, schizophrenia what you may call it
This journey into madness is gone hyperbolic
Ensuring humanity's demise is catastrophic
And believe it or not - some will still try to profit

Doomsday scenarios have long been prophecy
But none can match this current lunacy
A world divided by countless conspiracy
That all seem eluding a true sense of human decency

What eventually manifests is obviously unknown
But from what our historic past has shown
What awaits us our own seeds have sown
And for that, as a civilized people, we have not truly grown

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Writing Addiction

Inked pen, observant emotion, play to time's pass
Without direction of purpose of guiding compass
Amassing witness to fault and predilection
Littering a trail with words written in reflection
No purpose to remedy or solution
But meant to feed a yearning constitution
To expel from within toxins observed
Gained by worldly conditions that disturb
Ignored by disfavor to the portrait they paint
Having solidified the stench and the taint
Relentless the task endures despite failed recognition
For it has garnered the name: writing addiction

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