

Poetry Series

**Ryan Pierson**  
**- poems -**

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## Ryan Pierson(Aug 2 1989)

I have a love of the arts, always have, last year I got the chance to visit the East, as in Asia. This influenced me greatly. Recently most of my poems have been Asian inspired, but I'm not a one trick pony, I love all genres of art. I love painting, and acting. I've also been to America, I went to a small city in Oregon. It was West Linn. The people were nice enough. But they have no idea that people outside there pristine city doesn't have money. Being a lover of the arts, unlike some I also love life, and being around awesome people.

-Ryan

-'He huckled in his djorb'-Sebastien Xavier

# Life Fulfilled

As I have walked the calm distances of high peaks and crests of mountains of delicate resistance. I then peered across the bamboo and the ancient trees to contemplate a vista of magic and the beauty.

Sitting in a glade I saw a man, tall and lithe and as hard as rock. He sat composing a poem, and lounging near to him I saw a great tiger, fierce in the eyes and gentle pawed. The fog-filled me with a place so big and so much happiness, and I left refreshed, and died.

Ryan Pierson

# Malomori Nell

O Gods of joy and malice!  
I thank the  
For letting me  
Worship you in my  
Own style.

I am nothing  
But a humble  
Servant in your glories,  
Let me bring forth  
The produce of my  
Work and I shall  
Offer it to you  
In all I do and say.

Ryan Pierson

# Queen Of Flowers

Queen of Flowers  
Rival of the peony  
Empress Rose

Ryan Pierson

## Sept.11 2001

When the giants fell  
The men in red came  
Trapped in the fires of Hell's dark game  
People buried in granite rock  
Through out the world a wave of shock  
Aero Birds lit the sky a blaze  
Yet, still they came still they came  
The 99TH ran in though they were few  
Even when the towers blew,  
Now let us pay homage to those who risked there lives and died in the line of  
duty in these dark times.

Ryan Pierson

# The Gigantic Stems Of The Fog And The Walks And The Prowls And Sings

I saw while I walked across a grove of the trees of the rhododendron, vigorous  
giant of the fog of to I did a step, its beard jumped in that wild wind eastern, and  
carried with him a dense bank of fog.

His sword dangled from his life often, and his attitude ecstatic said that was a  
friendly giant, he played for those a cheerful tune on his tube of the horn.

Ryan Pierson

# Una Camminata Disorientata Pace-Rimpita

The rain soothed on my senses of the walk and the magnificent devastation of a forest that of ancient bamboo console, of my harmony and puts it to peace.

Ryan Pierson