

Poetry Series

**Chris Tiganescu**  
**- poems -**

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# Chris Tiganescu(March,20,1995)

Hello My name is Chris:

My Heart contains so many who are dear to me, my mother, my sister, my father, my grandma, grandmpa, my whole family, my two best friends eddie and dylan, espicialy eddie hes helped me through so much without him i would have been so lost.I am single. And thats how it will stay

## 4th Of July Love

Lights, sparks, and array of colors  
shower the night sky, as i lay here,  
gazing up, amazed by how much  
can be, in so little, someone like  
I, someone who is so small, yet  
contains an infinite love toward the  
girl in my arms, as we lay in damp grass  
illuminated by vague lights, i sit,  
i stare, i love, with each kiss my own fire  
stirs inside, my body trembling with heat,  
the only kind of heat i feel, when i  
am in love, stirring, whipped with  
excitement, my dully lit my mind is as  
bright as the nights sky, little worries  
vanish, along with ash, my ears prick  
to the sound of ' i love you', at a days  
end, arms last embrace, i bid adeu,  
till next we meet, i love you. and so dies  
the illuminated light.

Chris Tiganescu

# A Beautiful Moment

Warm silky touch, the very thought  
of the encounter brings shivers to my  
spine, the forward motion in and out, so  
sweet loving as i held her near, she bit  
her lips to not make a sound, but all the  
while my heart sayin three soft words,  
I love you. It tingled with each motion,  
love making at it's finest, A beautiful moment  
with the perfect woman as she layed there  
I fealt love bound between us, it was eternal.  
Love never dies, for now we are bound.  
As we came to a halt, we said not a word  
yet simply held each other near knowing  
what we had done was something beautiful  
I sang to her the song of whimsical tone,  
as she fell into a deep sleep. And holding tighter.  
The moment finnished, yet beautiful memories  
are forever.

Chris Tiganescu

# A Gift

This girl, with spunk, this girl  
goes all out, she does not  
shave away from the crowd,  
there she is letting those  
beautiful little lips speak her  
heart, this girl who i so deeply  
love, my heart burns when i see  
you, this flame goes crazy inside  
me, i'm in love with this girl,  
i prayed for hope, i prayed for  
love, god gave me you, god gave  
me the girl who exquisitely match  
the intensity of the fire in my  
heart, with every spoken word  
i melt under the beauty of this  
girl, this one little, who is more  
then anyone i have ever known,

I pick my heart and thrust at thee,  
i trust it in capable hands, in your  
hands, you hold an object more  
fragile then glass, one careless notion,  
and it may shatter, no fixing the  
unfix-able and delicate structure  
of a heart.

My tears spread across my cheek,  
tis not anger no sadness, but mere  
happiness, the mere thought of you  
brings me to my knees, i have loved  
thee since my eyes had first laid on yours,  
those brilliant ocean eyes that  
dance under the nights moon and sing  
tales of love, i speak to you as if no  
other were around, i speak of love,

This girl is no mere girl, she is my girl.. she is....

A gift.

Chris Tiganescu

# A Loaded Sin

Our tears bleed into an ever flowing  
ocean, to hinder the responsibilities  
of our lives, where lust and turmoil  
take charge, into the air these bullets  
fly, painting our hands with the  
bloodshed of man, inscribe our names  
in a wall of hate and conflict, and burn  
in the atmosphere of a thousand suns,  
as we climb down the ladder of man kind,  
we find savageness in advanced ways,  
to take heed to the words we speak,  
for mans downfall is a result of the  
hate we share...

We share nothing but our extreme disgust for one another, for our  
kind the imperfections are infinite, where in the eyes of our savior we are a body  
of sins, a sin waiting to be dragged to the fires, instead of a white land in  
bountiful arms...

Chris Tiganescu

# A Lonely Road

Barren feet tearing at the ground,  
sprint for safety for a day when  
an open wound heals with the touch  
of lips, yet no place within my grasp,  
open gravel tear this skin, blistering  
tears beat the earth with thunderous  
roar, trembling in the happiness  
of those around me, for there  
happiness is no more than a moment  
to be swept away just as mine has,  
the moment is gone, the times have  
passed, no longer the sturdy man  
now just the broken body, forever  
walking down a lonely road.

Chris Tiganescu



# A Mans Soul

Divide, anguish, conquer, love.

a mans soul is as complex as  
the world around us, the need  
for peace and love exist, and are  
virtuous, a mans dark side displays,  
anger, hatred, and war, our lust  
for blood is as equal to our lust for  
peace, to quench our thirst, blood  
shed exist, we look for a balanced  
world of hate and love, no one  
way, a mans righteousness is only  
as big as the sins he commits. a  
man can be as pure as rose, or as  
twisted as the night sky.

Chris Tiganescu

# A Moment Forever

Her lips quiet as they may be,  
yet her beauty whispering words  
to my shattered heart, words  
of comfort, to rise and see her  
peering up at me a sight i cant  
forget, her arms wrapped around me,  
her scent urges my nose to flicker,  
she takes the pain i feel in a minutes  
notice, a moment i wish i could  
capture with my lips a moment to  
forever, a moment to remember,  
forgive the past mistakes, look toward  
the now.. yet now as she holds me  
all the while still so lonely.

Chris Tiganescu

# A New Trail

Quivering lips and trembling  
eyes, vent for the fear heartache,  
at a loss of words, irreversible  
true words spoken, the touch of  
you the feel of you, what plays  
through my head, your smile  
and beating eyes, oh how i long  
to hold you for a mere minute,  
lust diminishes and truer hearts  
come out, to coexist in what may  
be reality or a fatal fantasy.

Chris Tiganescu

# A Night With The Stars

I look at thee with solemn  
eyes, thy eyes that contain  
a heartfealt soul, tis quenching  
words you speak that bring  
joy to my fragile, the words  
we speal, 'i do, ' the words  
we speak, ' i love you, ' till  
i breathe my last breath I  
shall love you, and thou it is  
night, i bid thee not adue, but  
merely till next we meet, then  
we shall kiss under the nights  
gleaming stars

Chris Tiganescu

# A Pawn In A Game That Never Ends

Frantic dreams embarking on  
a journey to deliver ghoulish  
horror to an empty heart, an  
empty cavern for the mangled  
to settle in, never again to see  
the light of life, but the distance  
of night, eyes blackened by  
demise, ears withered by sorrow,  
hearts torn by a never ending  
nightmare, love is scarce, love  
never last to fill the open wound,  
only to tear it deeper...

Love an enemy to my resolve  
as i a pawn in its twisted game.

Chris Tiganescu

# A Shattering Mind

Degrading, the mind breaks  
down and blocks our fears,  
suffocation, internal  
divide, windswept tears,  
agonizing convictions,

Our minds are set a blank, we  
set to forget what inflicts  
the pain in our life, yet  
to no prevail, the memories  
eat our lives, they tear  
at the core of our sanity  
and turn our minds to glass.

And so we break, our minds  
shatter, we strive for peace,  
we strive to make it right, no  
this pain is driven to gnaw  
at our skulls, till a breakthrough,  
then our minds submit to insanity,

cry your tears, fight to rid  
these memories that eat away at  
your life, do not fear the  
past, merely look at it as a  
passing occurrence, a mere bump  
in life, don't submit, and so  
the pain ends.

Pain edges to break our sanity, yet even in painful  
moments, we find reason to smile.

Chris Tiganescu

# A Thousand Buckets

Burn your open wound, i cant feel  
you here, i see nothing except  
the dark bridging its gap across  
my eyes, where is the light of  
you beauty that had forced these  
barren lips to crack a smile? Anger  
is boiling over, spilled over  
thousand buckets, the fire in your  
eyes have vanished, you take my breath  
and leave me with nothing to fill  
the hole that caverns my heart.  
Words of incriminating anger, engulf  
me with your love, let me find  
happines, but how can i find happiness...  
when i cant even find you.

Chris Tiganescu

# An Absolute Love

Tis the world that throws it's  
weight against my chest, my  
heart rips, yet tis amazing,  
how the body heals in desperate  
moments, to hear your soft  
lullaby words, spoken twas a  
gift i eagerly received, 'I love  
you, ' my gift, a gift from god,  
was love, love that speaks with  
stirring motion, her eyes  
eagerly explain the emotions  
that dwell within, such beauty,  
you believe it all to be a dream,  
yet tis my greatest dream that  
hath been made reality, she  
speaks my ears prick, she  
touches my body trembles, she  
kisses my heart soars, tis love,  
tis absolute love.

Chris Tiganescu



# An Endless Peaceful Sleep

A new way to die, in death I shall  
live, in life I shall die. The pattern  
of our life is a continuous stream  
of hopelessness and helplessness,  
the future fades with each breath.  
Our death is peaceful, fluent and  
comfortable. Every day hope is gone  
and every day it's an emptiness  
that eats you whole. I die as I live,  
with a head down and a heart six feet  
under, what a thought that consumes  
me. Perhaps I've gone mental, or  
perhaps it be the sanest thought  
my mind has ever let roam freely.  
Either way its a free outage.

Chris Tiganescu

# Another Life Gone

Im losing what little  
of my life i have left,  
im in pieces and you  
run your finger down  
across the remains of my  
heart, and claw your way  
through the center, not  
a care in the world,  
a heartbreaker, when ive  
done all i can do bring  
you off the dangerous  
path you were on, now im  
thrown out like a piece  
of meat, your cruelty has  
sent my life spiraling  
down, your stricken hand  
leaving my heart grapled  
in blood, my world has  
lost its color no longer  
that boy with a smile  
on his face, now only a tear  
in his eye, searching  
for a hope to bring you  
forth, yet i see none  
whatsoever, abonded,  
and ridiculed, im a broken  
and destroyed, i live  
my life, but plan to make  
it a shorter one, drastic  
relsults in death, and  
the troubles just seem to pile  
on, i want leave to  
go where there are none  
where none can hurt me,  
does such a place exist...

☐ we are so driven  
to be free and let go, that  
we tear down those who matter

most, un-doubtley destroying  
another life.

Chris Tiganescu

# Awaken

From the ashes an old  
wound that plagues my  
heart rise above what  
once was locked away  
and kept my mind at a  
gentle ease awakens to  
put my mind in a new turmoil,  
these thoughts provoke  
my mind and put the setting  
around me in dismay, these  
actions go unnoticed for  
wounds never die they always  
resurface.

Chris Tiganescu

# Back

My hearts never been  
as ecstatic as this, for  
the love i have so  
desperately craved had  
creeped it's way into the  
palm of my hands. I have  
love, the beautiful  
ocean blue eyes swimming  
stronger and stronger in my  
head, where i look her  
image grows clearer,  
a loving image burned in  
my mind, the cold winds  
grow warmer, and closer and  
closer the days get to having my  
arms wrapped around her,  
and lips of gold pressed to  
mine...

A craving for an intriguing  
love, embarking on a road of  
broken dreams, thou damaged  
it had made it's way intact  
into my hands, never again  
to escape my grasp.

Chris Tiganescu

## Bad Choice

Blood-lusts hands, deprived eyes,  
basking in fiery eyes, taken hold  
of by a twisted fate, and forced to  
tear apart, break skins protection  
and conquer with blood of man,  
and sheet of metal, tongues ridden  
with twisted words of anger,  
superior in darkness, two hearts  
intertwined, both a broken skin,  
both a mind of bashful anger and  
sadness, both so desperate... who  
had found the wrong outlet

Chris Tiganescu

# Believing

My mind is deluded by these  
thoughts. Who am I? What am  
I doing here? What am I?  
The desires burn deep in me,  
I'm searching for an outlet  
for this new found secret.  
Be it a gift? or a burden.  
A hidden burden, a thought  
to be kept to myself, those few  
around me, know of the concept  
that fills my head with wonders,  
but how can they know? how can  
I know what my purpose is? tis  
not the destination, but the  
journey. A journey broadening my  
mind, filling my heart, and  
placing me in peace. I shall  
uncover that what scurries from  
my eyes, though not today.

A truth is revealed in the eyes  
of a disbeliever...

Yet a believers truth is revealed  
inside him.

Chris Tiganescu

# Black Tears

Where has all my trouble gone,  
wether a it be a steel dagger  
to the heart or be it a bullet  
to the head, id take it for you,  
and as i lay here aching for  
you to love me, you play your  
games on other innocent men,  
and non could love you as i do,  
blue, and black im bruised,  
my beating heart is bruised,  
and everday without you it is  
tearing, soon the blood will  
spill from my body as will the  
black tears from my eyes, tears  
of sin and love, for a loving  
broken heart is left with  
nothing but shadowed tears, in  
a shadowed night.

Chris Tiganescu



# Bound

Where is the reality in all of  
this.. It's bringing me to my knees.  
I clasp for another hand to pull me  
away from this evil entity that lurks  
within me..

Hand me a dagger and a whip and soon  
fantasy will become a reality. The nightmare  
begins between the ken to the thoughts  
of monster. Why do i see the pleasure in your  
pain. Its beneath my ng deep in my mind.  
Involuntarily i laugh. It is a sadistic laugh.

You are now a part of me. My desire is your's. So long has  
it been since i have placed word on paper. The relapse is  
occurring. Where is the blood? hand me your blood. I need it  
for a new signature. A new name for my abuse. Sign it my  
dear, you are now mine.

Christopher Sebastin Tiganescu.

The madness awakes once more with relenting force.  
It beckons me with a seductive tongue.  
What is this? What is this dark entity in my eyes? Why does it laugh.  
I am at loss.  
There is no Hero in I.  
The Monster is awake.  
Obidience is demanded.

Wether i delay my thoughts or not, the end result is and always will  
be unavoidable. I can merely push off, for a later day, when I will  
submit for good.

Chris Tiganescu

# Burnt Images

I cannot bear these thoughts, these  
tools are digging into my mind. What  
is it now what holds me together?  
The fact that she belongs to me is  
fact enough to live but for the moment  
not enough to smile. There's a whisp  
of smoke riding with the dark caverns  
of my mind. The darkness seeps over  
my heart. The man and his soul lost to  
the world he hath not a penny to his  
name nor a smile on his face yet he as  
all the tears of the world. I loathe this  
with a hate that satan would surely cringe  
at. What's the options for a man who Is  
desolate in his own hateful hole. The  
images race with mocking speed through  
this weary mind. The body is scarred and  
the mind is burnt, the soul fades, the heart  
dies... And it was all nothing more then  
a bunch of lies...

Chris Tiganescu

# Change Our Ways

Our eyes must open, before  
the good way of life is destroyed,  
such future we fear yet we do  
nothing to change it, it needs to  
be stopped, the greed, the waste,  
all this hate, and destruction, or  
else we'll find are world dismal  
and horrifying, yet it shall be too  
late, those few who choose to address  
the situation are ignored and  
ridiculed, our selfish pride will be  
our downfall. Unless now we  
change our ways and work to  
change our grim futures, this will  
be our world.

Chris Tiganescu

# Cold Ocean Floor

Ravaged by the bombardment  
of claws, the relentless aching  
in my heart, remaining to be  
a shadow of a former self,  
so secluded the cold creeps  
down my neck, where is the warmth  
of the lovers touch, where is  
the words of a friend, where has  
life pulled me, mangled by  
a twist of heart aches and  
despair, repress those thoughts  
of what once was, but never to be  
again, drifting on a black  
sea...

Swept by waves with thunderous  
teeth, engulfed in a sea of the  
lost souls, strive as i might  
the black waters drag me to there  
depths, inscribe my name on the  
oceans floor, another victim  
of the horrid love game, in an  
ocean of relinquished souls, all  
breathe in the foul stench of a  
decaying soul...

The oceans cold floor is my home and i  
it's unwelcome'd visitor.

Chris Tiganescu

# Comforting Demise

Oh the wounds feel how they  
soak in my flesh. The words of  
lovers quarrel are bound to my heart.  
I am but a lost man, i seek  
no light and no salvation.  
A salvation is an excuse for  
the pain of living to continue.  
The ways of blade and blood are my only  
option. Its a fine point that is  
insanity lurking beneath my weary  
eyes. The one to love is lost the  
will to love is murdered and  
my heart be nothing more then  
destruction, a plague that burdens  
this soul. For i am one, I am man,  
I am only one man with no lover  
as my how the devil  
gleams his wicked smile in my refound  
misery. Dare i brave this? I dare  
to do nothing but lay in the comfort  
of my demise.

Chris Tiganescu

# Conflict

So cold, enclosed in my own  
lonesome shell, the thoughts  
provoke my mind, the tears  
massage my eyes, this blue  
world of mine blackened, my hands  
caress these sheet of mine,  
where had my time gone,  
where is the love that i so  
desperately crave, your eyes  
piercing my mind...

Like a knife settling its majestic  
blade of blood taker, on my  
skin, not a word of comfort, but  
these horrid songs begging me  
to do it, take a little blood, its  
ok...

Yet a bombardment of a dear  
friend pleading me not to, his  
voice bouncing through my skull  
begging me. no! don't do it!  
such turmoil...

In such liquid conflict, i feel my  
knees give away under the pressure  
of this world resting on my  
shoulders. i cant find the hint of  
living, when all thats close, is  
beginning to disperse, leaving  
me to twist in the wind...

The presence of evil tongues surround  
my thoughts...

No, fight with the lord of light and passion  
his wisdom hand to guide you toward  
his land of courage and tranquility...

But all the more... aching for the touch  
of a dear woman...

I need you.

Chris Tiganescu

# Crimson Dreams

Crimson dreams await me tonight,  
the dropp of blood off ofsinful skin,  
a tear for the longing of love, while  
others dream a dream sweeter then  
honey, i lay here distressed the sound  
of a guitar slashing my ears and the  
vocals of true men tearing my heart,  
cant feel the pain, so numb, what is  
it i want? divided in a shattered heart,  
a lose-lose situation, fear grappling,  
eyes setting, music fades, and laughter  
dies out...

Chris Tiganescu



# Crimson Ink

Blink twice for life give your hand to  
god give your soul to Satan, give the  
hated the what they deserve drive  
the sheet of metal into there vile tongues  
no longer will the vile words spew  
from his tongue, only crimson ink to write  
my name with, shove his face into fire  
let it singe his flesh the same way he had  
seared mine, I long for the feel of his  
blood on my hands. Oh what a time  
that be the day when I be known as  
victor, satin and god shall surely  
congratulate me the thought lingers  
in my mind.... so close in reality.

Chris Tiganescu

# Cry Your Pain

Consequences protrude my  
eyes, the future is fading,  
is there time to stitch the  
pieces, before blades break  
the surface of skin, before  
hearts fail and soon we lay  
in an endless dreams  
protruded by fire an anger,  
dismay, feel the destruction,  
close your eyes, and cry  
your pain.

Chris Tiganescu

# Don'T Go

you leave,  
you come back, and my heart fly's  
you leave again and my heart dies

will you leave?  
will you stay?  
i don't know

can you love me  
yes...  
but maybe not

in your arms  
is where i wanna be

can you wait?  
can you hold?

my love  
don't go  
wait  
don't you leave  
stay awhile

i don't know where i want to go  
but i know where i want to be

in your arms  
with my lips against to yours

Chris Tiganescu

# Don'T Lose Faith

Our past in unchangeable, our present may be horrid, but never give up, never stop moving forward for what lies ahead is a bright future, keep your faith and bask in his warmth, bask in the outstretched hand he provides, all he asks in return is that your love is directed to him as the only god in sight, for only the touch of his hand can make you crumple to your knees in tears of sheer joy, his strength to bind our fragile bodies, the weak to be strong and the strong to be led by the weak, his name is a blessing in all its own, his presence to die for, there is so much pain in this horrid sinful world, a twist of anger and prideful anger, jealousy and hate, not a world envisioned, but a world corrupted by that of a greedy blackened angel. Yet hope is never vanished, no matter how it may be tried to its brink the faith of god may never be destroyed, for his word always returns, greater and better.

Never lose your faith, never give in,  
his light will shine, and illuminate  
your blackened path.

Chris Tiganescu

## Faith's Test

Our goals are hidden, what  
we become is a mystery,  
faith brings forth tests, should  
u fail these tests, does not  
foretell ur outcome, merely  
suggesting should be fixed.  
when lust rises and u find  
yourself at the heel of a lover,  
your choice is given, should  
you choose wrongly, u shall be  
punished, though not permently,  
and not painless.

Chris Tiganescu

# Fight To Survive

Substantial mistakes, so easily  
given up, is that how life is,  
when the going gets tough, the  
tough run? life holds mysteries  
every layer you peel back  
conceales either instant happiness  
or depression.

Is there a place for my head  
to sort out these thoughts, my head  
is in flames, my mind pounds  
within my skull, toughen out, stand  
up, never give in, cry it out, cry  
words of anger.

I break away at the sounds of the  
crying undead, my mind is in pain,  
it cries, out for help, no responce,  
i can feel the sin in my fists build,  
the fire bursts, fall to my face  
and soak this earth with tears as hot  
as fire, then rise for a soothing  
fight.

I fight for the better life, the  
better life i give you, through  
thick and thin, the final moment  
till we secure our hearts and  
hands in matrimony, no running away,  
stand your ground, get ready,  
to be bound, a kiss, then we are  
bound... as one.

What hurts at first...

Feels right in the end.

Chris Tiganescu

# Follow His Light

Don't let the twisted blackened  
road be your destruction, find  
the light to reveal the way,  
whether it be human or immortal,  
risking anger tears and empty  
words, never will our prayers be  
heard, a heart full a heart loving  
echo's through his ears and with  
faint words he will hear your  
call the miracles blind to the  
eye but none the less are there  
he is the man to bring peace to a  
horrid life, the trust is there or  
be it not be it milk and honey,  
or be it a fiery torture you  
choose....

Chris Tiganescu



# Forgiving Hands

The fog will lift as long as  
you strive to do so, wether,  
the answer lies near or very  
distant, with age comes undertanding  
and compassiona nd knowlodge,  
a broken heart to heall within  
time, forgive the past wrongs,  
live is forward, we are intertwined  
in our own life to see what  
occurs around us, that our own  
life is palgued, grave misatkes  
indeed, famine and disater strike  
again yet, reluctley we sob over  
that which fixable through a  
greater love, for we are human  
and we are subject bale to sinful  
desires, increasing challenges  
and the pain never ceases, not till  
your heart abides by his word  
and your his forgiving hands.

Chris Tiganescu

# From Dusk To Dawn

From dusk to dawn, i think of you,  
your gleaming eyes and all you do,  
the warmth of your skin, the touch of your lips,  
you in my sight i cry, every time away  
i die, love comes not so easy, yet  
sparks happiness in unworldly places,  
the words she speak, my heart skips  
a beat, the tears you shed i kiss away,  
the promise i give, i do not break, the  
love i have for you, unfathomable and  
unbreakable.

Chris Tiganescu

# Goodbye

Tell me, tell me what is left, what  
there is to look forward to. Tell me  
how long forever lasts, because  
forever is not nearly long enough to  
live, tell me what i crave. Tell the  
world what it is you want. Then stab  
my heart and while your doing so  
tell me one last time that you love  
me... tell me as i slip away.

Chris Tiganescu

# Heavy Heart

Hurt placed in my chest,  
my wounded soul, my dying  
heart, as depression  
sets in, anger looks for an  
outlet, i love this woman  
with all my heart, yet it  
seems like i have lost a small  
piece of my heart, i need a  
hope, a spark, something to  
put a smile on my face, and  
a flame in my heart, i need my  
love, she is entire world, she  
is my life.

Chris Tiganescu

# Hello Father Of Death

The angel on my shoulder, an expression I've heard so often, the light feeling of purity is scarce. The only feeling is that of a baggage of cement. Bringing me to the mud, forcing to be a part of the earth to return from where i was concieved, the ground is my mother and so lay 6 feet under in mothers arms as she welcomes me to her dirt home. The angel watching over I, is the angel of death, it beckons me asking to shake its cold hand, asking for the soul i do not deserve. Angel of my life who had been sent from heaven to guide me in the world of evil now murdered by the depression of my life story. It's hope and help is nowhere to be seen. Hello angel of death may i call you by the name i had never had the oppurtunity to say...

Hello Father.

Chris Tiganescu

# His Hand

I feel touched by his holy  
hand, his greatness rushes  
over me, a world full divine  
angles is under his graceful  
reign, he waves his weary  
hand over this sin-filled  
world, lord help me hold on,  
in his hands i shal remain safe,  
with his divine grace, this  
world shall reach heavenly  
places, lord pray to thee,  
to break the pain of this night,  
and rest my weary, tearfilled  
eyes.

Chris Tiganescu

# Hushed Tone

The air hangs in hushed tone  
as the gentle breeze carries  
these thoughts. How it feels to  
have such a warm embrace  
dwelling upon the back of neck.  
The soothing woman who finds  
comfort in me. The woman  
who had rekindled her passion  
for me. We had long awaited the  
return of passion. How I adore  
thee. The sky resembles my  
happiness with you. As you  
embrace my hand with yours  
we sit still I find those eyes  
gleaming with joy and comfort.  
Once more we lay in the fields  
that we expressed ourselves.

Our words are all the dwells in  
the silence as we bring our  
thoughts to life. Though time may  
stop and fire may reign, nothing  
will destroy the love I carry  
for you. It's our now and forever.

Chris Tiganescu

# I Deserve This

let the knife take its  
blood, i hurt what is dear  
to me, i deserve pain,  
i love this girl, a knife  
to my heart when i hurt her,  
would it really be so bad,  
if i blindly walk out in  
the street, 3 tons of metal  
shatter my bones to dust,  
that wouldnt be so bad, not  
enough for death, but enough  
to inflict pain, yet no  
comparsin to the pain in  
my chest i feel for hurting her.

I feel somewhat forgten,  
im not worth her time, a quick  
hello, then a goodbye. with weary  
eyes i lay awake, waiting,  
wondering, worrying, my sarcastic  
tones and anger, all due  
to a lack of sleep, try i may  
i lay awake, dephrived of sleep  
leaving me with a bit of temper.

No crime id i hurt, the sores  
of beaten body is what i deserve,  
cant breathe, this heavy feeling  
in my chest, straining my lungs, i  
hurt her, let these sheets be  
painted ruby red for the pain ive  
inflicted on her.

I apologize for what i have done to you,  
i am a fool for hurting you, i love you to  
much to let this go, i deserve whatever pain  
i get.





# I Long For You

Every tear i shed, every  
blood i spill, every  
broken bone in my body, is  
worth you, id give it all  
for you without hesatation,  
my hear beats, my heart  
aches, my skin longs for  
your touch, my lips beg  
for yours, i die for your  
sight, i die for your life,  
id crawl to ends, just to  
make ammends, i long for  
her heart.

Chris Tiganescu

# I Love Her

Lips, of merchants gold,  
she marvels at thought of  
me, as I to her, why does  
she do so? A beauty that  
strikes the heavens, and  
winged angels sing, kind  
and courtesy, she does not  
hate nor despise, she only  
loves, as I love her, I  
love her til the day is  
bright, and til the night  
falls, my lips crack a smile  
at the thought of her, she  
has my greaceful love.

Chris Tiganescu

# I Miss Thee

I miss thee my beautiful girl,  
your face, your eyes, your lips,  
i long for thy touch, I long for  
those lips, I long to press my  
lips to your own and fill me  
with sparks, I long for the words  
you speak, the words that  
speak to my heart, my heart  
soars for you, eyes that glisten  
like the oceans beautiful blue  
waves, all I want, all I need, what  
I long for is you.

Chris Tiganescu

# I Offer My Love

the aspect of life and  
love, to pour your soul  
into your words, to speak  
words of truth, to bond  
two into one, to share hand  
in hand, love, cry, live,  
die, ill do it all, as long  
as i do it with you, your  
beauty is equal to that of  
your inner self, you speak  
no hate, only love, your eyes  
are my sign of how you  
shed emotion, it would be  
as sad they if ever i see  
them the color of gray  
dreary sky, i pray that they  
shall be as blue as the ocean,  
then i shall know that i  
have shown you all i have to  
offer, what i have to offer  
is my love.

Chris Tiganescu

# I'LI Wait

How did things fester into this,  
the signs we had missed, the  
games we played, wishing to grasp  
your hands, although so much heartache  
is forced upon me from you,  
i shall not cave in, my love will  
remain, never will it falter and  
so i shall wait in faiths arms  
till the day you decide to show this  
lonely soul a world of excitement  
and wonder. so i sit here, waiting,  
i shall continue waiting for i belong  
with you, i know it to be true, i'll  
always wait for you...And never shall  
i hate you.

Chris Tiganescu

# In The Night

Thus the moon shine so  
bright, bringing new light  
to the dark night, where  
darkness convey's our lusts  
might, demons roam to wither  
your dreams to nightmarish  
ends, thus all is well as  
as a tear sheds light, and  
smashes to earth, with  
thunderous roar, yet subtle  
on impact, the darkness of night  
be purged of sin, for tears  
of grace shal flood all sin to  
hell and thus beyond, for it is  
the will of one, it is the will  
of many, that sin be purged.

Chris Tiganescu

# Insane

A mind is your direct motion.  
The piece that drives your  
choices. A poor mind is the  
foundation for self destruction.  
A destruction I hope for. The  
fires await my former friend,  
jump. A lunatic the injections  
speak with a deranged voice.  
Only voice you care to here.  
How dare you take the sacredness  
of gods word how dare you  
force your insanity upon me.  
Your a master of deceit. The  
respect I had for you is vanquished  
you had taken my love because  
you are to insane to know better.  
I pray for help. The help you  
desperately need. We are god  
set. Yet you have taken another  
path. Complete arrogance An  
utter hypocrite to your own  
teachings. Shameful it is. I am  
brought down by a man who  
believes himself to be better  
then others. My knees are not  
bent. I will work above you.  
The mind is trashing and breaking.  
Repent another repent your  
chances wears thin but go  
ahead breathe another sin.  
He awaits.

Chris Tiganescu



# Irreversible Words

Damaged in irreversible affect,  
your irridicant words and  
careless notions are precicley  
why we fight like this, why  
all i can think is of how  
my heart oozes blood, and how my  
head lurks to find peace, yet all  
thats is found is despair and  
thoughts of trickling blood, how  
this consquences change our  
behaviors and turn a civalized  
man into a savage beast, and  
in hands into blood-ridden  
tools, deseries for a better  
world, yet stumblin in the dark,  
seek shelter none is found. find  
hope none is found, find light...  
none to be found

Chris Tiganescu

## It Get's Harder

These problems worsen with each  
breath taken the pain is at no end,  
when Cupid finds me the wings blacken  
and I am stricken with arrows to bleed,  
never ending, the soul is clinging to  
a thread and I with it. Eyes dim,  
and heart blackens satan in human  
form is nockin at the door that you  
have barricaded with dry tears, fire is  
the plague in our heart, perhaps we  
are all doomed for it, perhaps a  
thousand suns will be our decider, and  
perhaps the pain shall end, perhaps  
I will feel the blood ride my skin with  
ease and perhaps my soul will be  
doomed! And perhaps I will be no longer  
a man! A puppet in the shadow of a dark  
lord only ready to obey no escape, only  
submission. And now I stay I hold on for  
the love that it brings, the smiles the warmth  
is what I seek so with dying breath  
I have and always will... love you.

Chris Tiganescu

# I've Failed

Such vulgar spewed from me,  
i am ashamed for such use, one  
can only imagine how i have hurt  
her, and in doing so, leaving me  
dead and deserted, i wander a  
blind dessert searching for her,  
no sight in a broken heart, to no  
prevail never again will she be mine,  
i am the lonely soul, for breaking such  
a bond, i am trash, trash for this  
injustice, i deserve nothing, she  
deserves it all, i deserve the profanity  
she spews at me, my anger is  
subsided due to the shattered heart...

I Love You...

Chris Tiganescu

# Kiss

sparks, lips pressed  
heart beating, blood  
boiling, rush of a  
excitement, butterflies  
to the core, i love  
you, love as this does  
not come lightly, it  
merely finds its way,  
i found someone who  
wont, wont play games  
with my head, she will  
not throw me in despair  
as the other did.

Chris Tiganescu

# Let His Hand Reign

Where has the mighty ones  
hand reigned, the provider of  
bread, leave me to slip away...

No i am not forsaken, merely more  
a sturdier man then ever i before  
merely the man, in a white doves  
presence whisking about, searching for  
the kiss of life, with his presence  
surrounding me, his hand slips over my  
shoulder, a touch of warmth i lay, here  
aching as he soothe's the pain i feel,  
begging me to join him where the angles  
sing and the elderly run, where family  
meet, and pain is subdued by his raging  
yet calming voice...

Risen to the beating of angels wings take the  
warmth of his hand and the love his lips speak.

Chris Tiganescu

# Live It

Wipe away this bleak past  
left with the scars that we  
carve, only to watch them  
vanish as we breathe in life.  
The favor of our hearts seek  
for a relentless existence  
the ability to love and be loved  
is our only desire. The love  
is between the little things.  
It awaits to be acquired. Feel  
the legs shift as we fall in  
disgrace each disgrace bringing  
us to our knees yet in time  
we learn to walk with power.  
Brave the fire that smears your  
heart as you make it the fire you  
control. It beckons I with graceful  
calls. It edges me forward and  
I can feel the burn between my  
chest. Love is our bound desire  
yet a greater desire is the one  
to feel the weightless life in our  
presence. Where each day be  
a gift and no longer a curse. The  
sins crawl and your feet and  
now you are it's master.

Chris Tiganescu

# Lonesome

So lonesome in this cold state  
of mind. I reach up and in my  
struggle I beg for a past that  
was better than my presence.  
It's time to take the final plunge.  
This bitterness is biting at my  
skin. Swindle my heart into your  
coma of lies. Leave a mistreated  
crumple of hate. The edge of  
the line is rigid with every falter  
of my existence. It beckons me to  
leap. I hear Shattered drops tear  
at my sill it's asking me to join the  
earth with it. It's a beautiful life.  
The life of the lost that is. No  
worries no troubles just an ultimate  
fate. It's never been enough to  
save the skin that decays over my  
dead heart. It's all I need. It's time I  
peel back the skin of hate to release  
my heart of the hate it harbors so  
deep. Take these demons with your  
hands. My choice of life is do it  
alone and it shall be to the Benefit  
of others. I am like the shattered lamb  
striving to stand yet always crawling  
beneath others. I am here to quench  
the thirst that my life has given me.  
There is no love to quench it.

Chris Tiganescu

# Love At First

intensity, heart racing  
eyes like a frozen ocean  
wave, pain missing, absent,  
love had found me, yet  
I love that, that does not  
love me back, unexpected  
unplanned, never believed  
id experince love at first,  
my heart is beating, im slowly  
regaining my life, and i feel  
no need for the shrew who had  
put me in that hospital bed,  
all i need is her magnificent  
eyes, it is love at first.

Chris Tiganescu



# Love At It's Finest

Open breeze, money, a lighthearted sky,  
all pitiful in comparison to this, the  
fire in my heart re-kindled, those feelings  
again, rise with each touch, eyes  
staring deep in my heart, all to show is  
a longing to have you in my arms, to never  
release you from my grasp, missing you  
every time you walk away, so alive in the  
in this dead world...

Running through my heart  
running through my mind  
filling my life  
no longer needing a knife  
im glad to call you my wife...

I cant bring myself to cry, a lifes hard end bringing  
nothing but numbness to my eyes barely a whisp,  
i need you, i want you ache for you, i'd die for you...

Proving time and time again that my descion to hold  
onto you be not wrong judgment, but a choice that  
will forever reward me, for your love is the relighting  
of my day, and the awakening of my forever sleep, that  
your lips can bring me to my knees, that a touch would  
bring warmth to my heart and flutters to my worn heart...

A heart worn from the constant battling  
and the losing of the love game, but still  
holding and beating and loving, still  
loving you, still wanting you... still needing  
you...

Can i spare a moment? i can spare a life my bones my mind  
my heart, and give them all to you.

Chris Tiganescu

# Love Is Here

Anger is darkness of a mans  
soul, it swallows you whole,  
it consumes your life, it brings  
forth pain, it brings forth misery.

Like a flame i singe my skin,  
anger looks for an outlet, these  
hands, these hands spill blood,  
not of others but of my own, i  
ache, no feeling in these dry  
bones.

Pain, pain in my heart, eagerly  
awaiting removal, seek love,  
love is found, love is here,  
love shall not disappear, love  
conquers, love aches, love is  
you, love is I, love we have, and  
love we shall keep.

Chris Tiganescu

# Love Shall Mend

Feel the pain, take my life  
throw what i have away, im  
driving blind, lets end our pain,  
lets play a game, take this  
knife, play with fire, lets  
blow away our desires, hate this  
world hate the pain, stay  
on my feet more pain to gain,  
slip on these rocks, tear at my  
skin, place the plague, lets  
cry out the hate, singe the skin,  
kill the wench, kill my rage,  
fall to the floor with scars to  
show, stich my heart, let the pain  
show, take it away, all away...

Never gonna take away, fight for  
the right, end this game, with a  
thirst for blood quenched.

What Hurts in hate, love shall mend.

Chris Tiganescu

# Love The Light That Had Brought The Love

A word to describe a passion or a phrase

A love to pursue those golden days

Wether in dark or light

Playing this game with lovers might

Though i ache and i break  
my love for you shall never fade  
for with your touch your skin so warm  
the sweeping sensation flows through me at an oceans grace  
and love is but another understatement.

Falling fro you with my knees blood ridden and my eyes  
weeping for you, escape my tongue a scream chilling  
an infants bones, prelude hell and back for love, returning  
with a wisp of ash and the scene of pride. Yet again  
dumbstruck by your curing beauty

The image shall not fade, nor would i long for it to.  
the beauty in one so young, an amazement. yet a  
truer beauty in the love i feel for her, love that is  
bounded by God's golden thread.

Forever is long lasting, though not long enough  
for the fruit of love still grows when thy holder  
is buried deep in the earth, a love made one with  
life, giving the earth its luscious green wonderland..

I drift to sleep in hopes that my love will dwindle in  
my dreams, that she'll be waiting to steal my sleeping  
breath, and making it hers, and so with it I may  
experience the sensuality that so many a men crave  
yet do not deserve. yet what man shall deserve  
what he has not yet earned, a love to work for and  
love in return will be shown through the most exotic  
yet sweetest of ways.

And on on again, to the baby's laughter, the  
heartwarming experience of a god given  
father, and till the day of department a light kiss  
and a feathered hug will be the nutrition of life.

The past in smoldering ruins. Soon to be forgotten  
the days that had pushed life to the edge, for in the  
ashes love grows and returns stronger then it had  
ever been...

Chris Tiganescu

# My Time Isn'T Over

My time has not ended, I  
shall not back down from  
this, the devils embrace  
will not taint me, the  
temptation is over no  
longer bound by lusts chains,  
this is I! I am who I am,  
my life is mine again as  
I lay to waste the filth I  
had created, I live on  
with the pride dwelling in  
my heart, my back feels the  
sensation of weights removed,  
the feeling oh so soothing...

☐will not be pulled away

Chris Tiganescu

# Never Change My Words

Shall I shorten what was written by  
a beaten heart, my work does not  
appeal to the ears and eyes of the  
reader however how should that matter,  
shall I altar the truth or let I be, shall I  
make a mockery of what these hands I  
had created, never there be a censor  
to my words, never a bit of change, to  
change is to lie, to lie is to deceive  
and deceive I shall not, for should I  
break the vow of poets tounge the  
weakened lie to turn faith agaisnt me,  
and ultimitley be cursed on my  
head.

Chris Tiganescu

# Never Give Up

Speak not a word but let me  
speak mine, the words i weave  
are truth in stone, the time  
is not lost, forever time to  
trun your faith, forever to be  
revealed a truer beauty, hearts  
intertwined to be a broken lust,  
yet a he a man, but not a man  
inself, never leave you to a  
broken heart, he merely asks  
that you searh for his heart,  
and he will hold yours...

In turn my love is great for those  
around me, wether a broken game or  
a lively sadness rains over her,  
she will not be left to whislte in  
the dark, a hand to hold her forward,  
a place in his broken heart, this  
girl of amazement yet sadness, never  
a weary eye as i take my leave to  
guid her through the trenches toward a  
life she could never possibly see in a  
dream, a life where the true rain  
strong and the decietful are under the  
hand of an expressed lover, never regret,  
only forgive

Chris Tiganescu



# No Fight Left

Your words, so foul, you  
tear apart my heart, such  
pain it grips my mind, and  
drives it toward insanity,  
the sharpest of steel arrows  
implanted in my chest, driving  
forward tearing at my muscles,  
till i am weak and lifeless,  
feel the evil grip on my heart,  
struggle to fight back, yet  
to no prevail, no fight left...

In a broken heart.

Chris Tiganescu

# No More History Repeats

So the new days arrive, the days of  
growing dark, and dimming lights, give  
only to break, the pain it divides it splits.  
Where will my heart land? In her soft  
hand? Or under her boot. The constant  
fear that grips my mind, the mind  
intact to a point, should the point sever  
then so does all sanity, and so the rain  
beats at my head, the dead season  
draws near, pack my heart to protect it  
from drawing it's pain, yet with this fear  
so comes the hope that history shall  
not repeat itself. For the repeating of history  
concludes in the downfall of man. In this  
case should it repeat, it be the downfall  
of only I.

A price for your soul to the Devil it takes  
Only to see life in shambles as it soon breaks.

Chris Tiganescu

# Not Over

Love bound to find you, to hold  
you, and guide you, to find myself  
in the process, strive to hold,  
strive for a kiss, strive to make  
ends meet, and love burst, light  
the spark and renew the flame,  
strive for a victor in this horrid  
game, yet all a victor, or non what  
so ever, the light candle blown  
away, relight it and continue our  
path, to end locked in hand, walk  
down the aisle, hit the peak of  
exertion and react with our loins,  
start our life with a newborn cry,  
as another makes its way...

Where wrongs pass, happiness  
lies, hand together while we start and  
end our lives.

Chris Tiganescu

# Nothing Will Change

Too hear these words,  
tis pain, tis unbearable,  
yet tis joy, that such  
trust she'd have, to tell  
me, a flawed past, our  
pasts are of nothing to  
brag, they are pain and  
hurt, they are our lives,  
yet now that those are behind  
us, our time is now, here  
we are, we are now, we love,  
dont dwell on the past live  
in the now, our time of  
happines is here, this is a  
chance to start over, to live  
our lives together, i love you  
dont dwell on the past, just  
know we are together.

Chris Tiganescu

# Nowhere Going

It goes nowhere. This friendship  
is farthest from fantastic. A closer  
possibility is that of the loaded  
bullet. If it only be that easy.  
Could I find an after life to enjoy?  
The heaven I crave is one fair  
haired beauty. This shadow has  
converged on me it pulls me down.  
The thrust of its rage is my pain.  
It is a low awakening far to warm  
to cool my skin. How Is it that a  
life is present when the only one  
to wield it is a zombie of what he  
once was. A slave to the thought  
of dissapearence. Tonight its all  
gone low the pain is breaking  
cold. How marvelous that in my  
pain I remain comfortable. In a  
sense I am where I belong. The  
pain my shelter, my housing.  
How peculiar that even now I trudge  
along without a worry. Be it a  
life a no longer desire. Better it be  
gone to the black then trudging  
a shattered organ through the  
shadow.

Chris Tiganescu

## Our Task Ahead

Crisp warm sand, brushing  
between my toes, your hand  
in mine, we crawl we climb,  
you fall, i turn my hand in reach,  
I plead 'come on, you can make  
it, ' you rise, we never give up,  
we never give in, where others  
have failed we have succeeded,  
we fall i feel this smooth sand  
trickling on my hands, i look  
into your wavy blue eyes, and  
we kiss, we kiss not caring who  
stares, we rise once again, and  
continue our descent up this  
mountain as some say, I say  
it is a test of how far you are  
willing to go, by your side we  
reach the tip, hand in hand  
beauty explodes over this beautiful  
sea, yet i realise my task was  
not reaching to see beauty but  
instead to reach with the girl  
of beauty.

Chris Tiganescu

# Pain Diminshing

Capture our pain, a snapshot  
of our suffering, empty caverns,  
hurt...yet so in love, anger gnawing  
on my skin yet to my amazement  
none leaks, my mind so empty,  
yet full of infinite thoughts, was it  
expected? was i prepared?  
forgiving is forgetting, my anger  
could never survive toward her,  
my heart cries out, ' I love you.  
it's ok no one is perfect.' the  
anger tremendous, the pain  
amazing, the heart chipped, yet  
my love for her so great, the pain  
vanishes, with every problem  
conquered, our bond strengthens,  
with each passing second the  
pain diminishes, due to to my vast  
love for you.

Chris Tiganescu

# Pain Ever After

Why does so much despair hit me  
like daggers in my heart i am  
crumpled in a bloody heap, i am  
broekn and defeated, i share the  
pain with no one i wield it alone,  
a never ending fear made to break  
into reality, of losing this girl  
whom i love so dear, whos presence  
gives me reasurance, yet with  
her not a around theres non to  
stop me from taking deaths hand,  
with a set of words you sever the  
bond, well yours at least, while mine  
still clings to false hope...

Ä fool to believe in happily  
ever after, when in truth it is only  
pain ever after.

Chris Tiganescu



# Pale Eye

So late these tears sweep from  
my eyes, i cant stand the feeling  
of my lonesome heart, my heart  
is losing the battle of forgetting,  
your image burned in my mind,  
what was once your love burned  
in my chest, your image plagues  
my dreams, so long these red tears  
crash to the floor, face full of shame  
and anger, never to glance back,  
stare forward in distress, your voice  
echoing in my skull, your lips so  
pure asking for another touch  
but one i shant receive, for the  
days of our love have vanished,  
you've moved on, as i am stuck in  
a twisting story, grappling with my  
fears, my mind, my heart, falling  
ever so slightly in the blackened  
suffering...

The thoughts are soaked in this pale eye.

Chris Tiganescu

# Peaceful Sleep

When hearts lie tears fall, pain  
escapes endeavor red never to  
live again, till more comes to  
dread, happy in a single moment,  
but devastation to hit, with a blade  
of destruction quake with fear  
as death takes ahold of the  
loveless man dragging where men  
fear, endure the fire in your eyes  
as the fire reaches your soul, no  
hate no love no pain, only endless  
peaceful sleep.

Chris Tiganescu

# Perfection In It's Definition

Give thee a gem, a birth stone.  
The vision which we are intrusted  
in too view nothing less then pure,  
and that is all my gaze has  
held... and all it will ever hold.  
For once grace had strolled into  
my presence my world was illuminated  
ten fold. These were not the feelings  
of a distressed teen, but more  
that of a lost lover's soul. How  
beautiful she stands as she gazes at  
I. I who cannot even compare to her  
beauty had been given the gift of  
a goddess, I am stricken by the  
feeling of love, she is perfection  
in it's definition. Eyes break the  
barrier of a mans heart and lips  
purer then pearls. Such a woman of  
beauty to be taken by I, a man of  
mediocrity. Surely god had smiled  
upon me that day for in that moment I  
had received the gift of a bound  
friend, a bound wife and a bound lover.  
Truely in this day I had received  
the woman of perfection.

Chris Tiganescu

# Revenge So Sweet

Damn this, damn it all! damn it to  
a firey demise, the pain never settles  
and, I wishing for the taste of a  
blade bathing in blood. The taste so  
sweet as the victim gazes in the eyes  
of there decider, the feeling to wring  
filth neck is an exsquisite thought. The  
succesor who drinks the blood of thy  
enemy becomes the dark spirit that  
wanders the cold earth. Such a sweet  
and tender desire. It is in reach i see it  
mockin me from afar and as i reach  
for it, again it slips away as i fall and the  
only blood spilt is mine. A healthier lust  
for revenge i could never imagine.

Chris Tiganescu

## Running With Pain

This is what my heart cannot take,  
the grizzly thoughts enter my mind  
with such force a horror movie replaying  
slowly over and over in my head,  
thou my fear be not murder blood shed  
nor even death at times all these  
are a welcoming thought, no my fear  
is that of losing, losing the one that  
I had invested so much heart and soul,  
is history repeating? The Marathon  
for the destruction of my heart is  
constantly in progress and the participants  
constantly ahead stepping on it, and  
done with such ease that at times all  
thoughts are pointing to surrender,  
should I? Every thought says yes,  
yet my heart says no, heart says  
hold on...the heart is always right

Chris Tiganescu

# Secrets Locked Away

Despair, haunting memories  
images blocked out fire anger  
rage agrivation deep pain it  
never fades your heart rips your  
body aches your mind cries you  
strive to forget yet memories so  
intact yet out of reach depriving  
thoughts the you strive to know  
yet fear what you find a memory  
for a reason to protect your  
sanity yet not knowing is  
unbearable.

Chris Tiganescu

# Snapshot

With each snapshot of her  
glimmering beauty, my heart  
bursts, this light reflecting  
from your long wavy hair,  
a burst of beauty and passion  
captured in a single moment,  
i weep these tears i never  
thought possible, your body  
both reflects the beauty of  
life in its green frame, and  
despair of a teardropp crashing  
to earth, with each dew dropp  
that reflects of your sensual  
body, i gasp at how much beauty  
can be in so little, life is  
your best friend, capturing  
each moment with a creative eye,  
that forces the most simple  
of things to explode into life,  
your wicked smile, your gentle  
touch your keen sence of beauty  
make you the most desirable,  
yet the most deadly, with a  
snap of a twig and the twich of  
the heart, life can come  
crashing down, bringing you  
to your knees begging for the  
pain to be over, with a flick  
of her wrist and a click of her  
finger the world can gilmmer in  
beauty or crash down with spiraling  
heat. her laugh it so sensual  
her green world around her, comes  
to a halt just to hear it, each  
step you take a trail of flowers  
follow, wich with your genius eye  
your eager to capture. yours eyes  
dance along with each twitching  
flower, dancing to the music of

life, bringing a smile to every  
face you encounter, warmth to each  
heart you touch. your lips so  
sensual kissing the fabric of life,  
bringing color to those who have  
none, aspires to find good in those  
who have none to share, making  
every moment feel right, everyday  
begins anew with this thought  
provoking girl, an arousal in the way  
she moves, the words that she  
carries, seeking to make life  
worth the living, bringing that  
feeling to me, that feeling of here  
with her is where i want to be.  
so graceful so magical, is this  
girl who with a snap of her fingers  
and an explosion of fire can rip  
your heart from your chest without  
hesitation. who can either place  
a smile on your face or a tear on  
your cheek. whose words aspire  
to bring life to its green state,  
her sensual movement the drive  
men crazy, a whisp of her gentle  
kiss that bring you to your knees,  
hostility and grace, strong and  
frail, locked down or in love

If i could take the most beautiful moment  
and capture it in a single snapshot it would be  
those gorgeous eyes of yours searching for new ways  
to make life explode in color.

Chris Tiganescu



# So Dies This Night

When you think you know someone,  
and you think they'll tell you  
all that is needed to know  
tongue falter and what should have  
been said long ago is lost in  
a web of lies when a heart uses  
your word as a kickstand  
and that kickstand is made of  
words that were altered  
it collapses and so dies under  
painful night with another  
painful lie...

Chris Tiganescu

## So Worth It

Every detail embodies perfection  
even the soft trickel of a stream flowing  
from her body intriges me, i had fallen  
for her with such ease you'd say it was  
as if sliding on the slipriest of ice, this love  
that i adore is constanly arousing me  
and entering my mind, the thoughts of her  
spread like a wildfire, the pain diminishes  
as she holds me near. I lay down my life,  
for the one had given it to me. both  
sensual and adorable she never ceases  
to amaze me...

The one who had me whole, For she  
was once, lost as was I in a cloud of  
misery, yet to my suprise she had made  
her way, back blowing away that darkness  
with her gentle kiss. Although the pain  
was great and the end seemed near,  
i had realized that in all of this, holding  
on was the single smartest decsion i have  
ever made. I love her.

Chris Tiganescu

## Still Going

Never knowing, what seemed  
to fade to black, crawls  
back towards light, our  
intimate words regain  
consciousness, where love  
had perceived to have  
failed in truth only was  
seeking to be found, now  
found and never letting  
go, to make amends and  
love, i savour the words  
spoken, for these words  
open a new world of color  
to me, her blue eyes  
are eagerly present,  
those powerful eyes that had  
captured my love, is pierced  
in my mind, oh how i long  
to gaze into them, and kiss  
those soft lips of hers...

Not new beginnings only  
a continued story left to be  
told to little ears in a  
distant future, to grasp  
our future and grasp each others  
hands, that's where we regain  
the title of love, and project  
our story of struggle  
of happiness to to a precious  
young ones eyes... our young  
one, an offspring from our loins,  
we share and create the child's  
laugh, that shall capture our  
ears and leave us in tears over  
the happiness that we've made  
in life...

But patience for it is long off  
for now lets stand hand in hand  
happy... and love stricken.

Chris Tiganescu

# Strong As I Am

Thus a night with an end drawing nearer  
was my only excitement. The heart was  
gone. The soul lost to a forgotten plague.  
Man remains nothing if he is no longer the  
man that he hath known to be true. Twas a  
sour wind that had slit these words, Making  
them inoperable to the written tongue. With  
swift motion the spirits had awoken within my  
heart. As I feel the darkness creep. My  
lovers hand driving them away. I fall, I be  
blessed for the gift bestowed upon me. The  
strength to rise once more in my veins it's a  
delight in the tongue to merely whisper your  
name. The name that I have grown fond of.  
Once beaten by the hand of the sin pusher,  
the choice left to make hath been nothing  
more then an outcome with a grimace Finnish.  
Yet now is the moment in which she hath  
taken me from the ashes. to bring life with her  
gentle lips. The fear is removed, and the hope  
of a forever conceals its place. The spirit of the  
heart is the spirit that dwells within I.

Chris Tiganescu

# Such Love

What i thought could never happen  
has ouccured, my love has been  
increased, this girl whos smile  
makes my heart leaps, whos kisses  
make my legs give way, when i press  
my lips to hers a flame shoots down  
my body, this heat engulfs me completley  
from this love i feel for her. my eyes  
twicth and my body aches and yet i  
still find reason to move, such  
vibrant hands i grasp in mine, a woman  
so strong yet so frail, whose under my  
everlasting protection, this girl of beauty  
and grace who spews an aroma that  
grasps my attention, this girl has  
wrestled my heart without breaking  
a sweat she has earned my love as i have  
earned hers.

Chris Tiganescu

# Sweeter Than Honey. More Luscious Than Whiskey

Oh how my heart is pressed at.  
How long it had been since I had  
stroked words on paper with a  
delicate hand. How can she confound  
me so. How do I fall victim to  
her tantalizing sight. Inexplicably  
she had caught my perverted gaze.  
And yet it is much more than that.  
She has provoked my heart to open  
with widespread arms for her. Oh  
could I possibly endure the inevitable  
wait that is soon to come. The thoughts  
they once again flow like fresh  
cradled honey. Oh but a spoonful of  
this goddess is not enough to quench  
my thirst for her. Her bountiful  
body is only matched by her heart.  
Oh how I wish to weep as the miles  
are placed between the search  
come to end? Within this battered  
chest lies the sweetest answer that  
have ever been found. Yes.

Renewal of the a lost soul is often bound to occur, given that the lost allow  
themselves to love again.

Speak not words of glorified language, but rather yet, let your love glorify your  
language.

Chris Tiganescu

# Take My Hand

Its as if a dark cloud had  
spewed over my world, she  
is my world, i want her  
to smile, smile like no  
girl has ever smiled before,  
as long as her hand holds  
onto mine, she'll never  
frown, just take my hand, and  
let lifes little worries  
vanish at the blink of an eye,  
never let go, never look back,  
just look ahead, at what is,  
and what shall be, there lies  
happiness, behind lays pain and  
despair, once more look forward,  
take my hand as i kiss you  
through the night, just hold  
on to never look back.

Chris Tiganescu



# That Love's My Life

It's been quite awhile ain't  
it and know with each warm  
tear that rolls down my cheek  
my love get's stronger, for  
I once thought would be tears  
of sorrow had turned into  
tears of the upmost joy. My love  
glowing with the flame you  
feed it, my broken face lightened  
with a smile, for your incredible  
touch had made life worth  
living for as long as each  
breath I take I am cloiser to  
your heart and you to mine,  
never again will i feel pains  
grip on my reality, but instead  
I will feel the grip of my lover  
protecting my heart, as I  
to her.

Chris Tiganescu

# That Time

The nights grow colder, the whisp of loneliness  
invading me, the wanting to crawl away, through  
the bloody dirt and the gravel, as the world  
breaks at it's hinges, I continue to linger the path  
with no hand to lift me when i fall none to wipe  
the tears engulfing my eyes, pebbles cut  
my weakend knees as i crawl on these hands...

□

Won't time turn back, to the time of  
happines ever lasting, pain ever gone,  
the love is gone, the word is bleak,  
world in ruins as the ground gives way  
and the weak fail to walk the straight path  
and I with my head brought low, my hair  
dangling in view, cracked at my feet the  
ground is a tomb waiting to be made  
for the man who stands on it...

The Innconce is lost, the righteous hand black as  
the night that seems to never brighten. My  
body the instrumnet of the devils pleasure, i cant  
free myself from his reigns, the thought run through  
my mind and I adrift in it's sensuality blind to the  
world around me, lips once meant for pure now for  
the woman for whom had been innocent no more...

□

Sensuality is the curse of the  
human nature. It's lust nearly  
impossible to cage, the feelings  
drain over your body, and thoughts  
never meant to be thought rush  
over. From the red sea to the  
glimmering greens of the other end,  
no matter what beauty may lay there.  
There's a single black spot waiting,  
watching for that single moment

of weakness before pressing forward  
and steeling everything from you  
with nothing to look forward to but  
the smell of a dead air under your  
aching feet, and the sensations  
of the lonely night...

□

So again i cry out...

Where is that time...

The time i had loved...

The time i was loved...

The time lonely was just a word...

The time i was me...

Chris Tiganescu

# The Beating Of The Sun

I feel the sun trickling down my  
neck, this day's heats puts my  
mind at a blank, trickling sweat,  
anger, the fire that builds inside,  
as strong as the suns violent rays,  
my back aches my eyes water,  
my throat rigged with dehydration,  
exhaustion and sadness are placed  
on me, i have a weary soul, thou  
who feels the beating of the sun, feels  
the anguish of man, turmoil as hot  
as the day, a fight with oneself to  
restrain to not induce pain in thyself  
but instead to open your heart to  
the wonders of this ever changing  
world, my body and mind grow as  
fast as this earths fertile ground.  
the day proceeds, yet no sign of  
the calming cool breeze.

Chris Tiganescu

# The Broken Frame

These relentless tears, i try to  
fight them, yet the strength do  
has faded from this broken  
heart, the light is fading from  
my heart, the morning suns rays  
so far out of my reach, and  
wings of a broken angel beat  
over me and i fall to my knees  
over the never ending bombardment  
to this swollen heart, the pain  
never to disperse, what has  
become of me...

I am a crumpled picture in a broken frame,  
blackened by the tears of my own demise.

Chris Tiganescu

# The Cycle

To press forward and make hearts swell,  
and bring nothin but misery in our  
dull lives, for the days are limitles,  
the anger raw, the pain great. Better  
to let you go, yet i cant find myself  
to do so. stuck in a never ending cycle  
of pain and love, goulish tears run  
down withered cheeks. with thoughts of  
ruby red blood, entering my mind, and  
lingering eyes in this very room, my  
mind set, my heart swept, my pain  
halting...

But for the moment, then the cycle  
begins again.

Chris Tiganescu

# The Fire Inside

The fire inside, spreads into  
my eyes, i feel the power i  
feel what breaks inside,  
liquify my mind, break the  
hate, lets break the anger,  
lets douse the flame, say  
my name in vain, throw me  
away, pick me up, lift my heart,  
crush it like dust, destroy my  
mind, and kill my lust, fall  
to the floor and cry his name,  
let us play this horrid game,  
where our only goal is to  
cut the pain off our skins,  
lets induce the pain, lets create  
a flame, fall on your face,  
stare at his feet cry holy  
is the lord of light.

Chris Tiganescu

# The Most Beautiful I Have Ever Met

So brisk, the sun setting on my  
back, such glamerous time, yet  
better to be not exactly with, but  
closer to my darling girl, i miss  
the way the light dances off her  
hair, eyes that blossom like blue  
flowers, her hugs thats says  
everything is alright, her kisses  
that flutter my heart, mishap fallen  
to her yet not permit, but a mere  
setback to her, yet to me nothing  
changes, same girl, same look, same  
character, she has no reason to fret,  
in my eyes the most beautiful i have  
ever met.

Chris Tiganescu



# The Stars

Billions and billions  
of stars, each a bit of  
the greater story, in  
this dark night stand  
and stare and see your  
face, here i stand there  
you are...but your not  
here, we a seprated by  
miles and miles of a  
broken road, but walking  
that road is worth all  
the time, to see your  
face, and kiss you under  
these stars.

Chris Tiganescu

# This Beautiful Girl

With every spoken word my  
heart cries with joy, i  
tremble with every touch,  
those ocean eyes stare at  
me, such sincerity, so much  
love, so much passion.  
does such thing exist? If  
so this is it, with every  
kiss i melt away, her eyes  
dance, and speak words so  
passionate, in her hands  
she holds a fragile object,  
my heart and so it beats,  
to the sound of her breath,  
every breath taken, is a relief  
to my heart, and this girl  
I shall marry, ill be there,  
to hold you, to kiss you,  
to let you know everything  
is alright i love her, with her  
the rest of the world melts  
away. love exists in this  
beautiful girl.

Chris Tiganescu

# Through Time

I give thee a tear,  
i give a heart to stab with a spear,  
play this game, this rough game,  
play till the end, riches of  
happiness await you, with pain soon to  
mend, the clock ticks away, grasping faith,  
till the moment we marry, our lips  
shall purge our sins, and shall  
bring forth to a new day, from the loins  
we carry, we shall create...a life  
tis wich will be loved, wich  
shall be endured through pain, a child for me  
a child for you.

Chris Tiganescu

# Time Heals Nothing

The past is a gone memory, the present is bleak, so far and so close, with no power to seek for the light that has eluded grasp, these moments are the moments where the question of man arises and we must choose between what is right and what we desire, for the phrase time heals all wounds is a misleading term that offers nothing but confusion to those who know not what it means, memory is our key, yet not every memory is meant to be unlocked, at times it is better to let go then to pursue a hopeles answer, and in this we find that we have wasted our lives.

Chris Tiganescu

# Tortured Souls

So many tortured souls surround me  
and i only one mouth longing to bring  
a spread of hope to the ones  
who have none, with these aching  
hands i write the poets tale...

A tale of love and worship,  
of anger and hate,  
depression, and suicide,  
life and death...

When i hear the cry of fellow man,  
the bloodlust of our human nature,  
the anger and the tortured citizens  
that walk by us... i fall to my knees  
and beg it all to be over, for these  
people to find there happiness, there  
one to love, and there savoir  
and there promise land...

Tortured Soul bound in a flesh of  
human shell, waiting to be realise into  
a white land of milk and honey.

Chris Tiganescu

# Upon Inner Impact

Such unforeseen events...

thou not certain, painful to think  
of, the thought of her lips pressed  
to another, tis unfathomable, the  
very thought brings me to my knees,  
she think of it as nothing, yet put  
her in my place, let her see what  
my eyes see....

It is everything....

A day that is not certain, may never  
even occur, many may think of me  
as insane, yet they know not what  
i feel, not what i think, not the  
impact it has on me, they know  
nothing of me....

Man concludes by whats is  
present outside, yet have no knowlodge  
of the impact inside.

Chris Tiganescu

# What Never Was

Her twisted little twisted  
mind deserves to be shambled  
and burnt, a child's blood spilled  
never to see the light of day, the  
anger that rages over is consuming  
me like a fire, my skin sings  
at the thought, can't find myself,  
my head spins around, i can't feel my  
body, heartaches one after another,  
nothing but stainless steel and  
blood soaked clothes invasion my  
head, its tearing apart, im tearing  
apart.

Chris Tiganescu

# Where Are Those Days?

Where have the days gone?

Our burning passion  
seemed always in reach,  
always reaching for one another,  
each kiss magical, i used  
to strain myself to pry  
myself from your arms, hello  
was easy, goodbye was hard,  
and now you shirk away from  
me, the girl of an infinite  
passion, the girl with whom  
i boar the mountain, with whom  
i spent the illuminated  
night with, while every choice  
seemed right...

Nearly confinement hits,  
you change, my little girl no  
longer here, the girl who ive  
come to know and love no longer  
here, as she struggles to find  
herself she tears me down, leaving  
my sheets stained with tears...

So many thoughts pretrude  
my mind, i had stayed hand in hand  
when you needed my presence most, i  
fall to my knees and beg for the  
pain to flee, it never shows sign  
of movement, always remains, these  
blood filled thoughts these outbreaks  
of rage, they fill my day, when  
night falls, slumber is nowhere to  
be found...



When we struggle to undo old wrongs,  
what are we really undoing? is it the wrongs...  
or our life.

Chris Tiganescu

# Where Your Heart Belongs

in the evening, with your  
love that was so easily lost  
and those perfect blue eyes  
that drive me wild, you say  
its best that i let go that  
i am weakened to hold on...

Though knowing where your  
heart belongs not from the  
now moments but the moments  
that have been and the  
moments that shall be, and  
where life takes its best  
to know that wether it be  
good or bad u will welcomed  
back in caring arm

Chris Tiganescu

# Where's The Real You

I love you, I see you strive  
to impress those around you and  
i see this little girl who puts on a smile,  
and acts like everything alright,  
when really on the insde she hurts  
and no one knows it or cares  
enough to know, this girl who shrugs  
it off like nothing has happened  
yet slowly the pain gnaws at you, you  
have no idea the pain i feel when i  
see you go through this...

~~y~~ou could never know how strongly  
i feel for you, even i dont know...

~~a~~ll i know is thats my feelings for  
you are far greater than any mere person  
could beigin to comprehend.

Chris Tiganescu

## Who Are You To Point Fingers?

These nights rain with the same  
fire that have been. She believes  
me to be lost but the only thing I  
am losing is happiness with each  
accusation she spits in my face.  
I am a hater and a low life within  
her beautiful eyes. When I strive  
with a broken heart to bring her  
the joy she deserves. One false  
moment brings her to edge. My  
edge is below me, push me. Do it.  
Push me forward. I dare you!  
Watch the fire engulf me! Can  
you bare it? Your my restraint  
from a firey demise, my soul savor  
I entrust my life to you, as I always  
will. Leave it a moment stomp it out.  
I dare you. The sizzle is a sweet  
scent. No pain to my skin, though  
I'd prefer it. The skin may heal, a  
life won't. Below is the devil who  
dwells within with his power life  
shall dim. Lord why would you  
take her away! ? Give her to me  
only to take her away! ? Have I not  
been well enough in your eyes.  
Obviously not. We're running these  
nights with a sinful heart, they  
long a taste for blood. Helpless to  
the world. Lie me down bring  
me around I'm falling.

Chris Tiganescu

## Wont Rest

So long since i was swept with  
such emotion, tears roll down  
my cheeks, i sit here wishing,  
waiting for the time that once  
was, it's not over it's still  
waiting, be still my heart i  
shall never find another like  
you, a girl who makes my wolrd  
rotate, who when she looks me  
in the eyes, i know that magic  
exists, no regrets from such  
a beautiful girl, my heart is  
broken and mascaraed, but still  
i dont let go, i shall not rest  
till once again you are in my  
arms, and i may call you...

My wife.

Chris Tiganescu

# Yet To Be Resolved

Corruption, in there intense  
distrust, relentless, destined to fall,  
destined to succeed a burning  
desire for the touch of skin and the  
faint whisper of a ghoulish tongue, a  
hindered mind, along with hindered lips,  
lips begging for human love, yet to  
no prevail, and intense fire seeping  
through my scalp the flames  
setting ablaze my thoughts embark  
on another endless voyage into mustered  
caves the sins slither there way  
across musky cave walls, a black drip,  
an extended tongue, fists clenched eyes  
setting....

To resolve what plagues our life  
we must first resolve what plagues us.

Chris Tiganescu