

Poetry Series

**Kevin Maroney**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

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

## Kevin Maroney()

Born in california, I have barely begun my life though I feel much older than my age would imply. My poetry gives me a vent and release for my thoughts and frustrations.

# A Baker's Line

A baker in the baker's line,  
just like others, right on time.  
He turns it one and fires it true,  
to only some's woe and rue.

A baker in the baker's line,  
makes another right on time,  
He bakes it up and turns it round,  
yet here it's smaller, less straight sound.

A baker of the baker's line,  
makes another on time.  
He makes it up and turns it round,  
but here it's different, less profound.

A maker of the baker's line,  
makes something in some time.  
He steps it up and makes his own,  
what is this, just rotten calzone?

Someone in the baker's line,  
makes nothing right on time,  
a savage down to his last face,  
makes a boon of his foul taste.

None will see him, none will buy.  
He is falsey nothing, too bad he'll die.

Kevin Maroney

# A Cloudy Morning

The clouds,  
Elegantly do they stride  
In their heavenly chambers  
In the sky.

Tis' unjust,  
That I should be chained here  
Forced to bear witness to such majesty.

If my own thoughts and wishes were met,  
I would glide out of this world  
On a silky nimbus  
To escape this silly, flitty society.

Kevin Maroney

# A Day In The Life Of Iaint Reallysorich

Whine, whine, pine and whimper  
You'd take my shirt and all but my zipper.

Like little babes, they bleat their charms  
At the passerby.  
Please, sir hold me in your arms,  
while staring at the sky.

The slightly sliver of inattention  
is met with sharp repuke.  
Or may as well be, despite intention  
So much was their rebuke.

Annoying some find their cry,  
and try pass and pass them by.  
How dastard, daring starck-tempered devil,  
to meet such repute with icy hell.

Really, answered, what deserved are you?  
You who spew and spew and spew?  
I already answered once, no twice, not ev' three,  
to your box, yet you shout back at me.

I tried to teach you, you don't want to learn,  
For every soul reached in a hand  
Sayest you, die, die and burn

Whine, whine, Pine and whimper,  
You'd take my shirt and all, my whimper...

Kevin Maroney

# A Discussion On Distribution Of Marital Work

Every day doth pass by  
In tender sunder, yet do not cry.  
It's my burden, mine alone,  
with my strength and my man's cologne.  
What, you say, you'll help me too?  
but dear, then we'll be through.

You know it, as do I,  
that if you do try and try,  
I'll have no house, I'll have no hone  
for this man's thick collar and man's cologne.

But try we might, it does strike true,  
Through many times and thine face blue,  
that if we try, it might be salved,  
and our equal work, one third halved.

This need, sweet dove, I understand,  
yet you must too, for together we stand.

Kevin Maroney

# A 'Good' Cooking Guide

Across an azure sea gazeth  
thee, behold to my triumph.  
Peril-wrought on waves unknown,  
carried to lands untold,  
in velvet black sea.  
The lacing runs from warp to weave  
through perilous journey does he heave.  
A great green beast, pocked with red,  
to all else, he smells of dead.

Mortal clash and rinding metal,  
ricochet and great cauldron nettle,  
out great potions through the sky,  
to land on some alabaster rye,  
crumble to sweet marble bits in  
a grand null mouth.

Cookie tremble, chocolate fall,  
lost in pieces, all.  
Turn to truffle, wondrous cook,  
turned in rows and into soup by the book.  
From raw to ever stilling ripe  
turn from lovely crimson might.

Later in some modern oven,  
will we brew more witches coven,  
from primordial fork to launching spoon,  
no need for point with lobbing boon,  
a great milk poured down much too soon,  
never known, but to those it shoots.

A baby served is a baby grown,  
in a cradle born of neglect shown,  
to ever more aspiring face,  
do we feed with no disgrace.  
Too late, too soon, how shall we venture sooth?  
But one thing like spice is truth:

Over the fire are we cooked,

and ever more studiously shook.

Kevin Maroney

# A Grave

Clouds of water so transparent  
Something in them, yet not apparent,  
Apostate of the neverending  
Leveled state of non-ascending

Yet learner still, a master of  
something weirder underdug.  
A grave for all the world's treasures  
A skull so deep as books fettered.

The chains cut hard, they run so rough  
Yet so long hath been felt, never tough  
Nerves die and in their place  
Come lovely ones knotted in lace.

When the bird falls quickly and doesn't die,  
What means it then to be alive?

Kevin Maroney

# A Level Forest

Desking is a paltry fine,  
to one who sees not one pine.  
All man is lift above the sand,  
none's at level, all's that's grand.  
When the scale's set too high,  
some fall below,  
but when it's set to the bowels,  
even farther do they go.  
So our solution to a problem dim,  
is worthy of a title equally grim.  
The conclusion of a few many,  
May set standards even less steady.

For if we restrict the very few,  
What beyond bliss could the many do?

Kevin Maroney

# A Love Of Winters

Your eyes are softer in twine with mine,  
How, ever, I wish to meld with thine.  
Even two are better than one soul,  
but what an impediment causes me such sorrow!

Not physical, this barrier may be,  
But instead, is a matter of only me.  
My love burns hot, cold as a winter breeze,  
Biting at the heart, in such a way to please.

Death to us has none power to part,  
for at that turn, is only our new start.  
An embrace so tender, it turns as all to snow,  
From this melting, does a new tree spring to grow!

Rescuer, you to my unholy shrift,  
Hope I your heart as well do I lift.

Kevin Maroney

# A Monkey In A Tree

A monkey sitting in a tree,  
how sway does he, lee to lee,  
from his vantage he spies an ass,  
and from this buck came such sass.

No longer in the dark did he wander,  
from frond to frond did he now gander,  
There a nay and there a cough, how crass  
as he stared at the ass with so much needed sassafrass.

What was he, the monkey in the tree,  
but a scratching, itching silly little grumpy  
free to judge, wondrous bare-backed with crusted knees,  
laughing monkey from his tree, filled with such lustoured glee?

As the man below looked to the man above,  
both broke like shards of glass,  
as both, in truth, were the ass.

Kevin Maroney

# A Moth Or A Butterfly

Somewhere deep in the heart doth lie,  
a beautiful, untainted butterfly,  
and though shrouded in cobwebs he may be,  
Come out as the truth he will eventually.

Or in the cocoon this dream was thought,  
a lovely little epitaph for what some sought,  
moth after moth was seen outside,  
as with the dirt is the butterfly made the bride.

Orifice for speaking is born in shadow,  
lovely, with words to calm the marrow,  
chills in the bones for the time ignored,  
massive, moths adhered to are not abhorred,

For throughout the ages leaving a legacy,  
the moth stands in for the butterfly's plea....

Kevin Maroney

# A World Believed

What have you done,  
strange believing one?  
Is this your duty,  
or have you more, right snooty?

What have you done,  
blind believing one?  
Why is this your duty,  
or have you none more, right snooty?

What will you do,  
deaf believing one?  
How could this be your duty,  
If you don't know of it, right snooty?

Believing one, it's false,  
even in hammer and strife it falls,  
a grand ideal that works out none,  
for the only place to try is one.  
It turned to mud and molding clay,  
a single man who ran the day.

Of course it seems all right when it's fake and fickle  
but it becomes less hoped for when it comes under the sickle.

Kevin Maroney

# Adieu

The world's a tune, to be played while in rhume,  
as I sit I stand spying, in my mind there's a room.  
With this i see past all the sea, till I open  
to a day most black and lying harmoniously.

Through a crack in the wall, sits the world in wake,  
as I see it I seek to derive my stake,  
but none will come as I'm but a stranger here,  
a passing marvel for which all can stare.

Nothing compares to the dome in sleep,  
as all about me dares to weep,  
a world in shadow, paralyzed with fear,  
yet still am I stuck standing all alone right here.

It shames me to think on my troubles few,  
though I know they're minor, I can't bid them adieu.

Kevin Maroney

# An End To An End

Sweeping ocean, you see me so true,  
with your wonderful vista and panopalytic view.  
Indeed, I wish I'd been like your fish,  
to leap in and out in great joy.

Yet I find myself bound by rust and reflection,  
dead to myself and all in all direction,  
a wondrous sight, indeed, disbelieving typhoon,  
for you see, I picked up naught but air with my spoon.

The milky waters I swim every day,  
through which I turn rapidly and sway,  
dark nights of bright sorrow, so confused am I,  
when staring without a thought at the sky.

Yet again I ask, with increasing derilection,  
and not a few of unfair perplection,  
where does my duty, my purpose lie,  
if my mind will leave me, on the sly?

It tricks and taunts me, amused is it so,  
indeed, I wonder, will it ever me show?  
To be what I am, I am what I must,  
for this daily fluctuating liquid marble bust.

The hair flows and sinks through time,  
as though it were covered in filth and grime,  
lost track, till it stops altogether,  
till my head, so turned about, feels light as a feather.

Turned to superstition, doubt, is my last resort,  
Something of which I have oft retort.  
An evil I cannot myself amend,  
yet even with others, I find no end to an end.

The wall comes and goes as it please,  
this end begins again, and as before will not cease.



# An Old Fisher In The Green

A man, this man, alone in the green,  
a little, tiny sand, a speck in the sea.  
He used to be a torrent, a veritable blizzard,  
ready to weather the storms, this strong fisher.

Then these little fish, to him flocked,  
and his heart gave in, collapsed in him, and gave him quite a start.  
He took the fish and laid it out, gave it his breath,  
and as it looked, its eyes glowed hot, and took from him the rest.

Then it became a fisherman, but one that knew its gift,  
it indeed was a fisherman who helped its once-known kin,  
what a wondrous man this fish did make, reveling in this skin,  
it indeed was a better fisherman who helped its once-known kin.

And so this old fisherman, living on his last breath,  
lived only to help the fish he helped, until his last, his death.  
His last was given to a fish he deemed demure, a wriggling sickly thing,  
he gave it his last, he did, he did, though it remained a fish.

He gave his all, he did, he did, till this fish became enlarged,  
yet still not a man did it make, but instead became in charge,  
a shark it made, it did, it did, and it hounded out,  
till once again, it did, it hid, became the rounder out.

The fishermen were thrown on their guards, this shark was so enlarged,  
till all was dust upon the sea, and the old man was set free.

The vision just though may it be,  
became but dust upon the sea  
till all was dust to dust upon the sea,  
and the old man, weak, was at last set free.

Kevin Maroney

# Anger

Sometimes I see from the center of my vision  
a great red haze, an opening in diction,  
something with which to phrase in vile plodding prose,  
a redness not sweeter than, but yet hot as a rose.

The twine twiddles faster as a cloud builds up speed,  
the tendrils come together and form a great dark seed,  
this seed spreads towards the sky and as it is revealed,  
it grows lovely, big and black, yet dripping with sickly zeal.

The muck, so red, so very sanguine swims before my eyes,  
and as I think more and more, I remember that I can die,  
at the moment, however though, I remember how I can show,  
that with some thought, I might rot, rather than be brought low.

Anger is power incarnate as any emotion,  
the question is, should it be put in motion?

Kevin Maroney

# As If

As if I  
Had enough sleep  
Enough time  
To enjoy the things  
I learn.  
As if I  
Had the time  
for true appreciation  
Of those truly magnificent Glories  
Of which we struggle to grasp the grand Significance of.  
Battles lost,  
Treasures hidden,  
Cells Evolving,  
Empires growing,  
Cathedrals, Great climaxes of Gothic art rising to the sky  
In a panoply of majestiticy.  
As if.....  
I had the time.

Kevin Maroney

# Beating Heart

The beat, the tick, the endless heart,  
Comes quick, fast, like a a nonsense harp,  
a percussion drill, so loud but faint,  
Unstoppable, inconsolable, inconscionable to a deadly gait.

It perfuses the air, corrupted the soul,  
yet without it the soul would be bereft,  
living in torment, yet living still,  
the heart beats towards endless nill.

Yet terrible, unconscious, the void rattles,  
till on the ending tide doth the horse be saddled,  
Freedom granted in a lonely wish,  
is yet still accepted by a now lonesome fish.

Beating, battering the conscious rythm runs,  
till from the breaking day doth come the blood red sun.

Kevin Maroney

# 'Beauty'

What is beauty, but a  
Tool.  
For itself, or a more sinister,  
good, evil, objective subjection?  
Which, as an ionian column, never  
scored, or a board of marble  
off which ricochet emotion,  
history and agendas?  
Beauty for beauty's sake,  
not in unspoiled Mapery, not used.  
It's Majesty, taken for granted,  
more oft than not, taken and  
Ranted by men, women of old,  
Bold  
men, to dare such triviality to be taken  
in the archives of history,  
Created myths.  
Made of broken, sullied plaster  
from glorious, sparkling alabaster.

Austere truth is  
given dearth to  
a caustere earth,  
, the raw ingredient of  
manufactured  
Myth and rumor.....

Kevin Maroney

# Beginnings And Endings

A pebble falls from the cliff, running to its conclusion,  
Dust it picks up in their confusion,  
And as its contours become stiff, attempting to halt the contusion,  
A boulder waits silently to ponder.

An atom pulls slowly from the misty haze,  
Fiery surface no longer in its gaze,  
As peers gather round and upon his mass laze,  
He settles in to wait.

A drop follows some descent upon the sandy hills,  
Into a hollow it rides, dragged by forces to fill,  
And in the dark, deep worlds beyond conscious thought,  
It simply waits and stills.

In the darkness a creature waits as a sole survivor,  
As the weight of invisibility settle down around his shoulders.

Kevin Maroney

# Black And Blue

He saw me  
Across the way  
Asks me a favor  
Arrogantly with progue  
Strikes me with his whip  
of words ever so diluted do I tell him  
My answer?  
Strike him with an iron push  
or Do what he asks?  
Indulge in his fantasy world  
Everything's alright?  
Everything's going his way  
or Dissolve him from that false light,  
Which will strike him in turn  
Ever so much more hard  
Than I.  
Absolve him of the risk,  
Or hurt him more by giving in?

Let him see the world  
Through disillusioned Eyes  
Tinted Black and Blue.

Kevin Maroney

# Black Glasses

Black shades hide it's face,  
as it screams aloud for all to see,  
yet the best thing, the funniest disgrace,  
is that it's so easy to know how it be.

Blooming, the water's wide,  
till stealing the author's soul, in black glasses,  
screaming so snide,  
in such stinking, greenish tinged grasses

The parasites assemble, as he resembles,  
a deathly paradigm, the epitome of glee,  
Then he sees the masses, and foully grumbles,  
how he's so extremely unlucky.

Dimly he stares into the endless night,  
and finally, gracefully, dies of fright

Kevin Maroney

# Blockhead

Brick walls rise around my mind,  
through such turgid waters do I try to find,  
my thoughts slip like buttered fish,  
so much more my thoughts delish.

What few I find so much the better,  
yet still my head feels as in a fetter.  
The mist so thick, like curdled milk,  
each day I dare to risk.

Yet perhaps the turn's not worth the game,  
for such a paltry picture to frame,  
this red vision, like a saint divine,  
skips in fission, gives not a sign.

Each worm that wheels away from me,  
wiggles as if in an inaccessible verdant sea.

Kevin Maroney

# Blood

The blood boils beneath the skin,  
once round it comes up, beating the surface again,  
till out of the dark and into the light,  
it roars with a fury, burning brightly in the night.

Red and viscous, it rolls along,  
till the fuse booms a hot song,  
a lovely tale of rage and lore,  
spilled on the blood-spattered padded floor,

Stories run deep throughout this land,  
one's of crying, another's of sand,  
some can feel without the touch,  
and others can only succumb to madness's rush.

The vampire sucks till the rivers run dry,  
but in the air the currents still lie,  
and within him they course without end,  
and in the night have their revenge,

why the vampire saw it not,  
burning the candles of the victims he sought,  
till like a wick with too much flame,  
they were consumed to the ground,  
with little to no aim.

In the end blood does not lie,  
it can splatter to the ground or return, roaring, to the sky.

Kevin Maroney

# Burning Tree

The sickly summer stew brews around my ankles,  
it rises in fury to scorch my bright eyes.  
My nostrils steam as the fire me rankles,  
from somewhere deep down inside.

This I cannot stand, as the darkness covers the tips,  
till the hands and feet are obscured, my mind ripped.  
The dead night calls home to a face unknown,  
a man beaten, his own kindness shown.

The death of a fighter, as his punch enters back,  
is the saddest possible to such a supplied gun rack.  
The bile sheds the skin once true,  
before these red lips turned so blue.

He still walks in the shadow,  
a frozen speaking icicle.  
Trapped within, a soul cries out,  
only to be ignored by his spritely sickle.

A grace and number so white as snow,  
has been shown grace ripped and shackled by its own growth,  
a direction irreversible, the train comes slow,  
yet out of its way, he cannot, will not throw.

The oak, battered, bruised beyond all recognition,  
Is like the grave, bare of all life's inhibition.

Kevin Maroney

# Constrained By 'Individuality'

Not the skin, not the bite  
Not the kin or inspite  
Of my efforts towards are none  
To remove my own self from  
this orbiting Sun.  
A satellite or a star? ,  
I wonder where we are.  
Constrained by conformity  
we are all the same, but to escape it  
We all play a sick, new game....  
Not a box, but infinity  
and beyond we must roam  
to Escape this dark room,  
never cease, nor zoom  
To our ultimatum, do we go.  
No, it is to nothing for which we are constrained.  
To be different, we are the same.....  
Objective judgment is improbable,  
And subjective elimination is impossible  
- Unlike you, i like this  
- Unlike me, you like that.  
- It makes me proud to be unique,  
but what if I am yet a prisoner of my own mind?  
What, say you? individuality breeds difference?  
Then what of the cliques, the old cliches?  
Once, they were ones of a kind, never their like had been seen.  
Whole epitaphs, stolen by knew individualists, to be used  
as proof of Person (for they are Persons, not people)  
- I read Homer  
- I read Shakespeare  
- I learned a new trick from a magazine  
But what if, a new pundit, I wished  
to Pick and Choose what I believe  
perhaps, like a Person in some and part of the people in another.

To choose or not to choose.  
To objectify is to break the cycle,  
Not to be bound as prisoners

of our own minds.....

Kevin Maroney

# Crystal Drool

Vellous Webbing, a cotton intraception,  
Chock full of every kind of deception,  
a bleeding orifice, stuffed with wool,  
to muffle the shot put off, to cover such drool.

Dead mind, your multifarious ramblings drive me mad,  
as your thoughts tremble like the sand,  
this glassy countenance scares my conscience,  
and then sentences me to ponder your fraudulence.

To torture oneself in thought is truly the greatest,  
the foulest testament to thou's hypocrisy,  
but never you feared for life or limb,  
or frail sanity and saintly paradigm,

a crystal once sounded to me,  
and it condemned me, then made me see.

Kevin Maroney

# Cynical Phoenix

Who wouldn't pass a cynical laugh  
now and then, given enough sass,  
An opportunity to base it half,  
it's value in a manner most crass.

Indeed, my dilemma laid at your feet,  
an awful shame I can't see,  
the answer right in front of me,  
under my ever black'ning seat.

With a whip, dost thou become,  
more cynical than the world some,  
a crackling serpent, cackling loud,  
at all your misfortune, a soon friendly sound.  
To deal the cards, you must have a face,  
fit for poker, a much harder race.  
A race of titans, turned to stone,  
in the sun which you once loved.

It burns you now, ever true,  
more and more it turns to blue,  
ashes fall upon your face,  
and no more will again rise to grace.

A phoenix not, hath you become,  
but that evil slayer to whom you've run,  
to kill the egg, not let it sprout,  
to more fiery grace than was without.

Deathly pale and sick you've seen  
and ever more shall you hath been.

Kevin Maroney

# Day In, Day Out

Day in and out through the whole sun  
laughing, playing, never to run  
Lovely daisies picked ever so slightly  
and into the grass fall so lightly.

Decrepit, decayed straw to step upon,  
Yet still not a move from that ever so deathly lawn,  
as through each day in, day out,  
sleep with a lazy, long-relaying pout.

Life to death is but a transitory ruse  
and in not living, one breaks all rules,  
and all bets being off, one defies explanation  
and in truth, with time, life becomes only provocation.

When living becomes but a decrepit condition,  
No longer, will life truly be worth living.

Kevin Maroney

# Dead

Spiraling, swaying, through the daunting deep,  
as you sit there, saying, something so sweet.  
You wish and you sing and you mock your heart, shout,  
but you can't wish hard enough to blot the dark out.

Not totally, severely, as you stretch with hands lain bare,  
your soul to the world but a thing at which to stare.  
You worry only in whispers, for fear others will hear,  
that beneath you, inside you, the void calls ever near.

Something is watching, but not with eyes of matter,  
for nothing is nothing, as your hopes and whims do shatter  
as you save yourself in fantasy, you can't help but think  
that no matter your conjuring, no idea can save you from the brink.

Dead.

Kevin Maroney

# Diamond In The Rust

Despair in cycle, right on time,  
A feeling oft expressed in prose and rhyme,  
deadly purpose set arrow straight,  
on a bow of dire fear and hate.  
Yet out of time, one cannot escape,  
no matter how hard he stares and gape,  
for it's a game, though unfair at that,  
from which the only escape is lying flat.

But such an action I dare not espouse,  
for indeed it's an action from which no man will rouse,  
a terrible fate and dire deed,  
it ascertains nothing for bettering creed.  
Indeed, this creed is essential too,  
a thing most never find before they say adieu.  
Strange it is, a most inquisitive sight,  
one that holds through the ages, both of peace and spite.

What's the creed of he, my friend,  
not the self, no no, I said.  
There's nothing wrong with all apathy,  
or is there, I asked, some greater free?  
Nothing in life can be played like a game,  
it's all hard work, no lunches the same.  
Each one's new, each one's tough,  
A hard diamond to be picked from the rough.

Now let me go, for I feel I must,  
pick my 'friend' from the metal he's dared to let rust.

Kevin Maroney

# Down The Fire Hole

A diet of worms, who would spurn,  
Not evil, not rack, but who would burn?  
Witches and demons, walk from the crypt  
To say their farewells to a life to them fict.  
For they don't believe in dragons or fairytails,  
instead focused on their own hard spells.  
To live a life devoid of hap'ness  
Equates to a life without sadness -  
Unfort'nt'ly, none achieve this goal,  
For indeed, none heed, but speed towards a hole  
Through which, through fire inev'tably fall,  
Through devilish evil and pol'tc's gall.

In a suitcase of green, is possessed in a box,  
A veritable sea of penultimate pox.  
It spreads through land and yonder sky,  
To corrupt the mind and make one lie  
To deaf to work and work to play  
Never...but now, from stark to stay.  
Sit in one place and blow on the meadow,  
to stalks of grass grow on the cred'o'.

But no, all green must have its end -  
Because, dear man, none can end'lsly spend.

Kevin Maroney

# Drilling

Cracking, cracking, something smacking,  
drilling at the edges of rhyme and time,  
Breaking, smashing, something lacking,  
a tree befit of slime and crime.

Smoothing, drooling, something moving,  
what's this something, a paradigm?  
Smooching, looting, something ruling,  
what's my favor, pantamime?

Schooling, newling, something cruelly,  
Crafty devil snaking inside,  
Snaking, making, writhing and breaking,  
what's this, thing of deftly timed?

Skittering, skattering, bereft of smattering,  
once again, drilling at the edges of the mind.

Kevin Maroney

# Epiphany

Unknown,  
he stands above it all,  
yet still he can't help but stall,  
each day's a ruse, medley farce,  
from here to there, like darting larks.

Indeed, it's all a shallow game,  
played for far between, yet hallowed fame,  
recognition not worth the waste,  
for so much soul poured into such worthless paste.

An image does one strive to keep,  
much more present, for me to reap.  
Yet all's none and fair in war,  
who ever said it had to be so sore?  
A sore on the world or in the self,  
asks me my conniving elf,  
to you from the world, you are far between,  
don't try to salvage what's not in your glean.

It's never been, a short mirage,  
a time bereft of naught but massage,  
to muscles duressed and patience outworn,  
of these few gleanings doth I now be shorn.

Scissors of light through dark,  
plunge the world into colors stark,  
obscure, oblique, all is hidden,  
confused I wander, with foul mice ridden.

Where am I, this world strange,  
no towing rope or familiar range?  
What people here, these shadows and shapes,  
such men I once viewed without jape.

What a wondrous laugh, does utter from me,  
from me to you, you to thee.  
Your soul, though worth it, laughs at me,  
so away from you, no worthy.

Ignored and shoved into a box,  
mind now ridden with maddening pox,  
the only cure is not a sun,  
but turn away from those who turned from my fun.

What's that I see, it's the light,  
burning ever so melancholy bright,  
shy away I try, I might,  
and yet there's no bother, I must, at last, my sight...

Kevin Maroney

# Fear Doth Not Lie In Dust

Mind of matter, though dost protest too much,  
why though sees cleanly, what dost though not trust?  
Which of why need you to fear?  
if nothing's there, there's nothing here.

Why thouh fears what lies in dust,  
for indeed thouh wishes rust,  
tis a prospect most insincere,  
for if nothing's dust, there's none to fear.

Thus established, the code has been seen,  
what's the reality behind this need?  
The dust does settle upon the stage,  
as in truth the actors are the rage,  
a thing that such rinds wish revealed,  
minds indeed must then be kneeled.

So as established, it's not the stage,  
only the actors provoking all the rage.

Kevin Maroney

# Field Of Ravens

The soldier on the ramparts viewed the battle grim,  
and as he thought upon it all, the light ahead looked dim.  
The crows wheeled in the sky, sacking all flesh as game,  
He and they so much alike, every moment seemed the same.

He knew each man, left and right, their faces bloody with gore,  
Yet each man he'd known the same, e'en before this horror.  
The gashes oozed, such blood burned black,  
he'd grown accustomed to such strife and wrack.

The ravens called, as friends to tea,  
he'd heard it all, devoid of frown or glee.  
Each day's the same, just like at home,  
whether battling armies or praying in Rome.

The one sole survivor of the carnage in truth,  
saw it all, or thought, for sooth.  
His life he'd wasted, so fragile, like glass,  
He'd run the road for granted, even his lass.

Each foot falls to make a sound, each action has its name,  
Nothing's doesn't have spin nor truth, nothing's all the same.

Kevin Maroney

# Figurative Vampire

An apparition, staring in the mirror  
Misses his own reflection  
It's soft gaze gently returning his  
affection.  
The deathly gaze of death's black lips  
no more, don't kiss  
But merely hint at eternal bliss.  
His black mind, light with warming,  
gently cools to midnight driss.  
Nightly death coils in his heart,  
nothing but a halted start,  
only to gaze and gaze again, sick wanderer,  
No more than, sickly sadly ponder.

Kevin Maroney

# Fish

What you do when the world comes around,  
the sound of waves, coming down and down,  
An endless torrent, something you would wish,  
to end, finally, to stop the coming of the fish.

For they waddle, they snake, around each living ripple,  
they are, they make, every person riddled,  
for each is his own, no blame can be put on thee,  
though the fish make up all that is the deep blue sea.

How the unabashed waves grow in magnitude,  
Each wonders, each slakes, its thirst in multitude.

Kevin Maroney

# For Mother's Day

Your hard exterior belies a deeper grace,  
hidden by even softer, oft silly face.  
Your wings of justice open wide easy to the sky,  
even when beaten back, you never harden to cry.

You're always willing to be sincere,  
even when you know the cost.  
You never stop due to a paltry fear,  
to help a friend or family lost.

Sometimes you falter in your way  
of totaled unbiased perfect stay,  
yet out of your wait you see the path,  
and never sully that possible light in wrath.

You're a person, individual to the rim,  
much more's waiting beneath your skin,  
A truth that's received you much less than grins,  
yet more important, a family you hath win.

Kevin Maroney

# Force

With the setting sun, a tumbler runs,  
a rock to the ground rolling with a fury,  
till nothing but the bed of its kind can stop this sun,  
with such a force as if burning too bright for mice to scurry,

Out of its path he threw his self,  
till in only his mind did he remain on the shelf,  
a book to be read, like so many thin pages,  
in the game as only a poker chip might,  
body bet in a deadly game of dice.

Yet this sad story was ill-received,  
by the tumbling stone, still so ready to reave,  
a onslaught of force so little in need,  
as to only be dealt with the deadliest creed.

All or none, if not one thou must not intervene,  
or be crushed by forces greater than your mind so keen.

Kevin Maroney

# From The Soul To Its Partner

You know not my ambitions,  
nor for what I strive -  
Tis' not with your creditions  
and never, naive  
shall you know, only guess  
At what I, most noble of beings possess.  
It is the knowledge of your life  
how to better you from your strife.  
Your mind broken, from a sleeping arrow,  
to pierce your heart like a streaking sparrow.  
No, not love, in its affection,  
It instead flirts you with dread derilection.  
You strive to be all the world,  
but the world scorns thee, so  
give up on the world...  
Nay, I say, I only jest,  
give the world your most wholly,  
worldly, restly best,  
ignoring your ignored request.

Kevin Maroney

# Gone Native

Ideas, sweet and sallow, loaf around,  
and in their own laws, aren't bound  
by some strange mortality,  
that somehow ends in rationality.

But suppose, for a moment, take a second's time  
that such a thing were to be twisted, in common rhyme.  
No longer itself, it's again gone native,  
as all things do, with time, be abated.

Such a thing, such a twist, such a panapolyctic turn,  
towards the worst, not towards the brain but instead the tongue,  
a reason to discuss, not to run,  
nor even to subtract or add a sum.

an idea, a word, both mean the same,  
when made but part of life's great game.

Kevin Maroney

# Great Men

Tick tock round the clock  
sick rock dropp down low  
As the swiveling sphinx turns  
To see the enterprise ago

Another age another place  
Magnitude in scope with little hope  
That till great men fall  
The aqueduct is all

Never such a statement made  
As to turn the tides of destiny  
And set the core of the world  
To rocking in ever larger tides

When great men fall  
The World goes with them

Kevin Maroney

# Grinning Skull

When death stares one in the face  
the thing to do is laugh in disgrace,  
as the inevitable scythe swings towards the dome,  
swiftly fast to take you home.

You're nothing, bow your head before me,  
I am death the reaper almighty.  
How dare you think to be equal;  
before such grandeur all life's only a prequel.  
For see I am past mortal bonds  
to the everlasting depths anon.

The grinning skull, a joker that,  
nothing, not a man, not a fact,  
to tell you you're worthless, and nothing's true,  
that the only reality is hallowed blue.

Speak like a spider, respinning the web,  
till you put the joker in his own turn of phrase, to bed.  
Watch for it, it comes only once,  
Before once again you make life the dunce.

Kevin Maroney

# Halloween!

For school and work, life is a bore,  
but fear not children, and adults to war  
Against this backdropp all do fight  
every single Halloween night.  
Ghouls and monsters, brick-a-brack shake  
Down to the pool, heard of Screams in the lake  
Death and sorrow, unlike most the year,  
Are ever presently cel'brated here.

To the boiling pot and rotted weal,  
Does this fun time of year often steal  
- To aggravate the primal dears of old times lost  
We willingly are placed in dilapidated crofts.  
And what, you hear, this is place every year?  
Why, you ask, hearing what they hear?

Why, it's as plain as the wart or my unnat'ral green sheen:  
It's just that basic, it's Halloween!

Kevin Maroney

# Hard Times Strange

Whistle weekly to my tune,  
as through my head in such soon  
inscrutable ways doth my mind flow,  
how ever can one really know?

Will it strike a spark, be put to bed?  
Or strike out in a totally new direction instead.  
This dilection I feel courses through my soul,  
as such sweet melodies caress me till I'm full.

That wondrous hymn of words locking together,  
as heavy as drums, as light as a feather,  
in step forever, they march to attention,  
and as I rise to the challenge, sometimes a stretchin',  
They rhyme so careful, as I lay them to rest,  
till they're just in the way they could be best.

Naught but for prose hath I changed my speak,  
as indeed, I ought not to change it every week,  
my soul's constant, not a twister or changer,  
as it takes the current and makes it a stranger.

The rock of one's being's not easy to estrange,  
as it becomes one's home in hard times and waters strange.

Kevin Maroney

# Honorable

It is Honorable  
To Fall flat on your  
Face for an  
Armament.  
Trip and fall,  
Rise up through the ranks.  
The socioeconomic ladder, for that one glorious sight,  
ever so heavenly personified in our minds,  
To never reach, or  
To hold but for a lifetime  
before the branch is cut,  
And the acorn is cast,  
Torn asunder.  
Back to square one,  
The honor of failure,  
the honor of Again...

Kevin Maroney

# Hunter's Sleep

A drop hits the water, ripples forth come  
From deep beneath, gulping water some,  
Yet in this aquatic space calm I be,  
So deep below, drowning in the sea.

Sharks swirl round my feet, looking for a bite to eat,  
Jellic strands seep their way through oceans deep,  
My hands long past numb from burning chill,  
And my mind so far gone, yet alert still.

In the wilderness, senses sharpen and lives dwindle,  
As what came before is subordinate to the moments now,  
Sleeping low, a mind is but of the current now,  
And yet there is a certain fire in that comatic form.

From that slow oblivion, known to none but the water's cold embrace,  
The sleep ends and the shark awakens to take his hunter's boon.

Kevin Maroney

# I Don'T Give A Damn

I don't give a damn  
about all your problems,  
You're not my monkey,  
To set my mouth gabbin'

For you, I'd have given the sun,  
Yet my patience you've outrun.  
It's turned short, the fuse all but gone,  
One last chance is all that I'll don.

My coat is empty, your coffer's full,  
Or at least it was, last time, you drull.  
So let me ask, ask you this:  
Why should your worry concern me, hiss?

That's what you called me, so long ago,  
So many times, you terrible piece of carrow.

Kevin Maroney

# In Many Flavors

Deep in the summer, a melting on the tongue,  
the rogueish wind's running, with playful bite for some,  
or at least that's what we'd like to think in the ending of the sun,  
that if one walks through trees, the river's sure to run.

But when one passes by and by, he notices a change,  
the river stops, and fish grow cold, as ice runs through the bay,  
for winter's come early, it's not going to go away,  
Looks like it's here to stay, winter's expanded its domain.

A fire licks in every drop, from freezing rain that falls,  
but though you'd like to warm from it, it's just cold death that calls  
With a thought turned to a doubt, time whiles away,  
as in the winter snows you stop, while your bones wither and decay.

Starting in a place so warm, the babe wandered on its way,  
and through this place, it fell to gold, going so astray.

Kevin Maroney

# Infection

Big, hulking ugly thing,  
does thou answer to my ring?  
A bell that dares to sing,  
what, did I start?

Multifarous, gross, hulking mass,  
how could you be so crass?  
Like blotched yellow bleeding grass,  
do I seek to crave?

No, it's started, crying out,  
There's no stopping it's deadly shout,  
A destructive impulse on the loose,  
there'll be no putting it to the noose.

Things monster started inside of me,  
how could such a detested fact be?  
It must not, such a dastardly tree,  
be growing inside of me.

Through my study I hath fall,  
For I have discovered, or so we will all...

Kevin Maroney

# Inner Face

Drip drip, from ceilings tall,  
tumble to the floor.  
Dip dip, thy hand unto the earth,  
stones on the horror.  
Left to own devices mind to fray,  
and in the darkness back to flay.

To death, like a lover do I turn to thee,  
for shelter from the senses.  
To health, like a devil cursed be,  
for without hope, not an end in sight there lie.

Cursed be thy light, that without it I be blind,  
Consigned to the night, my sanity never to find.

Deep in the bowels of some dark-infested place,  
can one find one's own, true, inner face.

Kevin Maroney

# Insanity

Do this, do that  
That and this  
All the same,  
They Drive me insane.  
Known to you  
Known to I,  
These things are worthless as  
A tux and a tie.  
When you look from  
A bird's eye view,  
high in the sky,  
You'll notice no difference,  
but a Fuel for madness.

Kevin Maroney

# Kha Zix

like the beetle he lies in wait,  
with claws so sharp and a deadly gait,  
yet like the mantis he readies to pounce  
a beast in his own right, yet more ounce for ounce.

He wanders the lanes, ready to strike,  
when he does there'll be no avoiding the scythe,  
a curve of night, yet lighted too,  
as in deception does its damage accrue,

The predator lies in wait for his prey,  
never sensing him in danger doth it lay,  
mildly passing the idle time,  
ever growing closer the deadliest rhymes.

Even the beast is no match for the,  
Kha Zix the voidreaver, a foe to flee.

Kevin Maroney

# Legacy

There is a legacy I am required to make  
A legacy I dare not break  
If anything, I will die  
before I cry.  
if Nothing, I must not create  
a strait  
Forward aimed at my own fate  
For that was the last legacy's luxury

Kevin Maroney

# Legends Fade

winter winds winding down,  
whip one with barely a sound,  
to flay the skin and make it rough,  
yet also helping, hidden, to make it tough.  
Scales form where the gale sheds,  
harder than steel, not longer red,  
to make it easy to withstand the blast,  
and hold ever more, harder fast.  
Frosting web, a spider crawls  
across your reaching carapace scrawled  
as if from some old maiden's fiddle,  
dance a deathly waltz, right down the middle.  
Dew formed never lasts, as the sun comes into contact,  
it creams the forest through the dawn,  
and in fire begins to fade,  
just as do those purest glades.  
In truth, the sun, a misty frond,  
begins to open in the dawn,  
and there loses its grace, its flower Crete,  
and legends grown cease to be.

Kevin Maroney

# Lesson Of Words

Syntax comes at a sultry price,  
a strange, catchy roll of the dice,  
it could make you proud to wear your name,  
or crick your head, angled down in shame.

The luck of chance can't be more shallow,  
but indeed a turn of phrase is hard to swallow,  
till dusk comes over the rising sun,  
and the mind garbles language to only one.

Mixed in with the sweet treated words,  
come those that wear false murr,  
which when you speak them don't stand the test,  
those that couldn't possibly stand the test.

Be careful, think before you speak,  
or else your conscience will quickly leak.

Kevin Maroney

# Life's Grand

Life's grand, a great big sun,  
under which the rain can run,  
an amalgamated torrent, a verdant river,  
both of green growth and red slimy slither.

The snake bites, it's venom strung,  
onto one's heartstrings, can be wrung,  
till out with the old comes in the new,  
till changes forever the newest view.

Life's disconnected, a piece of Eden,  
A place to hole up, to place one's creed in.  
Till back out hath the creator come,  
and once again forgotten, only crumbs.

The trail's followed, back to the source,  
till once again, the river runs its course.

Kevin Maroney

# Light In The Tunnel

Such depression does it bring,  
to watch gray shadows high up bring,  
through the greater red and yellow,  
to such a downheartened fellow.  
Such a dream is not usually met,  
nor never really often kept.  
Instead it's gone, an idle fancy,  
nothing really, just a little ancy.  
Maybe more, I know it's true,  
I can't give up all I've accrued.  
I told myself I'd determined to,  
to lift myself from when I'm glued.

It's in the past, as all things are,  
covered by my rejected scars.  
Not an event, just a feeling,  
from me, that's what the stars are stealing.  
It's all gone wrong and nothing's right,  
The end to this tunnel's never in sight.  
Yet there it is, right ahead,  
standing true to my promised stead.

I ne'er expected this, so true,  
scars heal if you let them, they really do.

Kevin Maroney

# Liking To Drivel

Liking to drivel  
Is wanting to riddle  
A puzzle so witty  
For you I feel pity...

Your mind is a blank  
With writings so rank  
I wish you some luck  
For now you must duck.

The legions are yours  
So you May knock doors  
Till you find in your mind  
That you're like to this kind

What value have thee  
When thou seeist me?

Kevin Maroney

# Little Workers

Life is a hole, under all which burns,  
into the fire, throwing all one earns,  
Down to the smallest molecule,  
everything over which man doth drool.  
Were he to see such work as this,  
he'd not complain of his own life crisp.  
Clean and ready for him to take,  
from how many men was he baked?

This pie, so complete and working,  
how could such wheels be turning,  
but to wheel and type alone,  
ready for every solitary phone.  
A being so majestic in its might,  
its great power of thought and sight.  
Millions stand to support his throne,  
who are frequent hidden, o'ergrown.

How disappointing it must be,  
to those who help build this majesty.

Kevin Maroney

# Love's Fool

I trust love to be worthy of my glance,  
But love knows not what I trouble it to do  
It barely troubles me to see askance  
What know'st I how for it to shed as two?  
I mean to make love as my champión,  
But champions, as their heads loftéd so high  
Often see mine as nothing, easy fun,  
I mightn't even bother to troubl'ng try.  
But hark, what's not but thrice to me?  
Never, but not, your eyes are beut. as sun  
For such, they sh'd deserve to trouble me  
To reach for so much, I'd ask death to run.  
    You ease my asking with your lovely face  
    It seems to me to be a worthy race.

Kevin Maroney

# Loving Paste

What a fine day, as I sit and wait,  
the droplets hitting the pavement.  
What a lighted way, as I watch the bait.

The clouds, they tremble, catch my eye,  
I can't turn away,  
I cannot even try

For what's a tear in so much lovely waste?  
What's a dear in so much loving paste?

Kevin Maroney

# Madness

Is it true, what they say?

Does a madman have to sound like some uncouth lout  
chattering and chittering at unheard voices? NAY

He can be intelligent, an intellectual even.

Thought has pulled him into a whirlpool of never-ending contradiction

Going against himself even as he agrees,

Is this black bog truly a heavenly gift in disguise? ,

Like the greek goddess of love,

Who, in a twist of humor,

Played a cynical joke on an unsuspecting man,

Hiding her beauty in the guise of an old crone?

Or is it truly just an azure mist, ever enticing those unwary, yet great  
minds down into a false oblivion?

Or is it that truly terrifying madness which drives men insane in the way of the  
Rabid Dog, a great red spider web, cutting and slicing sanity until

But a few sickly streamers remain?

So now, for the long pondering thinker, I plea,

What is madness, and is it in me?

Kevin Maroney

# Man's Rights

However do they live with themselves  
Shut within their own minds?

## Woman's Rights

Does a man have rights?  
Does a woman deal with the same  
defacing honesty which their  
male counterpart must  
Face each day with perfect frankness and regularity?

No, all for none  
The honey without the bees,  
The Cotton without the thorns.

Not a persecution of the fairer sex  
But an observation of the  
Fairest becoming  
An invincible man,  
Untouched by  
Criticism,  
Capable of anything,  
Justified in their own minds.

Women's rights are all well and good,  
But where are a man's rights?

Kevin Maroney

# Masquerade

Behind that one lies a man, no, a frog  
a deathly withered, worn out old bog.  
In there lies a bat in wait,  
to swoop down, his throat to sate.

There, past the purse and the little toy dog,  
lies a mistress dithering in many a payless job.  
Between them all a secret is clear,  
if each wears a mask, their secret's nothing to fear.

The blue vein pops out, a foul sight indeed,  
yet beneath that lies a truth, a creed.  
Between the lines on lips so red,  
can I see a heart such blackness fed.

Some are the mask, so very pure,  
yet beneath that not so clearly demure.  
Indeed these may be the worst of all,  
for they have much farther to fall.

Children play, they've not learnt to mold,  
the greasy grass has not yet taken hold.  
Only seedlings planted by surrounding bliss,  
beneath which lies death's sweet black kiss.

Actors all, we ready for the masquerade,  
but what happens when we see how quickly masks fade?

Kevin Maroney

# Memoria

Crows and ravens, through clouds so red,  
swoop to claw on corpses dead,  
yet so much truth in these dead minds,  
to be destroyed and craven, rinds.

Greed and corruption, rampant walk,  
as the crows and ravens balk,  
they see the deathly gallows of life,  
to feel the ropes around their necks in strife.

Dead men tell their tales through their past,  
as those who live die so fast.  
As we learn from those who've failed,  
we add our own lives to those stacked.

The pile grows higher and higher,  
as we all go up in smoke and fire.  
Yet each time, the circle stays,  
for us to continue in the same foul array.

Our teachings to ourselves so worn,  
that we ourselves, forever do scorn.

Kevin Maroney

# My Fine, Dark Friend

My fine, dark friend  
Known to one and all as  
Deep and Depression,  
Guilt and Negativity,  
Anger and Sadness,  
Even at times, insanity!  
However, when light, fairweather  
Dreams of greatness  
Spewn of glorious wonder  
And tales of Hope,  
Fail you,  
You have always been deep  
In my heart.  
To console me,  
To nurture me,  
Like some wonderful cyst  
To which I have become addicted.  
The wonderful feeling of shouting at the sky,  
To whittle away the hours and  
Blot out your problems.  
The glorious, generous crimson mist  
of Anger and  
The wonderful pit of black,  
Which I may fall into, lost forever,  
Forever  
Lost  
Forever feeling  
Relief.

Kevin Maroney

# My Tomb

When the dead birds flutter in the wind so soft,  
when the insects come around the dusty loft,  
when the wind blows through hallowed lovely locks,  
on a head so white and bleached.

Somehow it doesn't seem to befit the name,  
that all good things have to end the same,  
that death comes whether you want it to or not,  
and in the end your body just rots.

Why must you seem so cold to me,  
no matter the praises i sing long for thee,  
i think of you all day and night,  
and it fills my soul with utter fright.

That creeping knowledge of death and her womb,  
that one day that cold place will be my tomb.

Kevin Maroney

# Mystery Of The Womb

The light of first day's dawning,  
never more than midnight's awning.  
Through the world and land it sees,  
before, cruelly ripped into tiding black seas.  
From the heavens above, we cannot know  
No more than hint at, as we grow -  
The only smart, the only source,  
lies in a book we so heart'ly endorse.  
The main perception, his romantic gaze,  
To our every soul can he, does he praise.  
Even with such a guiding wind, the  
winding sorrow of my heart doth  
eclipse my view of tomorrow.  
Not worry, not worry,  
have you none to fear,  
this is only the madness of a man  
who holds all life dear...

Kevin Maroney

# Nature

A macaw screeches through the branches of the spreading trees,  
once again can be seen, screeching, lovely monkeys.  
A fat koala, like a bear, can be seen with such babied stare,  
all cuddly does the jungle come to its mythic rest.

Once again, through the mountains, can be seen the winding goats,  
billying and battling for their footing with such weathered coats.  
A calf of a lion so cute, like a strapping lad,  
looks upon them, unaware, of its lapping pads.

The crocodile, sitting still, does weather such derision,  
till cock its head, does it prove to those viewing its' pistons.  
So safe are they that romanticize, till left alone through their eyes,  
are they forced to come to terms, with the true world with its worms.

Cycles of life resume their wheels  
without a second to spare for a single cog's squeal.  
Nature's natural, nothing more,  
And naturally, each animal's stomach comes to the fore.

Indeed, an animal cares nothing 'bout the cycles proposed,  
as each to its own is so naturally disposed.

Kevin Maroney

# No More Heroes

So many heroes, virtues true,  
yet still each one's has so much accrued,  
it seems unreal, a shadowy spectre,  
as though the author wrote a misdirecture.

He's my hero, my role model too,  
he has to be real, I saw him, he flew!  
But wait, he's in a bar there,  
he's got 3 mistresses, a foul affair.

He can't go wrong, I trusted him, me!  
it's like he came and personally gave me the knee.  
Maybe it's not is fault, maybe he's right,  
I guess it's not so bad to pick brawl fights....

No, he's wrong, I must accept that now,  
no more heroes, I wonder why they all died, and how.....

Kevin Maroney

# Noise

Ringingly sweetly in the wind,  
A soothing sound in the head  
Not a noise, but one as well  
-Silence.

BANG

BOOM

Through a wailing of sound  
To make a banshee weep

Yelling, screaming,  
Banging and booming  
Through what catastrophe is  
this dreadful event  
come to pass?

Just an average day in a city  
Or modern domicile...

Kevin Maroney

# Not Through Words Bought

I admit to some extention,  
For my own well-being and self prospection.  
I have much to learn and much to heal,  
But will not be learned nor taught to heel.

So forget your cries, your feeble reliquary  
to tempt my vanity and capture my quarry,  
for I am not some prize to be auctioned off,  
not a man bought at a slavery block  
Or rather, truth, a man through fluff,  
to be bought through slaver's mouth and raider's bluff.

It's all a lie, I shall not hear it,  
for damn me this if I be near it.  
I realize now how through this lecture,  
I begin to stink of misconception.  
However, crude, to think such a way,  
it's my life, so make my day...

Kevin Maroney

# Peace Of Mind

A burning torch, round the wheel,  
wherever it end, will I feel?  
It burns hot, or cold perhaps?  
I know not, a not so sly cat.

Surreal, I walk my everyday,  
thinking how it could everyway,  
be a dropp from a floating mountain fall,  
a single mouth in a world small.

My thoughts aren't here, but in compare,  
are only one, a small bit of fare,  
with which to buy my way in life,  
a life now filled with so much strife.

For who am I but a fallow pretender,  
dressing as a great dream-renderer?  
Or perhaps, a foul dream render,  
for dear to my soul, have I ripped the sender.

I don't allow peace of mind,  
so mutiny, has my mind when I find,  
my works and knowledge in abundance,  
is ever more found in unresponcence.

The falcon cannot hear the falconer,  
for my mind whirls ever out of my control.

Kevin Maroney

# Pyre Of Metal

Black ball twirling round the pyre,  
riddling, spiraling ever higher.  
Such a perplexing, stifling fire,  
whose ever function, obsidian liar.

It burns to sky, a great black puff,  
like some polluted, cottony stuff,  
as if from some silvertongued fluff,  
Yet not in vision, a fighter tough.

My mind spun throughout my sense,  
Everything twirls, round the fence,  
a wall erected between you and me,  
as if you saw such a family,  
a living bloat, a floating boat,  
full of every animal,  
yet devoid of sadness, fear, and hope,  
never dare to hope again.

This sadness pounds between the brows,  
the water chilling to senses true.  
Solution found to block it out,  
become a chilling metal too.

Heat's devoid of it's lick,  
even a hobtoed boot's thick kick,  
a whip of words becomes a trestle,  
filled with a whetstone to grind the metal.

Such candid words, yet not true to thee,  
I see through your sorrow, to a heart filled with glee.  
Know you what've done, to a heart filled with joy,  
hardened to metal, to not fall for your ploy?

It calls like death, filled with no cry,  
no sadness, no happ'ness, no urge to try....

Kevin Maroney

# Red Wind

What a red wind breaks through the morning,  
a coyote's howl, has he been storing.  
This nature speaks again to me  
once again, it's not filled with glee.

As the dawn breaks, they hide with their prey,  
as the creeps of the night stalk quietly away.  
Yet now come hawks and flies,  
to bite, chew, gnaw, and scythe.

What is nature, is it a calming breeze?  
Is it this well trimmed grass to tame a wild tree?  
Or is it something murderous, crazed,  
to scratch at the heart and make it alive, while grazed?

The biting wind or howling sun,  
each is the same, not worse better one.  
The elements spin a winding harp,  
to cause those living to live so sharp.

It's music enchants, puts us out of motion,  
yet still does move our own emotions,  
from love, hate, passion, and fear,  
all we can be thankful for is we are here.

Yet still, hovering above, through it all,  
can we be assured our souls will not fall.....

Kevin Maroney

# Reflections On A Stool

Do you think, upon a stool,  
A crockety frog a great fool?  
The gas bellows in and out,  
To such a swelling as to bleat and shout.  
What, are you trapped, fowl bird?  
Are you hidden away, not seen nor heard?  
Are you certain this is your face?  
Or have you ambition for more ruly place?

This molten, red, dead hot metal,  
does ever faster kill in way subtle.  
A viscous fluid flows through the streams,  
the streams lead straight to and true to my seams.  
What art I but bird in a fettle,  
one to prove and bleat his mettle?  
One who wants yet cannot shrill,  
with this ardent blue savory swill.

The color changed, indeed sharp twig,  
yet reason enough I hath, true, hid -  
This reaction, back and forth does dare  
like some gross misuse, some foul hare.  
It plucks the dollar from under my nose,  
yet still I have plenty, or so he knows.  
He's angered and so he tries again,  
and therefore turns another cycle, again.

But where left I, this forced story so bleak,  
I am the bandit, the hare, the bird, the frog so weak.

Kevin Maroney

# Riven Like A Dream

Flipped, the world tips to a sound,  
a beating, a reading, something not round,  
not any longer, till again do you think,  
which way so somber totters the brink?

All withall it thinks in like motion,  
As it ponders and wanders this strange notion,  
though not so weird as to pierce the veil,  
as it continues in earthly wail....

Foul dentist, your tooth is all rotted,  
as you waste away the time you're allotted,  
you tinker and linger in wistful recollection,  
till all comes to naught, not righted in correction.

The world tumbles, in its tapestry,  
as at its edges, its riven like a dream.

Kevin Maroney

# Savage Beasts

A lion calls to his kin, warm the fire and shout the din,  
The panther eats its prey, its red claws slicing the fray,  
The gorilla beats his chest, spraying his word to all the rest,  
Till one itself, put down the sword and lays it to rest.

He eats from the world and yet the world from him does not,  
He sustains his life through what he hath wrought,  
Above it he places himself, till no longer roars he sought,  
for indeed, he no longer rots...

Then one day, bringing the catch to bear,  
he turned his hair, twitched by a malevolent force,  
till he himself found himself killing the source,  
With such fury did he pound his chest,  
it was a wonder he was not laid to rest.

The music of man doth prey on savage beasts,  
and yet the music of they doth within still breach.

Kevin Maroney

# Science Of Fiction

Mystery, the everlasting elixir, a wondrous potion, ever more blister,  
what shall we do, sweet mead to madness,  
as we see this strange world, its facts a seed for sadness.

These throats, so stuffed with numbing wine,  
this red carapace, from which do climb,  
monsters of every shape and form,  
till now at last, I can run no more.

More wonders found in the world run out,  
as I look here and there and then do shout,  
call to a kindred soul, a last inkling of life,  
yet nothing do I find within this strife.

A war is brewing, between here and then,  
before we choose, we must count to ten,  
one or the other, which counts more,  
till we decide, we'll suffer, be smothered in war.

Our hearts torn asunder by great demons red,  
from our bleeding hearts are they fed,  
as we sit and ponder, do conflicts arise,  
as we sit and wonder, which more is the prize.

Science of fiction, what a concept to breed,  
a great panoply of diction, where does it bleed?

Kevin Maroney

# Separated By Real Philosophy

What a strenuous labor here,  
to such a friend and roommate dear,  
not function, ephemeral,  
don't cry stay there sull.  
You're my ally, my only prox,  
to share with the world, my foul fox,  
For indeed how could you be anything else,  
you clever, dastardly, made from the fells.

How dare you steal into the night,  
with my torches, burning bright.  
My only lamp in this dark world to see,  
hath you taken in your moment of glee.  
Never to myself did I contrive,  
that from me my traitor would derive,  
a ponderous wisp of times long past,  
here in a flash and gone so fast.

It seems from me, a philosoph,  
doth spring my vitae, my vital stuff.

Kevin Maroney

# Shadow Of Life

There's nothing now, a black void,  
under which I am devoid,  
devoid of meaning and every star,  
I'm just this empty, writhing scar.

It's as if I've lost all feeling,  
numb to the world, just reeling,  
pulled by the current through every day,  
till finally I'll lose my way.

It's all so pointless, I see that now,  
the epitome of life is just as I avow,  
as Shakespeare declared, it's just a stage,  
to wittle away the hours in rage,  
or 'deeper' passion for your wage  
of survival instinct, a pitiful sage.

To die now is a small sorrow,  
it's as if the tree has sunk,  
to make all it's efforts in rust wallow,  
before it's whole life's center debunked,  
in a mockery of life, death awaits us,  
to ever ever more mock our crux.

Yet if you knew, as the old have known,  
would you sit and sigh in a home,  
to wait for death and do nothing true,  
till you're all withered and blue?

Or would you try to make your life,  
filled with some meaning, no, much more, rife,  
to fulfill that most creative of functions,  
to make some sense and value of disjunction.

The separation's inevitable, it's always waiting,  
but if we knew, would our fears be abating?  
The pride of living's all in shadow,  
When life's no meaning, would you lie fallow?



# Shark Dance

He grows, he slows around the bend, his tail showing some fin.  
Above the water the people swim, oblivious to the danger within,  
it comes, it bleeds for the blood it needs,  
wants to gnaw and chew for the heart it sees.

Mouth curved into a rictus grin, it comes around the bend again.  
The first time just for fun it swam, this time to slaughter the sand,  
like sheep they flee as it comes about,  
never knowing what the fuss was about,  
by and by they swam to be safe,  
yet never knew it was too late.

Was the shark the wiser one, more experience of life's great gun?  
Was it the scythe upon the grass, to reap those souls so crass?  
Was it the dancer, swimming through, red with blood from a lucky few?  
Or was it something else indeed, dancing fey upon the reeds?

Death talks to those who see it clear,  
though never has one held it so dear.....

Kevin Maroney

# Should The River Run

With the sighing of leaves the wind did heave,  
and in the dirt did the mice scurry,  
with the dying of the heaps, did sins steep,  
and the old did they harry.

Quietly, footsteps deep, upon the floor did fall,  
one after another, left, and creep,  
through the night so very steep, a wonderful sound asleep,  
that mystery that hearts doth hide, and in their bottoms sleep.

Wake them up, throw them out, let them see the day,  
a Blood-red sun, under which a dry river runs,  
and all throughout this bay,  
a lovely tune does break the gloom, and turn from sight to gray.

Better tis in art's embrace, to not see the palate most disgraced,  
and in the morning, a setting sun, in darkness should the river run

Kevin Maroney

# Sight

When one looks into the sun, what will they find there, how will it run? Will they be a reflection, a mirror of light? Or some darker thing, to stir up an image of fright? Kill the soul or save it so, that later it may reappraise and grow? Or leave it be and let it wake, and in its own image shall it bake? Did the chicken hatch before the egg, or was the egg the one that begger? To whome do i owe my lovely right, to be seen, to see my tainted sight? ....

Kevin Maroney

# Slavery

Not a matter of the color  
But a matter of the Mind.  
Diseased, it seeds  
many small rinds.  
He pleads  
Not  
Rather accept and get in lines.  
As known as torture,  
warped in their personality.  
None.  
Evermore  
believe in what the  
Gibbering Monstrosity has  
Told them  
To keep them in line.  
Let them be chewed to  
Goosey, Chewy pieces  
In its unwashed mouth.  
Crushed underfoot by the  
Societal  
Abomination, made and kept in order  
from thousands of others.  
Kept in maintenance and allowed existence  
By acceptance, Ignorance, and Oblivity.

Kevin Maroney

# Slithering Serpent

Slithering down a slimy slope,  
the serpent dared to hope,  
for the eagle's nest left an egg,  
to satisfy his hunger dread.

This eagle soared with wings held high,  
far away through the sky,  
for the egg was rotten, stinking vile,  
for the snake it would be so satisfying to rile.

This present became a nail too,  
for the snake only wanted to avoid the blue,  
through the mountains it slithered away,  
though its gnawing hunger would not abate,  
Writhing in agony it stroke out,  
at all the world did it silently shout,  
as its wings worry did send  
that its journey was almost at an end.

None understood, this serpent had a chance  
to be more than just a thief, and enhance  
those others around, by being that which they did not fear,  
till no longer could those lies it hear,

Its cries filled the world at this last cruel joke,  
for the paltry few it had dared to poke.

Kevin Maroney

# So Old

History, like a rotten egg, tills the endless fields,  
it smells to high heaven, back inwards it is reeled,  
For truly forever do the rivers run,  
and back towards their source, as the rising sun.

Death is new, and yet so old,  
it seems so strange for us to be so bold,  
When like a calf we balk at wolves,  
Though wolves we've slain, broken countless 'rules'

Our culture lies in myth and legend,  
traditions born of a moment's villein and,  
though so new they're now so old,  
and yet we still don't act quite so bold.

To death and strife we cast but an observant eye,  
while in culture, tradition, we take to the sky.

Kevin Maroney

# Somehow Nothing

Sometimes the void is something so bright  
Filled with a most impetuous light  
However when one peers intently there  
From its center do they find there soul but a hair...

If it winds to the world  
The world returns the favor  
And in knowledge through age hurled  
Man grows ever knaver..

Once, I thought  
Till mind bought  
And last  
Is nasty.

Somehow  
Nothing

Kevin Maroney

# Sometimes, Sleeping

Sometimes we think, we're all in control,  
our life's like a bedroom, we're all in the roll,  
it's a sleepy walk from here to there,  
till at the end we're everywhere.

Sometimes we feel, we're on the brink,  
that if we died, noone would think,  
of us, of why we lived or died,  
or why sometimes we might have sighed.

Other times, we wonder, if there could be,  
a place better, filled with seas,  
of veritable gardens, knowledge too,  
greeny sasafrass, deathly, vibrant blue.

At the end we don't think, we lie away,  
we sleep in peace, and what we dream we'll never say.

Kevin Maroney

# Soul-Searching

What's most important, is it wealth,  
could be some other breadth?  
Perhaps it's our life, that we could be here,  
ever worse, that we should fear?

Maybe it's friends, fickle as they be,  
as they laugh, come and leave with me?  
But still, those are hard to find,  
even rarer, the best's a rare kind.

If not, perchance there's knowledge, difficult to procure,  
yet still it can be faulty, then how could I be secure?  
It needed, true, and I love it fast,  
but still sometimes it doesn't fit the cast!

I've given up, what's the point?  
Is just that we have joints?  
Something deeper, our taxonomy?  
The great cycle that fine-tunes our biology?

I come to my last, the soul's for sure,  
but it's so obvious, it has easy allure.  
True it's there, I can feel it so,  
but what's in it, that I could define it, package to go?  
It's red, blue, yellow, green,  
every color you could dream,  
but what's that black that's hiding there,  
in a corner such piercing stare?  
I see it, it's got green eyes,  
pale skin, claws a mile wide,  
it's teeth up in a sickly grin,  
even a sickly scything fin!  
What's it called, it's in the dark,  
somehow it seems a reflection, albeit stark.

Then the realization came to me,  
what a fool I was to try to see.....



# Spring Days

Spring days are so laughing  
They are so filled  
with the smell of roses  
and the rest of no sergeant drill.  
They're filled with the multiple months  
and gills go by, passing through  
sweet mountains dry.  
Valleys shake and dead men tremble,  
muscles ache and good bodies able,  
jump joyously to the red waters swim,  
not like dark waters dim.  
They call in succour to a soul so real,  
as to make me feel  
part of my pack, so alive and cringe  
to the end of spring on a whim.

Enjoy it while it tender last,  
before cruel winter curls it,  
in its fingers grasp.

Kevin Maroney

# Strange Land

Once I stumbled upon a land drunk with power and peppered sand,  
peppers so red the ground must burst with the overwhelming thirst,  
It was a place i'd never seen, as if from some dark dream,  
a station for a train that couldn't be traced,  
until it came back on it's own to this place.

Fast my mind flew as if on some lovely wind,  
My hair in my face and mind as if on gin,  
yet I could tell with complete clarity in an instant right,  
as if it all had happened in the day, not at night.

As I traversed the mountains dark with dread,  
as I traveled the plains covered with dead,  
as I flew through the clouds so close overhead,  
I could help but crawl away, as I said,  
to myself some dark memory to drive the demons away,  
to make it seem like nothing but play,  
to work through the night singing some old tune,  
not lost in a land dark without enough room.

For I was a stranger lost in some place,  
and though encouraged, I couldn't but hang my head in disgrace.

Kevin Maroney

# Strighted Tendrils In The Dark

Strighted tendrils in the dark,  
lighted ends in a setting so stark,  
against gray, some color stems,  
to crave the road, to darkness cleanse.

Dead hearts will beat again,  
for nothing stays from life instead,  
when rather they could see more time,  
and not be extended, sworn to crime.

For it's a villainy to stay your hand  
when chance comes your way, across your land,  
an arm put against it, to steel  
against that around which life does wheel.

How could one see in life so dark  
a terrible writhing red heart,  
though, when one is seen upon the rack,  
it's possible to see through this crack.

The wall is fragmented, distorted in shape,  
better grab ahold and destroy it by the nape.

Kevin Maroney

# Strike A Spark

Snicker, rat, for soon I'll be more there at,  
in my mind I'm as large as could be, there's no way to batten me,  
Down through the hole shall I not go,  
through the roof shall I grow.

My creative passion knows no bounds,  
as from my anvil the hammer sounds,  
each blossoming day, each blooming night,  
Does my streak run burning, or leaking bright.

Blazing through the day, I take note most everything,  
for later my memory yearns to spring,  
as in this letter to my readers those,  
to whom I write in such clumsy prose,  
Friction gathers to strike a spark,  
as I stutter, then fly swift, a lark.

Hark the gates, they open wide,  
as from this ocean does such tender bide,  
waves roiling, seething deep down below,  
let something wonderful go,  
as my ambition to create anything,  
turns to something wondrous enough to sing

High to the heavens and deep down below  
What, after my search, have I to show?

Kevin Maroney

# Sunny Romance

In a furnace, forged is my new love to be,  
Fire start, and turned on such a lee,  
A boat does past, and with her icy gaze,  
Sink it does, as bow to give her praise.

Yet for all her power, all her might,  
She'd never use it, much less fight.  
Her strength comes from quiet thoughtfulness,  
A power which only she possesses.

In time, she can scorch you more than sun,  
On burning bright day, that ever come.  
But there is another side to my bright sun,  
One ever worthy to be won.

In warm bliss, can she freeze,  
from hot wind to warm caressing breeze.

Kevin Maroney

# Sweet Leaf

Those leaves, as they whiten in the breeze,  
through ever loftier, higher trees,  
they sing aloud for all to hear,  
that more they are, oh so dear.

One makes a whole, and only choice changes  
that which it chooses mustn't treat it as stranger,  
that its nature set aside makes it a champion,  
before it decides to leave its warm mansion.

It falls to the ground, oh so slow,  
as it wanders around, where will it go?  
The earth it sees, withering in sadness,  
but still better than which caused it madness.

Sweet leaf, go to your bed,  
I commend your effort, well said.

Kevin Maroney

# Swine

He went up a hill, to gaze at it still,  
yet moving it ran farther.  
He topped the hill, with its sight was he filled,  
but this wasn't the animal he'd come for.

At the apex, the joint of valley and mount,  
did sit a grumpy pig with a disgusting wide snout.  
It sniffed at the air like pig with much hair,  
or such was the impression it did spare.

Not saved from the sight, the worst recollection,  
of a similar being, under whose repression,  
he'd lived and known to be such a bore,  
one who'd jump in glee for the dirtiest hoar.

He had no class, a rotund monstrous beast,  
and with great roaring abandon did feast.  
Hocks and ears and pig snouts too,  
for he had no restraint, even for those he be related to.

Perhaps a sloth is a better description.  
to even the worst phrased question,  
did he respond, so dull-witted,  
in daring turned phrase, quick prose at best,  
full of nothing more than empty epithets.

He hated David and its star,  
from Hitler and Mussolini he was not far.  
In fact, he stated with as much pride,  
with great dirty mouth heartily opened wide.  
For it was from the heart that he said these things,  
to the cross he was opposed, instead wanting black wings.  
No, that is wrong, to the red was he inclined,  
to the depths of the earth in his home did he dwell.

The best part, I'll tell you soon,  
'twas the greatest each day, a welcome boon.  
This great beast who's seen in fun,  
did believe his self to be worthy of the sun.

Indeed, he thought in his sty he was no disgrace,  
but rather, he himself, the master race.

Kevin Maroney

# That Bug

That which stings, inserts its needle,  
through the heartstrings, does it steal.  
None have a chance to avoid its bite,  
when they see only candy, not such spite.

The future's incomprehensible to those of such pain,  
they only saw the present and what there was to gain,  
a future, a life, a wondrous union unbelievable,  
till cut down in the prime, killed by the beetle.

A shell fashioned to look the velvet,  
hides a monster of such repugnance,  
how could one fall, a friend, a love,  
till one sees something belying a dove.

That bug, true irony, takes on its form  
as in its virtue, squashes the norm.

Kevin Maroney

# The Angel

As it went from red to white,  
from the war with no end in sight,  
an Angel came from sky on leaded wings.

As he descended,  
on such note and peal unrepented,  
such grace and dove did fly before his wake.

The black bog was cleansed in the clear,  
to such lengths it could no longer bear,  
till it left it's hiding place to fight.

But was he prepared,  
oh what Fright! but no need darling,  
nothing of spite,  
could harm it and he would soothe it with pretty words....

Did it work Did it work? !  
Hurry hurry hurry hurry!  
All they could see was such a flurry,  
they fired a single shot.

Did it hit, did it hit?  
said the master from his slit,  
and from the bunker did he see.

A most bewild'ring sight.  
Might ever more fright  
from where it hit did spew blood  
From where it hit did he bleed.  
It could not take his soul.  
To them it sped,  
and to God, more peace, Godspeed.

Kevin Maroney

# The Blade

The Blade, dull in its sweet boredom,  
loafs around in its weak scabbard.  
Unbeknownst to it, the dark champion draws his sharp sword  
The jolly, fat knight drew his dull sword  
and was cut down in all his vain glory.  
The next owner,  
The despair-ridden dark knight,  
sharpened it on the whetstone,  
Exposing it to the world.  
Testing it against it's former better,  
He realized it had come...  
to realize what its vanity had cost.  
Because, as all who have the experience know,  
Depression is but a whetstone to sharpen your sword  
To cut through the fog.

Kevin Maroney

# The Blot

Unbiased as the wind is knowing,  
to determine which way the it is blowing,  
death to those who we are not,  
but for what are they really the man's blot?

An amorphous beast, to gobble and feed,  
changing shape to what ever the need,  
a desire more, an assurance vast,  
to assure the system of centuries past.

Work in or for the feed,  
to the greater good or greater need?  
Good, really good or bad in truth,  
how does it play, into the hand or sooth?

Tools for the grinding, the shaping of fact,  
to twist and foul any previous tact.  
The truth, distorted, wilts and dies,  
just like such radiation on humanity rides.

A cyst, a cancer metasynthesis spreads,  
not real or imagined, but purposely, dread,  
dread the days the truth be told,  
for then come out those who must be bold,  
or let the death of all that's true,  
to wilt and die, in the face of rue.

Shamefaced freedom, is it worth it to you?  
Or are you instead ready to start this system anew.....

Kevin Maroney

# The Breaking Dawn

As I sit here in my bed of night,  
weaving long poems which but as metaphors burn so bright,  
I wonder why, how I might,  
see another, uplifting sight.

I thought this place, this lovely deep,  
was all that in my mind need seep,  
a place so full of wonder and awe,  
that I need not for the wall break out the saw.

But then a glimpse, the smallest glance,  
did I find, and by naught but chance,  
I saw through clouds and perilous voids,  
something that previous left me annoyed.

No longer for the clouds did I cry,  
but at the breaking dawn do I sigh.

Kevin Maroney

# The Buzzing Sea

Ah what a view could I see,  
If only standing on other vaulted lee.  
Across the grand buzzing sea,  
all across it share in humanity.

What other clouds might I perceive,  
to delve deep into sounds unseen,  
Past my own conception, filtered out through a sieve  
Built of what else thought I could be.

Blue, gray, black or white?  
Perhaps even a shade of red for some spite,  
Maybe a wintry, salted grace,  
Something I'd never see from my hunted face.

Obvious all, to be the wielder,  
Of such great power, a different kind of fielder.  
What huge scope, catastrophic wonder,  
For all we know to be torn asunder.

For what would we be without free thought,  
If we were nothing but that which we sought?

Kevin Maroney

# The Demon

In the moonlight, burning bright,  
some foul twist and some bright spite,  
something growing wicked on this tree.

Not red nor green, but everywhere,  
do it spread from there to there,  
Fright, it's even here and here and here.

A fungus, no it's too high!  
A bird, what a beak in sickly scythe!  
No, an animal, but what with such red eyes on't!

Fire on the shallow burning water,  
from air and wind, a scary sea squatter,  
it comes from trees of black bold spite.

Its heritage sunk, it moves on home,  
what is it, please, just move it gone,  
But Fright! it's here and here again!

Burning bog, freezing sun, blood red rivers  
In the face of a gun,  
The gun turned master and a slaver too,  
but what's this, better, no it'll get you too,  
But Fright! stop run it's here it's here again!

A million to one, and still no fight,  
A war unfair, no end in sight.  
What's that! It's nothing seen before,  
not more nor less than remo're.  
But Sight! It's bleeding black into the night.

Is it gone, should I worry?  
No, just hurr hurr hurry!  
But Blight! It's nothing living anymore....

Kevin Maroney

# The Effects Of Increased Awareness (This Does Not Relate To Drugs!)

Hard work and sulacean's wheel,  
All push towards an opposite speel.  
Through muck and grime and sweat 'bundant,  
They reject life's sweet ungent.  
'Tis unnat'ral to learn these things,  
Yet so int'resting are such beings.  
Meant to survive, we overstride,  
now ponder on others' lives.  
Both in the lab and on the bench,  
We wreak of that voyeur's stench -  
To pry into the minds of yokes,  
Stretch out our great fingers,5 spokes  
E'en to the brains of old,  
Do be caressed by our fingers bold.  
We have strived and strived 'till o'ershot we be,  
Until all seems underwhelming to me.

However beneficial this knowledge may be,  
Life's a shadow, a poor ghost,  
No longer the main part to the host.

Kevin Maroney

# The Felling Of The Giant

Pride itself, overwrought  
Finds it self over caught  
In a web of self-repention.  
It must pay.

For such benificent loquation,  
requires an equal demonstration,  
liable to bring it down  
To the level of a paltry clown.

The down is ever deeper for the fall  
As the height it encompassed before, all.  
Never again shall, I hope, in derilection,  
such fancy fall prey to erascible dilection,  
a tongue known to those who know thee,  
who wait for nothing but to see  
the stopping of your words so rough,  
wiped and stored in once-fine linen scruffed,  
such is the nature of once-fine words.

If I am not being clear to thee,  
listen closely, listen to me...  
I've said it once, I've said it twice,  
do you even need but thrice?  
How can such a laggard pace,  
be set by one of such professed grace?

How can one, so full of glee,  
be not so much fine as thou made he?  
What a sorry state this is to be,  
but who is sorry here? Not me.

Kevin Maroney

# The Girl And Her Dragon

There was once a girl, locked in a tower,  
Up so high all she could do was sigh,  
As she looked down at her dragon without the power,  
To escape from the beast, her horrid captor.

Each day she cried and raged to herself,  
She wished to put an end, to all of it shelf,  
And as she jumped from the window so tall,  
She resigned herself to the perilous fall.

But then something happened she did not predict,  
As her supposed jailer from the sky her toes he did pick,  
And onto her back did she offer a ride,  
And yet first the princess would face her far more dangerous pride.

As she battled and thought long and hard,  
She thought of her past so lost and marred,  
And so she did something she had not done so far,  
She took out her hand and reached for the stars.

She rode her savior till the ends of the earth,  
She saw every place she'd ever dreamed of, so very much was it worth,  
As she soared through the air more free than ever,  
She realized something which before she had never.

The tower had been of her own construction,  
All she needed was someone to help with its destruction.  
Her dreams were reality, easy to see,  
As she flew through the world on her dragon, forever happy and free.

Kevin Maroney

# The Globe Of Knowledge

There was once a sphere of roundly slpeandor  
Which had possessed the world's  
knowledge in supply never-ender;  
In such ripeness did rest its endless curl  
That pi couldn't possibly match  
to its exact measured pearl.  
Such a globe hath once existed,  
before in one night a thief did hide  
With mouth turned down and belly thin  
He stole from there in belly turned wide  
quiet as wind.  
All was well till he spied a pebble,  
and thus did he crash to his dismay  
and test guards' mettle  
Whom more angry than afraid,  
soon swarmed piqued into the fray.

The saddest fact was later made known  
and to all the world thence thither.  
Before, the world had been nicely hewn  
Now did in bad grace shamely slither.  
This plain sight was because  
of the thief who broke the globe  
with a grin and played mus.

He was promptly disrobed  
and strapped twenty times,  
but they could not quite have probed  
the motive of one of such foul crimes.

Avarice, lust, pride, or petty greed?  
For what gain or to sell to which creed?  
No answer they found no mind the strength of their question  
from every evil device and varied suggestion.

Finally, he caved and told him his wish  
To which end he'd fullfill  
whatever gained dish.

Dish, they asked, wherefore do you mean?  
Why of course, respond he,  
Knowledge is bad, for knowledge made me!

He proceeded to vanish,  
As an apparition might,  
but still, not a ghost,  
he gave them all a fright.  
For, they saw, with unanswered zeal,  
this creature, this gnat, was indeed real.  
When such a creation exists in known distance,  
Then, by God, who knows what other misused mischief!

Kevin Maroney

# The Legion

The crow rattles the sky, and the birds chirp their melodies,  
as the rolling clouds come to a centre point,  
and the thunder cracks through a hopper's vision.

Under all, the battle roils, as steamy crimson rises,  
the reason unknown, the ravens unconscious of purpose,  
bulge from the dark festivities below.

The matron, dark as night, revels in chaos,  
yet even she wonders how, without her sultry touch,  
such discord rises from sane minds.

To kill or be killed, to die or to live,  
to starve, to eat, to gorge and disembowel,  
to die or live forever.

To think, to act, to know and not care,  
to wonder, such wrack, till dusk we care.

Kevin Maroney

# The Nature Of Love

So sweet  
So sad  
So happy  
So bitter

Many forms does it take  
And yet all end eventually

Like the tantalizing, beautiful butterfly  
It takes wing.

To death does it part,  
Or violently, bittersweet  
In life

One way or another, it ends  
Inevitably to the predator or natural means

Kevin Maroney

# The Noble Mountain

The noble mountain, atop his throne,  
Of earth and molten lava and stone,  
He sits, he thinks, his head so high,  
And when people see him they can only but sigh.

But he had a problem, this giant man,  
His heart, though he was strong, went further than  
As long as the sky, as far as the sea,  
And within his contours he could barely breathe.

So one day he hatched a devious plot,  
He'd give his heart to a human, though not,  
An ordinary man or some simple fellow,  
But to one whose mind blew like the bellows.

To a house in the suburbs he gazed with his ocular loam,  
And saw a bright man sitting in his lovely home.  
2 Children he had to his name,  
And to him, they were a source of fame.

The next day the man awoke to the sound of thumping,  
So much more than his chest's usual pumping,  
He'd been given a gift, though what and who from,  
He didn't know from where it had come.

The mountain rested peacefully from there on,  
As his great heart found no ordinary pawn,  
But a delightful, kind king of great renown,  
Who with love and intellect larger than even a mountain was crown.

Kevin Maroney

# The Nymph And The Snake

Asleep in the meadow, the nymph did sing,  
In her rest, did her dreams happiness bring,  
Beauty of the sunset, sublime as the dew,  
All of these things rested squarely in you.

But into paradise a snake did wander,  
Upon her good thoughts troubles she pondered,  
It slithered and withered the plants in her grove,  
Which to grow she so very strove.

Thinking, and clanking, the gears in her head,  
Began to turn as her ears turned bright red,  
But soon they returned to their usual shade of green,  
As an idea she saw so brightly gleamed.

While most would stab the snake in the back,  
And end its tormenting, dangerous rack,  
She picked it up, held it by the tail,  
And carefully put it into a pail.

She fed it with things from her garden,  
Which to any average predator would cause its jaws to harden,  
But as she was kind and soothed it to sleep,  
To silence and coiled softly it did keep.

Now the serpent stops the rodents and thieves,  
And all is right in the land of flowers and trees.

Kevin Maroney

# The Ocean

An ocean,  
Yes,  
an ocean of  
Expressionless  
Emotionless  
Devoid of meaning  
Faces.  
Empty Everythings.  
Anything given  
For  
'Success'

Ingenuity Lost.

Kevin Maroney

# The Pauper And The Columns

Once there was a pauper, in a great spat,  
and as he was running, he tripped and fell flat.  
His only chance was to roll away, into a field white,  
and as he saw the columns there, he was impressed, quite.

Little Franklin sat agape, as he saw them shimmer,  
each one a giant shape, towering as high as they glimmered.  
Why thought he, I could live like a king, if only they'd all be mine,  
I could sell each one, and pack them agone, with how wealthy they shine!

But as he touched, they burst to life,  
and he with guilty hands astretched,  
they struck him down and turned to him,  
let me tell you how we were fletched.

The bowsmith of our magesty set his arrow true,  
hoped us to stand the test of time, and that we have, too.  
Now you come and hop along, hoping to make a profit,  
we understand the condition you're in, but hope you'll first listen and sit.

Long ago far and wide, was a land carved, contrived,  
of the greatest possible greens and grays you ever spied,  
and none could match such magesty, cept us, as we so tried,  
Much longer would we be here so, had not we struck you as you lie.

Each of us is the last, each has past the test,  
yet many more before there were, each of all the best.  
We compete not for a prize,  
but instead to live we prophesize,  
that to stand the test of time is the greatest test,  
of who indeed is the best.

The poor man looked ungrounded,  
yet his fears were unfounded,  
for they wouldn't kill him where he lay,  
they took no joy in petty flay.

The message he took for naught was this:  
Wisest come as wisest go,

to pass time's test, each must pass the flow.

Kevin Maroney

# The Raven

When in the clouds there speaks thunder,  
liveth though, a raven to sunder,  
those bleak tidings rolling in,  
and in the daylight breaks the din.

Though battle roars beneath your wings,  
your view perched from high above,  
sees all, or most of what you love,  
vision far and vision wide doth you try with which to guide.

Even some birds don't see all,  
but you try, your lovely call,  
and in the struggle, you come out with,  
a valiant thunder, with which to wish.

Like the Vikings of ancient lore,  
like the raven, above it all you soar.

Kevin Maroney

# The Sound

Something screams in the dawn of night,  
something filled to the brim with fright.  
Yet if somehow it were to run,  
it'd trip and fall like a crass pun.

So devil-like, it comes about,  
till like the snake, it slithers out,  
and out of sight till the sun turns red,  
and all life, death, is nothing but dead.

Without its end, it dies constantly,  
no longer dead, but misery.  
It spreads till all life comes around,  
and nothing is left but the sound.

Everything enters its own abode,  
and then sings its last ode.

Kevin Maroney

# The Stocky Salesman

He came in, all huff and bluff,  
filled with good sales and salary stuff.  
In came he, ahead with good tidings,  
harbingers that turned to be bad imbibings.  
Out of of his mouth, little did flow  
Down the man's throat, did everything go,  
Green and blue, which give one the shivers,  
Dare he to look and be-come one that gibbers.

Were he to fly, far far away,  
he'd notice a language full of different sway,  
so strange in fact, compared to this,  
he'd wonder why he'd fallen under spell and hiss,  
no Scream and batter at the sky,  
Ask it angrily, why why oh why....  
Curse it for his dastardly luck  
why he'd fallen for such obvious bluff.  
Unfortunate that his foulness disgraced  
such clouds his anger shouldn't have faced.

For this salesman wasn't there to pay,  
but profit from his flock, his own ideal sway.

Kevin Maroney

# The Valkyries' Charge

Down the hill coming at full speed,  
did the valkyries charge on fiery steeds,  
not once looking back, making a stand,  
for before their fury, no hope could land.

And yet, with the sun setting on their backs,  
with victory assured, lazy thoughts their minds did not rack,  
They set in like the racing wind, their swords a blur,  
lances at the ready, death never so surly.

Into their foes they came, at full pace,  
hooves stomping the ground, routing enemies in disgrace,  
and like the storm from whence they came,  
not one was left standing, man nor game.

In the end, their foes' fates were wrought,  
though from the beginning, victory was only a fool's thought!

Kevin Maroney

# The World

Evil Violent  
Blood-soaked bits  
Flutter in the wind  
Fed to some carnivorous  
monstrosity.  
Ancient ruins of  
Times long past  
Utopias  
Ruined to feed the  
Beast.  
Ideas Exploited for  
Warrior's gain  
Ingenuity abused.

Hope is found  
In  
Optimistic Ignorance.

Kevin Maroney

# The World Without Death

He said, 'I hate death'  
So concluded to destroy him  
Sceming and screaming  
Down dark in his hole  
The Scientist finally did it.  
Prevalent happiness  
Was the intended effect,  
'for eternal life was the key, '  
He postulated with glee.....

Streets clogged,  
Houses bogged  
with Terrible adultery;  
Noone dies  
The dead are alive  
Everyone lives  
in Hell.  
War is rampant  
Government dissolved.  
Too many, can't  
govern them all,  
One thousand  
malls  
Deserted.  
Try to die  
even if you get shot through the eye  
You have to live with  
Them.

Kevin Maroney

# Thorn Of The Rose

Deleterious, they smile so sickly,  
each one a rose bush with thorns so very prickly.  
The unique are blessed and cursed too,  
only the pure ones are only cursed true.

Each deer is an example of millions,  
none's an individual, worth more than a shilling.  
Too much's placed on a soul truly weird,  
for poison hidden in pure water should be truly feared.

Death's a beginning, both spiritual and life,  
to another one's ending, an end to inner strife.  
Who knows, where it will lead, till we die for sure,  
not just in the physical, but also be cured,  
when the pain stops, the heart starts beating,  
when the death rocks, the crowds stop bleeding,  
such lies do spill, till the sea is soaking  
red and blue with pure black coating.

The dream, a dream, a nightmare trapped,  
waiting to get out, the soul's a fact.

Kevin Maroney

# Through The Reeds

Like a cold pond  
Stuck through the water  
Like my own drought  
Woke from harry potter.  
Fantasy does not  
Equal reality  
All a dream, endless, neverending  
in Spleandor one drowns,  
to stick the head out of the ground  
when all is lost to wander around.  
Stare  
At the devastation thou hast wrought,  
Wonder, peril, mystified in thought.  
None have seen to their own mistakes, or  
even stopped to look and ponder their own  
Take on the world and never give back.  
Always, never one to add to the rack.  
Take your leather jacket and your monogrammed keys,  
and turn your back on the world,  
To wander through the reeds....

Kevin Maroney

# Through The Veil Of Tears

Through the veil of tears,  
The Weeping idiot fails to see.  
The object of his sorrow, with glee,  
picks his pocket from behind, while wearing  
A fake face.  
Unbeknownst to the tear-blinded fool,  
The masses take his glasses, blinding him  
And use him as a tool.  
As though he were paper, they use  
His bleeding heart's ink to write a check,  
Wreck  
The free,  
They don't give a fig.

And the world's their playrig.

Kevin Maroney

# Tinted Gold

Frighted strife doth perchance a riddle,  
something enjoyed, though such small drivel.  
Red it spreads across the heart,  
something green, before it starts.

Blue it turns as lacking cold,  
it returns the world old.  
Yellow it sees, as nothing green,  
before it turns to nothing so cold.

In the end, it begins again  
from something black, white, and tinted gold.

Kevin Maroney

# Tired

Tired, ever so tired..  
Eyelids drooping,  
Systems looping,  
Head a ball of iron.  
Homework due,  
A project late,  
Reports to grade.  
What, you say,  
I need to sleep?  
But I....  
Just need...  
To rest.....

Kevin Maroney

# To Fall

If I were to fall through the sky  
I'm not so certain I'd want to die  
Though across my mind it were to pass  
If not before the very last.

Somehow it dawned upon my mark  
Before upon my heaven's hark  
That betwixt my ever present dreaming  
There could be a part of me leaning

Without these thoughts it would be swift  
Easy to allow my mind to drift  
From one stranded land to another  
Could it meander and not be troubled

But as I fall I must bear to think  
Of what the sultry future brings.

Kevin Maroney

# To The Idiot On His Pedestal

I see you smiling, grinning with glee,  
What are you laughing at,  
Poor droll me?  
Or maybe just splat,  
have your brains, you agree?  
You think you're so much smarter,  
Never more than I do.  
However you abuse it,  
If you only knew.  
They laugh at you in corners,  
on grand edificial street blocks  
If only you were warmer,  
you old sadistic sweet crock.  
Oh wrong am I?  
said you to the quip,  
Yes shall myself reply,  
you're not old, just a truly dull whip.  
The hair you stroke back, seemingly stricken with age,  
Shows your true colors - yellow, just a presuming, cowardly phase.

Kevin Maroney

# Unbroken Cycle

cycle, knowN to none  
lives outside Of reality  
unknown To most, grasped  
before the end of vitality,  
mortality  
ends its  
transmission  
mistakes, so oft repeated by  
hordes of naivety, are not  
meant to be corrected, but  
left to the wind.  
luck to revise, but  
luck does not suffice....  
perhaps hope  
prevails where most have  
failed.  
maybe their is a faint Light  
at the end of elongated tunnels,  
not scrambled neither by disgusted  
or interruptant machinery,  
obfuscated by Impotent age  
or random, Killing rage.  
maybe wE can right the beginnings  
before the very Last End come Yonder.

Kevin Maroney

# Under The Moon

Seen from a distance not too far,  
Under a single, rounded star,  
they exchange glances filled with fire  
playing on Pan's ever seductive lyre,

Dancing through the trees,  
the forest comes to life with them on their knees,  
as between is shared a look of satisfaction  
that roots to the depths of souls hand-crafted.

For each other were they made,  
and this they know for truth,  
and in this lonely glade they embrace,  
perhaps finally reaching lover's thoughts uncouth.

But never once doth they break their vow,  
as only a melding of souls do they allow.

Kevin Maroney

# Unknown

Once I was smiling in a carefree kind of way,  
walking everywhere, with everyone, on every day.  
Then I saw a stormcloud which blew me every way,  
so now I'm scared of everywhere, every single day.

One day a light did shine to me, to illuminate my say,  
I was so brimming, full of joy, to share it in good play.  
Yet others heard it not, angry, fettered at my fey,  
so now now I've learned a lesson true, that freedom does not pay.

All the same, they turn and cry, before giving me cold mount,  
A message sincere and truly dear, isn't given its due count.  
I try and try, again to prove, my message's heritage, its pure fount,  
yet every time I try again, I'm given the same, and promptly shouldered out.

A mourning hollow, left untouched, will burn and turn out crisp,  
and leave him to time, a man unknown, his ideas turned to list.

Kevin Maroney

# Warrior's Fall

Disrupted in a battle cry,  
I stop to wonder, ponder why,  
have I come to the end of my road,  
and if so, what are others, toads?

For I am Diaxilus, warrior supreme,  
all bow down before me, not excepting kings.  
If it all meant nothing, what have I now  
except a few post mortem masters to kowtow?

But how, you ask, could I say such drivel,  
frozen, as it may seem, in some pointless riddle?  
My answer is plain and simple,  
because I can't stand a pointless dimple.

Still I am a warrior, true,  
and a slayer supreme as well, too,  
Yet to ponder in a battle as I've done,  
makes me wish the war were won.

All this derelection in misdirection,  
drived me mad each brooding day,  
while this mead and gold and these wenches  
usually stop my mind's natural sway.

They give me drink so I can sleep  
in forests dark, so very deep.

Yet now as the battle breaks,  
here in my final minute I finally wake....

Kevin Maroney

# Watch

You are the rock beneath our feet,  
ever vigilant with a steady beat.  
You are the wind betwixt the trees  
ever wishful for a refreshing breeze.

If birds could sing some lovely songs,  
it would be of you, who loves so long.  
If the world could see it would seem  
to hold your face in great esteem.

If a person could do so very much,  
he couldn't do as you have such.  
If the dead could walk and the living sing,  
you'd be the love of everything.

Your troubles seem to never stop,  
and yet you still keep your watch.

Kevin Maroney

# Waves Of Oblivion

Rolling ocean, do you call to my mind, past this wall,  
a wall to ride upon, as this sea carries me beyond,  
Oblivion's a small price to pay,  
a pall so sweet as to not deserve the name.

Created without a purpose, it leaves room for endless reach,  
as do its shores without an end, its glorious, flat, unending beach,  
Lost in the milky whiteness, the frothing rocking sets me forth,  
till once again my mind cast in an endless riddle,  
without an answer, my mind can cross the ocean, never a piddle,  
a sweet ecstatic journey, neverending, in expanse still solved so little.

Never known, the expedition's struck, without a purpose with luck,  
can the explorer explore without reaching conclusion,  
the purpose of his trek only to find illusion,  
mystery dies with its mortal fear, the visionary advancing seer.

As an intellectual, the man meets his match,  
till he beholds the endless oceans, never to haul his catch

Pondering he sits,  
never to stop, till the the answer of the waves hits.

Kevin Maroney

# What Am I Really?

Sometime I think, I will wash away,  
without holding on to something that may,  
Keep me rooted to the ground,  
a tree in name only, that doesn't make a sound.

What am I really, tell me now,  
why am I here, does anybody hear,  
does it matter how I scrape and bow? ,  
or is there something I'm missing here?

Does the world turn on its axis,  
do I really have my mind,  
is it really for me to ponder,  
or is some higher power directing me, divine?

What am I really, I beg you now,  
tell me first before I lose my mind.

Kevin Maroney

# What If I Died

What if I died,  
would anyone care,  
would anyone give a fig or a hair?  
Would their locks roam on a shake of sight,  
back and forth from left to right?  
Would they miss my jokes, or really, truth,  
would they miss my gentle charming sooth,  
or would they really, truly miss,  
my daily struggle, daily risk?

Would they write a poem about my passing,  
would they even bother the time for asking,  
how or why I died, forgive?  
Nor would they bother to take my boots,  
and my socks and daily food,  
try it in their minds to see,  
just why my present state be.

A question asked daily, from end to start,  
a daily self-conference, a heart to heart.  
For who in good conscience and reason when I die,  
would ever take the time to wonder why?

Kevin Maroney

# What'Ve I Got

What's it gotten me?

Studying, praying for high marks

Enduring those insanely jesting jackals

That torment me ever so.

A back

Broken of tomes and grimoires

A cabeza deprived dormir and sleeping

Subjects collide

Through a thousand lenses of

Musca Domestica.

Eye sockets dragged through spikes and

Lectures.

A bitter appreciation for humanity's

True face.

I've got a head full of knowledge

And a broken body

And I won't look back.

Kevin Maroney

# Who's Who

The black pit of melifecit delight,  
a bog of laughter and glory delight,  
a red cloud of depths unknown,  
to spike and sink to depths unsown.

Beneath a dashing devil lurks,  
a sparkle in his eye, does everything irk,  
yearn to break free, does he every day,  
a wish not fulfilled, for what would have he his way.

The blue chain that binds, an angel net,  
a cloud of lashes and promise kept,  
confined, it seethes, yet bellows too,  
kept in check by this cage of blue.

Forces clash, earth to sky,  
from writhing sea, a sea yet devoid of rye,  
as though drunk on kind and rage,  
ever day, an epic to flip the page.

Sooner, later, the outcome fall,  
hope the seeker to withstand it all.

Kevin Maroney

# Why Work...

One day down  
Another coming.  
When I'm down in the dark  
I'll get up and running.  
through the Park,  
Down the dam  
Up the water, as a  
Salmon, struggling against the current,  
never give Up, no matter the cost...

He tells me no, stop running.  
He tells me no, stop trying.  
He tells me no, it is useless,  
when you can get more for giving Up.  
He is all around me,  
they do not want to try.  
It's really so much easier,  
for me just to give Up and cry...

Kevin Maroney

# Young Adventure

The red wind whispers things unknown,  
the tales tell of stories untold,  
the elders spin paths of yore,  
and deep in the night, are they made.

Terrifying demons, blue or black,  
lovely sirens, for whom the romantic has a knack,  
sickly foes, prone to wreck and wrack,  
deep in the night, for nothing lack.

For the young no rock holds a foot,  
trips them, traps them in a nook,  
with grasping branch and fallen tree,  
turns their path from the right and free.

Not from a cage or path already known,  
or from story or tale yet already told.

Kevin Maroney