

Poetry Series

**ally gunther**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2012

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# ally gunther()

Just another high schooler trying to find a way to express themselves- hope you guys enjoy it!

# Asterisk

It's a minority,  
A glory,  
A voice that's never heard.  
It's growing,  
It's growing.

The mighty asterisk,  
Proves the difference to us all,  
It's the fine print,  
The hidden,  
The glow,  
Covered by a wall.

It's the happiness,  
Beneath the murky waters of the melancholy,  
The colour,  
Beneath the pale, blank face.

It's the comeback from adversity,  
The love never admitted,  
The pain that's not considered,  
And the evil that's permitted  
(In the hearts and minds of innocence)

And above all it's just another extra part.  
That little hidden detail,  
The crisis beneath a farce.  
The dagger hidden beneath the armour,  
The poison on the dart.  
And talking of excess  
Talk of the dramatic-  
Is not what it's about!  
Closer still to the nomadic.

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# Automatic

Those automobiles,  
Speeding automatically,  
Dumbfounded,  
By the unseen aeroplanes.  
And your bond,  
Will kill me.  
Feeling the thrill of the wind,  
I've got to give in.  
Before my automatic step.  
Takes me in front of a truck.

I'm clinging to the cold,  
Metallic clang.  
Searching for memories,  
In my brain.  
I look down,  
Cross my arms,  
You don't know-  
Me anymore.  
I cut you out,  
When I should've,  
Long ago.

I'll fight even though,  
It's something I don't know yet.  
I'll sing amongst the familiar swingset.  
Into the roaring,  
But I won't let you hear.

Feeling the thrill,  
Of the wind.  
I've got to give in,  
Before my automatic step.  
Takes me in front of a truck.

And I've let the blood flow,  
For too long-  
I'm woozy,  
And now I'm sucking out,

The venom.  
That you fed me-  
And I,  
Didn't. Even. Notice.  
Such an armchair-  
With a trenchcoat,  
Draped around.  
Faded out.  
Holes that fill,  
With so much doubt.

It's over,  
And today-  
I've the heart to say,  
I was on autopilot,  
And I've got to take control.  
Automatic's,  
Deadly.

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# Black Raven, White Dove

When it's black,  
Like the raven,  
The well is full, but full of what?  
My sun is shining in a half pale burst,  
With toxic, red hot guilt

And as if in stark contrast,  
The white dove just hits home-  
And its what I've always wanted alive,  
But then when I give some brainpower,  
I decide that maybe it could be dead-  
And it took the black to show it.

But then the black of the raven,  
So beautifully stunning,  
I look at her and all I see,  
Is the storm in her eyes,  
And the dove  
Should be crying  
For it doesn't know  
That my white heart is dying  
Replaced by the black of the right

"Home is where the heart is"  
Then my home's firmly with the white,  
It's where I've lived,  
For six months past,  
And I feel like I belong  
I feel like I am home there  
But then I see,  
Cupid's stupid decree-  
With one black wing and one white,  
But which is wrong?  
Which right?

But is the dove ever going to surrender?  
Wave its' flag and give in to the raven?  
Cause the raven's a-pecking,  
And so far she's winning,

And with a fight,  
And a laboratory,  
The boy of white has slim chance of winning.

Cause now that it's out,  
I'm secretly devout,  
So secretly, darkly obsessed,  
With the black of the girl,  
And the light blue of the raven's eye,  
But then its' always been white,  
The dove the keeper of my heart,  
Cause I found the dove lost,  
With clips in his wings,  
And I tried to set him free  
I showed all that he belonged to me  
And he's the one who set me free,  
My first and ever pet,  
The first one I've wanted to be with-  
Forever.

And the dove's innocent eyes,  
And repeated cries,  
Made me overlook the fact he can't fly,  
But I'm not going to feed him,  
All of his food,  
He needs to live on his own too so he won't die

But could the raven ever be-  
Just with me?  
Even if the raven is more beautiful,  
How does she know,  
And how do I?  
That she won't kill me,  
That we won't die.

So used to the dove,  
The raven's so new,  
And there's so much evidence of some grey hue-

An ever-waging war,  
Of black and white,  
An ever-waging war,

Of wrong and right,  
The dove or the raven,  
Only you can decide,  
The dove or the raven,  
The tone that is inside.

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# Cards

Three cards in a pack,  
One too many to stack,  
A red queen-  
Red for now.  
The black joker-  
He hides.  
And a black jack,  
Shouldn't be,  
But is,  
Important enough to stack.

The red queen's at a loss,  
Not a king in sight,  
She's been out for so long,  
Not enough saw her plight-  
Or was it too much?  
Her memory serves,  
To forget.  
And the black joker's in line,  
Hopes to halt-  
Her regret,  
And be her only king.

Through and through,  
Will he fight?  
When the queen's red delight,  
Turns to a black-suited plight.  
And the egg-timer-  
Ticks,  
Delicately.

Such a vortex between,  
The jack's views-  
Through a screen,  
Wants not the fame,  
Of the title.

But to know,  
That you glare,

Or was it just a quick stare?  
...Well,  
It matters not,  
You can't see through your screen,  
And we've finished our poker-  
The faces away-  
The cards are dealt.  
And that's how they'll stay.

And the jack-  
Best not stack,  
There's two in this pack,  
Til' the joker or queen,  
Stabs a vice-versa  
Back.

No good with a hole in the cards,  
And the queen,  
Won't comply to demands.

And to say that you'll try-  
Well the deck all know why  
The favourite to trump's not the jack,  
The trick is too hard,  
To take an extra card-  
And the joker's the king,  
Of the pack.

And with a flourish of hands,  
The queen meets his demands,  
The jack's bent and ripped,  
The joker with a twist,  
Kisses the hand-  
Meets the lady's demands,  
And lays out the rules,  
Of both their lands.

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# Cement

Wet cement,  
So smooth,  
So flowing.  
Wet cement,  
So new,  
So glowing.

Not a breach in the surface,  
But it only lasts so long,  
Until it hardens...

It weathers the elements-  
Sets hard like a rock.  
Takes hammer after hammer,  
Blast after blast.

But then appears a crack,  
So small-  
An ant could not get lost in it.  
So insignificant-  
No one would be very fussed with it.

Until suddenly-  
A stone falls upon it.  
Bigger grows the crack,  
The dark recesses of all-consumption.  
Over-time,  
Stone after stone,  
Falls.

Greater grows the crack,  
Greater,  
Greater,  
Greater.

Until it causes a human to stack...  
And soon,  
As the hunger of the crack ceases,  
The tyranny ends-

A new road is paved.  
A new beginning,  
So you do not feel enslaved,  
By the hunger of the crack,  
Unti it begins to come...  
Back

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# Dreams

And the afternoon cacophony,  
The breeze through the trees-  
The whistling of birds fighting over their food  
And the cyclists spurs creaking under the weight-  
Are white noise,  
Like an empty beach where two lovers sit  
In my dreams.

And if there's enough light-  
A dream of a day,  
Where we'll both lie  
You'll whisper my name  
And trace patterns down my back  
And stare up at the smoke of the sky

And if I've nothing simpler to dream  
Through a forest I'll tread barefoot,  
And glance at the bristles underfoot  
And cut out spirals from too- old trees  
If only to tell their age

And your monster unseen  
Jumps through a painting  
Of red  
Of black  
Of white  
And with its' huge beak it'll trim bark off the trees  
And crunch leaves under  
Six feet all of paw.  
And we'll run together through the grounds of past times  
Running from few and from all

But don't jump off that cliff  
Unless I'm there to catch you-  
Of course-  
Wake at the splatter of blood  
And sprint from the darkness of hood

Can't let the clouds paint out our skies

And the tone of the clouds will remind us.  
That we forgot the brushing of lips-  
When I saved you from your creature  
We'll fight it together-  
You're thankful  
And the love letters reminisce so.  
But it's not over yet-  
The school-bell begins to chime.

With a crack and a snap  
Of branches of twigs  
Soft white grain appears underfoot  
And nothing at all-  
But us  
Are together-  
The waves-  
The beach seems too lonely to see  
That this'll outlast  
What has been typecast  
I'll never awake from this dream  
Not a single rip at the seam.

And I didn't even ask  
For the fourth time  
Before you had set about the task  
Of playing that sweet melody-  
The song sung of trouble-  
Of damsels in distress  
But all I could view would be you  
And you'll tell sweet dreams  
Talk of holding and kissing  
And then I'll remind you of what I am missing

I'll slowly awake from the dream...  
Eyes like blinds wind slowly open  
To view through a colourful screen  
The shiny gold sheen of you  
Lying on your chest and looking up at your blinds  
"You must have had a bad dream" you whisper  
"It wasn't all bad." I reply-  
And answer smiling- just a hint of sly.

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# Dropping The Nest

Been a baby so long  
Rockabye,  
Lullaby,  
Singing me songs of bliss,  
And ignorance

I want out of this nest  
There's so much out there  
Oceans and beauty galore  
If only I had the chance to explore

Let me grab the reins,  
I'm not a recruit anymore,  
I passed most of my tests  
Laid a lot of time to rest  
And yeah I'm not an eagle yet,  
The top of the chain,  
But at least give me just a little,  
Flying space

And I'm sick of your commands,  
&quot;Yes sir and madam&quot;;  
I can make some decisions for myself  
Like the people I trust and surely you must  
Have an ever-so-slight sense of guilt?

I chose this lieutenant out of many-  
Far and wide  
Despite the box of required ticks  
And what I can't hope to comprehend  
Is why you continue to insist?

It's my section now,  
I've got part of the army  
It's my time to fly-  
You can't clip my wings  
Drop this nest behind  
So let this happen it's inevitable



And you tried to shield me  
And it worked until-  
I realised the world that I was missing  
And this epiphany came while I was kissing  
Him,  
So don't tell me to lose him  
Or try to abuse him  
He's all I ever wanted and more  
And I'm all he wants to adore  
And you can't tell me that I'm  
Not sure  
Because I am

It's my section now,  
I've got part of the army,  
It's my time to fly-  
You can't clip my wings  
Drop this nest behind,  
So let this happen it's inevitable

You can't fill it half-full  
And expect me to drink  
Because I know it's half empty  
Now I know how to think  
I've learnt it and slowly  
With protests or no,  
These chains will be broken  
And I want you to bless me  
I want your help to test me  
Prepare me the best you can  
Stronger than any man,  
Or woman.

But...  
It's my section now,  
I've got part of the army,  
It's my time to fly-  
You can't clip my wings,  
Drop this nest behind,  
So let this happen it's inevitable

Calm down

Slow down  
It's not that dramatic-  
It's just me becoming,  
A little nomadic  
I'll still be the person that I was before  
All that I want is just a little more  
Freedom,  
Wings,  
And a shadow of my own

So I must leave this nest my life depends on it  
But I'll be right back,  
So don't let go of it.

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# Focus

Days turn to nights, weeks to months and years.  
So easily time is flying past a blur in my memory.  
Seems only yesterday that we first met- and an hour ago you left.  
But if it were possible for my focus to shift- my hourglass to stop turning so that  
the world will stop spinning for a second- I would use my strength to forget you.  
Because the last time I invested my focus- time shifted so quickly that a blur of  
emotions past through, and they all played their part in destroying it.  
And I regret- so, so badly- shifting my focus to you.

Now that my focus is minimized, and I learn and understand nothing new,  
Do you understand what I did?  
And do you know why my focus shifted to you?  
Because I needed more, more than I will ever have in a lifetime to fill my heart  
up.  
And I don't know why- at all- that a hole was punched through it, or when and  
where I lost my balance and toppled over the edge.  
But I do know that shifting- figuring it out- and investing everything I have to  
figure out why will cure it,  
And then you can come back- if you are not still disfigured by it,  
And maybe, just maybe, my focus will shift,  
And my heart will have fixed the hole enough that there's space for you.

Targeting my happiness will become a chore- but one I must complete if there's  
ever to be room for anything again.  
Because to make room to fix- things had to move out,  
A delicate balance- especially with the semi-healed stitches partly undone.  
But brick by brick I WILL work it out-  
For the sake of all I had.

But before I had to move it all out I prayed and crossed my fingers that it could  
all come back,  
The way it was and the way it should be and that the scarring would not get  
infected by horrible loathsome depression.  
But all I can do for now,  
Is to help it along with all I have,  
And shift all my focus to it.

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# Hell

Stalagmites and Stalactites,  
Dance a hum upon your hair,  
Anger,  
Bittersweet,  
Anger.

Hatred's pixie dances her rhythmic witchcraft.  
And you'll be singing along,  
Pale,  
With the sin of the task.

Hard as rocks,  
Feel your lips wet,  
With the tears that are her blood.  
Sharp,  
Slit her throat,  
I'm sure that hair of yours can do it.

She'd be down on her knees,  
Pouring out her heart,  
The liquids mixing so unpure,  
Splat,  
Splatter her beautiful blood.  
And you're not gonna brood,  
On her innocence,  
Nah,  
You'll be sucking the life away.  
Bottling that fearful breath.

Sinful Nymph,  
Tap- dancing on emotions,  
Whoops,  
You broke another egg-shell,  
Oh well!

Ignorance is bliss,  
Bliss, bliss, bliss,  
BLISS!  
You're screaming it,

Chanting it.  
And damn you-  
Seem arrogant,  
About it.  
Reaching for it all-  
Damn I'm too late,  
Melancholy,  
With the paint splatters.

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# It

Lost sight of what I'm fighting for,  
An overall position,  
Numbers count endlessly,  
And I could never count.

Feeling the warmth,  
Of the reddening,  
But now I've lost the thread,  
Lost it.  
Maybe if I synthesis enough stitches,  
I'll find the thread again?

But see,  
Now I don't know what IT is,  
And it doesn't seem I'll ever find it again,  
I tilt my head to the side,  
Listening to the bias silence to my left,  
And now it is too much,  
How do you begin to tame the beast?  
When you can't even see where it begins and you end?

Mind wanders,  
To exotic places,  
As long as they're far away,  
Because the disappointment,  
Slips past too fast,  
Impossible to catch,  
In my worn out leather,  
Baseball mitt.

How long has it been since I had the kit?  
Feels like a year now,  
Sharpen my machete c'mon,  
While the words,  
Fork into my tongue,  
Allow my wit to grow,  
Just for a minute,  
For all I need to know,  
Will only last a minute.

Wish my mind would rest,  
For just a minute.

But see,  
Now I don't know what IT is,  
And it doesn't seem I'll ever find it again,  
I tilt my head to the side,  
Listening to the bias silence to my left,  
And now it is too much,  
How do you begin to tame the beast?  
When you can't even see where it begins and you end?

Too much plaque,  
On the surface,  
So murky,  
Nothing could separate the beast and I,  
Otherwise known as my dark side,  
It decides to destroy,  
Whoever gets close?  
And unfortunately,  
I'll always be close to it.  
I will never know how to beat it,  
It seems.  
It-  
Will always haunt my dreams.

(I'll keep shielding my sides from the madness,  
But it's already diffused into me.)

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# Jungle Sprite

Scenery

Supposed beautiful,  
Still,  
Quiet as a winter snowflake,  
Speckled blanket of snow.  
Sprite swallows jungle woe.

(Chant)

Jade,  
My jungle sprite,  
Bounce from tree to tree-  
Singing your red cordial melody

It's only been seconds  
Thump goes the core  
In time with the slow-growing  
Jungle vines  
Made snakes  
By my jungle sprite  
They're swallowing me up  
I'm fighting just to stay up

(chant)

She keeps me down  
Her oppression  
Her crown  
Her eyes lined with charcoal  
Cruelty of a past time  
My pasttime  
To bottle her  
My genie jungle sprite

(chant)

Delighting in her change  
My predilection  
Her's not to hide  
Showing her roots



And all  
And I start to fall  
With the browning leaves  
Faded orange  
Like my scars  
My past wars  
Last halves

And a red-hot  
Gluegun  
Keeps em together  
Forget  
Au naturale

(Chant)

Isn't she beautiful?  
All natural  
Greenery  
I can go kinda  
Gorgeous

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# Makeup (The Cracks In The Compact)

Artificially coloured stains,  
Through the small rectangular mirror of a compact.  
Beautify what little perfection can be offered;  
But watch out objects in the mirror are way closer than they appear.  
And as long as you show me,  
The beauty in the perceived beast.  
Maybe,  
I'll keep my love around.

And so I'm watching the bloodstains,  
Turn black with the scars of emotions;  
Too deep to understand why,  
Ingrained in the pale faced girl.  
She's in a coma.  
And even he can't wake her up,  
Unless she finds the cracks in the compact.

Compacted black feathers,  
Struck by a parched desert ground,  
Molehills, painted ying-yang symbols,  
Hitting the outside,  
Not the bullseyes,  
Never one hundred per cent right,  
The dry autumn leaves,  
Falling as a metal spring,  
Spiralling out of the thunderclouds,  
And an albino raven's,  
Carks,  
In the wind.  
Are a reminiscent-  
Green over her corpse,  
Air that sings of the pills,  
Through her porous skin.  
Harmonising for a doctor,  
Or at least the next of kin.

And it always comes down,  
To the red vs. blue.  
The splattered perfection stains,

On the compact,  
Throw their spears,  
Like a needle in the eye.  
Maybe just today,  
She's blind.  
Made-up as the compact commands.

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# Mr. Magic Man

Mr. Magic Man,  
Is twirling his fingers,  
Taking back time.  
Too late,  
Stop it!

And when he sways to and fro,  
Snap!  
It pulls my head so,  
And with dramatacism,  
Puts his hands together,  
Calls out,  
Clap!

But you're not using your magic,  
Just using your charm,  
Its this fact alone-  
That causes most alarm  
Coulda, Shoulda, Woulda,  
Couldn't, Shouldn't, Won't,  
Only I will.  
I will.

And oh!  
What to do!  
Oh hypnotist!  
You aint got a clue,  
But I'm not as entranced by your top-hat,  
No not as much as I wanted,  
To be.

Snap your fingers,  
Break my trance,  
But wait,  
Why do cracks appear?  
On my mask?  
A shattered,  
Porcelain,  
Doll.

And transfer your powers,  
At least make some,  
Flowers?  
Not this half-assed,  
Magic,  
Nothing.  
Lolita's too old now,  
I'm seein' through the soft Hum,  
The illusion,  
Fake,  
But funny,  
What?  
Now you're expecting-  
My money?

Contrary to popular belief,  
Out flies my canary,  
Free,  
Clipped-wings,  
Falls short,  
And ALL of em'  
Notice it,  
Just a notice,  
Aint' it?

Yet still,  
Hips be a swayin',  
With their newly found tattoos,  
And morn,  
Noon,  
And night,  
Can't help,  
But dream-  
Of you,  
And the magic you bestow,  
Out flies unspoken crow,  
And the burden of taboo.  
(Magic Man,  
Oh you!)

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# Obsolete

Carving two names,  
Into a coke-bottle.  
Left outside a bookstore,  
A thinker,  
Scratches,  
A likeness to perfection-  
Into the market square.

No need for modesty,  
You don't need to impress,  
Keep going-  
I'll be your princess.  
A little chivalry,  
And they're all obsolete.  
This happiness-  
Mechanised.  
Opposes naturalised.  
And your likened nature's,  
Winning.  
Watch me make her obsolete.

Can't you feel my heartbeat thinning?  
Laying train-tracks,  
To my past-  
Cycling,  
Quickly to my heart.  
You've a direct line.  
And it seems I've the same.  
Sir Lancelot.  
To your ways.

And you'll never know of a maiden like me,  
I'll be singing,  
You'll be grinning.  
1920's beats a swinging,  
Styling your hair that way.  
Making the ladies sway,  
(And the men too!)  
I'm that way,

Yours. To. Woo.

No need for modesty,  
You don't need to impress,  
Keep going-  
I'll be your princess.  
A little chivalry,  
And they're all obsolete.  
This happiness-  
Mechanised.  
Opposes naturalised.  
And your likened nature's,  
Winning.  
Watch me make her obsolete.

(Think fast;  
Because the geometric pattern's changing...)

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# Painting

Such a pure painting,  
Was never truly white-  
Splotches of black and red

And the artist he's been working,  
Hoping for perfection.

But the product is...  
The painting is...

Chorus

A black, red and white mess,  
A black, red and white mess,  
But there's too much black,  
And not enough white  
And the red intertwines  
Yeah the artist's blood-  
Glues it all together

And to the untrained eye-  
The painting's bright,  
But I'm a critic  
I'll never mistake it  
It's come undone  
The paintings not well strung  
And the blood's not dry it'll seep  
Yeah the cut-  
It runs too deep

But the product is...  
The painting is...

Chorus

How could he paint  
So many tears?  
And through abstraction  
I'll relive my fears,  
Deriving my own meaning

Perhaps there isn't a meaning?

And the clock strikes double twelve  
On the edge of my red throne  
The painting and I are alone

And through unseen eyes  
I know it spies  
My thoughts of its' sacrifice  
My own blood will suffice  
It's a form of sacrifice  
Yeah my own blood will suffice

But the product is...  
The painting is...

Chorus

And I can't spill a dropp of paint  
No evidence-  
Not even faint  
Can't let the weed grow  
Nobody can ever know

And I dreamt of the forest-  
Minus the weeds,  
And I dreamt of corporations-  
Minus the greed,  
And I dreamt of the pain-  
Minus the blood,  
And I dreamt of the rain-  
Minus the sombre,  
And now I really sit and wonder,  
Can there be lightning-  
Minus the thunder?  
Could we fly?  
And not stop to wonder,  
Whether we'll crash,  
And the danger,  
Come fly with me-  
Minus the lead,  
And while painting-

Keep a clear head

But the product is...

The painting is...

Chorus

Ripping the fibres apart

And burning the leftover paint

No trace-

Not even faint.

And I'll start a fire,

With kerosene,

And the painting and I shall never be seen,

Retreating from the fire

We'll never escape the fire

Left only with ashes,

The very next morn...

And only one will stop to mourn

Only one,

Will stop to mourn.

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# Predator

Just the slightest sight of you, and I'm injected, before I can even think, I want to attack, a mad hunt for my prey.

And when I catch you, I'll play around with you a little, like a cat would a mouse, until finally giving you the fatal injury. My blood boils over, my pupils dilate, and all in the half a second I saw you.

But I sit in the corner of my consciousness, holding back the mad-man-like urges, willing the poisonous injection of hatred away, clutching at the thought of your "innocence", yet every inch of my being urges me not to comply.

I cry out in pain, the memories of the past torturing me so, begging it to stop, for the suffering to end. And just as I let go, just as the end looms too close, my mind takes light of that day, when you were my puppet-master, when your hand decided my fate. And somehow, a mad smile, that of one pushed too far, as I was by you, creeps across my face, as I rock back and forth with tears trickling down my face.

A sharp pain, another injection and it all goes away, all that I felt when you left, it is now an infinitely small speck at the back of my memory. And I cackle madly, as I realize that your predatory days are over, and mine just beginning. I rise from the small dark corner and hesitate as I see your weakened state. And yet, you lie on the floor, dead before me, and my hesitation turns into something more...something more sympathetic, and before I gain control, my mind takes over, and heals you. I let you run from me, so that I may see you, and turn predatory again.

(08/03/2011)

ally gunther

# Primrose

The surface I see-  
A blank faced ghost,  
So very confused and unsure,  
With a flicker of flame  
At the utter of the right name  
She's hoping there's not something more

A contradiction, complication,  
Her pretty world turned upside down;  
And not the muscles,  
Or the strength left to frown.

And it's so much more than her being unsure,  
So very, very much more,  
On the rim of the glass not a dropp of water is spilled,  
No one notices the cracks-  
And the water on the floor

(Chorus)

And she loves primroses-  
A childhood delight,  
A distraction if only for a second.  
Because there's so many doors,  
So many paths,  
So unsure  
And to walk one she can't come back

And she loves primroses,  
But the petals are breaking,  
Shattering,  
Handled far too much.  
And the glass on the floor,  
Shows the last open door,  
And it's breaking her feet apart  
Oh the sweet thick scent of the primrose (and blood x1) x2

And the mansion she's known,  
The dollhouses-  
A life of a shielded babe,

Now she's wandered too far,  
Not sure where we all are,  
Now where is that magic wand?  
Now where is that crystal ball?  
Now where is the map that shows the path?  
Washing off the dirt,  
In the dirtiest of bath.

And the sickly copper droplets of progress,  
Fill the air and combine with the flowers,  
And together they will stay,  
And they'll wish it all away-  
And she'll forget about it for a moment.

But when she finds the trail,  
She'll find that home's not where the heart is,  
Because her ship has sailed,  
And she's enjoyed a life of privilege.

(Chorus)

And it'll never be the same,  
Because when someone calls her name,  
She will reply with a blank stare.  
And now a demon possessed,  
All around in her air.

And every little pore,  
In the skin,  
Of the girl,  
Is filled with a toxic paint,  
A tiny flame of flicker,  
Of her left,  
A tiny trace,  
It's faint.

And the demon loves his home,  
Riding on her back now and forever,  
And the only time she'll hear her name,  
She will never be the same,  
But keep always that flicker of flame,  
(In her eyes)

Always that flicker of flame  
(You'll see)

ally gunther

# Principle

Well baby don't you work on,  
Principle?  
Counting the seconds,  
You're distracted for  
Honey,  
You're just sleeping around.

Rules don't apply to you,  
An Oedipal complex,  
As long as they ditch the outer layers.

But how long will that last for?  
Does the buzz stay?  
Blow it all away.  
Keep the pleasure.  
Make em' sway,  
And swoon.  
With physicalities,  
Outwardly beautiful

But can you fit it all in?  
Your mind's blocked,  
Like a lost,  
Game of tetris.  
Arms dam walls  
Filled to capacity,  
It's a wonder,  
You don't overflow.  
Clothes lost in the tatters of your tardiness  
Too late whoops you've built up the battlements.  
Polish your nails sweetie  
Make em' all pretty,  
Nevermind the underneath,  
The needy and gritty,  
Dirt,  
Flirt.

Too bad mummy's,  
Not around to set some rules,



To busy to review,  
Your harmful principles.

ally gunther

# Prison

I pushed out all of the light, made it go away, thinking that the light did me wrong. Sitting in the corner of the cold, dark prison, I enjoy the tears protruding from my eyes, my only release from the anger, hurt and sadness.

Why am I here, what did I do?

I'm offered the keys to leave, two keys, but I don't want them, don't want to get out, the prison has become me, I've slowly begun to convince myself that it is all that exists, and I can't push myself over the cliff face of the flat world.

Others watch from outside my prison, crying for me, begging me to take their key, but their keys don't fit the lock, only two do, and I don't want to leave.

In time, the release doesn't work any longer, I need something more, I know what I should do. I hold the knife in my shaky hand, I want to do it, but I don't want that key, the one I know fits the lock, the one that ends everything...because that key doesn't grant me my freedom.

The others come again, begging me to use their keys, but again, I know they don't work. They grab the other key, the one I hadn't reached for, and unlock the door, they grab me and pull me from my prison, and I half-heartedly resist, not sure what I want anymore.

They take me to the warden, the gatekeeper of the prison, and she looks me over with a heavy heart. She watches me out, gives me hope and rehabilitation. And ever since, the prison lurks just beneath my consciousness, threatening to take me back into its depths at any moment.

(08/03/2011)

ally gunther

# Single-Minded

I don't recall the threshold-  
I don't I don't I don't,  
But maybe if I had,  
Maybe if I'd known you-  
I would have cried out over and over,  
&quot;Please come back Mum! &quot;

And did I ever love who she appeared to be,  
Who she was to me?  
Cause she's nothing now,  
But a name in my mind  
A flame left behind,  
Gone in a minute,  
Decided in an hour, a week  
A month, a year.

And no part of me- shall ever belong to you,  
No part but my biology,  
The genes residing in me,  
But did you ever think?  
Did you ever think about what its' done?  
How many families have you made come undone?  
How many half siblings have I got Mum?

But you don't deserve that title-  
So vile;  
So deluded,  
And you'll be excluded.

And yet,  
As these grains tick by,  
Your life goes by-  
And you've never given me anything to remember.  
I wouldn't know you if I passed you,  
And I doubt that you would either-  
Your sight some sort of colour-blind goldfish,  
A three-second memory.  
And your mind lacks complexity.

And yet as much as that knife pained,  
As much as our minds stained,  
I see with fondness my childhood,  
My future and my present so gloriously bright,  
And yet still I remember the perilous plight.

My Daddy raised me-  
Did a damned good job,  
Can't remember seeing him much,  
Did a damned good job,  
He loved me with all of him,  
And the clouds showed a dream yet unfulfilled.

I remember those nights,  
How I cried how I cried,  
But only because I was wrong,  
I remember the stories and the basis of my dreams,  
And I remember that school uniform.  
I remember the homework,  
And the cigarettes and booze,  
I remember the stress and the feelings that he'd lose.  
The smile on his face after a long hard day  
And then he found his angel-  
And the rest is history.

And you know what?  
So what!  
You were single minded you didn't care,  
But he,  
He was always there,  
He picked me up when I was low,  
And I was the one thing that kept him going,  
He saw my smile and he smiled back.  
And we kept each other spot on track.

And now when I see him,  
Staring off into the distance I hug him and remember you,  
And see this family we built without you,  
See where we got without you,  
See how we've lived without you,  
And watch as you die alone,  
As someone no one has ever known

For long.  
Too single-minded.

ally gunther

# Spiral

An atom at birth,  
Unseen to some-  
It twirled and spun,  
Til' was left only none.

Uncontained,  
It's an impossibility,  
It kept going,  
On and on,  
Hypnotic.

Chorus  
But no matter what's perceived,  
The clocks will spiral,  
In honour of your spirit,  
And they need to be rewound,  
That starts today,  
Yeah that starts today.

And try as you might,  
On your own,  
We can't fight-  
This battle is won by the veterans.

Through a lense,  
Unclear,  
I've watched the magnets repulse,  
And attract once they sense distractions,  
And to see such a sight,  
To believe some delight,  
The madmen cackle in spite.

Chorus

And gone are the days,  
And those horrible ways,  
That the soldiers,  
Turned-  
Traitorous,

Now wise.

But I do still remember the flag  
Hanging amongst those skies-  
But it wasn't a flag of surrender,  
Don't wave the flag of surrender.

And if they'd sensed a fight,  
There's no way they would yield delight-  
But the waves keep crashing,  
And the lighthouse keeps flashing,  
In warning to all the ships-  
Yeah the ships all need,  
That warning.

Chorus

And we're all starving we need supplies-  
But it'd be better if you don't die.  
Caus' without we're not here,  
And without us you're not there,  
But it's not a matter of here,  
Nor there.

But the corpses are cold,  
Long-standing and old,  
Weeds grow over the top,  
But don't you ever-  
Let them fill you up,  
Caus' you're not dead,  
Not buried yet.

Chorus

And the downward spiral-  
Well,  
It stops here,  
I'll halt it for you,  
But you need to get-  
This clear.

ally gunther

# Sugar Sphere

A ball of energy,  
So powerful-  
I've got a sugar rush,  
Diving headfirst into a mystery ball.

Just a pin of light from it,  
Enough to draw me in,  
Smother me,  
Cover me,  
I've got a hankering.

I've got an addiction,  
And it seems it isn't fading,  
Just a little bit of sugar,  
Send me into hyperdrive.

It's not even all that much-  
Just your own form of antimatter,  
Fighting against the rush,  
Just to feel that its' alive  
Forget the uniformity of the beehive.

Now feel the waves just stirring,  
They'll begin and end in a ball-  
And don't let those scratches show,  
Just put on an interesting show-  
'It's all in the hips',  
You'll say,  
And your sugar will make me sway-  
And faint,  
Oh no,  
Just a slight shift I'll faint.

I've got an addiction,  
And it seems it isn't fading,  
Just a little bit of sugar,  
Send me into hyperdrive.

How can you still swear by it when?



It gives such a problem to your skin-  
Just give me a shot I'll peel it off,  
And I'm betting,  
You'll be sweet and hot

And it seems I've an addiction,  
And there's only one catalyst-  
It seems I've an addiction,  
And contrary to popular beliefs,  
There's no way I'll be rejecting the change,  
Anytime soon,  
Entranced as I am-  
By the light of your moon

ally gunther

# The Cycle

Life, Love and Death; the three words that matter,  
Life gives to all, extends the invitation,  
It cares not what you look like and where you've come from,  
It just gives to you. It is your choice what you do with it, and only you will regret  
your decisions in the end, when life ends.

Love gives you hope and emotion, connection and devotion,  
The only thing you think about during life; friends, enemies,  
Parents, wife. Lack of, or plenty of, or even somewhere in the neutral void.  
Everyone is stuck in it before they know it, and it goes on and on after you're  
dead; love never ends...

Death ends it all, there must be an end.  
Everyone cries at the thought of it, but it is so beautiful to know, that you shared  
so much with that person. Their life is over, yet yours just begins, and then love  
takes over, death kills you off and it all starts again.

But is everything really finished here, is that the end of the poem we share, or  
will you make your cycle different?

(08/03/2011)

ally gunther

# The Homeless

A white sheet of paper blows off in the wind,  
And slips by a face as blank as the paper,  
Where has he gone?  
What happened to his life?

Days bygone,  
Lonely nights spent on the street,  
All because he saw the black,  
AND the white.  
Saw the right,  
And heard the wrong.

And too long-  
Warm nights are gone in his mind,  
Curled up by the fire of love,  
And cast out in the chill of the wind,  
The wind he can't control but try as he might,  
It takes a fickle love,  
Not some sort of prejudice,  
The high and the mighty,  
Great money tossed by his side,  
But what good does it do?  
To a feeble mind,  
Lost by the sands of insanity long ago,

He curls up for the night,  
The windshield his mind and the frostbite his pillow,  
And as he breathes in the cool night air,  
He longs for the hunger,  
The consuming heat,  
Lays his head on the sharp angles of the gravel beneath him,  
And as he is knocked out by the ever-present tire,  
Of his long and arduous life,  
He breathes his final breath on that cold, winter night.

ally gunther

# The March

Viva La...  
Revolution!  
Seamless, timeless,  
Significant!

Yet...  
The children are 'recruited',  
I am still 'diseased',  
Still an illegitimate,  
Any love for us is wrong,  
Any happiness,  
It's gone.

(Chant)  
Viva La...  
Revolution!  
Aren't they all so brave?  
Viva La...  
Revolution!  
We still need to be 'saved'  
(End chant)

Jail terms,  
For jail-bait,  
Just cause he loved the same,  
Sent lame,  
Electrocute! Electrocute! Electrocute!  
Depressively tame.

Abstracts on blank canvas,  
Created by our love,  
We blacken the whitest dove.  
Streets, lanes and alleyways,  
Dance rainbow beneath our steps,  
Calling our brothers, sisters,  
And others,  
To follow our footsteps.

(Chant)

Click, click, click,  
Wronged by the type,  
Commented on,  
Such illegitimate hype,  
Writing with my left hand,  
And writing with my right.  
The age of the computer,  
Reclaim the cowardice!  
Rewrite the wrongs!  
Words WILL hurt us,  
If we let them...

(Chant)

And then there are both,  
Together again,  
Separated at birth,  
But alive together-  
Life's plan.  
And those that think,  
Those that speak,  
Like another,  
I'll gladly accept them,  
As my sister,  
Or brother.

(Chant)

Viva La Revolution!  
Believe we will stand up!  
Raise children,  
Not prejudiced,  
And walk hand in hand,  
Love same,  
Love different,  
And fall into step!  
VIVA LA REVOLUTION!

ally gunther

# Trenchcoat

Cold enough for a trenchcoat,  
Outside.  
It'll keep you warm.  
Lifting me up from the,  
Doldrums.  
Onto the bull-bar,  
Of a dirty white paint,  
Holes in the logic!  
Broken,  
Broken,  
But lovable.

And it takes a sentimental value,  
Loyalty.  
To interchange red,  
And blue.  
Emotional and physical,  
Not black or white,  
But some grey hue-  
Is loving you.  
Sprint into the shadows,  
Baby you were always here,  
You are always here.  
Times 4,5,6!

Can't bite the hand that feeds me,  
And feed me you do.  
The safety I can only find in you.  
Well snuck into the moonlight-  
How you surprise me too.  
Warm trenchcoat,  
Protecting me from the freeze.  
Frostbite delight,  
With you.

And the irony,  
The similarity kills me too.  
Every time your scent,  
Blesses my breath.

Even before you are physically there.  
Yeah,  
You're guilty of homicide,  
By my Electra complex,  
Intricate-  
Soft blonde hair,  
And a familiar,  
Deodorizer fills the air.

And a virtual mortar,  
Keeps me here.  
Steadies my black and white.  
Bricks fill with-  
Bloodstained scars.  
And when there's cracks in your wall,  
I'll patch them up.  
Even when they don't heal easy (or for months)  
Trenchcoat,  
I won't give up.

And although the fabric,  
Will grow worn sometime,  
And maybe some might be torn...  
Baby my sentimental value,  
Will give its' all to you,  
Honey your emotions are the most-  
Beautiful (borderline psychotic) .  
And sweetie some times,  
When you talk too much,  
I'll kiss you,  
Remind you just how much,  
My love follows you.  
Follows through,  
Trenchcoat,  
I love you.  
(And I'm borderline psychotic too...)

ally gunther

# Walking Jagged

And reaching a point,  
To walk back-  
My lips are on fire.  
A sweet breathing utensil;  
Screaming 'Danger! '.  
So I decide to look away.  
And on tiptoes I wander,  
To the other estate.  
Goddamn it smells like home!  
That scent,  
Fills the air of a chained up dog.  
Out the front,  
Asleep as its' spores fill the air.  
And hours ago,  
I surely know.  
That it tried to break free.  
The chains held it steady.  
And its' squeaky toy frantically,  
Tried to calm it-  
Lies dormant.  
Near it.  
Let sleeping dogs lie,  
The antidepressants sing,  
A 20 mg dream!  
And back to the shrubbery,  
The greenery of a waste disposal.  
Too close to the herd,  
And too far.

Developing an inbuilt,  
Backpack of baggage.  
You make me chase the thrill,  
But with him,  
I'm popping pills.  
It aint any better,  
Picking the pleasure,  
Or the pain.  
Stuck between a rock,  
And a hard place.



As I'm climbing the mountain.  
Hoping at least the view's pretty,  
There's gotta be something better.  
Maybe I'll know tomorrow.  
As I start walking jagged,  
Hoping I don't hit a point.

ally gunther

# Water Allergy

And to think that the whole bridge I built  
Over the water it's called a moat  
Well you can't cross-  
No not by boat,  
No you can't cross to peace.

There's so much here I've got for you-  
And yet there's something holding you,  
And part of you loves its' touch  
Yeah sometimes it is too much

But why water?  
Why water?  
Of all the allergies to have?  
Why water?  
Why water?  
Why's it gotta be so bad?

And I'll send out an arrow-  
Delivered straight by Cupid  
And I'll prove just how far I can shoot  
And you'll send back a message  
In a golden plated carriage  
And it'll say:  
'Know how much I love you.'

But goddamn it why the essence of life?  
Of beauty, happiness,  
And love?  
And you'll snatch two out of three-  
Not held back too much by your water allergy.  
But the third it will linger within the murky depths-  
Mocking and rearing,  
It's beautiful and ugly head.

And I'll try not to cry-  
Cause you're allergic to that too  
But know that it's something  
I really need to do

Got to be a rock  
The best darn rock you've ever seen  
And when you're almost dying  
I'll reveal your hidden sheen  
Because I know it's there-  
Even if you can't see it  
I'll get a mirror and through glassy eyes  
You'll see it

But don't worry  
Not in any type of hurry  
As long as you don't leave me to myself  
Because I really couldn't stand it  
Yeah I wouldn't recommend it...

Well if you did that I'd drown  
And I would make sure I didn't come around  
Just do not go  
That's all I ask  
And don't drink the tempting  
Poison flask  
I know it's sitting there  
But you've never been stronger  
Never fought harder than you are right now

And I'll add something-  
Fix up a potion  
Anything at all that will help  
But looking at the ripple now  
The effect it has  
I'm wishing  
And wondering why  
You're not drowning  
And we won't be crowning  
A new king anytime soon  
I think you've seen the blue of the moon.

Something, anything  
What CAN be done?  
When every molecule in you  
Is yearning for something?  
It's already got

And the rest is just out of reach  
How do you still see-  
The beauty of the beach?

And the bridge will never break  
And of that I'll be sure  
Because I built it with so much of the essence of care  
Just so you know I'm sitting  
And I stare

And the bridge will forever be there  
So that one day  
When there's nothing  
Holding you back  
And there's nothing  
That you think you lack  
It'll still be here  
And I'll be waiting  
And my safe warm arms are yours for the taking.  
A fairytale ending at last  
So you'll finally forget the past.

ally gunther

# White

There's nothing I can find, nothing to behold,  
A blank empty canvass when I think of you and it all,  
Sitting in my bedroom no one wonders why,  
a young teenage girl sits at her computer desk to cry.

And even when I try painting pictures to fill it up,  
All that I am left with is splotch after dirty splotch,  
Insignificance being the only way to hold true,  
I wash off the splotches with the water crossing my cheeks.  
And again the walls turn to a serene and empty white.

And I never learn, til now,  
that the only way to stay,  
Is to learn to love empty, white hot hurt.  
Even if escape was possible would hidden hope come through,  
before the gates closed, locked and the key was thrown away?

You delivered one wall of white hot fury, but after that you were gone,  
So don't blame yourself for my confused, empty blankness.  
Three more walls were delivered:  
One by a calming demon past,  
One by many demons laughing, ignorant that I was stuck fast,  
And the final wall was built around my cage by her, the one you know so well the  
one that thought she broke your heart.  
But it was the beautiful figure lying dormant and tortured in that god forsaken  
place.  
And your helplessness to stop it and the feeling that your hand had passed down  
her fate.  
Wasn't it?

So I lie in my cage, blank and empty follow it everywhere,  
And I know I had hoped it was gone, erased from me with colour and angelics.  
But a white coat of paint performs the last and empty wrong,  
Scratching at the colour and delving into the hidden depths.  
And I told you I was out, free of white emptiness;  
A hoax, a scam to get you to paint the walls with colour again.  
So that maybe the white will wash away,  
No trace of it to be seen ever, ever again.

ally gunther

# Wrong Girl

I'm eyeballing the wrong girl,  
The noise and the splashes,  
Of a local swimming pool,  
So many people swimming,  
But I'm not watching them-  
I don't care who wins.

I'm looking at a girl,  
An emotionally beautiful girl,  
But wait...  
All my life I've been told of the white wedding,  
And two kid dream-  
A handsome husband,  
For whom I'll cook and clean...  
Back to the real-  
I long for the softness,  
The sweetness only she can provide-  
And the mock innocence of the act itself,  
Mock- being the word,  
And I can't help but wonder when I show the world I love her,  
Will they see me truly for the love?  
I show to her?  
Or will they see the wrong- only what they wish to believe  
Is it a wrong lifestyle that I wish to lead?  
But still it can't be wrong of me to see her in this light-  
When her hurricane-like eyes stare at me with perfection,  
Sealing the deed with a hungry and soft kiss...

ally gunther

# Yellow Boat

Yellow boat,  
On the riverbed,  
Singled out-  
Shoot a flaming arrow,  
Hit one,  
Sink one,  
Flames engulf-  
Yet not enough

Still ships don't surrender,  
Too caught up in the variety,  
And the splendour.  
But what colour is that boat now?  
Can't tell the flames surround.

Why can't you give yourself a second?  
Just enjoy the oil raid,  
Enjoy the man-made pleasure,  
It's manufactured happiness,  
Forget about the scars,  
Skin could be marred,  
But damn it,  
Give it a shot-  
You never know,  
How it could go.  
Maybe you'll set the river on fire-  
The ENTIRE river.  
Ha!

Give over to the sin,  
Baby hear the roar,  
The din.  
Let the waves-  
Trace your pulse,  
Beat, Beat, Beat,  
Feel it quicken,  
With the tsunami,  
Feel the earthquake,  
Let it be-



You can't pull the soil together.

Forget the seductive mermaid,  
Forget her song,  
Forget, Forget, Forget,  
Never regret,  
Your choice-  
Fight the fire,  
Or the ice,  
But choose one,  
Only one.  
Yellow boat no more,  
Now blackened,  
Beautifully.

ally gunther