

Poetry Series

**Ken Bennight**  
**- poems -**

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# Ken Bennight()

I am me and that is all I can say...A lot of poems are personal but most are 100%fiction...The dark poems are from request of a few readers...Hope everyone enjoys.

GOD bless, Saint.

# A To Z

A nything  
B ad  
C ertainly  
D ies  
E ventually  
F or  
G od  
H as  
I nstalled  
J esus  
K ing  
L ord  
M aster  
N umber  
O ne  
P eople  
Q uit  
R unning  
S enselessly  
T oward  
U nderworld  
V illains  
W in  
X -alt  
Y ahweh  
Zion is home.

Ken Bennight

# A Darker Hour

A darker hour awaits her,  
much to my delight.  
Her temp of fate mistakes her,  
but I shall set it right.  
For I shall bare a wicked sin,  
an evil found within.  
And so get lost in visions red,  
where all of death begins.  
Never found like stones of dark,  
or stench of rotten roses.  
Awaiting answers of her judgment,  
before the door of her life closes.  
I must be the one who does the deeds,  
none else will take.  
She walks and lives in total light,  
while a darker hour waits.

Ken Bennight

# A Game With Life

Don't close your eyes,  
don't turn away,  
for you might miss my move.  
I'll take a risk that you don't see,  
to sit you up to lose.  
Your counting squares,  
not pawns my friend,  
two steps ahead of self.  
And as in life without a plan,  
enslavements what is felt.  
Take your time no need to rush,  
think about your move.  
And don't forget what I just said,  
don't sit you up to lose.

Ken Bennight

## A Poem For Figure

I close my eyes,  
I turn away,  
and yet you stand here as to stay.  
I do not live,  
for joy of games,  
and yet you stand here just the same.  
I've never spoken,  
for your fun,  
and yet you stand here as the one.  
I given nothing,  
to you that's fake.  
and yet you stand here just to take.  
I am not now,  
nor never be,  
and yet you stand here cursing me.  
I smile until I frown,  
and yet you stand here...

Ken Bennight

## A Poets Words...

I know not of a poet mute,  
unless he's without hands.  
And a poet without dreams,  
is just another man.  
Just how much they shape the world,  
we may never understand.  
What poets give to us in words,  
are as diamonds in the hands.  
Not words that are of pettiness,  
but deep on which to stare.  
Words that often make us think,  
of better ways to care.  
Words we read and fell a need,  
to find a way to share.  
A view of life that we need heard,  
how we need a poets words...

Ken Bennight

# A Poets Work Is Never Done

Paragraphs,  
of words to be.  
Written down,  
to fill a need.  
Sentences,  
penned forth to read.  
Hung on walls,  
for all to see.  
Explanations,  
of the past.  
For the future,  
made to last.  
Little words,  
that make us dream.  
Fantasize,  
cry and scream.  
Delivered to us,  
in a grin,  
Read in ways,  
that chill the skin.  
Serious,  
but sometimes fun.  
A poets work is never done...

Ken Bennight

# A Price For Penitence

Fridays are the days for me,  
I so long for the night.  
I often dream of things unseen,  
so far I am from right.  
How can I,  
in hurtful ways,  
bring to strangers pain.  
I have to get it out some how,  
if not my soul feels stained.  
Stained from wicked evil thoughts,  
that swim within my head.  
Tis a curse I know Ive got,  
a curse that must be fed.  
With meat that comes from innocence,  
the sweetness of the earth.  
Deaths the price for penitence,  
a price left not for worse.  
You in not a way can hear,  
how loud your soul does scream.  
I however have this gift,  
it comes to me in dreams.  
If your to be the one who's next,  
then I shall cross the street.  
And take from you your innocence,  
to quench my thirst for sweet...

Ken Bennight

# A Shadows Kiss

We two did become one today,  
if only for a glance.  
Our eyes they meet than danced away,  
forbidden if by chance.  
Within the halls of loneliness,  
our shadows held each other.  
Embraced for yet a single kiss,  
then faded for to smother.  
Tears that fell from shadows dried,  
before they were to puddle.  
All within a single bliss,  
within a glance,  
our shadows kissed.

Ken Bennight

# A Word

words of lies  
words of hate  
words of silent horror's  
printed out and even spake  
sometimes sang in choirs  
filling space between the space  
within the space we hear  
can change the shape upon the face  
from happiness to fear  
can bring a chill within the skin  
freezing all the nerve  
how it is we love the sound  
debounding from a word

Ken Bennight

# Abuser

You push and shove me,  
but say you love me.  
You hit and kick me,  
and say you need me.  
You laugh and mock me,  
and leave me down.  
And all this you do,  
when no ones around.  
Your the worst kind of person,  
the weakest of men.  
You say you will change,  
but you do it again.  
Your more like an enemy,  
so far from a friend.  
Don't lie tell the truth,  
will this abuse ever end.

Ken Bennight

# Adolf Hitler

He had the dream,  
to hear the screams,  
of a million aching men.  
He sold himself with rhetoric,  
and the nightmare soon began.

Hypnotized and blind to lies,  
a people showed no pity.  
Captured towns and vandalized,  
a thousand helpless cities.  
Tortured, gassed and served starvation,  
to a gentle peaceful nation.  
And the whole world stared as if not to care,  
with not one thought of aggravation.

Brought every human into war,  
every single nation.  
Fathers,  
mothers,  
brothers lost.  
The torture to the sister.

All because the madness of the wicked,  
Adolf Hitler.

Ken Bennight

## Adrift...

Adrift inside a world of madness,  
tossed upon insane.  
Captive to the fear of lowliness,  
smoothed by rougher grain.  
Crying for some place to be,  
before my end of time.  
And that it is of which I say,  
stays puddled in my mind.  
I have not said a word untrue,  
I have not lied by sight.  
But something within all I am,  
I know is just not right.  
Painfully my skin is peeled,  
the burn so hard to bare.  
Has it is that I scream out,  
no one seems to care.  
Since a child still to this day,  
I dream to see my crypt.  
Inside this world of madness,  
all of ME's Adrift...

Ken Bennight

# All Because Of You

I am sunken in the heart,  
I am torn away.  
I am needing a new start,  
I am lessening by day.  
I am full of pain to share,  
I am without feet.  
I am lost in full despair,  
I am bruised and blue.  
I am only left this way,  
all because of you...

Ken Bennight

# All Of Soul Is Crying

Lying still not yet at sleep,  
all of soul is crying.  
Somethings burn within so deep,  
as darkednees to dying.  
Every wish thats ever cast,  
each spell of which is prayed.  
Flashed both before and seen wence back,  
its movement never stayed.  
Madness is by dreams alone,  
this mint upon my pillow.  
Sand by base and also stone,  
free beds the weeping willow.  
Horroridness not spoken once,  
by any mothers grands.  
Not only feels the world of blood,  
but dirtys up her hands.  
To be the one that points this out,  
plans me the one for dying.  
Lying still not yet asleep,  
all of soul is crying.

Ken Bennight

# America

A nnihilate

M ore

E villy

R eckless

I ntentionally

C ombative

A rmies

Ken Bennight

# An Authors Dream

I am a man of many words,  
a man of many letters.  
And although my words are rarely heard,  
I'll do my best to make them better.  
And place with pen these lettered words,  
in tightly structured lines.  
What it is that's inside of me,  
so all can read my mind.  
Maybe if by luck or chance,  
what is written on my pages.  
Will last like songs that make men dance,  
and be passed down through the ages.

Ken Bennight

# Angel Of My Death

Straight long staring into her eyes,  
never breathing breath.  
Something hidden by disguise,  
the angel of my death.  
Glimpses down all tempting streets,  
craving for that taste of sweet.  
Holding her wrapped up in sheets,  
exactly how Ive dreamt.  
Way far better than surprise,  
four erotic tear filled eyes.  
Spinning circles lifting high,  
never breathing breath.  
Something hidden in disguise,  
she's the angel of my death.

Ken Bennight

# Another Lonely Night

I sit and wait,  
she plays her games,  
seems life to me's not fair.  
I could be a happy man,  
if not for loves despair.  
I know we are a world apart,  
a walk within the day.  
What it is I do not know,  
is why she plays these games.  
Does she not understand the heart,  
that lies within this man.  
How all she does I hang on to,  
in every way I can.  
Never seeing lust for her,  
only purest love.  
On my knees in prayer each day,  
with pleads to GOD above.  
Wishing all the best for her,  
promising for right.  
She plays her games,  
I sit and wait.  
Another lonely night...

Ken Bennight

# Baby Ninja Jane

In summer has the rain began,  
so did the clouds of thunder.  
Lightning strikes lit up the night,  
and from earth did rise a wonder.  
A child of bold and mighty strength,  
a fearless little warrior.  
That all the town had waited for,  
to confront its destroyer.  
An evil beast that without cease,  
struck fear into their hearts.  
They had not seen the moon for years,  
for fear of very dark.  
This fearless one that came about,  
to bring the peace they've been without,  
was a blessing all the same.  
The prophecy had been fulfilled,  
the baby ninja Jane...

Ken Bennight

# Before The Heavens Fall

Souls they gather one and all,  
at the time the darkness fades.  
Hands to heads between the walls,  
sin does move away.  
Never to be lackened less,  
the saints are without prayers.  
Raining souls of the unconfessed,  
who's screams still fill the air.  
The dead they are awakend,  
by their spirits they do call.  
And wale to the forsakened,  
before the heavens fall.  
Deeds are counted for their cheap,  
harsh punishment to bare.  
And with a payment left to reap,  
such shamefulness to share.  
Separate from the ways of one,  
who paid the price for sin.  
Separation not for fun,  
has judgment does begin.  
All are lost without a face,  
within this space they call.  
Wishing for another place,  
before the heavens fall...

Ken Bennight

# Before The Storm Begins

There soon to come about a storm,  
its time to bend your knees.  
Where hidden sin that lies in man,  
is bare for all to see.  
For evil now has made a home,  
inside the souls of many.  
Greed is how it feeds itself,  
and no ones filled not any.  
Sin for eyes and sin for flesh,  
sins the reek that's stench your breath.  
The very thing that brought man death,  
now colors up your skin.  
Nows the time to bend your knees,  
before the storm begins...

Ken Bennight

# Beggings Growing Nigh

Clear the spot to rest your knee,  
your beggings growing high.  
For evil has we've never seen,  
power from a high.  
Hatred for the word of GOD,  
and obvious of right.  
Cast the sun into sea,  
and each a man in darkness.  
Pestilence has little bumps,  
have cancered up your skin,  
None shall cast a smile no more  
Their suffering begins  
Hungry for the word of GOD,  
And the faith it takes to heal.  
Awaits the devils army close,  
marching forth to kill.  
Churches full but for one thing,  
the comfort of the lie.  
Clear the spot to rest your knee,  
your begging growing nigh...

Ken Bennight

# Bitter Man

Understand this bitter man,  
you bring this on yourself.  
Setting expectations high,  
so disappointments felt.  
You think the world as let you down,  
like everybody else.  
So everyone most feel the pain,  
inside that you have felt.  
Lonely cause you have no friends,  
no happy face to call.  
But you with all your bitterness,  
it seems have run them off.  
All alone and scared inside,  
but dare you let one know.  
So every day and every night,  
your bitter and alone.

Ken Bennight

# Black Friday

I've come upon your porch for skor,  
to leave your breath but lost.  
The sour words so loved to share,  
this burden is the cost.  
Sweet it is to me in mind,  
disenjoyment none to lack.  
I've come to share this very moment,  
to paint your Friday black.  
Black by sight,  
black by sound,  
black by depthness seldom found.  
Black shall be all that remains,  
so emptiness of color.  
This morbid gift is all I have,  
its all that I could find.  
There's no receipt inside my sack,  
I cannot take it back.  
Ive come to visit you tonight,  
to paint your Friday black.

Ken Bennight

# Bleeding Tears

My eyes bleed tears,  
because this curse,  
thats laid upon my head.  
Tis no reason left to live,  
for love is cold and dead.  
Days it seems just disappear.  
and nights I am alone.  
And theres no reason for a lie  
if love is dead and gone.  
To me it should not bore surprise,  
why did I think a difference.  
I have known this way before,  
and begged for not repentance.  
It seems Ive gone from bad,  
to worse.  
My eyes bleed tears,  
because this curse.

Ken Bennight

# Blind By Lies

Blind by lies in all I see,  
seems no truths been give to me.  
Life's been lived in bitter ways,  
from my youth until today.  
Never seeing sides of bright,  
only gray from darkened light.  
Words that all but lay long cast,  
all of mines to blame.  
How did I find here so far,  
impossible to stay.  
In a search for truth by night,  
in tears within the day.  
Men that speak in forked tongue,  
split to please themselves.  
Blind by lies in all I see,  
lies and nothing else for me.

Ken Bennight

# Boy

Strong behind his mother,  
standing tall as if a man.  
Confident in what he knows,  
not yet to understand.  
So many days ahead of him,  
so few days has he lived.  
All of life is his to take,  
if life will only give.  
Biggest dreams of happiness,  
no one plans for sorrow.  
He's a happy boy today,  
but what about tomorrow.

Ken Bennight

# Broken Fellow

Darkened hours lost of love,  
lost of understanding.  
Hardened kisses none to soft,  
endlessly demanding.  
Felt has chains red of rust,  
locked between the weldings.  
Forced love is horror on the soul,  
and blissfully ungiving.  
Has I scream out to let you know,  
Life has a slaves not living.  
Days to weeks to months to more,  
all years just keep combining  
The seconds ticks are heard with ears,  
while all the clocks unwinding.  
Wretched of blood my heart is ringed,  
no mint upon my pillow.  
Constantly my echoes sing  
Amongst the leaves of willows.  
I'm such a broken fellow.

Ken Bennight

# Butterfly

You're pathetically ugly,  
thats what they all say.  
As they frolic together,  
in the summer and play.  
And I'm all alone,  
all by myself.  
Here in my tree,  
with nobody else.  
But the jokes on them,  
and soon they will see.  
All of this beauty,  
that lives inside me.  
For my time will come,  
and some day real soon.  
When I step outside,  
of my self woven room.  
In my beautiful colors,  
so pleasing to eyes.  
Kaleidoscopolical beauty alive in the sky...K

Ken Bennight

# Call On Him

All sin he bore,  
has they laid him bare,  
no shame it seems was shared.  
Bruised and swelt the pain he felt,  
and all around just stared.  
They mocked and laughed and impaled the staff,  
to drain his blood but dry.  
He cried aloud out for the crowd,  
and the veil tore open wide.  
Issiah called this sacrifice,  
Emanuel the crucified,  
the payment for all sin.  
This gift of love to each of us  
the son of GOD the Christ JESUS  
our judgment true does end.  
If we'll just call on him...

Ken Bennight

# Cancer

The winter wind delivers chill,  
but I do so much better.  
Rain can soak a man but still  
by fear I make him wetter.  
I'm the curse that's on your head,  
the weight inside your pocket.  
And the chains that bind your soul for feed,  
I'm the key and I'm the locket.  
Questions for the days of past,  
after breath is gone.  
Answers that are answered last,  
are truthful never wrong.  
There is no secret to my worth,  
I'm a priceless piece of treasure.  
The size that kills is never what,  
all of man can measure.  
Just like shadows on the wall,  
sweet silhouette the dancer.  
The gift that life does give us all,  
the body full of cancer.

Ken Bennight

# Cannibal...

Stained by blood,  
my lips of red,  
and diabetic sweet.  
Full of flesh,  
from inside out,  
of all the souls I eat.  
Trembled and yet full of fear,  
of guilt that's laid upon me.  
I cannot change my course of time,  
for time will not disarm me.  
Tattoos have become the marks,  
and scars on me to handle.  
Smaller is the head of each,  
to me as is the animal.  
Picking threw the meat in teeth,  
I am for worse,  
the cannibal...

Ken Bennight

# Captive Life

I live my life inside a jail,  
with walls unseen by all.  
Receding steps to bottomless depths,  
forever I feel I fall.  
The fall don't hurt its when you land,  
Ive been told by many.  
But forever to fall,  
is forever to fear.  
With no end in sight,  
not any.  
The truth I live is hard to take,  
if you knew you would agree.  
I'm in disguise I hide myself,  
myself must hide from me.  
The truth however does not change,  
it cant be controlled like fate.  
But it can be denied,  
to find comfort in lies,  
for a fate thats more pleasant to take.

Ken Bennight

# Castaway

Peaceful and serene it is,  
seems I'm the only one.  
Dark and morbid is the night,  
after burnt the golden sun.  
Birds allowed but only few,  
their songs of love I hear.  
Never again to see a face,  
as filled me full of fear.  
Jokes are not made of this thing,  
I have found myself within.  
Keeping tracks of weeks is hard,  
as every day begins.  
Dreaming of the warmth of souls,  
cause everyman needs friends.  
I've found myself a castaway,  
this islands only skin.

Ken Bennight

# Change Me Lord

Wring out my heart,  
of all its evil,  
turn me from my wicked ways.  
Set me on the straight and narrow,  
until my end of days.  
Help me be,  
to you my LORD,  
all that I can be.  
Let me live without a doubt.  
and love you,  
has you love me.  
I'm just a man,  
born of the flesh,  
with a soul who cries to you.  
A man that in his heart nows right,  
and knows the road to truth.  
Has I bow down on my two knees,  
and thank you for your grace.  
And for the gift of my Christ Jesus,  
a gift without replace.  
Wring my heart,  
of all its evil,  
turn me from my wicked ways.

Ken Bennight

# Changing Self

Once you learn who you are,  
you change what you were before.  
You put new rags upon your back,  
leave the old ones on the floor.  
Everyone who looks at self,  
can find something to change.  
This elusiveness of perfection,  
is why we rearrange.  
Beauty is both in and out,  
and places in between.  
We know what were looking at,  
when by some it cant be seen.

Ken Bennight

# Claudia

Claudia... The face I long to see,  
if she just felt this way of me.  
It seems that Ive had better days,  
for she has ran so far away.  
Ive so much love for her in heart,  
that within words not known to start.  
Expressions kept inside myself,  
for not a want of no one else.  
I cant describe this inner pain,  
the thoughts that border the insane.  
For loss of words I've been without,  
just not a face to say.  
Impossible to love her less,  
or more for less each day.  
I've wretched in heart,  
I'm scared in skin.  
Will I ever love again?  
if this is how the pay is dealt,  
let me to die for suffer.  
She's no want to understand,  
just how much I love her...

Ken Bennight

## Come Close My Love

Come close my love,  
to touch your face,  
wipe dry your tears for more.  
For my flesh burns,  
for soft of yours,  
from tenderness to sore.  
Togetherness and tightly wound,  
feelings like no other.  
Not ashamed,  
but jealously,  
covered from the others.  
We are all we'll ever need,  
intoxicatingly we smother.  
Come close my love,  
to touch your face,  
in the silence of a lover.

Ken Bennight

# Commercial For Jack In The Box

Sung in the tune of Come all ye faithful

Oh come all ye hungry,

Come and taste a taco.

Oh come all ye hungry to Jack in the Box

Come taste or french fries,

Onion rings and sandwich supremes

Come and try a milk shake and have a price of cheese cake

Oh come all ye hungry to JACK in the BOX

Ken Bennight

# Consequence Of Aftermath

On nights that are not full of moon,  
I take my membrace walks.  
Pass the broken buildings ruin,  
where the ghost of all dead talk.  
Over hills and buried flesh,  
and littered mounds of bones.  
To the deepest part of my backyard,  
on the south side of my home.  
Where I lay all the girls to rest,  
who have pushed my love aside.  
I am by far the best of men,  
but I still do have my pride.  
I can take a simple no,  
but not a yukkish grin.  
And I repay in evil ways,  
every now and then.  
I look upon the little hills,  
Ive made with my bare hands.  
And remember whom it is I placed  
in certain spots of land.  
Remember how I did the things,  
of which Ive no remorse.  
How so its true the words you speak,  
can often set your course.  
So just a little word of wise,  
to all who want to hear.  
When speaking to someone reject,  
be nice so you wont fear.  
The consequence of aftermath,  
if I'm the man who hears.

Ken Bennight

# Counting

We breath by seconds,  
move by minutes,  
and live our lives by hours.  
We count our days in squares of paper,  
that we often hang on our walls.  
Sorted by 30's spread by the 12's,  
and celebrate when the last of them falls.  
All of this cause we can count...

Ken Bennight

# Counting On Life

Truth don't exist,  
all love is false.  
Every man is a slave,  
and time is the boss.  
You can work in the fields,  
or live in the house.  
Disagree with deal,  
you'll soon be kicked out.  
It is best that you smile,  
and just bow your head.  
Bleed on the inside,  
and spit out the lead.  
Carry on calmly,  
and don't count your days.  
You'll be confused by the factors,  
or sums that they make.  
Cause numbers can lie,  
if your no good at math.  
Life's first half is addition,  
second half it subtracts.

Ken Bennight

# Crush

I think of you,  
I talk of you,  
I see you in my dreams.  
You hauntingly so beautiful,  
I feel a need to scream.  
I smell the smell of loveliness,  
every time your near.  
I swear that all the angels sing,  
when its just your voice I hear.  
Lustfully by magic spell,  
there's just no other way.  
That you are all I think I need,  
to make it through each day.  
When truth is pointed out to me,  
my face it seems does blush.  
But honestly I cant deny,  
on you Ive got a crush.

Ken Bennight

# Cursed Life

My curse is me,  
I must agree,  
I feel this truth inside.  
Masked by laughter,  
smiles and friends,  
but they see only lies.  
Some may know but they don't say,  
as if I'd even care.  
All time is empty and unfulfilled,  
even time that's shared.  
I've spent my life it seems in pain,  
that's numbed me cause my past.  
From child to man I've hoped and prayed,  
each day would be the last.  
With all breath gone and dark so strong,  
I can't be seen to hurt.  
To share my pain with someone else,  
is the only thing that works.  
So read these words and hold your breath,  
that you won't be the next.  
Who's crying tears because he fears,  
the life he lives is hexed.

Ken Bennight

# Damn It All On Love

Im kept from her in wicked ways,

like music without dance.

So enwrapped in misery,

because Ive lost my chance.

You cannot fall in love alone,

this wisdom from my mother.

You cannot view whats never shown,

whats never been uncovered.

Without the sounding of her voice,

without her smile and laughter.

My heart still suffers for these things,

this is the choice its after.

Damn it all on love...

Ken Bennight

# Damn Myself

Damn myself for wanting her,  
damn me all my days.  
I hate to see what I reflect,  
the defeat upon my face.  
I loath myself for feeling love,  
such weakness ain't adored.  
But disappointments what you get,  
when expectation is employed.  
I'm old enough to see what's true,  
to heartbreak I've been wise,  
The nervousness when she is near,  
is what caught me by surprise.  
Stumbling for the words to find,  
not knowing what to say.  
Seems to me I'm just the fool,  
its a game she likes to play.  
Damn myself for wanting her,  
damn me all my days.

Ken Bennight

# Damned

I damn it all in different ways,  
I make all fears come true.  
I am the scourge of all the earth,  
and the bitterness in you.  
I am full of so much hate,  
a tainted rusty mirror.  
Visions viewed by tearful eyes,  
to me are so much clearer.  
Don't tell to of me your lies or truth,  
to hear is not my way.  
As if it even matters to my ears,  
what you might say.  
I came before your fathers child,  
I came before your youth.  
I was damned to be the damned,  
what is fair is damned to truth.  
I damn it all in different ways,  
in every way I do damn you.

Ken Bennight

# Damned I Am

Sorrow is the glue,  
that seems to bind me down.  
While all the world can find a smile,  
I cant escape my frown.  
Battered by the lies of love,  
I cannot live without.  
All the words Ive said to her,  
sound muddled coming out.  
Damned I am to seek a soul,  
damned I am without.  
Damned I am...

Ken Bennight

# Dead Mother

Mother just how is it said,  
your ways of love within my head,  
a child thats placed upon a bed,  
with no sleep to be had.  
Every scream you breath to make,  
built up this space that had to break,  
pushed me to the last of ends,  
without the guilt of bad.  
Constant loveless little words,  
no one knows just what Ive heard,  
how I'm am filth and just like dirt,  
all alone and sad.  
Ive had you now for two score years,  
and still your voice I often here,  
I splash your face so you have tears,  
I break you in your chair.  
You stink to me you always have,  
your rotting dress and flesh so bad,  
Sundays now without a hat,  
a graves to good for you.  
This is the man that you have made,  
by me no rest you'll ever take.  
I am the judge that you forsake,  
its you and me forever,  
together.  
Dead Mother...

Ken Bennight

# Dead Poet

I am torn in pieces two,  
cast upon the floor its true.  
Unable to fixed by glue,  
just filler for the land.  
Useless now forever more.  
no fingers to the hand.  
Just an object glanced in stare,  
a passerby to man.  
Weak in ways beyond all measure,  
chain locked box empty of treasure.  
Starving trees of rotted roots,  
a legless man with shiny boots.  
Use less true I fear to see,  
without no words,  
there is no me...

Ken Bennight

# Death

I do not chase you as you run,  
you will someday come to me.  
I'll take from you all that is fun,  
you will someday see.  
Light your candles make your peace,  
ask the father please.  
Hold your beads and say your prayers,  
dirty up your knees.  
There is no place that you can hide,  
on land in skies or seas.  
There is no treatment you can buy,  
cause I am not disease.  
I will not chase you as you run,  
you will someday come to me.

Ken Bennight

# Death Beheld

I must confess Ive done again,  
what man considers mortal sin.  
Traded my joy for a life,  
so thrilling is a sacrifice.  
All are virgins in their skins,  
when tasting of my evil.  
For their pain starts,  
where my pain ends,  
no rebuttals no retrievals.  
The things Ive done with my two hands,  
sickens dead the most of man.  
You cant begin to understand,  
the blood upon my fingers.  
Makes no matter wrong or right,  
everyone deserves to to die.  
Judgment isn't sacrifice,  
its where that line begins.  
Death beheld and you'll know when,  
you are a virgin in your skin.

Ken Bennight

# Death By Love

I am broken and in despair,  
and yet she laughs has not to care.  
I cannot help but feel Ive wronged,  
in such a dismal stay.  
My hands they shake,  
my eyes they tear,  
I tremble full of fear.  
I never thought it would end this way,  
not in a million years.  
I thought our love was innocent,  
I know now I'm the fool.  
To me it just does not make since,  
how could she be so cruel.  
I never ever will again,  
seek love from just another.  
I'll seek death as death begins,  
by love my breath be smothered.

Ken Bennight

# Death Sweet Death

Death sweet death,  
the visitor,  
dark color at my door.  
I'm hesitant to answer,  
for what I fears in store.  
With you I shall play hide and seek,  
so knock forever more.  
There are worse for you to take,  
please leave me,  
I implore.  
I know what life has got to give,  
I know of pain and sorrow.  
I do not know what you shall bring,  
to payments for my borrow.  
You seem so dark to dark to read,  
a shadow for the grave.  
Death sweet death,  
leave me to live,  
whats lost for if I stay?

Ken Bennight

# Death To The Poet

Death to the poet!  
A king has said before.  
That poet gives the peasants dreams,  
and I'll have that no more.  
Death to the poet!  
I've heard the rulers shout.  
Our words are all you need to hear,  
Trust in us and have no doubt.  
Death to the poet!  
We care not the way he feels.  
And all of those who feel as him,  
death to them's the deal.  
Death to the poet,  
death to you and me.

Ken Bennight

# Deaths The Debt

Scripture gives a truth full word,  
deaths the debt of sin.  
We dis obey the word of god,  
judgment does begin.  
Judgment through the generations,  
from all our fathers past.  
And until we turn and bend the knee,  
the starvation forth shall last.  
A third shall fall by hungry bones,  
just needing to be feed.  
Another third shall fall by knife,  
dismemberment of head.  
The final third cast about,  
souls across the land.  
Slaves and strangers far away,  
without a kingdom once again.  
Scripture gives a truthful word,  
Deaths the debt of sin

Ken Bennight

# Dirty Hands

I scrub and scrub,  
but my hands aren't clean.  
They're still dirty,  
from the filth I've seen.  
The things I've heard,  
the words I've spoke,  
and every dirty filthy joke.  
Although to you the dirt's not seen,  
I feel the grit in cracks between.  
Why the strange look on your face,  
you are in my very place.  
You too could use a little scrub,  
a little soap a lot of rub.  
I'm not speaking to demean,  
you know yourself your hands aren't clean.

Ken Bennight

## Disbelively Beliving...

She's lost in pain again,  
her hurt just seems won't end,  
she takes the razor by her bed,  
and carves upon her skin.  
This cut brings relief,  
not like what lies beneath.  
That she has felt for many years,  
yet no one else can see.  
The torment of molested past,  
so brutally dispaired,  
Many people look away,  
that just choose not to care.  
She hates herself by reason,  
trust never should be treason.  
Every carve that brings a scar,  
distrustfully is leaving,  
disbelively believing...

Ken Bennight

# Disease

D  
I  
S  
E  
A  
S  
E

that's the spelling of disease,  
Harmful,  
and painfully,  
killing me.  
How in the world,  
will I combat thee?  
Take one tablet by mouth 4 days a week...

Ken Bennight

# Dismusbedeplace

Dismusbedeplace he said,  
I turned as with a stare.  
Dismusbedeplace he said,  
I didn't know just where.  
Dismusbedeplace he said,  
and I handed him my fare.  
He slammed the door,  
foot to the floor,  
and left me standing there.  
Damn foreign cab driver...

Ken Bennight

# Doer Of The Deeds

Doer of the deeds,  
sender to the dirt.  
Please be kind when you take me,  
make sure it doesnt hurt.  
Let me die within my sleep,  
not by a killers hands.  
Or in some tangled wreck of steel,  
by some intoxicated man.  
Let it not be from some pain,  
of which we have no cure.  
Or in a bed hooked to machines,  
not knowing what is sure.  
Let me die a peaceful death,  
no man wants for hurt.  
Doer of the deeds,  
sender to the dirt.

Ken Bennight

# Doggy

I don't just see in black and white,  
there are some hues I view.  
And when I flash my pearly whites,  
best hope its not at you.  
Cause when I smile it is in anger,  
and Ive been known to bite.  
I speak to everything that moves,  
within my line of sight.  
There is a sign upon the fence,  
warning you beware.  
So move along if you don't belong,  
cause your not welcome here.

Ken Bennight

# Dominatrixxx

She brings me pain,  
and without ill.  
In the best of ways,  
she brings me chills.  
She brings me down to a slower pace,  
to a lower height and another place.  
She makes me beg and makes me plead,  
and scream for more to fill my need.  
She fills my eyes with tears of joy,  
I love that I'm her whipping boy.  
My gift to her is all I save,  
I give my all to be her slave.  
I feel I move while chained and still,  
for she knows how to break my will.  
She's so much stronger it makes me sick,  
she don't know magic and don't do tricks.  
I count down minutes,  
hours and days,  
to be my DOMINATRIXXX slave

Ken Bennight

# Dreamless

Dreamless is what I've become,  
a useless hand without a thumb.  
A mouth with sound and only teeth,  
without a tongue it cannot speak.  
My spirit crushed by all the lies,  
that's left me empty deep inside.  
With no desire to carry on,  
my war with life is all but gone.  
Dreamless is what I've become...

Ken Bennight

## Dreampt To Cry...

I dreampt to cry before I feared,  
but never could I shed a tear.  
My wishful thoughts once passed before,  
what all my heart had held in store.  
Love can be the worst of things,  
the pitiful of sleep.  
And all by lovely held in heart,  
Once the colors turn to dark.  
Stuck and always out of luck,  
the wrinkled shirt that goes un-tucked,  
Loveless all to many years,  
fearful of so many fears.  
But never could I shed a tear,  
I dreampt to cry before I feared.

Ken Bennight

# Dreams

The dreams I dream before I sleep,  
are the nightmares of my soul.  
The man I truly want to be,  
is the man I'll never know.  
How to change my space and time,  
I have not found inside my mind.  
These dreams I dream before I sleep,  
of dreams are not sublime.

Ken Bennight

# Dreams Of Poetry

Some men dream for fortune,  
others dream for fame.  
Some to go where none have been,  
most dreams are all the same.  
Some men dream of lovers,  
so do some for hate.  
Many dream to die in peace,  
and be let inside GODS gates.  
Men do dream for peace on earth,  
a son born first in birth.  
Many still do dream has children,  
and want their moneys worth,  
But me I dream of pleasure,  
for men who read my words.  
I dream to be poet,  
a poet whom is heard.  
Heard and loved and wanted for,  
what lies inside my heart.  
When I dream of anything,  
poetry is where it starts...

Ken Bennight

# Drowning Joan

A gasp for breath,  
a silent moan,  
burbled underwater tones.  
My evil has of yet not shown,  
but soon I shall be drowning Joan.

With constant pressure on her neck,  
she scratches claws and tries to kick,  
becoming underwater sick,  
while wishing she were home.  
My evil has of yet not shown,  
but soon I shall be drowning Joan.

Flesh of pale to turn to blue,  
flushing out all fear she knew,  
something in this sick is true.  
No tears for no more sadness.  
Has of now she floats alone,  
for I have finished drowning Joan...

\*Posted with a special thanks to Janice Etienne\*

Ken Bennight

# Drunken Man

Bag's of crisp and empty cans,  
the puddles of the drunken man.  
Falling down cause he cant stand,  
the stumbles of the drunken man.  
shange the shannel nothingzz on,  
the mumbles of the drunken man.  
He don't know or understand,  
because he is just a drunken man

Ken Bennight

# Edgar Allens Crow

All outside is white as snow,  
except for Edgar Allen's crow.  
Quietly and so serene,  
till Edgar Allen's crow does scream.  
Waking me from peaceful dreams,  
to hatred in the night.  
Now I know all Edgar Allen's,  
madness in his write.  
Stalkingly he walks the window,  
pecking on the vane.  
Now I know why Edgar Allen,  
wrote of things insane.  
Tis not a raven in my head,  
that drives me to these words.  
But this blackened beast which will not cease,  
hes such a noisy bird.  
I scream and shoo but he don't move,  
seems fear he does not know.  
Hes not a the raven that I think,  
hes Edgar Allen's Crow.

Ken Bennight

# Embrace True Wisdom

I'm jealous or have you not read,  
the wisdom you've been given.  
You trampled down my holy land,  
with your perverted ways of living.  
The prophets that I give my word,  
because your pride you have not heard.  
Put your trust in lies of men,  
happy in your evil.  
But my words of truth cannot be changed,  
my laws have no retrieval.  
Long before the hate you read,  
that comes from Satan's speech.  
I sent out angels to this earth,  
to instruct you one and each.  
You yourself will dig your grave,  
embracing what's untrue.  
So lay your face upon mat,  
cover it with shame.  
Kiss a stone that is not holy,  
praise the liars name.  
You cannot enter in the kingdom,  
being another fathers child.  
Stop worshipping the fallen one,  
fill your soul with wisdom.  
Pick up the Holy Bible,  
embrace the knowledge I have given.

Ken Bennight

# Empty Man

I'm scrubbing clean the floor,  
mopping up untruths.  
Removing all the emptiness,  
that I just took from you.  
Cleaning anything unpure,  
wiping any lent.  
Knowing more our less for sure,  
I've broken all that's bent.  
One or less untearful eye,  
searching peace for sleep.  
Not to care once has I did,  
For what I cannot keep.  
You meant once so much more to me,  
all that space could share.  
But true how time does change a man,  
his needs,  
his wants,  
His cares...

Ken Bennight

# Erotic Tears

She calms me in a gentle way,  
solely with her touch.  
Keeping all my fears at bay,  
relaxing me so much.  
She is all I'll ever need,  
nothing else does matter.  
I stay afloat on my cloud 9,  
while the whole worlds getting sadder.  
I cannot explain the chills,  
with all the words I try.  
And suddenly erotic tears,  
start falling from my eyes.

Ken Bennight

# Erotic Witch Of Evil

I am all but broken down,  
little will is left.  
Your lies have cast a shadowed crown,  
upon my head of death.  
Wanting more than just to live,  
so be it has you know.  
Now that I have lost the way,  
theres no place left to go.  
You still sit and smile you smile,  
as wicked has you are.  
Erotic witch of evil,  
replenisher of scars.

Ken Bennight

# Every Moment

Every moment of your life,  
is a moment to start anew.  
You need not stay the place you are,  
unless by choice you do.  
If you'd like to change your ways,  
than change is up to you.  
Every moment of your life,  
is a moment to start anew.

Ken Bennight

# Everyones The Same

We have to look inside ourselves,  
to find what we can give.  
For a gift to all who breath the air,  
in the space in which we live.  
So many of us only take,  
while all the others lose.  
Yet deep inside behind the lies,  
we all can see the truth.  
It starts with every one of us,  
and ends here just the same.  
Most every body suffers,  
and seems were all to blame.  
We have to look inside ourselves,  
if we want this world to change.  
As different as we seem to be,  
everyones the same.

Ken Bennight

# Evil Wendy

Wendy is a little evil,  
she honestly will say.  
But thats what makes me want her,  
because her evil ways.  
She likes to watch men suffer,  
and loves to hear them cry.  
She ask you for forever,  
to tell her reasons why.  
She gazes in the mirror,  
at the wicked in her eyes.  
And pulls the skin tight leather,  
up around her thighs.  
A belt of spikes around her hips,  
handcuffs, pins, and braided whips.  
If she loves you there is no doubt,  
that punishment that she'll deal out.  
Its tough love she likes to say,  
Wendy in her evil way.

Ken Bennight

## Except We Care...

To many tears,

Two score by years.

To many a murder,

To heart.

And still it seems,

your face unseen.

The death I fear?

Believed.

Insanity,

inside,

insane...

There is not one thing we share  
except we care.

Ken Bennight

# Family Tree

My brother and sister,  
both them and me.  
Come from the seed,  
of the family's black sheep.  
Underneath every branch,  
covered by leaves.  
We are lost in the shade,  
of the family tree.  
A gift from our father,  
given for keeps.  
A branch on the ground,  
for both them and me.  
Weve never been equal,  
always beneath.  
Lost in the shade,  
of our family tree.  
My brother and sister,  
both them and me.

Ken Bennight

# Fear Gods Word

You embrace distaste and sin without haste  
your such a wicked man  
There's consequence for lack of sense  
and wisdomless indifference  
but you don't understand  
Lacking knowledge lacking truth  
there is not a soul to blame but you  
and lies are all that flow it seems  
beyond your tounge and tooth  
Words do scream beyond the stones  
beneath the seas of sand  
were all the debtor of the letter  
that GOD penned with mans hand  
The prophecy of penalties has punishment brings tears  
from generations of the past to those of current years  
GODs word is to be feared...

Ken Bennight

# Feelings

Feelings of love,  
feelings of fear,  
feelings felt by lies we hear,  
feelings at times of peaceful cheer,  
feelings we have inside ourselves,  
we wish were felt by someone else.

Ken Bennight

# Feelings Never Shared

She sets across the room of square,  
not knowing what I think.

Lost in her book and all her cares,  
my heart it seems does shrink.

Is there a word that I can say,  
to bring to her a tear?

A word of joy spoke in some way,  
that she wont forget for years?

Is there anything that I can do,  
some specialty of me?

That of all the people in this room,  
I will be the one she sees?

I've never been a man of words,  
or confidence of any.

And if rejected where to hide,  
in this world of rooms of many?

I feel that I shall bite me tongue,  
I sit still in my chair.

And keep locked up in silence,  
feelings felt but never shared.

Ken Bennight

# Flesh Of Black

Flesh of black and skin of blue,  
pictures of a color.  
Like a soup that is a stew,  
so different from the other.  
Thoughts to think on brink of kills,  
a ride between the skates.  
The capture of a flesh in chills,  
planned for future dates.  
So many left to sanctify,  
so little left of time.  
There is no way to satisfy,  
the wicked of my mind.  
Strong in strength and bound in chain,  
the furtherness is gone.  
Just when you think that you are safe,  
you've found that you thought wrong.  
Flesh of black and skin of blue.  
a pictures all that left of you.

Ken Bennight

# For It Is Written

The blood that stains the post but red,  
to mark the men of truth.  
Protect the house of those reborn,  
from the world of old to youth.  
The spirits that have chosen birth,  
inside a house of skin.  
Left there dwelling with the LORD,  
to live yet once again.  
Some they chose a wicked course,  
and stayed within their spirit.  
And spread the lie of all religion,  
for the unwise man to hear it.  
The angels that choose not to bow,  
are 7000 strong.  
Fall dead the day the LORD returns,  
Their payment for their wrong.  
For it is written...

Ken Bennight

# For Twenty Days

I once slept for twenty days,  
and dreamt my dreams up dry.  
I feared the very images,  
not shown before my eyes.  
Cities burning one mile high,  
right beneath my feet.  
Man consuming his own flesh,  
for nothing else to eat.  
Children used as each a slave,  
to fill the ground below.  
Never had I felt such thing,  
such fear I've never known.  
Twenty days of toss and turn,  
twenty days for rest.  
Twenty days of screaming beings,  
not recognized by laughter.  
I once slept for twenty days,  
for twenty days thereafter.

Ken Bennight

## For: Viola Grey

I've yet to tell Viola,  
exactly how I feel.  
I sit here looking stupid,  
as if its some big deal.  
But I fear her rejection,  
cause that would bring me pain.  
I may rip myself to shreds,  
and never be the same.  
It seems she likes to look at me,  
and laugh at what I say.  
And the hardest thing in all this world,  
is when she goes away.  
For what if I don't see her,  
and never hear her voice.  
Never feel her touch again,  
as if its not my choice.  
I find my self in turmoil,  
I'm not sure if I should say.  
These feelings Ive inside of me,  
for Viola Grey.

Ken Bennight

## Gift To Wendy

If I could give to Wendy,  
all that she deserves.  
I'd serve it on a silver platter,  
like royalty is served.  
All her many wishes,  
all her lovely dreams.  
Every day in sweet surrender,  
this only prayer I scream.  
Her beauty's so deserving,  
her every word I hear.  
There's no one else in this whole world,  
when she is standing near.  
If I could give to Wendy,  
all that she deserves.  
This world would live in silence,  
so that only Wendy's heard.

Ken Bennight

# God Cries...

We stand as if we were always right,  
for all the things we feel inside.

We want this world to be,  
exactly what we are to be.

And GOD cries...

Ken Bennight

# God Is A Poet

The birds they sang before the songs,  
that men now sing together.  
The trees they all but swayed along,  
and made the rhythm better.  
Even fish that swim the seas,  
whistled out a tune.  
And the wolves howled from the mountain tops,  
as if singing to the moon.  
Before man sang a single song,  
or shaped a curve of letter,  
GOD was writing poetry,  
and no ones done it better.

Ken Bennight

# God Loves You

GOD loves you,  
whether you like it or not,  
GOD will always care.  
GOD is with you where you go,  
here, there or anywhere.  
Below the ground,  
high in the air,  
GOD is everywhere.  
GOD loves you whether  
you like it or not,  
GOD will always care...

Ken Bennight

# Greatest Poet By The Numbers

The greatest poet to be found,  
is by the numbers not just by sound.

- 1) pick a number between 1 and 9
- 2) multiply that number by three
- 3) multiply that number by three
- 4) add those numbers together
- 5) now with those numbers check the list below...

- 1) William Shakespeare
- 2) Robert Frost
- 3) Walt Whitman
- 4) Philip Larkin
- 5) Maya Angelou
- 6) Emily Dickinson
- 7) Pablo Neruda

- 8) Rudyard Kipling
- 9) Saint Cynosure
- 10) Langston Hughes

If you have'nt found the wonder of the Saint just read his words.....

Ken Bennight

# Gunman

Clean my stick,  
load my six,  
meet him in the street has the dust blows thick.  
Wind to my back,  
stance to the left,  
empty him of breath with a slug in his chest.  
Feel the chill inside,  
puffing up with pride,  
mount up on my horse and way I will ride.  
The gunman that I am...

Ken Bennight

# Has Love Is

I will show you what a real man is,  
by loving you has the only woman that lives.  
By giving the softest of touch,  
at the hardest of times.  
Forever reminding that your on my mind.  
fulfilling your wishes,  
to strive with your soul,  
abandoning lonely.  
That,  
youll never know.  
Non ill tempered kisses,  
non prudishly brute.  
Hearts dancing has children,  
captured in youth.  
There shall be nothing much more I can give,  
by loving you has the only woman that lives.

Ken Bennight

# Have You No Suggestions

How many more words can I share,  
to prove my love is true.

How many more a coins I spare,  
on roses red for you.

How many kisses can I gift,  
upon your heart your neck and lips.

To gratify your loveliness,  
in fullfilness of all that you miss.

My heart is full of questions,  
have you no suggestions.

Ken Bennight

# He Was All But Twenty

He lay there on his bed of death,  
and wishing through his last of breath.  
Just one more chance LORD,  
let me get.  
I'll do it right,  
you wont regret.  
But life is all,  
if full of chance.  
And once its gone,  
you cant go back.  
So make your plans,  
and do it wisely.  
The dreams you conquer,  
must be timely.  
As I watched him die,  
he did remind me.  
He was all but twenty...

Ken Bennight

# Heartbreak Is For Fools.

Heartbreak is for fools he said,  
then balanced out the right.  
Love's less often felt for those,  
whom fall far short the plight.  
Flowers bloom,  
gloves switch hands,  
laughter stays the same.  
Fingers point to post a blame,  
heads are hung in shame.  
So this is what all call love,  
if so what's shown is false.  
Tis not better to have never loved,  
than to have loved and lost...

Ken Bennight

# Heartbreak Of The Saint

Hardest thing is not to know,  
the depthneth of my sorrow.  
Lost of chance until this day,  
lost in heart tomorrow.  
Eyes but of an empty gaze,  
breath held in despair.  
Is it or,  
or is it not,  
a truth that non true care.  
Worries stew until they ache,  
tis the heartbreak to the saint.

Ken Bennight

# Hearts Despair

How to change my hearts desire,  
I truly do not know,  
I'm do believe life would be better,  
if I could let her go.  
My nights are full of loneliness,  
my days are of despair.  
Love is not a joyful thing,  
when the one you love don't care.  
It hard to find the peace I need,  
I'm still searching for my space.  
It hurts to feel you don't belong,  
regardless of the place.  
Its true I've had some better days,  
I'm bitter now and old.  
How to change my hearts desire,  
I truly do not know.

Ken Bennight

# Her Last Of Laughs

She'll laugh the last of all her laughs,  
she'll cry her last of tears.  
She'll count the last of all her days,  
this is her last of years.  
I won't let another pass,  
she'll get what she deserves.  
Fitting for the bitch she is,  
she deserves this world.  
This world of chilling and of fear,  
pain and circumstance.  
Face the music so they say,  
she'll do her song and dance.  
I can show no pity forth,  
no forgiveness for displeasure.  
I'll choke the very breath from her,  
gaspley without measure.  
Eyes a blaze in full of red,  
petikia by cause.  
Fingernails and blood stained stripes,  
shall decorate her walls.  
She will see my evilness,  
by this she'll lose her smile.  
She will laugh her last of laughs,  
and I'll laugh all the while...

Ken Bennight

# Her Lies

I love her smile,  
I love her eyes,  
but I could do without her lies.  
I hate that when she laughs I cry,  
and feel so broken down inside.  
She wants for me to treat her ways,  
without returning favor.  
There only so much one can take,  
till hatred one does savor.  
I want so bad to run away,  
from her,  
but wheres not known.  
Theres no words left for me to say,  
its only love Ive shown.  
To take a chance forbiddenly,  
and dance this dance of fools.  
Is but a chance mistakenly,  
my torment is so cruel.  
The truth is hard sometimes to hard,  
thats should be no surprise.  
Of all the things I love of her,  
I do not love her lies...

Ken Bennight

## Her Moonless Night

Under the moon less star lit night,  
she lies alone in total fright,  
Amiss the comfort she can't find,  
with all the lies inside her mind.  
His promises to her forever,  
that he has chosen to not deliver.  
Its seems to be her life is over,  
she's no want to carry on.  
Her pillows wet from bellowed tears,  
enough that seems could flow for years.  
She has no one to calm hers fears,  
her fright is all alone.  
What is the deed that she did wrong,  
to make his love just move along.  
She thinks of him with every song,  
she hears in every wave.  
Come back she says lets never fight,  
you know we both can make it right.  
She lies alone in total fright,  
Under the moon less star lit night...

Ken Bennight

# Her Prettiness Is Lovely

Seems I always think of her,  
as so does tick the time.  
The sun it burns away the day,  
and she stays on my mind.  
Her prettiness is lovely,  
as lovely she's the best.  
I could find her in a room,  
to look past all the rest.  
My heart it stays a flutter,  
like walking on your toes.  
Across a flowing river,  
cold from melting snow.  
Her prettiness is lovely,  
as lovely she the best.  
I am so enamored,  
by her lovely prettiness...

Ken Bennight

# Her Pretty Shoes

She put on her pretty shoes,  
and danced within her bliss.  
A girl so young not yet enslaved,  
knows not life,  
is hit or miss.  
Someday you'll be alone with self,  
and how wrong yourself can choose.  
And the hardest pathway walked through life,  
leaves a trail that you cant loose.  
I know this,  
Ive walked so long,  
seems theres no dust to kick.  
Thats one thought to keep in mind,  
but if not,  
please do me this.  
Let her dawn her pretty shoes,  
and dance within her bliss.

Ken Bennight

# Her Shadow

It still hurts me after all these years,  
her shadow mine still seeks.  
I'm broken down to half of what,  
the man I used to be.  
Broken down and without cares,  
anger in my reason.  
Feeling to my deepest part,  
my hearts committed treason.  
Passionless for things of not,  
of what I cared before.  
Scars upon my skin in ink,  
to last forever more.  
Untrustful is the only word,  
of truth that I can share.  
And that don't even matter,  
cause she's no longer there.  
Lies are all our love became,  
no truths of which to speak.  
It still hurts me after all these years,  
her shadow mine still seeks.

Ken Bennight

# His Viola Grey

He sank the weight,  
and rapped the mast.  
Forbidden shores,  
he had found at last.  
New world laid before his eyes,  
Twas not of joy,  
the tears he cried.  
But for a love,  
felt pushed aside,  
no words left to say.  
The conquerer,  
that she knows he is.  
His only love,  
Viola Grey.  
He knew not miles,  
how far away.  
But he knew that he had sailed,  
for several days.  
He cried each night,  
each day he prayed.  
His LORD to keep,  
Viola Grey.  
This one thing,  
so close,  
so dear.  
Full of life,  
love and cheer.  
He longed to see her loving face,  
hear her voice,  
feel her embrace.  
This new world he knew,  
he could not stay.  
He'd plant his flag,  
and sail away.  
Back to the port,  
from which he came.  
To his only love,  
Viola Grey.



# Hmmm

Its not of laughter not of luck,  
that all my sins repeating.  
Its seems has though my soul is stuck.  
and the nastiness nows revealing.  
The evil wants and every desire,  
that I had coddled in warmth that turned to a fire.  
That's way to hot to touch.

Ken Bennight

# Holy Bible

Fools are what the worlds become,  
theres so few men of wisdom.  
So many true embrace the lie,  
that all religion gives them.  
The lie of higher conscieness,  
the lie of second birth.  
The lie that says that once your dead,  
your nothing more than dirt.  
There is a truth however found,  
inside some pages that were bound.  
Thousands of years its been around,  
its called the Holy Bible.

Ken Bennight

# Homeless

I have no direction,  
belong in no place.  
Like a big pile of nothing,  
just taking up space.  
Passed by all who are moving,  
with not even a stare.  
Not one word is spoken,  
cause nobody cares.  
I'm not even seen,  
has a man in a box.  
Who has not a key,  
cause he has not a lock.  
If I scream its ignored,  
if even heard.  
So I keep to myself,  
not a sound or a word.  
Most thoughts I admit,  
confuse even me.  
If I had someplace to go,  
thats where I'd be.  
I once planned for the future,  
but it didn't work out.  
So I'm stuck in the past,  
all that is present I doubt.  
I'm all alone,  
Ive no kids or a wife.  
Puzzled by my existence,  
and purpose in life.  
If for you life is good,  
thank GOD that its so.  
That you don't have to live,  
the life that I know.

Ken Bennight

# How Long?

How long shall we remain as fools,  
and count our lives for pennies?  
Death will come regardless rules,  
not one escapes not any.  
So many men so little time,  
It seems we'd learn to care.  
Instead of by some force of way,  
never for to share.  
The hungry still yet beg for food,  
the rich yet for more gold.  
All around's the same old thing,  
it's only lies were told.  
Why must we live in evil ways,  
and think about the same?  
Can we not once forget ourselves,  
and help some other name?  
How long shall we remain as fools,  
and keep this world in shame?

Ken Bennight

# How Much Peace

War is what we need to see,  
just how joyful peace can be.  
Hate is what man has to learn,  
to know how to love in return.  
Ironic has is all of life,  
like colors in a shell.  
You must be small to look inside,  
from the out you just cant tell.  
The frown is only smiles away,  
and is often found in words we say.  
So the Saint shall leave you with this thought.  
How much peace has money bought?

Ken Bennight

# I Am

I AM

Immoral And Mortalized

Immobile And Moving

Ignoble And Mestizous

all these things I AM

I AM

Inefficiacious And Maundering

Impalpable And Maladjusted

Impecunious And Meritoriuos

Irenic And Maleficent

I AM all these things

I AM

Illustrative And Mnemonic

Inveigling And Mendacious

Irascible And Misogynisitc

Indolent And Mendicant

I AM

Ken Bennight

# I Am Death

You cannot run,  
you cannot hide,  
I am never satisfied.  
I'm the price you pay,  
for all your lies.  
And all that hate,  
you hold inside.  
I've waited for you,  
since your birth.  
In this darkened space,  
beneath the dirt.  
You no longer feel,  
but others hurt.  
In death you rest,  
while the living work.  
And I wait for them,  
beneath the dirt.

Ken Bennight

# I Am Instant

Broken down to truth once more,  
seems many times the favor.

Inside the space dwelt for alone,  
some stare to share the flavor.

Darkedness the view to eyes,  
the ears they hear the distant.

Realizing not alone,  
could vanish without sentence...

I am instant.

Ken Bennight

# I Am Many Pieces

There are pieces of me everywhere,  
scattered about like sitting chairs.  
Written down on paper squares,  
shaped by the curves of letters.

People often stop and stare,  
and read them as if they do care.  
That I might have a word to share,  
as if my pain makes them feel better.

Never to notice in the words,  
exactly what I want for heard.  
But with the tongue their fast to say,  
what it is that they do think.

Breaking me back once into,  
like dirt that's spread around by shoes.  
counted not in ways by twos,

I am many pieces...

Ken Bennight

# I Am My Own Curse...

My broken piece is sharp,  
it cuts just like a knife.  
Drains the pain inside my soul,  
that is the breath of life.  
Through tears things seem to melt,  
what's covered in disguise.  
Lifes not always has its seen,  
but often has its felt.  
I've tried to set it right,  
tried to stay my course.  
But every turn true that I turned,  
seems I had made it worse.  
I am my own curse...

Ken Bennight

# I Am Satan

With all your life you want to stay,  
thats why you must fall away.  
For I not only love loud screams,  
but also wish for broken dreams.  
Hand delivered bitterness,  
the demonic lust of the deadly kiss.  
Wrapped inside for nightmares sake,  
the truth of horror is hard to take.  
You light your candles as you prey,  
to thank that GOD shall bless your day.  
But I was born to end that dream,  
created just to meet his need.  
You think by grace that you are saved,  
but by your sin you are enslaved.  
I am the one that keeps you there,  
you think he loves and truly cares.  
But all your flesh loves I do share,  
and give to you its I that cares.  
Temptation is not known for fair,  
I am Satan so beware...

Ken Bennight

# I Am Separated...

I'm separated from her smile,  
for has a man,  
to many miles.  
I'm separated by her touch,  
tis grossly wrong,  
and hurts to much.  
I'm separated by her voice,  
not by chance,  
but by her choice,  
I'm separated from the truth,  
I love her,  
but she loves you.  
I'm separated torn apart,  
crushed of spirit,  
with a broken heart.  
I am separated...

Ken Bennight

# I Am The Devil

I'm sly in my craft,  
I'm wherever your at,  
I'm the beast hidden in shadows.  
I'm the reason you cry,  
I'm the reason you die,  
I'm a field of black lilies and sorrow.  
I'm a burn to skin,  
I'm the hatred of kin,  
I'm the horrid monk of evil.  
I'm whats lost and disturbed,  
I'm the worst of all words,  
I'm the hater of GOD.  
I'm the devil.

Ken Bennight

# I Am What I Hate

I am what I hate,  
broken and weak.  
With unspoken words,  
shattered and meek.  
Duellessly twisted,  
soaking in hand.  
Do not own a mirror,  
my face I can't stand.  
My words lay but jumbled,  
unhumbled in mind.  
Confusingly stumbled,  
this path that I seek.  
I am what I hate,  
broken and weak.

Ken Bennight

# I Am Your Christ Jesus

I shall take upon all blame,  
all wrong deeds,  
and dreadful things,  
of which to each is such a shame,  
I am your Christ Jesus.

GODs own gift of living love,  
of which so few seem true do care.  
but in me lies rest for,  
If you confess,  
I am your Christ Jesus.

Ken Bennight

# I Dont Know What

She cries a bit too little,  
I feel a bit too late.  
I'll chalk it up to just bad luck,  
for no belief in fate.  
If she weren't born of pretty,  
and I weren't born of sin.  
I stumble pass her ugliness,  
to never sin again.  
In heat between the liars,  
that lights our way to hell.  
I know of a but a single fate,  
that only death will tell.  
This right of wrong,  
upon my slate.  
She cries a bit too little,  
I feel and too late...

Ken Bennight

# I Hate Poets

Poets try to give belief,  
in every sorrowful word that you read.  
Open up wholly,  
spit out their words.  
So you share their pain,  
they've got to be heard.  
Silly in sentence,  
devilish tricks.  
I cant stand their sights,  
they just make me sick.  
Climb up a tree,  
hang myself with a belt.  
How dare them,  
tell me how I felt.  
I wish they'd all just go away,  
as if the sun could melt.  
No more poets,  
no more I say.  
Is it so hard for you to see.  
just how much I cant stand me.

Ken Bennight

# I Hold It In

I hold it in,  
cant let it out,  
Its a fear for me to show.  
For if she feels a different way,  
my future seems unknown.  
I want so much to be the man,  
she feels she cant let go.  
To show her love with honor,  
a love so few have known.  
Be for her,  
her everything,  
in every kind of way.  
By her side to share with her,  
every single day.  
Comfort her in times of need,  
the servant at her feet.  
But I hold it in,  
cant let it out,  
a secret shared with me.

Ken Bennight

# I Love My Love

I love her more than life itself,  
more and more each day.  
Everything inside of her,  
in every single way.  
I want to be the man thats seen,  
standing by her side.  
In the pictures that hang on the walls of this world,  
in both color and black and white.  
I would conquer the world for her,  
and destroy all that would stand in the way.  
thats how much I love my love,  
my love Viola Grey.

Ken Bennight

# I Love The Way You Love

Never silent always singing,  
I love the way you love.  
Gently touching,  
softly kissing,  
holding me so high above.  
Happy smiles,  
your eyes a beaming,  
embracing tightly,  
never shoved.  
Lovely whispers,  
for forever,  
I love the way you love...

Ken Bennight

# I So Desire You

I feel alive when in you eyes,  
I get a chill by touch.  
I never have in all my days,  
desired one so much.  
The softness in your voice I hear,  
brings my eyes to tear.  
In no way can I speak a word,  
when beauty is so near.  
All my heart is like a storm,  
pounding in my chest.  
Shaking me inside my nerves,  
stealing all my breath.  
You and only you can do,  
the magic that you do.  
I cannot control my self,  
I so desire you...

Ken Bennight

# I Want For You

I want to tell you pretty words,  
caress your flesh at night.  
I want to calm your worst of days,  
to make your evenings right.  
I want for you to feel desired,  
like only a lover can.  
I want for you to know that I,  
am proud to be your man.  
I want for all things that you wish,  
what ever they may be.  
I want for you to never,  
never ever have a need.  
I want for you to never cry,  
but if so to know Im there.  
To wipe the tear drops all but dry,  
thats how much I care.  
I want for you to know this truth,  
I always want for you...

Ken Bennight

# I Want Your Love

I want to hold and touch you soft  
like rain drops in the spring  
that bring forth flowers  
and lovely things  
I want to hold and kiss you gently  
like a breeze that's crisp  
from a winters freeze  
that slows the sun from heating up  
yet still brings light to everything  
I want to be your reason  
that you enjoy all seasons

Ken Bennight

# I Watch Her Watching Me

I watch her cringe and scream aloud,  
while laughing deep inside.

I watch the tears roll down her face,  
escaping from her eyes.

I watch her as she tries to pray,  
without her use of knees.

I watch her as she's filled with fear,  
I watch her watching me.

I watch her while I move about,  
I'm also watching time.

I watch her as she can't find out,  
the peace that she can't find.

I watch her as her very soul,  
does drift between herself.

I watch her as she's watching me,  
she watching no one else...

Ken Bennight

# I'd Follow Her

I would follow her for one more glance,  
even only of her shade.

I'd follow her to hear the angels sing,  
of what GODs made.

I'd follow her for one more sound,  
a vowel to cross her lips.

Id follow her till end of days,  
with not a sunset missed.

I'd follow her through even storms,  
to calm her every nerve.

There's not one place that she could go,  
where I'd not follow her...

Ken Bennight

# If My Tears Wrote A Letter

Open is my masters vessel,  
pain has stole the door.  
So many seems has welcomed self,  
to steal all worth plus more.  
Dizzy is his thoughts and mind,  
his sight is blurred by tears.  
Untrusting everything he sees,  
by lies he lives in fear.  
Love is all he really wants,  
he gets just taunts and dancing.  
Shriveled up and crippling,  
prudishness romancing.  
He does not rest,  
he does not sleep,  
he does not nothing more.  
And everyday it just gets worse,  
nothing for the better.  
And no one true would even read,  
if his tears wrote a letter...

Ken Bennight

## If You Do Cry...

What you have brought I found amiss,  
wrapped inside your deadly kiss.  
Eyes of lies your heart has told,  
not even once your lips have spoke.  
I claim no gift with thoughts of right,  
but true I do feel wronged.  
And as a fool when he's not missed,  
I continue to hold on.  
There surely is a better way,  
for me to find an end.  
But deep inside my heart of hearts,  
I know we can't stay friends.  
Hatred is not what I feel,  
betrayal is the closer mother.  
I pray that GOD someday will send,  
to you the hurtful other.  
It will not change the scorn inside,  
my head or heart of lies.  
But a modicum of solace comes,  
it's true if you do cry.

Ken Bennight

# Im Keeping It

Im keeping it,  
forever in truth.  
Whenever, whatever,  
whom ever you knew.  
By reasons unspoken,  
by reasons unright.  
Im taking this second,  
claiming it mine  
Im keeping it.

Ken Bennight

# Israel

Someone took my home,  
claimed it has there own,  
thrown at me the stones,  
they left for gifts amongst the rubble.

What GOD has give to me,  
this gift against the sea,  
for ever shall it be,  
the place for all of men to rest.

His beauty and his might,  
his words which I delight,  
his gift of sacrifice,  
praise all of Israel.

Ken Bennight

## Its Pain The Poet Shares

Its pain from past,  
its pain that last,  
its pain that's passed him by.  
Its pain of words,  
he wants for heard,  
that's rarely read,  
but why?  
Its pain of life,  
felt more than twice,  
its pain that breaks him down.  
He knows no cure,  
one things for sure,  
its pain that he has found.  
Its pain of grins,  
its where he's been,  
Its beauty he must share.  
And twist with ink,  
the pain he thinks,  
to color up his square.  
Its pain the poet shares...

Ken Bennight

# Ive Seen

Ive watched a many river run,  
even though they don't have feet.  
Ive seen a parent hold the son,  
and not even fear the heat.  
Ive heard a man scream in fear,  
alone inside his room.  
Ive even seen a dead man walk,  
years before he's tombed.  
Words can change the world we know,  
by holding on or letting go.  
All these things before my eyes,  
Ive seen truth and Ive seen lies.

Ken Bennight

# Jealous

Fear of something that's not known,  
nervous by something not shown.

Anger seems so binding tight,  
with out a thought of wrong or right.

Ready just to end it all,  
to wipe smooth clean this table.

So hard to breath between the falls,  
so hard this un sure fable.

True that I have trusted once,  
but all I got was heartache.

Then after all was said and done,  
I found my trust a mistake.

Sweetened songs of flattery,  
delightful words they sell us.

Then anger is what seems they get,  
and scream because I'm JEALOUS...

Ken Bennight

# Jesus

I cannot love the way he loves,  
for he could never hate.  
I cannot speak the way he speaks,  
for I have to debate.  
I cannot love in gentle ways,  
I know this cause I've tried.  
I cannot say that I am truth,  
if so than I have lied.  
Only he could take my place,  
and die upon the cross.  
Only he can wash me clean,  
make my past a loss.  
Its only him I'll ever praise,  
JESUS is his name.  
He's give to me his spirit,  
I will never be the same.

Ken Bennight

# Just A Giggler

Ahhhh the stupidity  
of man and his cupidity  
and true most admittedly  
each of us use quiet befittingly  
yes this is written for gimmickry  
like a lot of my work characteristically  
being impish in its equanimity  
leaves me most optimistically  
questioning its readability

Ken Bennight

# Just A Jingle For A Pizza Chain

So you like your pizza pipen hot,  
At pizza- - - that's what we got.  
With perfect sauce '  
And no fake cheese'  
.three different crust,  
And fresh veggies.  
So pack your kids up in the car  
We promise you won't hear them wine  
The best pizza in this town by far'  
Is in this building underneath this sign...

Ken Bennight

# Just A Jingle For A Pizza Chain Two

Pizza- - -  
Pizzas in  
So pitch on in  
For pizza - - -  
The pizzas perfect  
The pastas supreme  
Oh what a deal  
Come see what I mean  
Bring your family  
Next of kin  
Don't forget to tell your friends  
Pizza- -  
Pizzas in  
Let me say that once again  
Pizza - -  
Pizzas in  
Pizza- - -...just come on in.

Ken Bennight

# Killer

One click,  
two clicks,  
three clicks dead.  
One shot one kill,  
take out the head.  
Dig a hole to have a bed,  
cry myself to sleep.  
Hell don't want a man like me,  
Heaven cant take me this I see.  
I'm doomed forever to this earth,  
a spirit kicking up the dirt.  
Life's not yet begin to hurt,  
the killing has just started.

Ken Bennight

# Killing Is For Keeps

They turn me on and let me go,  
the floor is soaked with blood.  
Remnants of what once was life,  
is bathed inside the flood.  
Wickedness is overcome,  
two wrongs do here make right.  
Has the death of one within this day,  
keeps alive a house by night.  
This is what I'm to forget,  
this is when I sleep.  
But they'll be back again tonight,  
cause killing is for keeps...

Ken Bennight

# Killing Spree

I feel it coming on again,  
chills my skin like freezing wind.  
Lusting for the taste of blood,  
rushing on just like a flood.  
Should I take the man in hat,  
who in his gluttony has gotten fat?  
Shall it be the man of greed,  
whom with his cash looks down on me?  
Maybe I wont spare the whore,  
whom cant be pleased and wants for more.  
But wait...  
I know a man who just wont go,  
even if you beg him so.  
Maybe I'll just kill him slow,  
Send to GOD his lazy soul.  
And then there is the pretty girl,  
with brightest eyes and little curls.  
Who thinks everyone in this whole world,  
is ugly next to her.  
Seems Ive plenty left to choose,  
they all deserve to me to lose.  
I know that I shall set them free,  
but where to start my killing spree?

Ken Bennight

# Kind Of Love

It's kind of shallow,  
kind of deep.  
Kind of floats,  
kind of sinks.  
Kind of funny,  
kind of sad.  
Kind of sane,  
kind of mad.  
Kind of loud,  
in a silent way.  
Gone tomorrow,  
here today.  
Kind of like,  
the hate we feel.  
Love can be kind of unreal.

Ken Bennight

# Knowing Lilly

Knowing Lilly she will scream,  
claw and try to bite.  
Knowing Lilly's been a dream,  
but that will end tonight.  
Knowing Lilly knowingly,  
she'll try to run away.  
Knowing Lilly she will beg to me,  
'please let me stay'  
Knowing Lilly she don't know,  
the wicked man I am.  
She'll give her all to me tonight,  
just as I have planned.  
Knowing Lilly...

Ken Bennight

# Korengal

Fear is felt behind the wall,  
day and night in Korengal.  
By bombs and bullets brothers fall,  
day and night in Korengal.  
Sweat it out,  
cry it out,  
tears find ways to fall.  
Words cannot express at all,  
day and night in Korengal.

Ken Bennight

# Letter Talk

Z, I told you I was a letter,  
but you never looked to C.  
Y, I do not understand,  
he only talks to B.  
U, wont lend a helping hand,  
its almost time for T.  
After O does anything,  
hes always got to P.  
Z, I told you I was a letter R.  
You listening to me?  
All you got to do my friend,  
is take a look to C.

Ken Bennight

# Liar

Liar to my heart,  
liar to my soul.  
Liar true from yesterday  
and for how long unknown.  
Liar from the first of smiles,  
liar with a frown.  
Liar in the space you fill,  
in places all around.  
Liar deep within yourself,  
liar to everyone else.  
Liar whom I don't know what's felt,  
when the weight true breaks me down.  
It's not love,  
it's lies to me,  
every time you are around.

Ken Bennight

# Lies Kill

First given has a little kiss,  
such silent taps upon the door.  
The less the flesh that's shown to one,  
so craves the need for more.  
Colorless has daffodils,  
in the dark of winters night.  
Was the first of what I thought was truth,  
yet lies was what was right.  
Every word that you had spoken,  
empty false unfixed and broken.  
Valueless has is a token,  
traded out for bills.  
Emotionless because your lies,  
it is my heart they kill...

Ken Bennight

# Lies With Every Breath

Your foolishness will cause your death,  
inhaling lies with every breath,  
so sad to GOD you failed the test,  
he's given you the answers.  
But you found comfort in the lies,  
religion gives its no surprise,  
just light your candles close your eyes,  
has Satan laughs while your soul dies.  
Remember you've yourself to blame,  
as you stand in judgement in your shame,  
the book of life don't have your name,  
written on its pages.  
Prophets through the ages past,  
shared the truth that forever last,  
the end is coming and oh so fast,  
its time to find true wisdom.  
Forget the lies that you've been given,  
trust in CHRIST for he has risen,  
those that believe continue living,  
all others do face death,  
inhaling lies with every breath.

Ken Bennight

# Listening For The Voices

My life is lived in sinister,  
I talk with deadly plans.  
I walk by those who do not know,  
I am a wicked man.  
Hearing evil voices,  
always in my head.  
And the minute that I listen,  
someone ends up dead.  
Hidden in my closet,  
buried in my floor.  
When the voices say its time again,  
I go kill some more.  
Because I don't have any friends,  
this I do for fun.  
Before you go and judge me,  
I'm not the only one.  
Who lives his life darkness,  
lurking in the shadows.  
Constantly in secrets,  
waiting for tomorrow.  
Listening for the voices,  
for what they say I dread.  
When they say to go and kill,  
someone ends up dead...

Ken Bennight

# Little Bitty Chocolate Dog

My little bitty chocolate dog,  
gets smaller everyday.  
But seems that I just cant resist,  
from licking on her face.  
I brought her home and sit her down,  
which is exactly where she stays.  
But little bit by little bit,  
she seems to go away.  
I love my little chocolate dog,  
a puppy cant be sweeter.  
She never makes a single sound,  
and I don't have to feed her.  
Soon I'll get another dog,  
this is truth I say.  
Because my little bitty chocolate dog,  
gets smaller everyday.

Ken Bennight

# Loss

I walk past and they all laugh,  
because I have no shoes.  
But life can change,  
and oh so fast.  
The things you have,  
you lose.  
Your laughter and your smile you see,  
can change to tears and quit quickly.  
You walk around and just look down,  
like their looking down at me.  
I was once a firm strong soul,  
But thats all changed.  
How?  
I don't know.  
Seems I've become,  
a joke to life.  
And its not fair,  
it hurts inside.  
My life is all,  
I have to lose.  
And they all laugh,  
because I've no shoes.

Ken Bennight

# Lost And Bound

Tied and bound,  
twisted up tight.  
Turned so far to the left,  
that I'm now facing right.  
Pain and confusion,  
my happiness fake.  
I'm way passed all limits,  
but why don't I break.  
My world and my soul,  
so densely dark.  
To find my way out,  
would take more than a spark.  
With nothing to find,  
its here that I stay.  
Locked in my darkness,  
hidden away.

Ken Bennight

# Lost In Heartbreak

Hungry in his heart,  
angry in his head,  
at a total lose for words to her he wants for said.  
Screams they feel his soul,  
tears they bathe his face,  
if only he could run away from pain as if a place.  
He is lost in heartbreak

Ken Bennight

# Lost In Translation

I want to show you all of me,  
I want to give you letters.  
Spell it out so all can read,  
to the paper I'm the debter.  
Fill its space with paragraphs,  
a sentence to the widow.  
To fall upon and cry out loud,  
while laughing at the sitters.  
Drowning in the waters salt,  
just below the ankles.  
Sounds of fury in the air,  
blood eyes blinded by me.  
Few will ever understand,  
where I'm at and how to find me.

Ken Bennight

# Love

It burns its great,  
who would want to escape?  
Its like nothing that I know,  
that I have felt.  
Existing desire,  
consuming each breath.  
Totally pleasing,  
chilling to flesh.  
Controlling the mind,  
consuming the soul.  
An impossible question,  
the answer unknown.  
Not seen by a vision,  
no mirage to be shown.  
A dream shared by both,  
but a nightmare alone.  
It can be a magnet,  
that pulls two souls together.  
Or a magnet that pushes,  
them away to wherever.  
It cant be controlled,  
but it can be denied.  
Although truth exist,  
we can view it has lies.  
Like a sound that is felt,  
with no need to touch.  
It is just like a drug,  
you cant get enough.

Ken Bennight

# Love Brings

What does love bring to a man,  
what treasure lies in store.  
Seems so we cant get enough,  
when lost we search for more.  
We sing the songs,  
we dance the dance,  
color pictures pretty.  
slap myself twice in my face by Joe I think Ive got it...

Love brings new blooms,  
slight scents,  
and brights of colors.  
Lavish tones of sentiments,  
that caress by sound two lovers.  
Tangled in the best of ways,  
wrapped tight and never biding.  
Seek it out,  
forever search,  
I promise its worth finding...

Ken Bennight

# Love By Rapture

Our tears from screams,  
our fear for joy,  
subtleties of laughter.  
Forbidden by all things of truth,  
to enjoy the lies thereafter.  
We embrace and chills escape,  
freezing all that's captured  
This why it seems we live,  
to wait for love by rapture

Ken Bennight

# Love Forbidden

Mom disapproves of miscegenation,  
but only of one certain color.  
But mom its fate that rules the heart,  
and connects two souls has lovers.  
Forever please do not talk me down,  
why must you be unrealistic?  
Don't lead me some day to chase women away,  
I pray not to become misogynistic.  
My heart I do pray wont shrivel away,  
in some marasonistic manner.  
Fulfillment of soul is what I'm wanting to know,  
and your approval to me truly matters.  
But if my heart must die the martyr,  
let it be for love.

Ken Bennight

# Love Has To Wait

They say the world is getting warmer,  
but were just stewing in our hate.  
Seems pleasure cant come quick enough,  
enjoyments always late.  
No one seems to sit for long,  
to restless just to wait.  
The differences between all men,  
are really not that great.  
We better learn to love,  
and now,  
before it is to late.  
As busy as we seem to be,  
love just has to wait.

Ken Bennight

# Love Letter

My soul it stains this white of page,  
my tears ink this love letter.  
Ive always heard to write it down,  
somehow it makes things better.  
Broken of my want for life,  
by lose of love despaired.  
Senseless true to carry on,  
since you no longer care.  
Fearful of tomorrows breaths,  
I wish to pass tonight.  
Why did all I want go wrong,  
for once it felt so right.  
No words it seems could bring a change,  
my change of words no better.  
My soul it stains this white of page,  
my tears ink this love letter.

Ken Bennight

# Love Stains

Ive love stains on my pillows,  
cause I cry my self to sleep.  
Ive love stains on my tennis shoes,  
from walking love stained streets.  
Ive loves stains on my face and cheeks,  
love stains on my hands.  
Stains from fears,  
of loved stained tears.  
I am a love stained man.

Ken Bennight

# Loved Her Many Times

I've loved her more than once,  
words spoken many times.  
With every kiss that we did share,  
true love did cross my mind.  
When each of us embraced to dance,  
our love did get another chance.  
Every touch we shared together,  
our love it felt to be forever.  
Softly spoken words of rhymes,  
I have loved her many times...

Ken Bennight

# Loveless Cancer

How can I,

in words express,

the width of love,

I have in depth?

The pain I feel,

now you have gone,

and just how is it,

I go on?

What is it in us,

you don't see?

What is it in me,

not believed?

Questions seems there is no answer,

and so ends this loveless cancer.

Ken Bennight

# Lovers

We lie together in one space,  
sharing breath while face to face.  
Lost in raptures sweet embrace,  
lovers for forever.  
Sharing romance has the moon,  
starts in full in weeks of June.  
Moans are gifts of lovers tunes,  
for joyous loss of sorrow.  
We shall be forever more,  
a sample to this world.  
How everyone should love another,  
be it boy or girl.  
Together,  
sharing,  
each other...

Ken Bennight

# Luck

Ive pulled the string,  
tossed the salt,  
wished upon a star.  
Found the cent and picked it up,  
kept all the lids of broken jars.  
Brushed off my shoes,  
kissed the rope,  
raised my sails in order.  
Drug my feet and made straight lines,  
each time I crossed the border.  
Snapped my thumbs,  
knocked on heads,  
never kissed a mirror.  
I am not the first one out the door,  
although no ones standing nearer.  
I always tie my socks in knots,  
these things I don't forget.  
Don't pick up salt with powdered hands,  
eat my fish on lent.  
I don't put out the candles flame,  
despite the money spent.  
Haven't changed a puppies name,  
my tooth picks never bent.  
Don't walk backwards up the stairs,  
wont catch a falling leaf.  
And when the cars crosses the tracks,  
I pickup both my feet.  
I do not button down my shirt,  
and burn all my old shoes.  
It may not help,  
but doesn't hurt.  
Ive only luck to lose.

Ken Bennight

# Lying Is A Sin

Bed of roses,  
bed of Thorns,  
bed of leepers ashes.  
So many lay and wallow in,  
what bares on them has scratches.  
Empty tears,  
hallowed screams,  
burdens for the mothers.  
Suddenly things shown and seen,  
seem different from the others.  
Shameful face all carved with scars,  
imprinted from fears fables.  
Disecrate the holiest of priest placed at the table.  
Ever word that's spoken forth,  
with letters buying volumes.  
Such soothing comfort for the ear,  
the softest touch to skin.  
The LORD did speak this law to hear,  
LYING is a SIN.

Ken Bennight

# Mad About Lots

Mad about me,  
mad about you,  
mad about lies,  
mad about truth.  
mad about sadness,  
mad about tears,  
mad about every f@#\$%#n thing there is,  
Ive been mad for years.  
Mad about hopeless,  
mad about wrought,  
mad about waiting,  
mad about not,  
mad about hating,  
mad about about love,  
mad about every f@#\$%#n f@#\$%d up deal  
to the point I want to kill.  
That might make me happy...

Ken Bennight

# Madness

Ive become aware that I'm enslaved,  
to the despiss of my mind.  
I have searched the corners four,  
forever there to find.  
A comquilent of bitterness,  
that I know for to share.  
In a tranquil view of happiness,  
that mankind doesn't care.  
The air I breath is air for me,  
and only my space matters.  
I'm living proof that all the world,  
is fatter in its sadness.  
Which by itself,  
itself alone,  
breeds guilt and hands of hollow.  
Madness is both pill and drink,  
the hardest thing to swallow.

Ken Bennight

# Man Behind The Mirror

I see an evil wicked man,  
who lays in wait,  
and makes his plans.  
For bringing fear upon a face,  
ending lives without replace.  
No shame,  
no guilt,  
no disgrace,  
I'm staring at him face to face.  
The evil man stares back at me,  
what he's in store is not believed.  
All these plans he's made I see,  
this pictures getting clearer.  
I'm this man behind the mirror.

Ken Bennight

# Man Continues Fighting

Jodhpurs seem to saintly ride,  
two by two and side by side.  
Taking souls along the way,  
destin men of war to graves.  
Most do fall upon their knees,  
in prayers for GOD's forgiveness.  
But others laughing has they fight,  
the living souls of meekness.  
War is to the mother,  
such an evil on a child.  
Different to the brother,  
in his eyes still lives the wild.  
The innocent or but a few,  
that have to pay the cost.  
The earth returns to dust the bones,  
of all the soldiers lost.  
Has man continues fighting...

Ken Bennight

# Man Of War

We come back,  
but we never come home.  
We have friends,  
but were always alone.  
We cry tears,  
but were no longer scared.  
In our beers,  
we think nobody cares.  
It is true,  
because us you are free.  
But few will thank a man of war,  
no one has thanked me.

Ken Bennight

# Mean Old Man

Mean old man upon your stool,  
how is it you can be so cruel?  
Has life thrown you a dirty path?  
Must every being feel your wrath?  
Have you been like this since a boy?  
Has not one person brought you joy?  
Is there no nice words you can say?  
Have you drove all your friends away?  
Why is it that you scream at me?  
Cause I see what no others see?  
Your cruel at heart and bitter breath,  
thinking peace just comes with death.  
And when you die no one will care,  
or even have nice words to share.  
But you brought this upon yourself,  
you are to blame and no one else.

Ken Bennight

# Measure

Read my lines upon a stick,  
walk my paces off.  
Add me up for what you get,  
figure out the cost.  
Convert me to your native speech,  
check my sphere in size.  
Read my tag inside your pants,  
make sure I'm not too wide.  
You should yourself know what I am,  
though sometimes I surprise.  
If gold or silver I'm a ton,  
to man I'm quite a treasure.  
Seven letters in my word.  
Yes,  
my name is measure.

Ken Bennight

# Men Of Fear

I am not the only,  
broken man.  
With broken dreams,  
and empty plans.  
A man who prays for better things,  
which never ever come his way.  
So many men are just like me,  
they find life's unforgiving.  
But somehow yet still walk the earth,  
dead amongst the living.  
Dead because they plan no more,  
their stuck just where their at.  
With eyes of tears because of fears,  
of what their lives beget.

Ken Bennight

# Murder Myself

Murder myself  
murder myself  
cause all the pain that I have felt  
the lies and hurt that I have dealt  
I true do do feel to murder myself  
Murder myself  
murder myself  
instead of killing someone else  
let them too just kill themselves  
to swim in blood that's red has felt  
Murder themselves  
murder themselves  
Murder myself  
murder myself

Ken Bennight

# Mush

I long for her in color,  
I search for her in sound.  
I cannot stop,  
I dont know why,  
Yet I know shes not around.  
I feel for her by loneliness,  
I cry to her through pain.  
I breath all breaths with constant hope,  
the choice she made will change.  
I fear I'll always love her,  
never chance to love another.  
By loneliness I'll smother,  
a death by broken heart.

Ken Bennight

# My 7 Sins

I'm guilty of my pride,  
and gluttony of lust.  
Envious of the sloth of wrath,  
these 7 I do trust.  
I built the walls I live within,  
of my 7 deadly sins.  
With not a thought of if they'll stop,  
all I know that they've begun.  
To take a toll,  
upon my soul,  
as if it even matters.  
Sin is sin the curse of men,  
death will surely follow.

Ken Bennight

# My Birth

My flesh is want of wickedness,  
it craves and cries for more.  
My soul begs out for forgiveness,  
makes its plea unto my LORD.  
Has tears bath soft my face of flesh,  
and lungs yet cling for one more breath.  
All dreams are coming faster now,  
then they were before I left.  
The screen is spread wide open,  
My eyes are blind by joy.  
I'm coddled in my mothers arms,  
I'm such a lucky boy.  
The World is Mine...

Ken Bennight

# My Children, My Poems

I need the paper,  
yes to breath.  
The ink that's spilled,  
is what I bleed.  
The words I make,  
are as my seed,  
multiplying happily.  
And when I'm gone,  
they're what's left.  
To carry on after my death,  
the proof to show that I was here.  
My poems,  
my children,  
I hold so dear.

Ken Bennight

# My Crackling

Cracks are my reality,  
they are showing in my skin.  
weakness where I'm starting to break,  
exposing all that I hold deep within.  
Things no ones seen,  
things never shown.  
Things i re-see,  
that over time turned unknown.  
Holding my breath deeply within,  
I must hold together these cracks in my skin.  
Strengthen myself so I don't someday break,  
and keep this one piece together that holds up my face.  
Its a strain to my thoughts,  
its a fear to my soul.  
That I cant hide these cracks,  
I try hard but they show.  
All people stare,  
none turn away.  
Some count the pieces,  
my cracking has made.  
Hundreds of pieces,  
all needing graves.  
Once you start cracking,  
your starting to break.  
And once somethings broken,  
you throw it away.

Ken Bennight

# My Death Note

I'll bring to me myself's own end,  
before the harvest moon.  
Punishment for my own sin,  
I'll not see another June.  
Deaf to tunes brings my own sorrow,  
with emptiness at hand.  
I'll pay my debt for lives I've borrowd,  
I hope you understand.  
It is not wise to live with tears,  
that blurr the path of life.  
And never take the road to sin,  
never more than twice.  
The silence of the darkened grave,  
deep beneath the dirt.  
Absent of a heart that beats,  
ends the pain that hurts.  
Farewell to all my kin,  
farewell to all my friends.  
Before the harvest moon,  
I'll bring to me myself's own end.

Ken Bennight

# My End.

Three Monkeys of wicked  
this paint on my wall.  
Each one of my mirrors,  
watching me fall.  
Back into something,  
true once planned before.  
With nothing to run to,  
I walk out the door.  
Step into darkness,  
last breath of the night.  
Exhale the foulness,  
blinded by light.  
Confused in this sorrow,  
confested in rest.  
Till judgment is borrowed,  
Ill scratch out this test.  
Inch out my 6 feet,  
one spoon at a time.  
Shovel,  
to shovel,  
to shovel,  
no hurt.  
asleep for forever,  
Incaptured in dirt.

Ken Bennight

# My Fingers Bleed

The tears that wash the dirt from streets,  
that flow beneath this poets feet.  
All but wash and cleanse the space,  
thats laid to waste before my face.  
Crumbled sheets of words gone lost,  
never written for the page.  
Single in the sounding bells,  
that ring in the new age.  
An age in search of betterment,  
a counting unto stories.  
A building up to point the way,  
that is found within the letters.  
Leaves a price so step to pay,  
for to the reader I'm the debtor.  
All to more I must admit,  
within my darkened room.  
The task that has be fallen me,  
has my soul colored gloom.  
So hard it is to please myself,  
more less to please another.  
My fingers bleed the paper red,  
thats covered floor,  
desk and bed...

Ken Bennight

# My God

MY GOD is the GOD of love,  
not the GOD of hate.  
My GOD is always right on time,  
my GOD is never late.  
My GOD made the sun and stars,  
forest of trees,  
pits of tar,  
beast of the fields,  
beaches of sand,  
all of this made by his mighty hands.  
My GOD is the GOD of truth,  
he shows me no more love,  
than he will ever show you.  
My GOD also has a name,  
I call him JEHOVAH.

Ken Bennight

# My Joy

It's not easy all the time,  
to find the words in which to rhyme.  
And place them on this paper page,  
that has a writer is my stage.  
For I must somehow grab your eyes,  
and feed them what will please your mind.  
So you will then want more from me,  
and I must give you more to read.  
It's this that makes my life worth while,  
To know that my words make men smile.  
For me to have 1 single fan,  
is the biggest joy for this 1 man.

Ken Bennight

# My Juliet

I wished my love for Juliet,  
a love I promised to not forget.  
To lose all lust without regret,  
I pledged my heart to Juliet.  
Flowers bloom to each their spring,  
Yet has a man I love one thing.  
My thoughts,  
my dreams,  
my wishes bet,  
All to love my Juliet...

Ken Bennight

# My Lie

I've bent myself beyond my break,  
to drowned inside my puddle.

And all alone I am to blame,  
my curses ever muddled.

Neglecting true whatever truths,  
I've chose to cast aside.

To limit hurt upon myself,  
and sink below my pride.

Its to myself I lie

Ken Bennight

# My Love Of Life

Viola is my love of life,  
the reason for my cheer.  
Its always like a holiday,  
when she is standing near.  
She empowers me in certain ways,  
no other woman can.  
Id be a fool to ever stray,  
forever I'm her man.  
With her I am a conquerer,  
the king of all the land.  
Not a fear felt in my heart,  
with her to hold my hand.  
With her I feel alive inside,  
eternally in youth.  
More beautiful than midnight skies,  
purest next to truth.  
My heart could say it better,  
if only it could write.  
But both of us agree on this,  
she is my love of life.

Ken Bennight

# My Love Viola Grey

Viola was a lovely girl,  
her laugh was blatant funny.  
All time spent inside her world,  
made me richer than all of money.  
All good things must end someday,  
or so I've heard folks say.  
The hardest truth to be believed,  
is she would go away.  
Leave me here a broken man,  
sobbing on the floor.  
If love will always feel like this,  
than I don't want no more.  
Is there a way a man like me,  
can drink away his sorrows?  
And if the pain returns again,  
will I drink some more tomorrow?  
All the people there for me,  
don't know the words to say.  
They've never had a love like her,  
my love Viola Grey.

Ken Bennight

# My Misery Is Memories

My misery is memories,  
of all the lies she told to me.  
The laughs and winks of what could be,  
that by her choice she took from me.  
Every tear my eyes did shed,  
the pain that pounds within my head.  
The days that I did wish for dead,  
the fear I felt that lied ahead.  
My memories are misery,  
of every I love you she said...

Ken Bennight

# My Mystery

Amazing I am still alive,  
I've wiggled from my noose.  
That's bound me up in knots and ties,  
to keep in wraps what lies inside.  
My battle for to spend the truth,  
is energy well spent.  
Although I cannot buy the world,  
I'll try to pay the rent.  
Write my letters with a smile,  
that all the readers see.  
Make them hunger for my words,  
so to me they come to feed.  
Some can't see the way it's done,  
and most will never know.  
The mystery that this poet keeps,  
while alive he cannot show...

Ken Bennight

# My Pen

Sometimes it tells me stop,  
sometimes it tells me go.  
And when it doesn't say a thing,  
thats when I do not know.  
It always seems to scream out loud,  
'write before I sleep'.  
And when I don't know what to say,  
it starts to speak to me.  
This little pen that has a mind,  
and the ink that is its speech.  
Lets me leave this world behind,  
to find places out of reach.  
So when I breath my last of breath,  
and on the death bed which I lie.  
Honor just this one last wish.  
Lay it by my side

Ken Bennight

# My Poetic Existence

I set alone and write small words,  
and yet you need so many.  
You say its good for what youve heard,  
or just has good as any.  
I give you a line or six,  
you plead for twenty four.  
I want to leave and go elsewhere,  
but you still want for more.  
Damn my poetic existence...

Ken Bennight

# My Race

I run a race,  
I must admit.  
I have to win,  
I cannot quit.  
To hold the prize,  
would set me free.  
Words cannot explain,  
what it means to me.  
So I run hard,  
and I run fast.  
To be the first,  
and not the last.  
I look behind,  
to not be passed.  
The tape alone,  
my hands must grasp.  
All will forget who's next.

Ken Bennight

# My Ratable Is Tertiary

My ratable is tertiary,  
thats where I fall in line.  
Although I try for number #1,  
Im not 2nd best most times.  
I must admit it often hurts,  
to be the third in line.  
Oh I know it could be worse,  
I could place 4 or 5.  
I truly want to hold the gold,  
always bronze is getting old.  
A pat and smile and thankful line,  
'You did your best maybe next time'  
My ratable is tertiary,  
each and everytime...

Ken Bennight

# My Shadows Talk

My shadows are back,  
haunting the wall.  
Their inside my head,  
I hear them call.  
Saying things evil,  
I cant shut them out.  
They talk of people,  
round and about.  
Their trying to tease me,  
I know this as fact.  
Sometimes they leave me,  
but yet they come back.  
There here in the day,  
and at night in my dreams.  
Driving me crazy,  
they love when I scream.  
I cant lose the shadows,  
has hard has I try.  
Their right behind me,  
wherever I hide.  
You to have shadows,  
wherever you walk.  
But you may be lucky,  
yours may not talk.

Ken Bennight

# My Tiny Room Of Mirrors

My tiny room of mirrors,  
in a voice to me once said.  
Look at all these staring faces,  
looking everywhere.  
What do you think they seek to find,  
is it happiness or sorrow?  
For the faces they are all the same,  
and too the life they borrowed.  
Can you stare at only one?  
They all call for attention.  
They are all the man inside of you,  
have I forgot to mention.

Ken Bennight

## Never Will I Sit

They come to see me lying here,  
for never will I sit.  
Puddles form from each a tear,  
between the stones upon my crypt.  
Less weight now than was before,  
in all my days of young.  
Sentiments that speak forgive,  
flow from all kins tongue.  
They come to see me lying here,  
for never will I sit.

Ken Bennight

# New Shoes

What to do,  
where to go,  
I've put on my new shoes.  
Maybe down to make a bet,  
there blue and I cant lose.  
If I could somehow stop to think,  
then maybe I could choose.  
But I cant seem to get away  
from viewing my new shoes

Ken Bennight

## Nincompoop...

Briddeled in your spitefulness  
each tortures lost despair  
Empty now through circumstance  
you've plotted your way there  
Truculent for empty causes  
the smears upon your face  
Never have you searched for wisdom  
ineptness took its place  
Nincompoop...

Ken Bennight

# No More Tears She Cries

She used to dance around the yard,  
and get lost within her songs.  
Until her life did turn for hard,  
and everything went wrong.  
Now she's settled in the deep,  
and darkness of the earth.  
Yet every spring awakens new,  
the roses from her dirt.  
More lovely now than was before,  
more smiles by passerby's.  
She lays alone in peaceful calm,  
no more tears she cries...

Ken Bennight

# No One But The Poet

The poet gives us dreams,  
within the words of his own smile.  
The poet says the things he knows,  
that no one can beguile.  
For he knows how to share parts of his soul,  
we cannot see.  
And through his words we find a way,  
in which we can believe.  
That we ourselves can change the world,  
with his words.  
If we'll just sing.  
No one but the poet,  
brings to us these things.

Ken Bennight

# No Title

Be humble in your walk  
Judge justly in your talk  
And has commanded by our LORD above  
Grant to all unconditional love.

These are the only things GOD requires of each of us...

Ken Bennight

# Not A Drop Of Ink

Pens and quills everywhere,  
but not a dropp of ink.  
Paper stacked in 9 foot piles,  
mankind on the brink.  
Teardrops falling down like rain,  
not a sound is heard.  
The Saint again must slash himself,  
and write in blood his words.  
It up to him to bring forth calm,  
with his soothing letters.  
Its up to him to make things write,  
cause no one does it better.  
Tis a curse inside he knows,  
but its up to him to share.  
The words that make us all believe,  
as we read that someone cares.  
Paper stacked in 9 foot piles,  
pens and quills are everywhere.

Ken Bennight

## Not An If, Nor And Or But...

I've letters in my closet,

pieces to a word.

If the door were left unopened,

consequences could be heard.

Shouting out in sentences,

right before your eyes.

Unwillingness to open up,

will catch you by surprise.

Gaze at words from letters past,

before I slammed it shut.

Keep my letters in the closet

not an if nor and or but...

Ken Bennight

# Not My Forte

My future seems is broken,  
shattered right in half.  
Little fractures everywhere,  
because my checkered past.  
Everyone with fingers,  
seems to point to me.  
And all their lies just linger,  
but why wouldn't you believe.  
Ive brought this pain upon myself,  
I am to blame and no one else.  
All this dirt upon my shoes,  
from a nasty past that I cant lose.  
I can beg and plead for chance,  
but with devil I chose to dance.  
I should live in love they say,  
but seems thats just not my forte.

Ken Bennight

## O.C.D.

I'm so neat,  
I'm a freak.  
A neat freak,  
or so to speak.  
Everything in every space,  
has its own little place.  
Must be straight,  
must look tight,  
or i find it hard to sleep at night.  
You may laugh and point at me,  
and talk about my O.C.D.  
But I can see you problems big,  
compared to me you are a pig.  
Ive see the way you keep your house,  
it's so disgusting,  
shut your mouth.  
You could eat off my clean floors,  
but I'd wear gloves to touch your doors.  
So please don't stand so close to me,  
I would prefer to stay germ free.

Ken Bennight

# Ode To My Pen

Pound for pound me and my pen,  
are the best there is around.  
You can stand them up all day,  
we will knock them down.  
I cannot take the credit,  
cause I know for sure its him.  
With his sleek chromatic style,  
full of ink and slim.  
He moves my hand to cross the t's,  
and lies while dotting i's.  
And the words he puts on paper slim,  
brings tears to both my eyes.  
Without him I am nothing,  
a man thats such a bore.  
But that sleek chromatic ball point pen,  
makes me so much more...

Ken Bennight

# Ode To The Saint

People want to break the Saint,  
mutter up his words.  
Rumors abound,  
there all around,  
or so the Saint has heard.  
They would like to cut his hands,  
so he cant move his pen.  
Its not his hands that gives us words,  
it comes from deep within.  
Blind his eyes so he cant see,  
the world that he lives in.  
Confuse him underneath his flesh,  
but never will they win.  
Knowledge is forever found,  
hidden in his words.  
People want to break the Saint,  
oh so the Saint has heard.

Ken Bennight

# Of All That God Does Give

I want to hold and kiss her,  
but all I do is miss her.  
I'm tortured everyday,  
for she's so far away.  
What punishment this is,  
of all that GOD does give.  
Miserably I live,  
in scoff of happy others.  
No love for me is hard,  
I'm several broken parts.  
Crumbled in the heart,  
black of flesh and dark.  
Lacking love and tenderness,  
I am the hardest of a man.  
Things are keep away from me,  
Ive yet to understand.  
Of all that GOD does give,  
what punishment this is...

Ken Bennight

# Of Tomorrow

I can find no joy in love,  
but even less in heartbreak.  
While all the world true ever does,  
is shove the pure tell they shake.  
Shake of fear and loneliness,  
shake of unforgiving.  
Breaking anything once fixed,  
and sold has new to all living.  
Living if just day to day,  
dreaming of better tomorrows.  
Dishing out the same they take,  
not learning from their sorrow.  
I can find joy in love today,  
but I dont know of tomorrow.

Ken Bennight

# One Man In One Moment

One man in just one moment  
with a bullet or a word.  
With an act on indescression,  
or a poem that is heard.  
Can change the world forever,  
this is a simple fact.  
One man in just one moment,  
based on a single act...

Ken Bennight

# Only Dreaming

Each night I hold her in my arms,  
just as I have wished.

This world belongs to both of us,  
we share it in a kiss.

Not a care divides our love,  
we are one in our embrace.

Then the morning light erupts,  
the smile off of my face.

I was only dreaming...

Ken Bennight

# Opps

She spat at me then cursed aloud,  
dropped me off my little cloud.  
She waved agestered finger curse,  
the heartbreak felt could not be worse.  
Put my money in her purse,  
slammed the hotel door.  
Greedy little whore...

I offered to her no excuse,  
no man should have to take abuse.  
Our friendship is not one that lingers,  
no sweet words,  
no rings on fingers.  
Should have cleared this up before,  
greedy little whore...

Ken Bennight

## Other Soldiers

Like the soldiers that went before me,  
onto the battlefield.  
I am here only to right a wrong,  
I have not come here to kill.  
I have to come to serve for peace,  
so the weak can have a voice.  
To give to those who do without,  
freedom of their choice.  
It is not I who'll be the judge,  
thats the work of GOD.  
I am not one who holds a grudge,  
forgive or be forgiven not.  
But there are men whom Ive shared days,  
and their no longer here.  
They died for those of which I speak,  
and I proudly shed my tears.  
There is no higher honor,  
than service for whats right.  
So say a prayer and thank the LORD,  
for a soldier every night.

Ken Bennight

# Our World

We walk upon a broken rock,  
and bathe within its tears.  
Although we've never heard it talk,  
it has screamed for many years.  
It has given to us all we have,  
and everything we see.  
We've taken from it everyday,  
everything we need.  
We've got from it the cotton soft,  
on which we lay our heads.  
We take from it all we eat,  
and thanks is rarely said.  
Sometimes it tries to shake us off,  
but inside it holds our dead.  
While we live our lives it pays the cost,  
and thanks is rarely said.

Ken Bennight

# Pain

I've so much pain inside myself,  
I truly wish I was someone else.  
I toxin up to ease the pain,  
but when toxin's gone its back again.  
I would truly wish on no one's soul,  
this pain I feel and grief I know.  
My smile is false,  
my laughter to.  
I'm shattered to pieces,  
if you only knew.  
I've pain in my sight,  
pain in my breath.  
It's painful to live,  
so I dream of death.  
Pain is my master,  
I'm shackled, enslaved.  
Surely theres comfort,  
in death and the grave.  
If you thinks it's a lie,  
and I speak untruths.  
Be me for a day,  
and you'll pray to be you.

Ken Bennight

## Paralyzed We Are

Born she feels for only pain,  
her life a stance for notice.  
Her and I so much the same,  
yet cry for different motives.  
She asked not for the way she lives,  
my hurt is hand delivered.  
Theres nothing more that she can give,  
I'll steal all shakes and shivers.  
No notice left for circumstance,  
no knocks upon the door.  
Hypnotized by a pennies dance,  
we both still beg for more.  
She cannot stand and walk away,  
I can it's just I wont.  
I feel so sorry for herself,  
I should tell her but I don't.

Ken Bennight

# Paranoia

I sit alone inside my room,  
around the paint of ugly.

Aware to me at all to soon,  
wrap in my fears and snugly.

Afraid to leave my room for fears,  
of what may lie outside.

In the darkness of my room,  
Is sit alone to hide.

Hide myself from breathing breaths,  
expelled by those whom near to death.  
I know from GOD here lies a test,  
impossible for passing.

Some may say I'm paranoid,  
but it is those I must avoid.  
For they don't hear my head of noise,  
thats driving me to madness.

If by chance they were to see,  
all the fear raptures me.  
They would take a lock and key,  
and keep themselves away.

Locked inside a darkened room,  
around the paint of ugly.

Ken Bennight

# Peace In Rest

I feel a color bright has red,  
a manor of a stand.  
In temperment and worst for voice,  
in a fistful clench of hand.  
Harder now to breath a breath.  
harder than is known.  
Next the trench of darkedness,  
next the name in stone.  
Nothing does give life but GOD,  
nothing does but take it.  
The best of peace is found in rest,  
and all of man forsakes it.

Ken Bennight

# Pen O Pen

Pen O pen my best of friend,  
tonight how will you flow?  
Why I am lost in consequence,  
and purposes unknown.  
Has I find ways to spill whats hidden,  
deep in side my soul.  
Will any body understand,  
this truth and hurt I know?  
Will the paper make us lie,  
so it can have the fame?  
Or can it be like you and me,  
a friend that shares the shame?  
To many times I know it feels,  
that it gets cast aside.  
Forsaken for another sheet,  
while you and I still write.  
Hidden in between the lines,  
Its us who gives it pride.  
Pen O pen my best of friend,  
what shall we share tonight?

Ken Bennight

# Philosophy Of Poetry

Should each sentence speak in rhyme,  
should I meter it with guilt.  
If written out in abstract way,  
how is the story built.  
Maybe only little words,  
in sentences of few.  
The romance of the stanza,  
found in the haiku.  
This philosophy within myself,  
of what to bring about.  
Is what it seems I suffer with,  
both inside and out.  
Readers only get exactly,  
what I give to see.  
Of this philosophy of poetry,  
that's found inside of me...

Ken Bennight

# Pills

Pills bring thrills,  
gives us chills.  
We buy pills,  
skip the bills.  
They stack up high,  
has little hills.  
Make us feel ill,  
just take more pills.

Ken Bennight

# Pitty For Kitty

Kitty this,  
and pitty that.  
I'm so the one,  
that killed the cat.  
Killed all nine,  
I smushed them flat.  
With my bat,  
imagine that.  
Now it wont be pissing,  
and hissing,  
in my kissing bushes.

Don't Ask...

Ken Bennight

# Poem

Letters are by poets measured,  
sacred lines has gifts of treasure,  
discovered by the readers pleasure,  
has a breath that's shared by all.  
Sentences are mostly wishes,  
begging just to sing.  
And the sounds that always dance together,  
brings promise to this thing,  
thats called a poem...

Ken Bennight

## Poem Whores...

Love me,  
want me,  
read my songs.  
If not for words,  
I don't belong.  
I've opened up,  
stretched my soul flat,  
poem whores are sure of that.  
Give me,  
feed me,  
wanting more,  
searching out for what's in store.  
Innocent with guilt,  
for love,  
judgment on the poem whores...

Ken Bennight

# Poems From A Lover

Poems of rain, wind and sea,  
written of things beyond belief.  
Poems of sadness, strife and pain,  
written of feelings inside all men.  
Poems of puppies, kittens and such,  
written in memories of things we touch.  
Poems of kisses, embraces and song,  
written in short to be read as long.  
Poems from you,  
poems from me.  
Poems from a lover...

Ken Bennight

# Poems Live Forever

Poets share what poets see,  
they give this gift of sight to me.  
I find it in the words they spell,  
in every line the story tells.  
Of love thats gone,  
or yet to come,  
the plus and minus of a sum.  
As hearts do beat sometimes as drums,  
that sound as soldiers marching.  
Poets seems are born with gifts,  
the sweet of words that flow from lips.  
Like flowers in a field of bloom,  
their words of love comfort the room.  
When read aloud to each mans space,  
the poets words are saving grace.  
Poets can not be replaced,  
their poems live forever...

Ken Bennight

# Poetronyms

I wound my dressing around my wound,  
as I tear it off a tear.

Rolls down my cheek I realize,  
what your eyes are about to hear.

The wind cant wind my watch I watch,  
and see it isn't so.

The bark cant bark its from the tree,  
and not the dog I know.

The dove dove down then swooped back up,  
just putting on a show.

I shoot the bow then take a bow,  
as I aced the target slow.

I am so close to close this deal,  
just read what I've read you'll know.

Ken Bennight

# Poetry

The letters build the words that form the sounding from the lips  
that touch so deep within the soul or what the readers miss  
This is what the writer calls the sweetest taste of kiss  
this is poetry...

Ken Bennight

# Poets And Poems

It seems that poets have to scream,  
they have to give their words.  
Its the safest way for them to dream,  
otherwise it hurts.  
If you could see the ink they bleed,  
that flows from fingertips.  
The words that live inside their hearts,  
that exit out their lips.  
Only whispers in a song,  
until written down on paper.  
Permanent when viewed with eyes,  
if spoken only vapor.  
The poem is the reason,  
that we learn or A, B, C's.  
If there were no poems,  
would we really want to read?

Ken Bennight

# Poets Dream

O circle of poets,  
ring of friends,  
Ive picked up my pad and pen.  
To write the words that hang on walls,  
I feel as if it is my call.  
To fill the world with paragraphs,  
a sentence to forever last.  
A piece of me to stay behind,  
a journey deep within my mind.  
When Ive no voice,  
my words will scream,  
And as you read,  
Ive lived my dream.

Ken Bennight

# Poets Proposal

You are to me an angel,  
a vision in pure white.  
The man that Ive become today,  
you've given me that life.  
True I knew not how to love,  
I learned that all you.  
I walk as if a king to many,  
you are owed your due.  
Never will I leave your side,  
you are my only life,  
All I want to ask of you,  
is will you be my wife?  
For better or for worse,  
till death pulls us apart.  
Will you take my hand today,  
and give to me your heart?

Ken Bennight

# Poets Thoughts

I want to be the best,  
the best to twist the pen,  
Perfection comes from work,  
work from deep within.  
I must find a way,  
to let my soul just shout,  
And write down what I say,  
to let it have a mouth.  
I might find it speaks in ways,  
all can understand.  
And if I could somehow pass that on,  
I might become that man.

Ken Bennight

# Poets Understand

Poets dream of yesterday,  
so they can change tomorrow.  
You find it in the words they write,  
the way they share their sorrow.  
Always staring at the stars,  
searching for a place.  
To lay a row of letters down,  
to feed a readers face.  
Their happiness comes not by chance,  
or some measurement of will.  
It cant be bought it has no price,  
its not something you cant steal.  
Poets understand these things,  
that its words that make us feel.  
Our lives can have a richer space,  
with our existence in the same old place.

Ken Bennight

## Praise For Our Savior.

Wildness is the claim of life,  
madness hides its shame.  
Viles are poured upon this stone,  
and the holes that open swallow.  
Has the demons come from deep beneath,  
and the angels from up high.  
As the war that has raged since heaven begin,  
and the end of world lies nigh.  
All believers shall rule with Christ,  
The mocking and unsure the dirt.  
No more pain no more loss o more need for pity.  
It boldness, gold standing alone and pretty.  
Now lets go praise our Lord and King,  
rejoice because hes Mercy.  
Praise our JESUS CHRIST  
Praise our Lord and Savior.  
be honest for the first of times,  
time time return or favor.

Ken Bennight

# Pressure

Yes I'm in a hurry,  
yes I'm running late.  
If you need me for a favor,  
then you'll have to wait.  
I've got no time to chit and chat,  
I must be moving on.  
I've got no time for this and that,  
look daylight's almost gone,  
If there was another hour,  
than maybe I could stay.  
Just another hour,  
one more hour in this day.  
You'd be happy for me,  
yes I'd be happy to,  
But there isn't any time left,  
so goodbye totaloo! !

Ken Bennight

# Pretty Boy

I was born the one for worse,  
born a boy of a pretty curse.  
Its not a boy that eyes would see,  
but a pretty girl,  
this curse to me.  
Has I grew the pretty stayed,  
ugly only glanced my way.  
From pretty boy to pretty man,  
with women scared to take my hand.  
For fear that I might some day stray,  
someone might steal pretty me away.  
Never trusting the pretty face,  
Ive always been alone.  
I was born the one for curse,  
pretty to the bone.

Ken Bennight

# Prince In Armor

She awaits there in her tower,  
lonely in the dark.  
As I try to slay the dragon,  
for need to win her heart.  
To be ones prince in armor,  
takes winning her with deeds.  
So much more than giving,  
to meet her every need.  
I must show my bravery,  
and how strong I can stand.  
And exceed the limits that she sees,  
the measure of her man.  
That will make me king of all,  
in hers eyes and in her heart.  
To kill the dragon and calm her fears,  
is her prince in armors part.

Ken Bennight

# Psychiatric Pen

The pen screams sounds,  
that set the mood.  
The hand goes down,  
and starts to move.  
My mind begins to empty out,  
the words it feels the soul must shout.  
The readers eyes begin to see,  
the feelings held inside of me.  
Doctors cost,  
the pen was free.  
And meets my psychiatric need.

Ken Bennight

# Psycho-Path

This road I walk is my psycho-path,  
long list of names my aftermath.  
There is no voice inside my head,  
that tells me someone should be dead.  
Maybe its the hat and shoes,  
maybe some are born to lose.  
I could be your best of friend,  
neighbor, boss or next of kin.  
I could be standing next to you,  
contemplating what to do.  
I choose my style to please your flesh,  
I feel relief with your last breath.  
Because of me you've no more pain,  
and to my list I add your name.

Ken Bennight

# Pugilist Poet

You want to go,  
you want to sling,  
you letters in my face?  
My style is good,  
my spit is quick,  
can you keep up the pace?  
Veterans of this ring my friend,  
know to step aside.  
When the saint begins to roll his pen,  
eyes burst open wide.  
The paper fears,  
the pen inks tears,  
writers fill with sorrow.  
Its been that way for many years,  
it will be that way tomorrow.  
You may not know just who I am,  
no one must have told you.  
Your standing in the presence of,  
the poet Saint Cynosure.

Ken Bennight

## Question Is Whats Happening...

A question is what's happening,  
in the deepest part of self.  
Confused on how I can't be me,  
or any other else.  
Broken from a part not bone,  
missing several beats.  
Wishing someone take all this,  
and take all this for keeps.  
Rusted shut my lock and chain,  
I'm frozen here to stay the same.  
A question is what's happening,  
and I've only me to blame...

Ken Bennight

## Quotation # 1

A life without expectations is a life without dissapointment.

Ken Bennight

## Quotation # 2

Truth is just a word that hides,  
within a world thats full of lies.

Ken Bennight

## Quotation # 3

The difference between life and death is being saved...

Ken Bennight

## Quotation # 4

Wisdom is a lonely child with none too few to slay...

Ken Bennight

## Quotation # 5

Whenever the World tries to get you down remember it is already beneath your feet...

Ken Bennight

## Quotation # 6

War with all its evil schemes can be the biggest act of kindness...

Ken Bennight

## Quotation # 7

By anger it is love we seek

Ken Bennight

## Quotation # 8

GOD cannot be to us, what we are to him.

Ken Bennight

## Quotation # 9

Has our LORDs sorrow is for us, our joy must be for him...

Ken Bennight

## Quotation #10

Although man can't buy the world, he will try to pay the rent.

Ken Bennight

# Rainbow

Arches of color,  
in the sky that I see.  
Red, orange, yellow,  
purple, blue, and green.  
Bringing beautiful color,  
to the gray and cloudy sky.  
A multi colored vision,  
right before my eyes.  
Way above the mountain tops,  
right there in my view.  
Rainbow if you are for real,  
why cant I touch you?

Ken Bennight

# Rape Me

I gave myself to you,  
to do with has you do.  
Sad and in untruths,  
I cry now cause you raped me.  
Empty of my confidence,  
no screams found in my yells.  
Tearful visions of whats been felt,  
I cry now cause you raped me.  
Comfort only by myself,  
all the worlds a stranger.  
Never trusting no one else,  
I cry now cause you raped me.  
Take my joy,  
take my love,  
take me out of wholeness.  
Left for empty holding nothing,  
I cry now cause you raped me.

Ken Bennight

# Reason For Or Reason Not

Reason for or reason not,  
I feel your the only thing Ive got.  
Depressing trap in which Im caught,  
fighting through my loneliness.  
Bitter and without regret,  
I care not if I'll be missed.  
Death is what I want to kiss,  
the comfort of the grave.  
All of life seems just a lie,  
spoken to each to get us by.  
For another day of pity please,  
but not another one for me.  
Depressing trap in which Im caught,  
to feel that you are all Ive got,  
reason for or reason not...

Ken Bennight

# Reflection Of Yourself

I don't get lost in photographs,  
I'm a stranger in my mind.  
A smarter man for you to seek,  
is really hard to find.  
True to me you understand,  
I'm who you wish to be.  
If you could only be yourself,  
instead of being me.  
Take a look,  
a second glance,  
stare with total sorrow.  
In disbelief of what you see,  
it will not change tomorrow.  
There is no hope,  
there is no help,  
you think no one can tell.  
Hard of truth is realized,  
in this reflection of yourself.

Ken Bennight

# Reticent To Reminisce

She makes me walk that line.  
seems by loss of love of life,  
Ive also lost my mind.  
Colors are but fleeting few,  
by view so much to handle.  
With every glimpse a fore missed kiss,  
my broken hearts in shambles.  
Fight for breath,  
fight for space,  
fight for empty places.  
Now I understand the blackened stares of dead mens faces.  
Never to return to such a love has left me bitter,  
and reticent to reminisce.  
Covered in cold shivers.

Ken Bennight

# Revenge

I have this taste upon my lips,  
its sweet as sugar fluff.  
I be trefailed if I was to miss,  
and fallen from this bluff.  
Even some deserved so,  
they get what they did give.  
Emptyness and hollowed soul,  
this is the sweetest kiss.  
Some might say I must refrain,  
and leave it in GODs hands.  
But I not hims the one whos hurt,  
Im ready with my plan.  
Two can play this petty game,  
one comes out alive.  
I looked and found the only way,  
by revenge I shall survive.

Ken Bennight

## Rise To Meet Our Lord

They all do rise to met our LORD,  
the way they all did fall by sword.  
Sin was what did put them down,  
with the earnestness thats left unbound.  
All afloat in waves of tears,  
that crash upon the shore.  
None can turn their heads away,  
none forever more.  
Bitterness in dreams and fears,  
of what may lie tomorrow.  
Begging pleading screams in ears,  
each man a slave to sorrow.  
The way they all did fall by sword,  
they all do rise to meet our LORD.

Ken Bennight

## Sad Antham Of A Soldier

Many men and pounding steps,  
march toward the battles debt.  
Many men assured will pay,  
by the ending of this day.  
The price of freedom steep indeed,  
does not come cheap to you and me.  
Life is priceless,  
soldiers see.  
Souls can afford nothing.  
The dead they live in a different realm,  
where there are no shadows.  
All alone no one to tell,  
of their fears and sorrow.  
Many men assured will pay,  
and be standing there tomorrow.

Ken Bennight

# Sad She Sits

Sad she sits  
Herself a chain  
That's locked and without key  
No tumble left undone  
And combination free  
Shaking has a shackeled shoe  
Noisy within steps  
Ringing deeply tuned to tears  
Soaked and deeply wet  
Screams they are her thunder  
Lightning in her gaze  
The eye within the storm that brews  
Won't wash her pain away  
Sad she sits herself a chain

Ken Bennight

# Sadness Of Your Judgement

You chose the beast,  
became his bride,  
a lesson harshly learned.  
Enjoyed the pleasures of your flesh,  
away you never turned.  
Laughed at those that pointed out,  
the wickedness enjoyed.  
Twisted scripture for your comfort,  
self rightousness employed.  
Followed men of little faith,  
who were not wise or true.  
Who took your dime,  
and feed you lines,  
that its them who could save you.  
Judgement comes and your to blame,  
your sadness hard to swallow.  
Should have read the book yourself,  
this CHRIST you were to follow...

Ken Bennight

# Saints Last Hurrah

The Saint shall say goodbye to all,  
for this shall be my last hurrah.  
No more works cause banishment,  
of the loss of time and words Ive spent.  
Followed course of short goodbyes,  
and never ending tear less eyes.  
Self guilt has brought self punishment,  
and with a noose I end the rent.  
The Saint shall say goodbye to all,  
for this shall be my last hurrah.

Goodbye and GOD bless, Saint.

Ken Bennight

## Seconds

I'm life among all that is dead,  
my first of name is reason.  
I'm silence in sound of all that's said,  
forever changing with the seasons.  
You cannot know or understand,  
the punishment I've been given.  
The torturous life I have led,  
the slaves that I have driven.  
True to me I'll always be,  
dancing in the shadows.  
Felt by all but never seen,  
a pleasurement of all men's dreams.  
Measured only by the screams,  
in the horrorment of children.  
My numbers you see everyday,  
you count them down,  
but alas I stay.  
I'm the only thing that life has given,  
to you and that is why your living.  
And when you're gone I keep on giving,  
to all the rest that keep on living.

Ken Bennight

## Seemingly A Poet

I've been penning sentence years  
my blood seems made of ink  
With every vowel and consonant  
by letters true I think  
I dream out loud the alphabet  
paragraphicaly it streams  
How true it is its me and pen  
that make the paper scream  
I'm a poet so it seems...

Ken Bennight

# Sentence For My Death

Crippling truth I found her love,  
the sentence for my death.  
Pounding heart and sweating hands,  
with abstinence of breath.  
Thought to thought by thought for not,  
she is everything Im thinking.  
The hole her lies bore in my heart,  
has all my soul a sinking.  
She's the one that bares the guilt,  
for all all that I do suffer.  
Like a wall that has been built,  
more lower down than upper.  
I could not wish on any man,  
this suffer that she left.  
Crippling truth I found her love,  
the sentence for my death.

Ken Bennight

# Sentence Me To Death

Not another letter,  
not another breath.  
Not another paragraph,  
to sentence me to death.  
Not another chapter written,  
I'm running out of rhyme.  
Of all the pages I have filled,  
have stolen from me time.  
Not another paragraph,  
not another breath.  
Not another letter,  
to sentence me to death...

Ken Bennight

# Seven Quistadors

There are seven quistadors,  
with seven keys to doors.  
Who walk my bedroom floor,  
in my dreaming state at night.  
To close to the door to close it,  
they just walk to and fro.  
Will they present a present?  
I truly do not know.  
But there are seven quistadors,  
with seven keys to doors.

Ken Bennight

# Sexual Slave

When I was young,  
I was government poor.  
Inside and in love,  
learning sex from a whore.  
She said that all I'll ever need,  
is what she has I'll some day see.  
I'll crave it like hunger,  
and when hungry you eat.  
If theres no food at home,  
theres food on the street.  
She feed me a lot,  
and a lot I did eat.  
At 11 years old,  
this meal on my sheets.  
She started this life of hunger I crave,  
she taught me to feed in so many ways.  
She even showed me,  
when she couldn't help.  
Ways of feeding my hunger,  
all by myself.  
I'm always hungry,  
and I always crave.  
Pleasures my master,  
I'm a sexual slave.

Ken Bennight

# Shame On Me

Shame on me,  
shame on myself.  
Shame on you,  
and everyone else.  
As we eat,  
sleep and breath,  
with not a thought of others needs.  
Walking staring at our feet,  
and not in the eyes of those we see.  
Listening to the music play,  
instead of hearing what they say.  
Is this what all the worlds become,  
lovers of ourselves?  
Dishing out the hate received,  
to everybody else.  
Shame on me,  
shame on myself.  
Shame on you,  
and everyone else.

Ken Bennight

# She Cries Aloud

She cries aloud  
she often does,  
curled up alone in corners.  
Never minding mothers words have put her here,  
she warned her.  
Now she's bare a gift for me,  
A lovely little treasure.  
With me in all my wicked ways,  
use for my nasty pleasure.  
I know she fears the first of touch,  
but she's not to young to feed her lust.  
I've seen her smile and felt her thrush,  
I've smelled the handle of her brush.  
She's grown from captive to a slut,  
she thanks me in some ways.  
Most every night,  
and often days.  
I've cut her loose to let her leave,  
I think that now she using me.  
I'm not her capture this you'll see,  
for what's it worth I never was.  
She cries aloud,  
she often does...

Ken Bennight

# She Cries Herself To Sleep

She cries herself to sleep cause me,  
she cries herself awake.  
What she needs is me to give,  
but all I do is take.  
Take from her all tenderness,  
forcing unto sorrow.  
Bringing horror to her dreams,  
stealing her tomorrows.  
Leaving her with bitterness,  
a heart that's full of ache.  
She cries herself to sleep cause me,  
she cries herself awake.

Ken Bennight

# She Cuts Herself

She cuts herself for punishment,  
that's been cast upon her heart.  
Her soul desires betterment,  
but don't know where to start.  
She walks asleep in words of his,  
while crying inside out.  
She bares her all for what he gives  
screaming silently in shouts.  
All along the road she walks,  
there's not a sign to read.  
Lost among the fears that run,  
she cuts herself to bleed.  
To drain the pain within herself,  
that no one else can see.  
She knows that she's the only one,  
with painful scars and marks.  
She cuts herself for betterment,  
to bleed her painful heart...

Ken Bennight

# She Doesn't Know

She doesn't know I follow her,  
with evil thoughts in mind.  
She doesn't know I've plans for her,  
that really are not kind.  
She doesn't know what I've in store,  
how painful this can be.  
She doesn't know that she's to fear,  
a wicked man like me.  
She doesn't know that this shall be,  
a walk she'll make alone.  
She doesn't know to tell her friend,  
that she's not coming home.  
She doesn't know she never thought,  
that she could meet this fate.  
And by the time that she finds out,  
a gasp it is to late.  
But she doesn't know...

Ken Bennight

# She Has Turned

She has turned her face away,  
she has made a choice.  
I have not a word to say,  
I'm speechless without voice.  
Souls are torn apart my miles,  
now by more so many.  
Bathing all my face in tears,  
a price paid not for sinning.  
Weakness and so sickly bound,  
darkness for my dreams.  
She has turned her face away,  
so she cant hear my screams...

Ken Bennight

# She Is Helpless

Lost inside her loneliness,  
forcing unto me.  
Every dream that she does have,  
that I should just agree.

To the pain for pity's sake,  
wishing for me years.  
When I don't give,  
she wants to take,  
I'll laugh her into tears.

Forced to sound the wicked man,  
uncomfortable with truth.  
Suckling sour never feeds,  
the hunger of her tooth.  
She is helpless...

Ken Bennight

# She Laughs

I hurt inside,  
she laughs aloud,  
my sadness is her fancy.  
My head is down,  
inside a crowd,  
and they laugh as they pass me.  
She has dealt the crushing blow,  
she's made flat my dreams.  
Loveliness is never found,  
inside man's tearful screams.  
Crawling on the floor so weak,  
I'm lost inside my meekness.  
I hurt inside,  
she laughs aloud.  
Not her but I believe this...

Ken Bennight

# She Leaves Me Lusting

My lust for her burns like a flame,  
ignites my souls desire.  
At the mention of her very name,  
I burn as if on fire.  
To kiss her lips would quench my thirst,  
my mind it seems unstable,  
I realize this is a first,  
by lust I am enabled.  
Without a chance for peacefulness,  
I'm broken down and sore.  
My search for clear of conscienceness,  
just leaves me lusting more.  
Her with all her pretty ways,  
I'm trapped within her fist.  
The only thing of which I pray,  
is togetherness and bliss.  
Yet she leaves me lusting...

Ken Bennight

# She Left Me There Alone

She left me there alone with self,

a danger etched in stone.

Tormented every man I am,

should not be left alone.

Sadness turns the softest heart,

into one set in stone.

That's carried years to long in life,

before its ever gone.

So many words I want for said,

I am without this voice

She left me there alone with self,

alone she made that choice.

Ken Bennight

# She Swallows

She swallows pride,  
she swallows guilt,  
she swallows everything I've spilt.  
She wipes away the remnants of,  
what is left from both our love.  
She swallows all that is not seen,  
she swallows every broken dream,  
she swallows when she wants to scream,  
this by itself is magic.  
She swallows if just for my likes,  
she swallows and it's tragic.

Ken Bennight

## She Temps Me

She temps me in a hollow way,  
a way not yet rejoiced.  
I suffer in this silence chose,  
for I am not her choice.  
Broken seems beyond repair,  
a flower grown in dark.  
Never to be gazed upon,  
forbiddingly so stark.  
This hurt will pass from me someday,  
this truth not known to self.  
For love shall surely look my way,  
yet just from someone else.  
Another love of unknown choice,  
a face has yet not shown.  
She temps me in a hollow way,  
a way myselfs not known.

Ken Bennight

# She Wants For Love

With every lie he tells a tear,  
a wish to go unfilled.  
She wants for love but love is lost,  
untruths are what life yields.  
Fear inside and all about,  
her heart is full of sorrow.  
Joy it seems in never bought,  
happiness is borrowed.  
Comes to her the steepest price,  
yet willing she does pay.  
And ever little peice of her,  
is slowly stripped away.  
Heartbreak is her circumstance,  
not knowing what is real.  
She wants for love but loves lost,  
untruths are what life yields.

Ken Bennight

# Sheila

Shes  
Honestly  
Everything  
Intensely  
Loved  
Always

She's my sister Sheila...

Socially  
Humorous  
Endlessly  
Inspiring  
Laughter  
Always

Shes my sister Sheila...

Ken Bennight

# She's Caught In Yesterday

She seems so caught in yesterday,  
I sense it in her tears.  
It feels like he's been gone away,  
for to many of a year.  
How she can never let it pass,  
I may never understand.  
But I have found I cant compete,  
even with this vanished man.  
I can tell her pretty words,  
and give to her my love.  
But if not from him they are not heard,  
so down it feels Im shoved.  
There is nothing I can do,  
no words that I can say.  
Its hard for me but its the truth,  
she's caught in yesterday...

Ken Bennight

# She's Fallen

I do live a brutal truth,  
shes fallen from my sight  
Not a word I ever spoke,  
seems turned our love to right.  
Hard it was for me to leave,  
such presence I adored.  
Alas there seems a different plan,  
for myself from the LORD.  
I screamed for him to see my way,  
but screams all went ignored.  
To understand why we crossed paths,  
confuses me much more.  
I still don't search for other love,  
tis just for her I wait.  
With heavy heart and flooded eyes.  
and feelings of unright.  
I do live a brutal truth.  
shes fallen from my sight.

Ken Bennight

# Should Not A Child Have Laughter

Is there not love left to give,  
should not a child have laughter.  
Yet seemingly in absent time,  
fear steals the joy they're after.  
Men of greed,  
men of hate,  
men embracing evil.  
Turn the world of innocent,  
Into one in upheaval.  
Can we not forget ourselves,  
for once and love another.  
Embrace each child and care for them,  
as if we are the mother.  
Shed your pride,  
shed your hate,  
shed the blood your after.  
Is there not love left to give,  
should not a child have laughter.

Ken Bennight

# Sight

There is a battle in my head,  
a war between two eyes.  
In one can be seen love and truth,  
the other hate and lies.  
It's for me to be the one to see,  
which is wrong or right.  
The hardest thing I do believe,  
is understanding sight.  
Things aren't always what they seem,  
in this world of color blindness.  
For war with all its evil schemes,  
can be the biggest act of kindness.  
So I must take a double look,  
at everything I see.  
And try to find the truth in pictures,  
that my eyes give to me.

Ken Bennight

# Signs

This world was built on little signs,  
in lines in place by fives.  
Signs to read aloud to friends,  
and signs to walk right by.  
Signs to justify the end,  
no matter how we try.  
They twist and turn,  
they move and bend.  
Their little, low and high.  
When we don't understand the signs,  
we debate their reason why.  
This world was built on little signs,  
each one a sign of the times.

Ken Bennight

## Silence Is Thereafter...

Silence exist without a sound,  
the Saint knows what its thinking.  
It pours itself to all a round,  
and all around keep drinking.  
The world it works with all its words,  
to keep itself on reading.  
So it does not starve from death,  
the poet most keep feeding.  
Feelings pour within themselves.  
of death and love and laughter,  
To all the living.  
Think of this.  
Silence is,  
Thereafter...

Ken Bennight

# Sin

Sinful in my fleshly wants,  
constant in desire.  
Sin still feeds that flame that burns,  
my soul is black and mired.  
Evil is my every want,  
of vengeance for the past.  
To feed my mind the false,  
that all the good I've done will last.  
Everyman inside his flesh is such a wicked beast,  
that at a moment starves the rest,  
So only he can feast.  
Craving in this flesh we want,  
to never save the tree.  
Regardless of the shade it shares,  
or gives the air we breath.  
Every war that's ever fought,  
Is for the lie that GOD is naught,  
that man can save the day.  
Until we learn to crush that lie,  
sin is here to stay...

Ken Bennight

# Sin Of Speech

Murderer and theif,  
from me to you to each.  
What's shared between the teeth,  
is the sin that we call speech.  
Its the blade around the neck,  
the pole you view has a speck.  
Just rottenness of your dead flesh,  
Has all your stench of breath.  
Keep each of your lips tight,  
speak only things polite.  
And understand the words you speak  
can take or save a life  
Murderer and theif  
from me to you to each.

Ken Bennight

# Sink Or Swim

Bathing in the tears from earth  
from which we sink or swim  
Cleansing us of all the filth,  
and sin we wallow in  
Surrounded by the ghost of those,  
that left the air we breath  
To inhabit us in different ways  
to intice their evil needs  
For each a soul to have its choice  
by lustfullness we breed  
A many youth have come this way  
upon a simple whim  
Bathing in the tears from earth  
from which theyll sink or swim...

Ken Bennight

# Sinking Beauty

Felt I am to fall so hard,  
the knife she twist aint pretty.  
Damned I am to be dealt this deal,  
its payment falls beneath me.  
The beauty held by all the Queens,  
eight eyes still none a winking.  
Cannot up-rite the ship that floats,  
to deeper depths than thinking.  
Her beauty leaves me sinking

Ken Bennight

# Sinning Is For Sinners

Sinning is for sinners,  
I lie here on the floor.  
You've gave all you can give,  
still I ask for more.  
Payments of love are steep,  
sometimes to step,  
for one to afford.  
Sinners keep on sinning,  
I lie here on the floor.  
Needing your forgiveness,  
needfully I implore.  
Surviving but by grace,  
by grace and nothing more.  
Sinners keep on sinning,  
I lie here on the floor.

Ken Bennight

# Skeletons In My Closet

The skeletons in my closet,  
are shaking in their bones.  
Funny how their void of life,  
yet still know when I'm home.  
I hear the ankles knocking,  
I hear their fingers snap.  
I hear the bones so loudly pop,  
in the low parts of their backs.  
Maybe they want others,  
maybe their alone.  
Or maybe that inside my closet,  
theres just to many bones...

Ken Bennight

# Skies

When its sunny,  
I'm so happy.  
When it rains,  
it makes me sad.  
But when the skies are partly cloudy,  
that really drives me mad.  
I tend to notice my stupidity,  
in times of high humidity.  
I would love to give a lecture,  
about the barometric pressure.  
But in no ways can my words measure,  
my reaction to the weather.

Ken Bennight

# Skin Of Pigs

Its true that Becca is the one,  
I ravish in my dreams.  
But its the sound of Wendy's voice,  
that I hear when she screams.  
Its seems I'm torn between the two,  
and the other two or else.  
It takes more than a single girl,  
it seems to please myself.  
One I want for pretty,  
the other for my sin.  
Another one to stand by me,  
and another for her skin.  
They say that men are has all dogs,  
this I'll never tell.  
Skin of pigs and filth of hogs,  
if that be me oh well...

Ken Bennight

# Slave

Stowed away but not by choice,  
carried someplace strange.  
Packed away in wooden walls,  
before the sounding of new names.  
Gripped within by unknown fear,  
everyday a brand new place.  
Seems that every sound to hear,  
comes new before the face.  
Shackled for some unknown crime,  
a servant because of weakness.  
Outnumbered by so many men,  
safer in my meekness.  
Keeping nothing once before,  
losing it to reason.  
Punished for crimes against the world,  
it seems color is a treason.  
Forced to be another man,  
a life lived until the grave.  
And work has long has I can stand,  
like every other slave.

Ken Bennight

# Slippery When Read

Splatters on the screen I see,  
the letters stay but dry.  
I'm pounding out the puddles,  
on my keyboard from my eyes.  
the S is oh so slippery,  
the T's a little slick.  
and when I try to backspace,  
I slide right off of it.  
I'm crying out the alphabet,  
I'm pouring out the letters.  
Slippery when read will be title,  
nothings better.

Ken Bennight

# Sniper

There is nothing like the first of kills,  
but its mental pain is the worst of ills.  
The loss of life seen in a face,  
there is no way one can replace.  
Its vividness of imagery,  
in the mind as mental shadows.  
The metals for a job well done,  
almost make it kind of fun.  
Alas it is but duty see,  
a belief in impossibility.  
Thats thrown upon a man like me,  
the silent deadly sniper.

Ken Bennight

## So Different From Two

Pictures of a colored paint,  
portraits for to share.  
Eyes that often only glance,  
instead of holding stare.  
We view things in different ways,  
but only by belief.  
The things that both my eyes can find,  
you also get to see.  
Tell me by the words you use,  
show the likeness that you choose.  
Whats the thing that can make one,  
so different from two...

Ken Bennight

# Soldiers We Just March On By...

There's many evils all about,  
most within a few without.  
Things unseen, unknown, unkind,  
not thought of even in your mind.

When glanced upon with life full eyes,  
virgins freeze has if surprised,  
Soldiers we just march on by,  
for the remnants of the others.

We are the takers from the mothers,  
we take the lives that they live for,  
steal take their prayers their hopes and more.  
we erase from the world what seems they give,  
has all things die they wish could live.

War is fought for what is right,  
all other things are terror.  
And in your heart in the dark you know,  
whats right to do and when to go.  
and bring to GOD what he deems just,  
without a question why?  
Soldiers we just march on by.

Ken Bennight

## Some Men

All men that live,  
are not alive.  
Some men that are dead,  
have never died.  
So laugh I say,  
until you cry.  
As you set alone,  
and wonder why.  
All men that live,  
are not alive.  
Some men that are dead,  
have never died.

Ken Bennight

# Sorrow

It broke him down to tears,  
to learn the wicked of her heart.  
He wrote to her the sweetest words,  
on this earth beneath the stars.  
He watched her eyes watching him,  
to many numbered days.  
To ever think it would ever end,  
that she would walk away.  
Love should not be bittersweet,  
Or a puzzle hard to follow.  
Now he lay in bed at night and pray,  
for death before tomorrow.  
He bathes his face with tears,  
because his soul is full of sorrow.  
And lay in bed at night and pray,  
for death before tomorrow.

Ken Bennight

# Sound Of Tears

She built me up,  
than broke me down,  
to a poet without words.  
The sentence for the man of death,  
when screamed is still not heard.  
Painters paint by seen of sight,  
but for the blind the colors stay.  
So far away like dark of night,  
and beauty cant remain.  
Pounds of drums can cover screams,  
upon the battle fields.  
Grass can grow to bring disguise,  
of graves that battles yield.  
She built me up,  
than broke me down.  
Tis when I learned,  
tears have a sound.

Ken Bennight

# Spanking

This will hurt me more than it will you.

Ohhh...

Mom if that were only true.  
Your striking hand against my skin,  
over and over and over again.  
Don't know what lies been told to you,  
but my flesh speaks truth,  
its black and blue  
Every person makes mistakes,  
is this my punishment to take?  
Seen and unseen little scars,  
upon my skin,  
inside my heart.  
Trust me I'll do this no more,  
just put the belt down on the floor.  
You were right I wasn't thinking,  
but...

Does forgetfulness deserve a spanking?

Ken Bennight

# Stand Among The Living

These are the days of wickedness,  
the days the widows scream.  
But even worse await all men,  
such things no one has seen.  
Terror brought by sacrifice,  
that's done because of love.  
Has Micheal cast the wicked one,  
to earth from up above.  
He will shall come with his arms open,  
to embrace all the unwise.  
By claims he is the savior,  
but that's his first of lies.  
Most the world shall follow,  
but truth he will reject.  
And the lies that some don't swallow,  
are those of GODs elect.  
Those that know the count of trumps,  
that signal forth the days.  
That make the stand for rightouness,  
to bring in the new age.  
The age or knowledge yet to learn,  
so many souls ungiving,  
Nows the time to make the choice,  
to stand among the living...

Ken Bennight

# Stop Drop Roll

My mind is up to trickery,  
to find the words like chicory,  
rhyme them with words like hickory,  
and keep this poem going.

Rarely do I know,  
which way the pen will flow.  
How far the words will go,  
and exactly what they're showing.

But something must be said,  
to keep at bay my head.  
So visions can be seen and felt,  
like a swelt upon the dead.

Forgetfully remembering,  
un- learnedness of soul.  
Restless forever searching,  
out things I think,  
I do not know.

I must stop this fire here,  
I must stop,  
and drop,  
and roll.

Ken Bennight

# Story By The Pen

A simple voice calls out to me,  
one not heard by sound.  
One simple voice calls out to me,  
I hear when none are around.  
This voice that's found within my pen,  
slowly twist and turns my hand.  
Marking dark the clear white sheet,  
the sentence has begun.  
It leads the way as I follow along,  
until the ending of the story.  
This little voice inside my pen,  
screams for its own glory.

Ken Bennight

# Stumble

Speaking words once spoke before,  
has a room with many doors,  
delivers to the empty floor,  
the same with all about.  
She stumbles on the stone.

Ken Bennight

# Suck It Up Buttercup

Born of flesh,  
born of bone,  
born of blood of man.  
Return to earth the day you die,  
return to mud and sand.  
The in between you sleep and dream,  
and want for what is not.  
Yet either way you have no say,  
your stuck with what you got.  
Choose to smile,  
choose to frown,  
is the only choice your given.  
Suck it up buttercup,  
this is what's called living...

Ken Bennight

# Suffering There After

We live in days of wickedness,  
untrusting without care,  
with love it seems but for one self,  
and only hate to share,  
The mother cries for loss of son,  
tis a burden she must bare.  
Cause war is hell upon the home,  
for evil has no cares.  
Lies are taught instead of truth,  
builds a savage man from a wicked youth.  
Blood is sweet upon the tooth,  
screams return to laughter.  
Its suffering there after...

Ken Bennight

# Superstition

Ive pulled the string,  
tossed the salt,  
wished upon a star.  
Found a cent and picked it up,  
kept all the lids of broken jars.  
Brushed off my shoes,  
kissed the rope,  
raised my sails in order.  
Drug my feet and made straight lines,  
every time I crossed a border.  
Snapped my thumbs,  
knocked on heads,  
never kissed a mirror.  
I'm not the first one out the door,  
although no one's standing nearer.  
Don't pick up salt with powdered hands,  
eat my fish on lent.  
I don't put out a candles flame,  
despite the money spent.  
Never changed a puppy's name,  
my toothpick never bent.  
Don't walk backwards up the stairs,  
wont catch a falling leaf.  
And when the car crosses the tracks,  
I pick up both my feet.  
I do not button down my shirt,  
and burn all my old shoes.  
It may not help,  
but doesn't hurt.  
Ive only luck to lose.

Ken Bennight

# Surfing

There was a man who rode a stick,  
and people thought he must be sick.  
He would wade out in the waters deep,  
and say I'll be back,  
you soon will see.  
Underneath the sunny skies,  
and far beyond the viewers eyes.  
He would wade out in the waters deep,  
and return standing on his feet.  
And fast across the waters glide,  
this was such a big surprise.  
Most could not believe their eyes,  
now everybody wants to try.  
Surfing.

Ken Bennight

# The Book

I have nothing but my words,  
no music do I play.  
My joy it seems must be seen,  
or felt in other ways.  
The hardest part is all outside,  
the inner only letters.  
No hues to view to please the eyes,  
black and white no better.  
Tears, joy and sometimes fear,  
upon a paper stage.  
Lined up from the front to rear,  
on every single page.

Ken Bennight

# The Clever Poet

Friends forever,  
the poets clever,  
thats for sure indeed.  
But if you tire of my words,  
then no longer should you read.  
I change my mind,  
I take that back,  
please don't go away.  
Don't make me ask on bended knee,  
I'm begging you to stay.  
A poet with no readers,  
not a poet,  
not at all.  
For he wants poems up in frames,  
hanging on all walls.  
Every house on every street,  
every family name.  
Desires for them to read his words,  
so they can feel his pain.  
So if you stay I'll make it right,  
I'll change my words to sane.  
Who's the clever poet?  
Saint?  
Tell me whats his name...

Ken Bennight

# The Collection

I enjoy this time alone with self,  
arranging odd things i keep on my shelf.  
Aluminum steel,  
and pewter cast soldiers.  
My in deep thought kitty,  
who begs you to hold her.  
A one color picture,  
inside a little brass frame.  
My just like me frog,  
who still has no name.  
He's a neat little frog,  
always cold to the touch.  
He has only one eye,  
so he never cries much.  
Theres my first pair of shoes,  
and their wore to a nub.  
They were bought when brand new,  
they weren't hand me down me love.  
There are seven keys to doors,  
that Ive never been through.  
If I knew where they were,  
thats something I'd do.  
Theres a rubber thing here,  
that I've had the longest.  
Of all of my things,  
our connections the strongest.  
I don't know what it is,  
or from where it came.  
I don't know what it does,  
if it does anything.  
It is soft and perfect,  
to squeeze in the hand.  
And bounces forever,  
before it will land.  
Theres a tooth from a foe,  
that I keep for good luck.  
Removed from my hand,  
from where it was stuck.  
Theres a miniature bible,

way smaller than most.  
The true word of my GOD,  
the lord of all host.  
Theres a small winding clock,  
that cannot keep time.  
Because it has to be wound,  
but neglects to remind.  
There's a photo of someone,  
I forgot that I knew.  
Whoever she is,  
to the left of my shoes.  
Two pens and a book,  
with numbers and names.  
In front of the one color picture,  
in its little brass frame.  
All of these things,  
bring a smile to my face.  
Each little thing,  
in its own little space.  
When I gaze at these,  
things I comfort myself.  
This collection of things,  
I keep on my shelf.

Ken Bennight

# The Cursed

Bed of Roses,  
bed of Thorns,  
bed of lepers ashes.  
So many lye and wallow in,  
what bears on them as scratches.  
Empty tears,  
hallowed screams,  
burdens for their mother.  
And if by crosses which are burned,  
never will they seize their turn.  
For all that is,  
for all its worth,  
for any bit thats given.  
Some are cursed that walk this earth,  
until their death from day of birth.

Ken Bennight

# The Drip

That drip outside my window,  
is driving me insane.  
That drip outside my window,  
thats caused by all this rain.  
A constant noise like rowdy boys,  
its keeping me awake.  
That constant tick and tock each drop,  
is more than I can take.  
The continuous slpik each splank and splatter,  
increasingly louder and driving me madder.  
I truly wish this rain would cease,  
and bring about a silent peace.  
Thats found within the puddles deep,  
of silent restful peaceful sleep.

Ken Bennight

# The Evil Man In Me

There is an evil man in me,  
if you want I'll let him out.  
He'll show you things you've never seen,  
things not dream't about.  
Love don't exist within this man,  
or one single fear.  
If your smart you'll run and hide,  
so he don't know your here.  
for he may want to hear you scream,  
to calm his angry soul.  
Suffering and a want for death,  
is a comfort that he knows.  
His eyes don't leak,  
though once they did,  
today their hard and dry.  
He will let you know what death feels like,  
for he himself has died.  
Murdered by the lies of life,  
thrown upon his soul.  
Given to the days he's lived,  
by everyone he knows.  
The air he breaths although its pure,  
when leaving him its sour.  
He does not measure life by years,  
months or days or hours.  
He wants for all to be like him,  
no hope upon a face.  
Just a world of dark and grim,  
a truly hopeless place.  
The evil man that lives in me,  
should not be shown for none to see

Ken Bennight

# The First Poet

Have you heard about the man,  
who wanted to change the world?  
He had so many plans,  
his mind was in a swirl.  
He had to write them down,  
so they wouldn't pass him by.  
He wondered why not all could see,  
this world like his own eyes.  
So he got a piece of paper,  
and dipped in ink his pen.  
This man was the first poet,  
with him it all began.

Ken Bennight

# The Fool

I know someone thats hard to please,  
seems I stay on bended knee,  
asking what she wants from me,  
am I just a fool?

It's true in times when I don't know,  
she has no problem saying so,  
exactly how its supposed to go,  
she can be so cruel.

If I could find another love,  
dressed in lace and velvet gloves,  
who would pick me up when down I'm shoved,  
I could let her go.

But for now it seems I'm stuck right here  
on pins and needles and breathing fear,  
trembling every time shes near,  
thinking it don't show.

But I can see it in her eyes,  
she's filled with joy to see me cry,  
and all my friends ask me why?

Its because no one wants to be alone...

Ken Bennight

# The Hungry

We live in laughter,  
they live in screams.  
We gorge on chocolate,  
they beg for beans.  
We sleep in comfort,  
they sit in dirt.  
We ignore their suffering,  
turn away from their hurt.  
Our money goes,  
to building a bomb.  
We insist that its needed,  
to bring about calm.  
They cry from hunger,  
their belly's in pain.  
Why our dogs eat better,  
and so our drains.  
Ive not the answer,  
don't know of a cure.  
But the world could be better,  
that is for sure.

Ken Bennight

# The King

Fathers the cause,  
the blame is on him.  
Fratricidal wars,  
fought among'st kin.  
Empires to build,  
for the strongest of sons.  
Kill the weaker of brothers,  
till mothers have none.  
Greedy in flesh,  
heartless in soul.  
Craving for Kingship,  
above all that's below.  
It's only them,  
bout which they care.  
A King does not know how to share.

Ken Bennight

# The Last Days

Post up all men,  
for the last days are near.  
Has the warnings from prophets,  
are finally here.

Their words of fires,  
quakings in place,  
tears flowing like rivers from each mothers face.

Pestilence taking whole cities no grace,  
for the payments for sin that cant be erased.

Terrors and tremors and war evermore,  
with no way to prepare us for what lies in store.

Masses of armies marching for death,  
and youll swim in blood rivers if you are but left.

Skin that will burn from the chemical air,  
and each time they did warn us but we never cared.

Bellies of hunger no food to be shared,  
no water in nothing,  
you dream it but there.

Murder and lying and theiverous hate,  
and all wish for better,  
but for all its too late.

The warnings from prophets are finally near,  
post up all men for the last days are here...

Ken Bennight

# The Paper Dreams

Every word that's written down,  
comes from letters deep within.  
Waiting till its proper time,  
I've no knowledge when.  
The letters turn to words,  
with the splashing of the ink.  
I can feel the joy it brings,  
to the paper sheet.  
Without the words it's nothing,  
no purpose to be seen.  
It has to have its letters,  
without them it can't sing.  
This little piece of paper,  
shows me what I've never seen.  
Surprisingly I realize,  
that the paper dreams.

Ken Bennight

# The Paper Is My Speaker

The paper is my speaker,  
the pencil is my fiddle.  
My songs are read,  
never sung,  
no chorus in the middle.  
There are no strings that must be strung,  
but I do sharpen up my fiddle.  
I cant turn it up or turn it down,  
but I can change the tone a little.  
And if you want you can follow along,  
but theres no tune to whistle.  
Because the paper is my speaker,  
and the pencil is my fiddle

Ken Bennight

# The Saint Has Written

The Saint is back yet once again,  
to pick upon your skin.  
Infectiously in his own way,  
you allowed it to come in.  
While some they sleep unknowingly,  
their inner children play.  
In the darkest parts of each a word,  
they stutter so to stay.  
He finds such joy misguiding those,  
who've never found their way.  
While some they sleep unknowingly,  
yet seek what he might say.  
Shall it be a brutal truth,  
a penny paid for sweet?  
Or...  
A fictional psalm of joy,  
a lie for which to keep?  
He wont say,  
don't beg to ask,  
find joy for what hes given.  
Some they sleep unknowingly,  
enjoy...  
The Saint has written.

Ken Bennight

## The Soldier That I Am...

Has a man I may have failed my test,  
But has a soldier Im the best,  
Trust in me when I confess,  
push me and you'll fail the test.  
For if death be not by gun or blade,  
than its by these hands has my GOD has made.  
And without breath in the space you lay,  
your loss of life in that spot you'll stay.  
Silently I walk away,  
the soldier that I am.

Ken Bennight

## The Sons Of Escultana...

A city once beside the sea,  
In a peaceful bliss tranquility.  
Stood strong and proud 400 years,  
until the roar of war brought tears.  
When all the sons dawned sword and gun,  
and marched with fear toward the sun.  
Has trumpets played and souls were laid,  
In multitudes of unmarked graves.  
The city streets like rivers flowed,  
from women's tears both young and old.  
And the stones record the battle yells,  
stained by blood from the men who fell.  
The tide turned red just has the sun,  
the ships weren't burnt and the town had won.  
Now a statue stands of gold to honor,  
All the sons of Escultana...

Ken Bennight

# The Stain Upon My Hands

True through years,  
and countless tears,  
the numbers I have lost.  
But death does things that go unseen,  
inside a soldiers heart.  
Many nights are without sleep,  
days are without laughter.  
Sounds they are at times like bombs,  
that steal the peace Im after.  
Far away from everyone,  
in a room that's full of many.  
Comfort is an empty word,  
without the trust of any.  
This is what my breaths became,  
the payment for my sins.  
Of all the lives that I did take,  
its for mine I wish the end.  
Wish to end the evil dreams,  
that keep me without sleep.  
The torment of an empty box,  
on the sidewalk of the street.  
The need to have my knife in hand,  
while setting in the pew.  
Tormented by the death I've bought,  
who's face I see on you.  
Medicate to sooth myself,  
bring to me some peace.  
Deaths the stain upon my hands,  
that only I can see.

Ken Bennight

# The Swing

I'm back and forth,  
I'm up and down.  
You wind me up,  
I spin around.  
I babysit,  
the very young.  
To most the kids,  
I'm so much fun.  
I'm at the school,  
I'm in the yard.  
I reach new heights,  
when pushed real hard.  
So take a sit,  
and hold on tight.  
Legs in,  
legs out.  
Lets swing all night

Ken Bennight

# The Truth Of Jesus Christ

You've cast the weight around your neck,  
that will sink you to your end.  
Lost inside the false and lies,  
spread by evil men.  
Disguised has love alas its not,  
its readily deceiving.  
And only true the fool of men,  
embrace their sin believing.  
That every deity abound,  
is equal in their saving,  
By embracment of this lie,  
their own soul their enslaving.  
Unlearned of what is the truth,  
to satisfy their sweet of tooth.  
They follow falsely lies of youth,  
and turn from what is right.  
The truth of JESUS CHRIST.

Ken Bennight

# The Village Beast

Lift the page and take a peek,  
for to be warned of Cedar Creek,  
where evil lurks while town folk sleep,  
snuggled in their manors.  
People talk of rumors sparked,  
chilling tales leave pounding hearts,  
something lurks there in the dark,  
a beast of wicked standard.  
Terrors left with more to share,  
preys on man and lady fare,  
its by day that you go there,  
the night is unforgiving.  
Bounties paid but hunters slayed,  
in search of what is measured,  
in between the bitterness,  
does rise the size of treasure.  
Be not known it man or beast,  
which craves the taste of bloody feast,  
alives to rise from west to east,  
unknown and so unspoken.  
Never is the person found,  
for not seen when looked around,  
all seems fair till sun sits down,  
then so the loss of flame.  
After dark there is no laughter,  
only silent speech.  
If sound is heard like spoken words,  
your calling for the beast.  
Some do say the town is cursed,  
empty of its shadows,  
the village beast of Cedar Creek,  
deliverer of sorrows,  
bathing in the tears of souls,  
from families left to borrow.  
At night the people all do sleep,  
but all wont wake tomorrow.

Ken Bennight

# The Way I Dream

Trapped inside with no way out,  
I'm cold and black has stone.  
Stuck always without a doubt,  
by torture I'm alone.  
Seems that with some other half,  
my beings left un-thrilled.  
The only way I'm satisfied,  
is by my works of ill.  
By the blood thats on my hands,  
the rotting sweet of breath.  
I cant expect you understand,  
till you've the taste of death.  
Until you have the thrill of chills,  
that blankets all your skin.  
And calms the flight of butterflies,  
you feel that soar within.  
The rushing sound of pleased screams,  
to raise your hanging head.  
This is only way I dream,  
my dreams bringing death.

Ken Bennight

# The Witch Viola Grey

I hear don't walk down to the swamp,  
if your smart you'll stay away.  
Because down deep within there lives,  
a witch Viola Grey.  
A witch who lives her life in black,  
and voodoo is her pleasure.  
But it's been told by many men,  
she has quite a handsome treasure.  
Gold coins piled in stacks so high,  
they black out all the sun.  
Every jewel that you can name,  
and every color more than one.  
Just take the haunting crossroads left,  
to a street there called Witch way.  
take a right and at the end,  
you'll find Viola Grey.

Ken Bennight

# They Have Killed The Poet

They wade in tears that flood the streets,  
they cry in their own hands.  
Cause its to late to bring him back,  
and this they understand.  
Never will the children dream,  
not another song will play.  
They shall not sleep at night by screams,  
they want to run away.  
For they have done an evil thing,  
its punishment for self.  
They have killed the poet,  
now they feel all by themselves.  
No more joy on any face,  
no more happy smiles.  
How could they let it be this way,  
they wonder all the while.  
Do they not know they need the man,  
whom letters for were born.  
Why did not one say to them stop,  
why were they not for warned.  
Now the world will live in dark,  
such a horrid place.  
They have killed the poet,  
and on themselves they've brought disgrace.

Ken Bennight

# Things The World Might Ask

I'm I heavy on your shoulders?  
Would you like to sit me down?  
Make sure that I don't roll away,  
cause as you know I'm round.  
These are things the world might ask,  
something it might say.  
If you do not like the sun,  
I will turn the other way.  
Would you, like to have the moon come round?  
Change the night to day?  
These are things the world might ask,  
something it might say.  
Do you like it when I make the wind?  
Quench my thirst with rain?  
Bring forth a bounty in the harvest time,  
with fruits and nuts and grain.  
And everything that is alive,  
but only man complains.  
These are things the world might ask,  
something it might say.

Ken Bennight

# Things You Do To Me

I'm all a mess,  
I must confess,  
the things you do to me.  
Sweaty palms,  
short of breath,  
butterflies indeed.  
Sleepless nights,  
day dream days,  
lost for words to say.  
Nervousness,  
quick of glance,  
when you look my way.  
Prayers to GOD,  
for your hand,  
with you I long to be.  
These are just the start of things,  
that you do to me.

Ken Bennight

## To Read Or Write?

Jumbled words inside my head,  
collected from the books Ive read.  
Paper sheets by the millions,  
vowels and consonants by the trillions.  
Pictures, letters so absurd,  
each dot and slash and every word.  
Flash before me has I write,  
I see them all in black and white.  
Both a comfort and a fright,  
sensory of my delight.  
If I don't read how can I write,  
words with pleasing letters?  
But if I read when will I write,  
and make my poems better?

Ken Bennight

# To You My Love

Like a moth thats drawn to flame,  
I am drawn to you.  
I cannot turn my eyes away,  
from anything you do.  
I like to watch the way you walk,  
as if each steps a pretty choice.  
I even like to hear you talk,  
its like beauty has a voice.  
If I could give the sun and stars,  
to have you by my side.  
We would walk in moon lit dark,  
together step and stride.  
Never would we ever part,  
never could I stray.  
You are all I need in life,  
till my end of days.

Ken Bennight

# Ton

All has swelled yet feel apart,  
the cost of understanding.  
Brightness for the dim and dark,  
chances too demanding.  
Ton yourself the harder stand,  
and boast upon the door.  
All that's told within the time,  
in time is known no more.  
Twist around for sweeter,  
for all in love is lost.  
I have lived to love but once,  
a thousand times Ive paid the cost.  
Tears do cleanse some bitterness,  
but forever's never known.  
The lines on one that you can read,  
is but their horror shown.  
Love is such a deeper thing,  
then words or precious bandings.  
Has all swells and falls apart,  
its cost of understanding.

Ken Bennight

# Torment

I miss your smile,  
but what can I say.  
Like innocent youth,  
it has gone away.  
It seems that good,  
should last forever.  
To be a comfort enjoyed,  
embraced whenever.  
There are days like these,  
when pain is abound.  
When rest and comfort,  
are nowhere to be found.  
I should not dwell upon the past,  
it is this torment that forever will last.

Ken Bennight

# Torture Room

Welcome to my torture room,  
my painful den of sorrows.  
Although today you are alive,  
I can promise no tomorrow.  
It's here I learned to terrorize,  
in ways most men don't think.  
It's here where victims salt from tears,  
spice my bloody drink.  
Where hearts and eyes lie side by side,  
beside my side by side,  
I still get chills both now and then,  
when they cry and ask me why.  
This one room below my den,  
were walls or draped with drying skin.  
In which there's only one way out,  
once that you are in.  
Welcome to my torture room,  
you're never gonna leave it.  
At least not while you're still alive,  
it's unbelievable.  
Believe it...

Ken Bennight

# Torture Whore

Torture whore,  
wanting more,  
on your knees for pain.  
Begging for the scars in skin,  
you think your life's to blame.  
You search for ways to hurt yourself,  
masochistically insane.  
Contusions give you little chills,  
your bruising your own name.  
Theres no way out or so it seems,  
to beat yourself to death.  
When all else fails you close your eyes,  
and scream beneath your breath.  
Pain to you is the best way out,  
just force away the sorrow.  
Live to hurt another day,  
just waiting for tomorrow.

Ken Bennight

# Treason

Nature screams has does machines,  
mans dreams most constantly marish.  
Scraps and bits are suckeled like tit,  
each in its own dredge for comfort.  
Cry and try until we die to gratify our reason.  
Expectation is treason...

Ken Bennight

# Tree

Tree,  
tree back and forth,  
stirring up the wind.  
Sway like rivers waters past,  
the oldest of dirt's friends.  
Giving life to all that breaths,  
up through roots and out through leaves.  
I depend on you,  
you not on me.  
What would I do,  
without you tree?

Ken Bennight

# Truth Hides

Is there a place where I can go,  
to find some truth,  
I'd like to know.  
Truth cannot be found in size,  
small swells big,  
big shrinks to hide.  
Truth cannot be found in color,  
without light ones like the other.  
Truth cannot be found in men,  
we've all lied once,  
we'll lie again.  
Truth is more a hopeful wish,  
a dreamful thought that flows from lips.  
A pleasantry that few have known,  
that few have seen or even shown.  
Truth is just a word that hides,  
within a world that's full of lies.

Ken Bennight

# Turn To Christ

Praying in the temples,  
built alone for lies.  
Burning every candle,  
does not help their blinded eyes.  
Never do they take the time to search their selves for truth,  
caught up in the fairy tales they heard within their youth.  
Calling out unto the wind the things that they desire,  
and all the whispers lay in dirt they're never lifted higher.  
Without the truth they're never taught,  
their soul it lives and dies for naught.  
In the net of sin that they are caught,  
and death shall be the price.  
Cause they know not to turn to CHRIST...

Ken Bennight

## Two Faced

I have a face that has two sides,  
they're not the same,  
the left and right.  
They see the world with different eyes,  
different truths and different lies.  
Understand its no surprise,  
its been this way most all my life.  
To understand the things they see,  
the books they search,  
the words they read.  
Sometimes its hard just to believe,  
theres two of them in one of me

Ken Bennight

# Two To One

Two moves to no,  
two moves to yes,  
two gestures thrown about.  
Two questions answered by a motion,  
two answers casting doubt.  
Two loves to many,  
two hateful words,  
two hearts to feel the drought.  
Two tearful eyes to wonder why,  
suddenly they're single...

Ken Bennight

# Uncrowned

Wisdom cannot count him down,  
he's cast his lot for pennies.  
No shadow shares he's tennet frown,  
by death he's lost so many.  
Wicked is the space he gives,  
to share with those about him.  
Without the wish to share his soul,  
his father cannot crown him.  
Blood that cannot cross twice over,  
keeps deep the roots of kings.  
All those that find what knowledge brings,  
aren't granted anything.  
With every cross he's forced to carry,  
lifes weight has got him bound.  
He's not the pride to be the king,  
his father keeps him down.

Ken Bennight

# Unholy Is A Man

Widows cry upon a bed,  
absent from the carrying.  
Children hold out empty bowls,  
searching for the sharing.  
Candles burn both day and night,  
the halls are filled with laughter.  
Priest they set and count the coins,  
from the debts of sins there after.  
Preying on the simple man,  
plucking him of deeds.  
Who's absent from GODs wisdom,  
Cause he knows not to read.  
There's no such thing has a holy man,  
who don't meet another's needs.  
Many men have lost all things,  
and still they cannot see.  
Everyman in lifes the same.  
greed unto themselves,  
Born to die within their sins,  
their sins and nothing else.

Ken Bennight

# Un-Loved

Your the only one Ive found,  
to give all my love to.  
If not to breath till breath runs out,  
theres nothing I can do.  
For a soul to understand this,  
it must feel the way I've felt.  
For me it seems to let you die,  
is betrayal to myself.  
I've prayed to GOD and asked him why,  
such harshness Ive been dealt.  
It seems to me he's let me know,  
when hes not loved,  
thats how hes felt.  
I must stay strong I know for me,  
not anybody else.  
If no one love's me anymore,  
I have to love myself.

Ken Bennight

# Unpublished Fellow

Lost within his scattered words,  
he cannot write what's want for heard.  
He chooses not a well trained path,  
constant fighting with his pen.  
He's not the passion of the poet,  
not the wisdom of the theif.  
Confuses even true himself,  
his words of unbeleif.  
Madness is what makes him sing,  
while screaming in his pillow.  
The ink he's left don't mean a thing,  
poor unpublished fellow..-

Ken Bennight

# Unspoken Heart Of Broken

Awakened to a world of hurt,  
with a mouth of mud and flavored dirt.  
A heart that all but lives to lurch,  
a spit of bloodless splatter.  
Born of mourn to sit in pain,  
wanting now to not remain.  
Death and me it seems the same,  
lost for patients pity.  
Lies and all or nothing else,  
hatred deep for you myself.  
Cast me out for whats not felt,  
unspoken heart of broken...

Ken Bennight

# Unspoken Words

There are words unspoken to her,  
there is speech I've yet to share.  
True this has brought bitterness,  
cause our loves no longer shared.  
Shared together within smiles,  
swapped within a kiss.  
I can only hope like her to me,  
to me like her I'm missed.  
Missed for all the times we shared,  
lost only in our world.  
To be the only dream I've had,  
she is my only girl.  
There's speech unspoken to her,  
there's words I've yet to share

Ken Bennight

# Unwise Man

Born of wicked,  
born of flesh,  
unhumbled in your spirit.  
The prayers you pray though screamed allowed,  
not even GOD will hear it.  
Unwise in truth you stand on lies,  
but lies are all you've gotten.  
The forked tongue within your mouth,  
your words are stench and rotten.  
Never did you seek out truth,  
you never searched for knowledge.  
You took for fact the lies of man,  
within in the walls of college.  
Laughing at you fathers before their fathers,  
other fathers.  
Not concerned to feed your soul the word of GOD,  
why bother.  
Happy in your world of wealth,  
you rest your head in debt.  
While your soul faces death...

Ken Bennight

## Use Me, Abuse Me...

Use me,  
abuse me,  
show me that I'm loved.  
Pick me up and kiss me,  
after down I'm shoved.  
Let me be your whipping boy,  
lock me up in chains.  
Though I am all but willing,  
I will if that's your thing.  
The thought of me alone with you,  
chills my teeth and skin.  
But if I'm good this one time,  
will you use me yet again.  
I will do whatever,  
to feel your touch of flesh.  
Use me,  
abuse me,  
love me to my death.

Ken Bennight

# Viola Cries

Viola cries herself to sleep,  
each night because of me.  
The things I have shared with her,  
it seems have darkened all her dreams.  
I watch her as she'll toss and turn,  
and whimper in the night.  
All because the things I've done,  
she knows I'm just not right.  
I've shared with her the ways I hurt,  
for she has felt the pain.  
Though she has never said a word,  
she knows that I'm insane.  
Not a normal man you see,  
would keep her locked up tight.  
Chained for all my wickedry,  
a slave for me at night.  
Locked away in a room of horrors,  
kept just for myself,  
Viola knows I love her so,  
she can't be shared with no one else.  
I'll always keep her so close to me,  
another person she won't see.  
That's the reason,  
has to be.  
She cries herself to sleep...

Ken Bennight

# Viola Says

I must stay in my room today,  
I can not go down stairs.  
I'm not allowed to have my way,  
or so Viola says.  
I'm not allowed to peek or pry,  
I'm not allowed to scare.  
I must remain here locked inside,  
or so Viola says  
For I must stay away from those,  
who may find me the wrong.  
I am not sure when I can leave,  
or stay hidden for how long.  
Viola wants me for herself,  
possessive little witch.  
I can't be shared with no one else,  
she's that type of bitch.  
Alas she is my only love,  
I will do completely as she says.  
And put my feelings to the side,  
for what Viola says.

Ken Bennight

# Virgins Dont Do Evil.

Virgins don't do evil,  
or so I've heard it said.  
But wicked thoughts do virgins think,  
theyre sinister in head.  
Hide behind their innocence,  
and you cant prove me wrong.  
Not given in by consequence,  
yet lost from feelings strong.  
You lose that treasure it's to late,  
forever pay the cost.  
Virgins don't do evil,  
till virginity is lost.

Ken Bennight

# Voices

They tell me run,  
they tell me hide,  
they say so many things.  
They talk about those all around,  
in a crisp and clear audible sound.  
They have no face so I cant say,  
from where in the room they come.  
But I can hear them talk and sing,  
and I can tell theres more than one.  
They keep my brain a fuzzy mess,  
and no one knows I must confess.  
Some times they seem to know my thoughts,  
so secrets I do dread.  
They always seem to talk at once,  
at night while in the bed.  
It's so hard for me to go to sleep.  
with these voices in my head.

Ken Bennight

# Voodoo For: Viola Grey

Burlap sack,  
twist of hay.  
Chicken blood,  
some words to say.  
Puff of smoke,  
cast of lot,  
and this little bit of hair Ive got.  
Sew the doll in a certain way,  
its voodoo for: Viola Grey.  
I wish I could be there to see,  
has I choke the doll and she cant breath.  
And the pain in her head that makes her cry,  
as I jam these pins behind her eyes.  
She cant make them go away,  
its voodoo for: Viola Grey.  
For she does not know how to love,  
and has nothing good to say.  
So I will break her spirit down,  
and leave her feeling pain.  
As I twist and turn this doll around,  
she wont enjoy the way I play.  
Thats the price that she will pay,  
its voodoo for: Viola Grey.

Ken Bennight

## Wanted: Dead Or Alive

With steel on my fingers,  
I smell of death,  
Which forever lingers,  
like the stench of bad breath.  
The law cannot stop me,  
for they cant match my speed.  
Because I'm a gunslinger,  
and its death that they need.  
Many have called,  
all of them failed.  
I live with no conscience,  
I'm the closest to hell.  
Increasing my bounty,  
they increase my pride.  
My photos say wanted,  
dead or alive.  
Unsafe to settle,  
forever I ride.  
My gun always loaded,  
strapped to my thigh.  
All I give is death,  
widows and strife.  
My photos say wanted,  
dead or alive.

Ken Bennight

# Warning

Masses look to others most,  
so many without wisdom.  
Sadness is the feeling note,  
so many stuck in sorrow.

Worst of all there's more ahead,  
more days of death and danger.  
Of pity and ridicule,  
from  
everyone's the stranger.

Cover up yourselves for self,  
make blind to you the world.  
The end of days are quickening,  
all wicked souls a swirl.

Bitterness to every man,  
pestilence and war  
And never have these days been lived  
by any men before.

live and laugh and love at will  
your darkness is becoming.  
repent not ye because my words,  
NOTE  
You have been warned...

Ken Bennight

# We Has Men

We has men must take the time,  
to persevere and change are minds.  
Find a way to love and share,  
take the time to help and care.  
Those who are less fortunate,  
Live in love and don't forget.  
Were all the same despite the skin,  
land or home that we live in.  
In our hearts we know whats right,  
we has men have lost that sight.

Ken Bennight

# We Has Men Are Devils

We has men are devils,  
death among ourselves.  
Lovers of are persons,  
haters of all else.  
The skies are always raining,  
the angels always cry.  
GOD in all his majesty,  
turns to close his eyes.  
Bound by sin and wicked,  
funny how we laugh.  
At the end of dispensation,  
all of this shall pass.  
The birds sing for forgiveness,  
its man that does not ask.  
The willow weeps most hauntingly,  
as the blows slowly pass.  
We has men are devils,  
death among ourselves.  
We've only us for which to blame,  
us and no one else...

Ken Bennight

# Weeping Willow

Strong does stand the Oak on throne,  
stealing what it can.

It lives and breaths for centuries,  
by decades it shades man.

The Cedar with its pleasant scent,  
so bosteros to the pine.

Smooth and soft upon hand,  
seeths comfort when it shines.

The Olive loves what it can bring,  
its symbol is for peace.

And alone down by the forge,  
screaming out in cracks.

Bowing down unto the forest,  
alone the willow weeps...

Ken Bennight

# Wendy's Got It Coming

I'm watching her but she don't see,  
to wrapped up in herself.  
Her vanity is of her greed,  
she loves her and no one else.  
To bad I'll have to make things right,  
it is the law of GOD.  
And in this way I'm justified,  
for doing just what I should not.  
I'll scar that pretty face of hers,  
and leave her there to cry.  
And every time she sees herself,  
she'll stop and wonder why.  
If she didnt think shes better,  
than every body else.  
I would not give a second thought,  
and leave her to herself.  
But Wendy's got it coming,  
she'll learn the reason why.  
She's ended up outside ugly,  
to match her whole inside.

Ken Bennight

# What I See

While I want for happy,  
seems all I see is sorrow.  
If I could push the button,  
we'd all be gone tomorrow.  
Were a world that's full of liars,  
and selfish petty thieves.  
All we ever do is ask each other,  
what of me.  
Plan a way to be on top,  
to have the pride to boast.  
Believe me if I had a chance,  
I'd turn us all to ghost.  
I'm sure that has you read these lines,  
your thinking that's not me.  
But while your looking in the mirror,  
do you see what others see?

Ken Bennight

# What Is Chosen

Evil is the joy in heart of every wicked beast  
That's lays their soul upon the mat with tears toward the east  
That praise the stone to crush the head of love that bares the truth  
And fills the belly full of blood from all forbidden fruit  
Minus wisdom minus strength they prey upon the meek  
Knowledge is not far from them but that they never seek  
Hell is all they will receive that gift is from their father  
They never will receive the truth that's offered so why bother  
They sleep in beds of wickedness they bathe their souls with lies  
And suffer is the torture forth which starts when their flesh dies  
Cold has ice inside their cares their stares are blank and frozen  
But this is what they've chosen...

Ken Bennight

# What Of Me

What of me,  
what shall I do?  
When you have lost away.  
What kind of song,  
will not be sung,  
If your not here to play?  
How will I dream,  
if cant sleep?  
As night becomes the day.  
What of me,  
what shall I do?  
When you have lost away.

Ken Bennight

# What To Do With You

What to do with you?  
The question in the way.  
When everything you feel is right,  
is there nothing more to say?  
Theres blackness in this truth,  
thats the color of a lie.  
But what is felt from inside out,  
is pure as purest white.  
People may not see,  
exactly what I do.  
Because they are not blind like me,  
don't make my thoughts untrue.  
What to do with you?  
The question in the way.

Ken Bennight

## What To Write?

Once again its me and pen,  
we've been here before.  
To pass a test to do our best,  
to leave you wanting more.  
Never sure just how to start,  
we work together for the ending.  
That seems to be the hardest part,  
not counting the beginning.  
Will we write of sun and stars,  
trees and sandy shores?  
Maybe of a broken heart,  
that we've had once before.  
Could it be of puppy dogs,  
or fussy little kittens?  
Possibly a lovely face,  
we've seen which we are smitten.  
Riches,  
fame,  
avarice,  
or a song of heroes glory?  
Only time will tell my friend,  
what goes into this story.

Ken Bennight

# Where Does Love Hide

Where does love run,  
in the darkest of night?  
When we are all covered,  
where does it hide?  
And when given chase,  
where might it go?  
I've never found it,  
so I'm wanting to know.  
Should I search for it,  
or will it seek me out?  
Does it even exist?  
I am starting to doubt.  
As it passed me by,  
have I turned my head?  
Do the stories all lie,  
in the books I have read?  
Is it only for young,  
never for old?  
Where does love hide?  
I am wanting to know.

Ken Bennight

# Who?

I'm the push to force a wind,  
the lift of up and down.  
The world is lost with in its spin,  
as I go round and round.  
Felt by every blade of grass,  
warming every seed.  
I give life to everything,  
I fulfill all needs.  
You are here but by my choice,  
removed in just the same.  
Can you say just who I am?  
Do you know my name?

Ken Bennight

# Whores For Gold

Tis always money,  
nothing more.  
To the piece of gold,  
we are the whore.  
Whatever it takes,  
for whatever is seen.  
At the risk of our lives,  
fulfilling our needs.  
Hypnotized by the shine,  
on the coin that we see.  
In this blanket of gold,  
wrapped up in our greed.

Ken Bennight

# Whys, Hows And Wants

Why is all that man does want  
so wicked for the spirit.  
Why is all of joy a sin so loud,  
that we cant hear it.  
How come we refuse to trust,  
anything real honest.  
And few it seems will bear the weight,  
that all life cast upon us.  
Blame each other out of shame,  
cry its because of mother.  
Then bury deep the rusty knife,  
into another brother.  
Fingers seldom used for work,  
most just pointing blame.  
Then never ever on our knees,  
pillows wet of shame.  
Screaming for another chance,  
forgiveness can you hear it.  
Thats why all that man does want,  
so wicked for the spirit.

Ken Bennight

# Wicked Pen

My pen in all its wickedness,  
drives me to these words.  
Bleeding out the letters read,  
with only eyes their heard.  
Speaking of such horrors,  
and evil twist of fate.  
Punishment note borrowed,  
but when re-paid too late.  
Twisting in the hand,  
curving out the letters.  
A sharpened pencil understand,  
could not do sentence better.  
The wicked evil that is my pen,  
controls my every thought.  
And tells me what to write of story,  
and dirty deeds of wrought.  
If not just by this wicked pen,  
no poet I would be.  
And not one word you'd ever read,  
from my wicked pen and me.

Ken Bennight

# Without A Face

No words are spoke without a face,  
no colors can be seen.  
No sound is heard,  
no scent is smelled.  
No tears to cry,  
no screams.  
No music played,  
no photographs.  
No paintings to hang,  
no walls.  
Without a face there is no ring,  
there is no face to call.  
No ugly seen or beauty queen,  
no such thing as old.  
No meals to eat or mouths to feed,  
no taste of hot or cold.  
No books to read,  
no planting seeds.  
The rose is just a flower.  
No air to breath or stars to see,  
no place to be on hour.  
Not one thing would have a name,  
no candy sweet or sour.  
You cant get lost or cant be found,  
you cannot make a single sound.  
No favorite hues for you to view,  
without a face there is no you.  
No starting gun,  
no finish line.  
No crowds to cheer,  
no race.  
Everything is where it is,  
forever in its place.  
Change cannot be seen at all,  
not without a face.

Ken Bennight

# Without Christ

Slap the hand of the wicked man,  
kiss the cheek of innocence.  
Dirty up your knees today,  
has your begging for repentance.  
Light a candle be the fool,  
lost in your traditions.  
To prideful to take the simple step,  
and read our GODs instuctions.  
You it seems will never know,  
without CHRIST you will perish.

Ken Bennight

# Words For Man

I sit alone with paper square,  
and pen in ready hand.  
And try to find within myself,  
the words to give to man.  
Words that teach us how to care,  
that teach us how to love.  
So we can please the living GOD,  
who watches from above.  
Patients is what comes to mind,  
let us be slow to anger.  
Notice shame and guilt my friends,  
but slow to point the finger.  
I shall try as not to find,  
the words that want to tease us.  
And in this way I reflect,  
the words of my Christ Jesus.  
Do unto others has you would have them do unto you...

Ken Bennight

# Words Keep Coming

Words it seem keep coming,  
some even has I sleep.  
I take the paper and a pen,  
then tattoo up the sheet.  
Given to it purpose,  
something to be seen.  
And has a poet share with all,  
my misery and dreams.  
Sharing things inside my heart,  
with all the world to see.  
The words it seem keep coming,  
for every one to read.

Ken Bennight

# Words Of Madness

They say that in my words you find,  
a measurement of mad.  
Insanity is what you get,  
by stiffling the sad.  
I have keep it frozen hard,  
pattered down inside.  
It takes the paper and the pen,  
to lift it to my eyes.  
Unfortunately for me it seems,  
you get to see this side.  
Makes me wonder has you read,  
do you feel you need to hide.  
Secretes that are spoken,  
and are lifted to the light.  
I may want to cover,  
for their fear of whats not right.  
And darkness that is shown to all,  
makes weaker of the strong.  
They say theres madness in my words,  
their not so far from wrong.

Ken Bennight

# Words Or Letters

If a pictures worth a thousand words,  
I better learn to draw.  
For one to see what I need to say,  
I would have to use them all.  
Thousands of words placed out in lines,  
none of them needing color.  
And although some words would sound the same,  
none would be just like the other.  
Words you see can change all things,  
but not always for the better.  
Depending on how the words are read,  
always comes down to the letters.

Ken Bennight

# World Of Fools

This world belongs to fools,  
to the proud and to the wicked.  
Consumed by greed and evil.  
its only a fool that can't see it.  
They think to make laws to save it,  
given that power they enslave it.  
They then feed their flesh to escape it,  
CHRIST taught us to not be of this world...

(Call on the father for the HOLY SPIRIT)

READ YOUR BIBLE LEARN TRUTH  
Feed your soul what its longing for  
Seek and you will find

Ken Bennight

# World Of Words

We are here because of words,  
what is spoken,  
what is heard.  
What is written,  
what is read,  
every name that's ever said.  
Every song that's ever sang,  
words have given everything.  
Every kiss,  
from every lip,  
all that GOD has served.  
Every woman,  
child and man,  
because this world of words.

Ken Bennight

# Write Me Into Suicide...

Scar me deep and cut me wide,

write me into suicide.

Suffocate by deadly breath,

taking everything thats left.

Leaving me the empty soul,

to carry on but hows not known.

Painful screams and tearful cries,

write me into suicide.

Brutal seems the only call,

fearful shadows melt and fall.

All Ive loved has gone away,

Im pleading for some one to stay.

Selfish me with all my pride,

wrote me into suicide...

(A special thanks to Kelly Zion)

Ken Bennight

# Writewishes

Here we go again,  
you clean white sheet,  
begging to be neat,  
screaming to astound,  
to be passed around,  
Or is this my wish as the writer?

Read me,  
need me,  
soak me in,  
this is how it begins in a poem.  
Or is this my wish as the writer?

Ken Bennight

## X (Pickles The Cat)

This is story about a cat,  
big and hairy,  
nice and fat.  
Funny round face,  
and whiskers that tickle,  
but the funniest thing is he only eats pickles,  
sweet pickles cold pickles both dill and sour.  
he eats so many pickles he runs out ever hour.  
than he's counting his money and its of to the store,  
and he's buying more pickles just pickles galore.  
then sets down at home and he picks out his teeth  
and hes dreams of tomorrow and the pickles he'll eat.

Ken Bennight

# You Temp Me So

You temp me so to change my ways,  
like a leaf true does change color.  
But also they do fall away,  
so the tree can bloom another.  
You temp me so to change my ways,  
like a rock the flow of streams.  
But without the nourishment of rain,  
becomes the driest of all things.  
You temp me so to change my ways,  
like the circle of the wind.  
Never knowing where it starts,  
or where its breeze will end.  
You temp me so to change my ways,  
to your lover from your friend.  
These are the hardest words to say,  
you temp me so to change my ways.

Ken Bennight

# Your Beauty

Your beauty is what holds my eye,  
so hard to look away.

I am caught by the surprise,  
of nothing more to say.

Short of breath and chilled of flesh,  
I dropp to bended knee.

And promise all the world to you,  
with love so tenderly.

I find so hard some words to speak,  
my joy I cant conceal.

Votre beaut'e est ce qui tient non oiel...

Your beauty is what holds my eye...

Ken Bennight