

Poetry Series

**Kurt Kacich**  
**- poems -**

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Kurt Kacich()

# 9-11

New York City, September 11th 2001,  
The most tragic event in U.S. history where hell burned under the sun,  
The two towers that guarded the U.S. skies,  
Became the collapsed tomb where thousands died,  
It was a sunny morning in Chicago I couldn't believe my eyes,  
An act of terror from the skies a high,  
Where planes flew into the World Trade and clouds of smoke burned the skies,  
An explosion of chaos a living nightmare so real,  
I closed my eyes and hoped it was all a dream,  
I hoped that hell wasn't real for what it seemed,  
Fires burned the steel structured towers, but why?  
Was it living proof that God lost faith in humankind?  
For what reason? What reason did hell rise to the skies?  
So many lives lost in the fury of catastrophe,  
What reason did the innocent die through the terror of anatomy?  
My heart swelled as I tried to lie calmly to de view God,  
As my heart pounded faster, I overanalyzed and noticed something odd,  
If God was real, then why did hell burn through structures of steel?  
Living angels leaped out of towers hoping they would spread their wings and fly,  
To escape the Netherworld burning in the skies,  
Until it was then the buildings came crashing down,  
Where the screams from heaven echoed silently to the ground,  
Causalities reached numbers higher than feet that the towers stood,  
A tragedy marked in history, where prayers weren't answered or misunderstood,  
Proof that God wasn't real, for if he was to protect mankind he could,  
Proof that if you needed God to grab your hand he never would,  
So many lives lost with many questions and no answers,  
That killed off many innocent lives like cancer,  
Like images of war, New York laid in chaos and destruction,  
Ground Zero the hole from where the Volcano of hell erupted,  
But did the government plan the fatality of so many lives?  
Was the government processed by the devils eyes?  
The cold night of September 11th where hell froze over the city,  
New York the state where business flourished and the skyline was pretty  
Where devastation and destruction of humanity and America laid gritty,  
If I had one wish, It would be to reverse time,  
To reverse causalities and replace the beautiful skyline,  
To find out why God did this and experience the answers of the heavenly divine,  
Forever in memory we can only bow our heads and ask why,

Why did humanity suffer? Why did so many have to die?  
Why do tear drops fall to the Earth when Eagles fly?  
Hearts of millions still suffer under the feeling of pain,  
Where evil overcame good when Armageddon came.  
Where the chaos of Armageddon left a mark in history internally deep,  
Where heaven lost the war and established it's home beneath,  
The event where God closed his eyes on mankind and fell asleep,

Kurt Kacich

# A Cold Day In Hell

A fallen angel came to me on a starry night,  
Awaken from a dream I shed tears of fright,  
Again I closed my eyes hoping she'd be out of sight,  
She wore garments with wings decorated in white,  
Carried behind her a shadow that shined so bright,  
She told me of prophecies in the future of time,  
On a starry night with the sun covered in darkness sublime,  
was this an allusion? Or perhaps a dream within my mind?  
was I a captive inside insanity, or a human confined?  
Again I closed my eyes and saw a bright light,  
But then I opened them with nothing in sight,  
Nothing in sight but a clock and an atmosphere of black,  
I glanced at the clock turning counter-wise not turning back,  
A crow sat on my bedpost sounding at me with eyes of sin,  
Perhaps iconography of something fore told, or a feeling within,  
I covered my ears and heard the strumming of violins,  
feeling numbness of goose bumps on my skin,  
Wondering where my conscious lay in titan terror,  
From abstaining from the message of the evil bearer,  
Again I closed my eyes and opened them ever so quickly,  
The crow morphed to stone and the stars vanished in the skies,  
Within the 3rd dimension I awoke to streams standing still,  
Startled by the screams of lost souls hiding within the hills,  
Again I trembled with fear, awaiting when the end is near,  
I looked at the frozen red stream and couldn't believe my eyes,  
A reflection of the world I once knew being trampled by a falling sky!  
I heard the creaking of a door as if the wind blew it open,  
In the wake of mania, I sprinted to the door,  
When I got to the other side I opened my eyes once again,  
I was standing in the sands of time freezing under a cold winter moon,  
Alone in the desert, winds of plague blowing away the desolate fields,  
Deserted in an everlasting nightmare a nightmare ever so real,  
Quicksand buried the remains of every memory I had ever left,  
Sinking six feet under in a cold day in hell, Frightened, I took my last breath.

Kurt Kacich

# Acquired Isolation

I awoke this morning and looked at the sunshine,  
I stared deep into the sky,  
But as I opened my mouth to embrace my glee,  
I turned away and closed my eyes,

From inside my room I only see the beauty of outside,  
I sometimes reach out my window,  
But when someone tries to grab my hand, I turn away,  
Something tells me deep down I'm truly afraid,

Even when I'm the predator, sometimes I feel I'm the prey,  
But the knowledge I've acquired from suffering is something I'll never trade,  
And even on the darkest of nights,  
That light I turn away from the beautiful outside,  
Is the sunshine in my mind, that never fades.

Kurt Kacich

# Alter Ego

The voices call my name, but the person is one I've never seen,  
But the vision so beautiful, the vision inside a dream,  
That voice of the alter ego calls my name, that alter ego I can't see,  
From outside my darkened cell, the voice is outside, but inside my dream,

Inside the cell I reach for the only window I can find,  
But inside the cell so dark, I still hear the voice but I'm blind,  
To reach paradise confined in my cell seems so unreachable because I'm  
paralyzed,  
In the deepest depths of depression for me to struggle the prison system is  
designed,  
That voice of that alter ego is begging me to escape, louder and louder it cries,

As I was about to forfeit, I lay down and roll back my eyes,  
I lay down and imagine that place more vividly, and I realize how easy it is to get  
outside,  
Magically the cell turns into the grass of green and the beautiful blue sky,

Then suddenly that voice that once tormented me vanishes in the soothing  
breeze,  
In the majesty of paradise around me so vividly is what I see,  
And till this day I've wondered, that voice so familiar, but who could it be?  
But I've found the answer, I've realized it was my conscious setting me free.

Kurt Kacich

# Altered Dimensions

My mind uplifted in altered dimensions,  
Of a magic from within,  
My soul intact with deities of my own,  
From knowledge inquired in grass sprouting and grown,

Reality looks different from every angle of the eye,  
A picture perfect portrait of the blue sky,  
I find myself holding the universe in the palm of my hand,  
Walking down a psychic path in front of me in control of what I demand,

I remember feeling this before,  
Something unbelievable to others, to me it's not ignored,  
I evolved into a deity of my own,  
Over this picture perfect reality, I sit calmly on my throne,

Everything plastered in my mind, through my soul I can see,  
Outside my human body I wither in the calm breeze,

The human body, I look like the average being,  
But in the debts of my soul I wear the crown and I'm king,

The most powerful deity known to this altered dimension of my mind,  
Where in this picture perfect portrait I painted, everything is sublime.

Kurt Kacich



# Analysis Of Depression

Struggle, it's the slipping end of the tug-of-war,  
The opposing end, that gets pulled into a closed door,  
Without light and salvation, it's the depressive phase the mind can't ignore,  
Face first into the closed door,  
It's the constant fight of suicidal thoughts in galore,  
So the opposing end pulls harder,  
And the goal of life span is on the opposing end of gravity, looking farther,  
But the mind's eye closes shut and gravity pulls you deep,  
And the blood soaked blanket covers you while you're beneath,  
Beneath a chain reaction around your neck with a metal wreath,  
Covered, suffocating, beneath the blood soaked sheets,  
The chain reaction of a steel door slammed shut in your face,  
Being pulled on the other side by the rope, closed door to an imaginary place,  
The imaginary place that frees the mind from shame and disgrace,  
Claustrophobic in the room, pulled by gravity without space,  
The same room alone, emotions plunge at an accelerated pace,  
A good life is diminished and the tongue is left without taste,  
The taste of having a fulfilled life, the struggle the race,  
It's life lived by seconds as opposed to living by the day,  
It's the gravity in the tug-of-war on your end, leading the demons astray,  
It's the long face in the broken mirror you portray,  
The depressive phase, where black clouds hover over in array,  
But when the spirit falls to the pits, the mind ignites with fire from the abyss,  
Creative genius beyond the human level, the mind's reality disheveled,  
Art beyond human architecture of thought to revel,  
The lifeline during the depressive phase creativity beyond the human level,  
Locked inside hell writing words from the depressed mind,  
Words from the mind that's intricately designed,  
Words beautifully written within grey eyes,  
Where strength is pulled closer to my end away from the closed door,  
War within self, to fight back and settle the score,  
Where my soul leaves my body and spreads wings, and through the realm it  
soars,  
The depressive phase, the salvation through creative wordplay,  
The rope tugged beyond human strength to my side it conveys,  
In the closed room, which is now the imaginary place,  
Where the closed door burns at an accelerated pace,  
Steel caught fire from hellish grey eyes, disintegrated without trace,  
The depressive mind through creativity in number one is placed,

The mind that ruminates compulsively to win the race.

Kurt Kacich

# Anatomy Of Balance

If a Christian asked me how to describe reality,  
I would say it's sacred purgatory in actuality,

The world we live isn't destined for greatness and perfection,  
For greatness and perfection only brings madness and rejection,

I would describe the goal of life is balance on both sides of the scale,  
Where on the left sits the enlightenment of mind in which we all try to prevail,  
And on the right sits the body in which were born from travail,

For heaven in reality isn't the place from which we hail,  
And hell isn't the place we go when we fail,  
Because life isn't what it really seems we lift our veil,  
It's just a lost path of allusion on a train derailed,

It is believed that this world was once made from demons and angels,  
So where does the human fit in this world of extreme?  
It's a simple answer with a complicated answer from what It seems,  
But to reach the white while fearing the black living in grey world is only a pipe  
dream,  
The logic behind a false ethic makes every human naïve,

The scale sits unbalanced in chasing unexplainable dreams.

Kurt Kacich

# Another Angel Ascends To Heaven

I remember that night,  
On that night was something I've never seen in my life,  
It was on that night that everything we were once taught flashed in front of me  
in plain sight,

It was something so saddening I couldn't believe my eyes,  
I looked into the glaring red and blue flashing lights that lit up the night,  
It was then I felt the tears of heaven fall from the sky,

I remember seeing the car flipped off the side of the street,  
And in my darkest imagination I can only imagine the horror that lies beneath,  
Until the body was covered by the paramedics with that white sheet,

The car reeked of alcohol and bottles lay broken on the ground,  
But it was apparent of the tragic accident, when the crashing sound was heard all  
around,  
The tears from heaven water the scene as the water rises from the ground.

I can only realize the body might be gone but the soul is still alive,  
And even through the darkest moments, through their hands they catch all the  
tears we cry,  
But until we meet again one more angel ascended into the heavens tonight.

Kurt Kacich

# Anxiety

Fear, the feeling of something lurking behind closed doors,  
The monster named Anxiety coming for you to settle a score,  
Anxiety a fierce monster indeed, the vision of horror in galore,  
The monster that induces feelings of shivers and spite,  
Anxiety the creature that roams in the darkness of the night,  
Fear, correlated to hallucinations that recite,  
Anxiety the hellish creature with demon like eyes,  
Grey eyes similar to the darkness in the skies,  
Everywhere you turn you see those horrid eyes,  
Those grey eyes, representing ending life through demise,  
Anxiety the black tinted painting up in the skies,  
Fear, the fight or flight response to something devastating,  
Armageddon where heightened wars within the mind are levitating,  
Thoughts and suicide dance around the mind without hesitating,  
Anxiety, the monster whose power over the mind is devastating,  
Fear the catastrophe that lurks inside the corner of the brain,  
It represents the grey eyes that searches in depts. of the insane,  
Anxiety, is Satan's temptation with a new name,  
Fear linked to wreckless behavior without shame,  
No remorse, the fight response, the reality of the game,  
The fight response, unable to keep the personal demons tame,  
Hallucination through anxiety the opposing hemisphere of mundane,  
Anxiety, the warlock that wears the colors of all black,  
Fear the dark tunnel trapped where you can't turn back,  
Anxiety, the opposing army of evil in the mind that fights back,  
No remorse, wreckless strategy inflicted when under attack,  
Grey eyes, the eyes representing the evil inside the mastermind,  
Regret the wishes of wreckless action to turn back time,  
Hallucination, the sounds of screaming from behind,  
Behind you, invisible in the corner of the mind,  
Fear, the haven where the sun doesn't shine,  
No remorse, the puzzle pieced together through bloody crime,  
Anxiety, the monster that remains blind,  
The monster that only remains invisible to the average mind,  
Guilt, correlated in opposition to no remorse,  
Guilt, the feeling when pain settles inside to take it's course,  
Anxiety, the blackened ghost that sings in tunes of hoarse,  
Fear, the feeling of hiding away from mankind,  
Anxiety, the unwillingness to associate with others, disinclined,

Fear, the fight or flight response of malign,  
Anxiety and Fear, the warlocks aligned.

Kurt Kacich

# Ariels In Heaven

When the shadows cast away you'll find me in your grace,  
Rising to the heavens when my time is due to retrace,  
Keep elevating to the skies till I see your face,  
Above the clouds with wings on our backs we'll fly,  
Leading your Calvary of angels to the distance a high,  
Until I close my eyes never will I meet you,  
Keeping you as my blind guardian so true,  
Till I ride to the promised land in the skies so blue,  
How sweet the feeling of your presence by my side,  
Here to push me past the finish line every time I tried,  
To dry away my tears whenever I cried,  
My savior, my saint, my salvation, to you only I pray,  
That you stand before me as I walk every day,  
To walk the footsteps up to the pearly gates,  
Living my life by the 10 commandments that you re- instate,  
To bow before the thrown when my time comes,  
Putting my ear down below to hear funeral drums,  
Passing through the gates of eternity I'll make my way,  
Like the destination of a lone rider I'm here to stay.

Kurt Kacich

# Arms Of Armageddon

I awoke to the world through a stare of the dead,  
A skyline vision of the heavens tainted in red,  
A war between the angels and demons clashes,  
The air filled in destruction, bloody muddy ashes,  
Screaming from a nightmare that seemed so real,  
The numbness of life within my fingers is all I feel,  
A covenant with god opened with a broken seal,  
My heart started pounding faster, my head lay sprung,  
The coming of Armageddon I was the species among,  
Even though I was awake I was still in a dream,  
Winds of torment blew over the world that darkness bring,  
Swimming in thoughts of blood soaked streams,  
In a circle of the whirlpool of chaos that surround me,  
I close my eyes but perished souls of angels is all I can see,  
Incarnated, born freezing in the gates of hell,  
I lay lifeless in the waters where the angels fell,  
Digging down deep all I can feel is my heart start to swell,  
Living the afterlife of trial without the holding cell,  
surrounded by flames around me I was trapped in a cold spell.  
I opened my mouth and screamed but no one could hear me,  
but what I heard in response was something I couldn't believe,  
The horror of sound that impended death from a banshee,  
I was the innocent victim of the devil's decree,  
The prey of the final solution of humanity in the highest degree.

Kurt Kacich



# Astrology Beyond The Gods

Beyond the Gods is the realm past outer space,  
It's diverse, among dictators of nature, creators of the solar system and a  
different race,  
Something of an invisible higher power beyond the realm of grace,  
Beyond the Gods is something incapable of seeing beyond the human eye,  
Through blue eyes it's something seen past illuminati and the divine,  
Something drawn upward past paintings in form of stars in the sky,  
Pioneers of the solar system how beautiful the concept of power and creation  
comprised,  
From beyond the realm their the superior dictators of the universe,  
The dictators where their voices through "natural disaster" are apparent when  
the skies disperse,  
Through sounds of thunder and lightning bolts that shatter ground through  
screams of curse,  
A power higher than Zeus beyond the realm of gods sits on the throne unable to  
be seen by humans on Earth,  
This lovely picture perfect galaxy that was painted with 8 planets in the solar  
system with a belt around,  
The asteroid belt worn by the dictators and creators in the form of a unified  
crown,  
Dictators of storm and "natural disaster" that stomp their feet in anger and an  
Earthquakes erupts without a warning sound,  
Earth being the main planet familiar in the average mind, it's only biased to see  
in forms of the divine,  
Mercury being the closest to the sun Mercury was the Roman God and messenger  
intertwined,  
The planet often depicted as having wings and sandals, it's clear bias of  
humankind,  
Mercury the planet blown away by the powerful solar winds from the sun so close  
that it has no air,  
On the second belt lies Venus the evil sister of planet Earth with no sign of  
species living anywhere,  
With an atmosphere so hot it's similar to Satan's lair,  
Venus often referred to as Planet Earth gone wrong in so many ways,  
The black sheep in the solar system the sphere of hell's fire is the picture it  
portrays,  
On the Creators third layer in the belt lies planet Earth, the planet of bias,  
This bias called Comparative Planetology something being on the God that's  
seen as pious,

Earth the only planet meant for existence of life,  
Earth the first planet closest to the sun that has a moon named Luna that shines  
in the night,  
On the forth belt the Creators made the planet Mars,  
Mars the red planet representing the Roman God of war than sits beyond the  
stars,  
Home to the biggest volcano in the universe the Olympus Mons, that spreads  
across the frozen caps a far,  
The creators made Mars in the same temperament as Earth,  
Mars, the planet that also was once to believed to have water beyond the human  
time of birth,  
It's also the planet on the opposing end of the family that sits on the belt in  
reverse,  
On the fifth belt of the crown the creators made the planet Jupiter, in which  
Saturn was overthrown,  
Jupiter, the planet of Zeus, it's also the planet of Cyclops's eye on the surface  
that's shown,  
The red eye, compelling storm that rages for 300 years, in the form of the of a  
hurricane mixed with a cyclone,  
The eye of something so powerful across the surface larger than Earth the storm  
where raging winds and waters are blown,  
Jupiter, the planet that spins as fast as light with 63 moons that sits above the  
ozone,  
Beyond the raging storm of Jupiter lies the planet Saturn, the former king of  
gods Cronus,  
Under clouds of methane and helium it's surrounded by 169,800 mile rings  
around it,  
Such a beautiful planet, the most beautiful exterior of planets the creators  
submitted,  
Under the sky it's an atmosphere of liquid chemicals,  
Saturn, the planet of Cronus, accompanied by 34 moons in polemical,  
Rings so beautiful, it aligns itself with the planet Uranus, completely symmetrical,  
  
Uranus, lord of the skies and husband of mother Earth, it spins on its side  
geometrical,  
It was long believed that something so devastating crashed it's surface causing it  
to spin sideways,  
Many believed there was an ocean underneath clouds of array,  
Planet of treasure, believed to be home of trillions of diamonds in bouquet,  
Uranus, the moon with 27 planets including Bianca and Juliet in orbit it displays,  
Beyond Uranus on the 8th belt of the crown sits Neptune, the planet of the  
ocean,

Associated with Poseidon, it's the blue planet beyond telescopic reach with 6  
rings around it in forward motion,  
Neptune, the occult planet in the form of a never ending Arctic Ocean,  
With 13 moons that sight see the blue planet in locomotion,  
Beyond the belt lies the planet Pluto seen only by the Hubble Telescope,  
Pluto is correlated with Hades, the underworld God in which all men must go,  
In the 3 moons including the largest one Charon that observes the planets below,

Pluto is the planet that remains fairly unknown,  
The creators made Pluto to be the reverse effect of the Celestial Globe.  
The solar system is the home of something beyond what's known,  
A force greater than the Gods, the dictators the creators beyond the crown that's  
shown,  
In outer space it's the force that sits above the throne.

Kurt Kacich

# Beautiful Melody

The smooth sensation of music to my ears,  
Acts as a beacon of freedom from my fears,  
What a beautiful sensation, that dries up my tears,  
What a beautiful vision, of an imaginary land that appears,  
Beyond the shadows, the nightmares that disappears,  
A land of dreams through my mind's eye that's crystal clear,  
Die- dee- dee -dum -dum, the beat that plays in my mind,  
In a mixed episode that's sung in sequential rhymes,  
Bye-dee-dee-dum-dum the pain that's sublime,  
The mixed episode of bi polar disorder in my mind,  
The angel flaunting her wings so beautifully through shining light,  
The angel from heaven that shines so bright,  
Up high-dee-dee-dum-dum as I wave good-bye,  
To the pain that resides inside,  
Cry-dee-dee-dum-dum that tune that's sung as I hide,  
Hide behind the walls where my pain resides,  
Hi-dee-dee-dum-dum my association to humankind,  
Destined for heaven for the sky-dee-dee-dum-dum,  
The sky that I reach for during the beat of my drum,  
The drum inside my heart, die-dee-dee-dum-dum,  
Suicide the thoughts that reside that I abstain from,  
But in my head the song plays bye-dee-dee-dum-dum,  
Up high-dee-dee-dum-dum the light above from the sun,  
The struggle inside where I fight back, the struggle within,  
To meet salvation someday, but when?  
So I weep, cry-dee-dee-dum-dum, surrounded by sin,  
Alone I hide-dee-dee-dum-dum from chagrin,  
The satisfying sensation, when my mind leaves my body,  
From up high-dee-dee-dum-dum enlightenment from illuminati,  
Alone in my room lays the pillow where I cried-dee-dee-dum-dum.  
My heart beats faster from the sound of the internal drum,  
Pain in the form of beauty, die-dee-dee-dum-dum,  
My eyes can't see where the sorrow comes from,  
Bye-dee-dee-dum-dum when the episode is done,  
Anxiety induced from everyone shy-dee-dee-dum-dum,  
It's the music inside of me that separates me from everyone,  
Despise-dee-dee-dum-dum as I look down from above the clouds,  
Why-dee-dee-dum-dum as I ask out loud,  
Why doesn't the pain subside-dee-dee-dum-dum,

It's the music that helps me float away,  
Good-bye-dee-dee-dum-dum awakening to the darkest day,  
As I close the door to today.

Kurt Kacich

# Beauty In Darkness

In nights existence I live in distorted felicity,  
Where I can spread my wings and be free,  
In an isolated realm where sunlight halts glee,  
The creature of the night, I spread my wings and become free,  
Free from pain, fury, anger, and despair,  
Free to escape the world around me that isn't fair,  
When the sun goes down I'm the Phoenix that rises from ash,  
In my mind is where reality and dream crash,  
So I spread my wings and explore the cruel world in a dream,  
My eyes see what no one else can see, something unreal is what it seems,  
Beauty in darkness, and happiness under the cold moon,  
Isolation from evil of the awaken, I'm forever immune,  
A constant escape from the light that projects fear,  
The daytime surrounded by society around me, near,  
Where in the shadows of night, I consider my salvation,  
Where the sun beams down on humankind, devastation,  
But am I the only one who finds beauty in the night?  
Is society poisoned in believing darkness is correlated with fright?  
Something of brainwashed false color theory,  
A typical label that drowns my mind with confusion and makes me weary,  
Some label it as anti-social, I label it as escape,  
Doctors label it as a malfunction in the biological clock, I label as the key to open  
a closed lock,  
A closed lock behind the door the separates reality and a dream,  
The locked door where I sleep and unconsciously develop my scheme,  
My scheme for the ultimate escape, to find the heavenly estate,  
The heavenly estate closer to being isolated in night,  
Opposed to sunlight surrounded by humans of spite,  
But without an open mind no one would understand,  
Why light is nonexistent to me and how I can withstand,  
Withstand the beauty of the moon and isolation of man,  
In the darkness is where a spider can spin the most beautiful web,  
In the darkness is where I'm all alone to escape cruelty and dread,  
But can heaven be correlated with the beauty of the night?  
Or will nightfall forever be correlated with sin and spite?  
With a closed mind the world will never know,  
What it feels like to experience darkness all alone.



# Beauty Of Asgard

Take me to the land of Asgard,  
Lay me down on the bedding of silver and gold,  
Let me dwell with the Gods who look out at the world,  
Let me sleep in magic tranquility.

Outside is a world so beautiful the interior of Valhalla,  
For then I bow down to the heroes before me,  
Only the glory and majesty from the after math I see,  
The vision of Asgard fills my heart with glee,

I've never seen a place in the Norse world so beautiful,  
I observe everything around me, like miracles it's mythological,  
As I sleep peacefully in Asgard, everything is so mystical.

For one day I wish to meet Odin, and embrace him with admiration,  
While living through the majesty of his ancient nation.  
My mind sleeps peacefully in Asgard's creation,

Kurt Kacich



# Beyond The Mirror (Me, Myself, And I)

Dear me,  
What image will you portray?  
Perhaps a beautiful smile and bright colors in array,  
Mirror mirror on the wall,  
Who's the happiest of them all?  
Me, the only one in the room who stands tall,  
The one that stands tall above them all,  
Me, the beautiful being created from above,  
beautiful in every which way thereof,  
The one who acts thru peace an emblem of a dove,  
The helping hand, happy to give my heart throughout the day,  
A superior God I'll portray today,  
Dear myself,  
What image will you portray?  
Perhaps the stone face and productive mind,  
Pacing through life without trace of time,  
Self-centered, work and stress intertwined,  
Living through a crack in the wall left to remind,  
Myself there is very little sun that shines,  
But enough to get through the day,  
The human workload I'll portray today,  
Dear I,  
What image will you portray?  
A lonely image with no peace inside,  
Wearing scars to portray the pain that resides,  
In my mind, where the pain can't subside,  
Mirror mirror on the wall, what was it that you saw?  
The horrors of hell, that drops my jaw,  
The cruelty beyond the outside of my walls,  
Hallucinations through nightmares and awe,  
The human emotion of sorrow is what I'll portray,  
Humanity crumbling before me is today,  
Dear me, myself and I,  
What image will you portray today?  
Confused, don't know how to get thru the day,  
Feelings of happiness, productivity and sadness I feel today,  
Mirror, mirror on the wall what is it you seek?  
To find my true feelings that hides beneath,  
To take a look at my life covered by a smile and a frown underneath,

Confused, I can't take the pressure,  
Desperate, I call for the most intense measure,  
Split personality, the painstaking endeavor.

Kurt Kacich

# Bi Polar Disorder

In my own realm I call paradise, I'm surrounded by glee,  
Blue skies, birds chirping, and infinite grass of green,  
Held captive in shock and awe of something so beautiful it seems,  
The manic state of bipolar disorder, surrounded by Gods and heavenly angels to  
the highest degree,  
Where hands of heaven hug the clouds in the skies,  
Where flowers blossom from the tears of heaven from God's eyes,  
Where dandelion pedals fly through the air followed by a calm ocean breeze,  
The tide flows calm where horizons light up the sky overseas,  
But what happens when my world turns upside down?  
What happens when everything hangs from the sky all around?  
Does heaven turn to hell when the sky falls down?  
Is this what happens when beauty and nirvana turn to destruction and ruin?  
Is this the episode inside the projection of mind where felicity meets doom?  
This is where shock and awe becomes shackles hanging from the sky,  
Held captive from shackles hanging from the sky, looking down at terror and  
demise,  
This is where the sky turns to fire and tears of heaven become drops of cyanide,  
What's called the depressive state of bi-polar, I call the falling sky,  
The only event to save me is to somersault the grass burning a high,  
The shackles pull my wrists, and my breath releases a silent scream,  
As my feet dangle above the bowls of hell the shackles become a string,  
The fire rises higher, the stench from the burning earth ascend from the pits,  
Something of a living nightmare in a psychedelic trip, fingers sweat from heat as  
I lose grip,  
Until suddenly I fall suddenly into inertia as the screen flips,  
When paradise flips right side up everything left is swept away by titan winds,  
The eye of the storm, the hypomanic episode of the live motion picture within,  
Emptiness of prairies when the sky flips back up high, everything vanished by the  
breath of sin,  
Norepinephrine rising propels in conjunction with darkness and the beast within,  
In depts. Of loneliness within a mindset of lust when the monster grins,  
Loneliness with no contact of humankind left behind when the sky continues to  
slowly spin,  
But when the wind picks up and gravity is enraged, the world spins in the speed  
of light,  
The mixed affective episode of bipolar, the human tilt a whirl that spins within  
sight,  
The speed of light with flashing lights In the darkness in the sky that flashes so

bright,  
Hypnotized by spinning darkness and light, where the sun shines in the night,  
The equivalence of fire and ice, with heaven on my left and hell on my right,  
Perplexed vision of reality morphed into both a nightmare and dream,  
Are my thoughts blind and my mouth closed when I scream?  
Is this my conscious stepping into the darkest realm of inertia?  
Or is the darkest realm hovered over blue skies and light or vice versa?  
Where the motion picture film winkles with static, the malfunction of humankind,  
Where the tug of war between demons and angels pull and come together to  
bind,  
The vicious cycle that remains a closed book in the average human mind,  
Bipolar disorder, the disease where society sees nothing inside,  
Bipolar disorder, the vicious cycle that remains blind.

Kurt Kacich

# Big Bang Theory (Portrait Of Paradise)

Was the world existant in what is it today?  
Is it true that the planets in the galaxy were all once stars in array?  
I firmly believe that the Gods were artists that created everything  
I believe Gods created the blueprint up in heaven to create the ideal dream,  
Some call it the big bang theory, I call it a masterpiece,  
I believe heaven was once on earth for mortality and not deceased,  
In the galaxy stars were the watching eyes that guarded the skies,  
I believe that Zeus struck lightning to create heavens above in disguise,  
With a flash of light and thunder so powerful it projected mankind,  
Projected heaven from blueprints with blue skies, and green trees,  
Innocent animals, sounds of soothing pleas, and ever flowing streams,  
Sky high mountain tops, rainfall that blossomed the earth,  
Calming winds the withered in the trees, absolute happiness and glee,  
Was it true that the sacred apple that Adam ate destroyed the land?  
Was it true that animals in deserts drowned in the chaos of quicksand?  
Or was it all a dream that reared its ugly and appalling head?  
Or was the apple the only food for the Gods, and they were never fed?  
I believe in the beginning of time the world we live was heaven,  
I also believe that for every human action lies in dimensions of eleven,  
For every sin committed rainfall was the tears from God's eyes,  
For every tear lightning struck the land as a mechanism for comprise,  
With lightning came fire that destroyed the green trees,  
Causing devastation and drought, in reality the God's desperate pleas,  
A plea to take care of the world around us, to speak, to see, and to hear no evil,  
But the God's created the human mind to be strong not weak and feeble,  
Did the ancient scrolls the God's created explain the morals and what is wrong  
and what is right?  
Did the God's or the artists of eternity inflict punish for those who despise?  
Heaven on Earth was forever ruined by the acts of sin,  
If only the blueprint laid out the moral code, the masterpiece that lasted forever  
could've been,  
Now the Earth is a painting smeared with distorted reality called society,  
Tainted nature, false beliefs, cruelty, murder, and lack of sobriety,  
Where roads covered what could've been the most beautiful prairies,  
Natural scenery destroyed by the most gracious artwork that makes my mind  
weak and weary,  
Buildings, sidewalks, pollution from automobiles, the masterpiece smeared in  
vile,  
Dead animals of water, pollution of ever flowing streams, that flows in the river

of the Nile,  
Something that could've been peace in paradise is now war for oil,  
The God's never intended to create something so beautiful turned to turmoil,  
Man made synthetic drugs that alter the reality of the human mind,  
To escape the painting destroyed once created to be beautiful and sublime,  
Forever now the portrait called heaven hangs in the galaxy falling to pieces,  
The pieces that fall to the Earth from above to feed the evil leeches,  
Forever more, heaven is tainted and shaded by the sin of humankind,  
Forever more, I wish the God's above had the power to reverse time.

Kurt Kacich

# Black Magic

The candle lights flicker in the slow breeze,  
But only in the shadows past the gates is all I can see,

The negative energy flows at it's low vibrant rates,  
While the vision beyond is darkened beyond the gates,

The spirits beyond the mortal realms consume the energy from evil intention,  
As black magic flows beyond Earth's dimension,

But only temporarily, the energy is so very potent,  
While the chaos of black magic destroys all hope of glee in the moment,

The energy buffers as the ritual of black magic takes place,  
Only little time before the magic takes launch in light speed haste,

Suddenly the pentagram is flipped upside down,  
and fires rage from the ground,  
The energy sent from beyond Earth's realm is potent all around

The wicked spirits of evil send the message to feed them more,  
As the energy comes back around, the black magic witch burns from the blazing  
floor,  
The candle light flickers before the gate, as the black magic stays potent,  
nevermore.

Kurt Kacich

# Bloody Xmas

I once remember that wicked Christmas day,  
I remember seeing the blood seep through the tree,  
That morning I awoke to nightfall on that Christmas morning,  
I look around and wondered if in fact it was a nightmare,  
I stopped in my tracks and saw the mirror gazing at my dead faced stare,  
The face I saw suddenly morphed into a clouded glare,  
Never on a bloody Christmas day was I so scared.

Kurt Kacich



# Burning Book Of Hypergraphia

Hypergraphia, the disorder linked to constant writing,  
In the form of the most beautiful artwork of poetry, a beautiful sighting,  
The mind races constantly, correlation of the world appears exciting,  
Obsessive compulsive disorder linked to constant movement of the pen,  
Pushed by the momentum of ruminating thoughts of what is and could've been,  
The constant writing with a surge of creative adrenaline,  
Hypergraphia linked to therapy for the creative mind,  
Stories and poetry beyond logic, reality, space, and time,  
The aftermath of the therapy something so sublime,  
Hypergraphia the constant journaling of thoughts in the mind,  
The open pages of the book continue to unwind,  
And memories of the good and bad are never left behind,  
Hypergraphia, the expression and most beautiful artwork intertwined,  
Some see it as bizarre others see it as a gift,  
The human emotion tracked on paper, in their mind it's legit,  
The pain, the triumph, the confusion, the constant writing submits,  
A phenomenon of recordings when the mind plays tricks,  
The compulsion of creativity the artist's ultimate fix,  
The thoughts that linger inside, the emotions inside it depicts,  
As the winds blow the pages constantly turn,  
The burning book that never disappears but forever burns,  
When the wind blows in the opposite direction, the pages flip in reverse,  
Emotions recorded flash in the eyes when the feelings return,  
The burning book of Hypergraphia the writer's best friend,  
The book of reality, feelings, questions, and descriptions of the pretend,  
A masquerade of the madness of the troubled mind the number of pages extend,

But what a beautiful "disorder" the constant recording,  
Trapped inside the thoughts of mind in timeless warding,  
Recorded in the burning book of beauty with no outside rules according,  
But still trapped inside the prison of thoughts surrounded by boardings,  
Only thing to reflect on is the pages that flip in correlation with the wind,  
The pages filled with thoughts and emotions within,  
While writing the mind is separate from the body as the world spins,  
In correlation with writing while the mind is imprisoned.

Kurt Kacich

# Candlelight Of Lust

The candlelight, that burns forever,  
Surrounded in darkness or light, lust that flares inside wherever,  
Sexual satisfaction, inflicted on humans whoever,  
The journey through sexual pleasure, the most pleasurable endeavor,  
The candlelight burns forever burns throughout life,  
The fiery yellow flame, that projects through eyes of delight,  
The candlelight, that shines forever, through the darkness of the night,  
Sexual intercourse, the flame that shines in plain sight,  
Such a wonderful feeling, the most pleasurable to humanity,  
An escape from the unjust world, the sexual fantasy,  
The candlelight, the lightbulb in the mind, on the edge of sanity,  
The light that guides the path away from all vanity,  
Lust, the instinctive form of physical emotion,  
The unsealed bond between two people without devotion,  
Sexual satisfaction with high tension of notion,  
The candlelight burns, even when the wind blows,  
The phenomenon between love and lust, that was coined long ago,  
A mystery in a two piece puzzle that no one will ever know,  
The candlelight in the darkness that forever glows,  
Sexual fantasy, the emotional bond between two,  
A beautiful nature, frowned upon in society as a form of taboo,  
An addictive nature, the constant fantasy to renew,  
The best feeling of human pleasure, beyond what's true,  
Lust, the momentum pushed by sexual desire,  
An equal partnership in happiness, the path to acquire,  
The candlelight the glows everywhere with the tip of fire,  
That lights up the horizon of the sea of dark desires,  
The phenomenon of lust, the human instinct hardwired,  
The candlelight, also correlated with nature around Earth,  
Sex linked to the creation of birth,  
The aftermath of sexual pleasure, the high degree of mirth,  
Something humanity will never know, the fine line between lust and love,  
Weather it's the manipulation of sexual pleasure, or the connection to the  
beloved,  
Nymphomania, the candlelight I speak of.

Kurt Kacich

# Chicago Fire

On October 8th at 9 pm a fire flared from O'Leary's farm,  
In the city of Chicago, fires from hell raged at 9: 40 am when someone pulled  
the alarm,  
Firefighters were sent out to the left when the fires flared to the right,  
One flame caught onto another where screams were heard from fright,  
The fires spread to houses and sheds from superheated winds,  
Winds so powerful it burned through human skin,  
From the West of the Chicago River it burned down the local church,  
The house of God lit up in flames that in rapid pace flared and lurched,  
Until it swarmed southbound to the branch of the river,  
Reality was hell on earth the devastation it delivered,  
With firewood packed closely next to wooden buildings the storm never calmed,  
From Sunday night through Monday morning hell raged fury in napalm,  
The flame got bigger and spread across the land,  
While the city burned hundreds fell into the fire that ran,  
A catastrophe that will forever scar Chicago land,  
Fires that grabbed hundreds of innocent lives from hells hand,  
Embers from the fire flooded the city streets,  
Burned down buildings, houses, and the grounds beneath,  
Hell on Earth the fires burned everything in sight,  
The sky burned above fires that lit the night,  
Firefighters tried to wash it away but couldn't,  
A natural disaster from hell that could cease but wouldn't,  
For two days the Chicago land was lit in flames,  
The Great Chicago fire that destroyed the city and took names,  
It was until later Monday night that drizzles from the tears in sky calmed the  
storm,  
The beautiful Chicago city to destruction and ruin was the aftermath of  
transform,  
The casualties claimed about 300 lives,  
Where fires caught the 300 in a natural disaster comprised,  
Never will Chicago forget the flames the scourged the land,  
A false tale of a cow kicking over a lantern from the barn that was a scam,  
The lives that ate the superheated winds when they ran,  
Never will Chicago forget when hell won over the 300 lives of man.

Kurt Kacich

# Christian Paradox

The walls so beautiful in a luxurious palace,  
In the vicinity where the center ground on the alter that sits the chalice,  
Closed curtains cover the intention of malice,

The broken church a paradox indeed,  
The beautiful palace of evil is all I can see,  
In a sanctuary under white clouds of glee,  
The house of God so evil but how can this be?

The curtains closed behind the alter the secret sealed shut,  
Blind to the eyes of followers behind the curtains of smut,  
Backstage sits the priest eating the fruit of disgust,  
The desire of rape, the evil lust,

But so beautiful the vicinity the walls hovers around pews,  
Where reconciliation transpire with the hope to renew,  
A closer connection with "God" that everyone thought they knew,  
Rape in the form of blackmail representing the hidden taboo,

The broken church crumbles in the form of the truth,  
The reign of terror forever ends for the destruction of youth,  
The transparent light beams down from the window where the blind can see  
through,  
Terror stemmed from the vicinity of the church's morals that remain untrue.

Kurt Kacich

# Cigarette Salvation

The cylinder stick that self medicates the soul,  
a cigarette in the night wind where nicotine takes control,  
I can only open my mouth to scream but nothing comes out but smoke,  
The same smoke that stares me in the eyes which causes guilt to provoke,  
The cigarette that takes dopamine two seconds to hit the brain,  
The dopamine that turns warm blood into a cold sensation of Novocain,  
Every time I inhale I send smoke to my lungs to cure the pain,  
Until I exhale a silent scream where repressed memories flee in vain,  
The smoke acts a messenger of prayers that rises in the moonlight,  
Where the plea of salvation inside in a form of smoke condenses in the night,  
The cigarette that self mutilates the body as it burns the lungs,  
Where words of fiery motivation inside is washed out and projects from the  
tongue,  
The addictive substance of nicotine that controls the psychological need,  
The addictive substance that burns away anger and rots the evil seed,  
An evil seed inside that's the nucleus to anger, stress, and despair,  
The nicotine that dilates the pupils in my eyes where I can find escape anywhere,

A cigarette the cylinder stick of cancer that fulfills the physical need,  
A cancer stick of miniature dynamite that accelerates sleepiness and fatigue,  
Where surges of adrenaline is driven to the heart at an accelerated speed,  
That acts a self medication for the life that I lead,  
While my heart beats faster I can still feel the pain,  
The pain of never awakening and everyday being the same,  
Where the fire at the end of the cigarette is the only motivation I have left  
condensed in smoke,  
Until the end of the fire burns to the filter after numerous ashings that I stroke,  
When it burns out I go into a dark room and my creative side of my brain is on  
fire,  
Where I can see the world around me in what I choose from paradise to the sea  
of dark desires,  
To a deserted island with only me alone, to lands I can only see in my minds eye  
that's unknown,  
The cigarette smoker that's looked down on from eyes all around,  
Even in the case of the cigarette smoker who's thoughts and creativity remain  
profound,  
If I had the choice around me, I'd be alone and condense myself in the smoke I  
breathe all around,  
So I can say good bye to horrid memories and repressing anger without the

screaming sounds,  
The cigarette that self medicates my mind no matter the weather,  
From sunlight, to dark skies or in my imagination both of them at the same time  
comprised together.  
No matter what time of day the smoke nurtures my soul,  
While I stare blank at the reality of the world when I inhale it exhale it whole.

Kurt Kacich

# Colors Of Autumn

Everything around is so colorful,  
I can't seem to grasp it all,  
The rainbow of leaves from the sky gracefully falls,  
My mind embraces the beauty, my eyes wide open in awe,

The path in front of me reflects the light from a high,  
Everything around me rests so peacefully as I continue to pass by,  
In my imagination I rest near the path, my head in the grass by the leaves  
alongside,

Almost like the structure of a gate, the trees welcome my existence,  
One to my right and one to my left, the path continues beyond the distance,  
But I've come to realize my imagination holds no resistance,  
In my mind I'm a product of nature in coexistence,

The leaves fall so beautifully like rain on a sunny day,  
As the leaves fall my torment is washed away.  
The colors stay close to me, even in the darkest of nights,  
Everything surrounds me so natural and so bright,

Leaves continue to fall, so beautifully under the moonlight,

Kurt Kacich

# Confusion

Confusion, the dormant virus that hides behind the corner of the mind,  
The virus that blocks clarity without peace and time,  
It's the broken balance of the see saw with both ends on decline,  
Where gravity is irrelevant and both ends snap, and decisions unwind,  
What a horrid feeling is confusion, the anti-clarity of mind,  
Confusion, where the beauty of the world transforms into disgust,  
Where blue streams of peace turn to rotten swamps with inner feelings of unjust,

Where the calming sea breeze around humankind turns to swarming particles of dust,  
It's the everyday occurrence that turns the steel structure guarding humanity into rust,  
Confusion very deadly to the species of human being,  
It's a sensation of looking into the dimension of peace without seeing,  
It's the feeling of compulsion and when is everything is wrong, the inability to analyze resulting to disagreeing,  
The blockade of the human mind where decision is irrelevant to believing,  
It's the black widow that crawls on the corner of your mind that makes the world deceiving,  
It's the feeling where your senses are numb that makes you incapable of perceiving,  
Confusion, it's the emotion linked to the iconography of the question mark,  
It's when force vectors pull you down when the see saw snaps and you fall into the dark,  
The beginning of a horrific journey without any consent to embark,  
Too many know when but cannot see how confusion is linked in the human brain  
It's considered the state of delirium where distorted thoughts rise to the surface causing shame,  
It's where the sun shines and the world around you becomes a cold winter storm,

It's when the moon casts over the realm of humanity and shines ultra violent light rays when the air turns warm,  
Reality in reverse, is the main component of confusion,  
The skies and waters turns red, trees and grass turn purple, and winds become a visible green causing optical illusion,  
It's when the see saw the goes up on the left and down on the right both go up and down in fusion,  
But no one knows how gravity is linked without the result of conclusion,  
Where both sides meet opposing gravity causing an orbit in the decision making



mind,  
Some call it hallucination, I call it an aerodynamic lift in awareness linked to  
grime,  
It's the vice grip wrapped around your thoughts from the influence of conflicting  
malign,  
That results to nightfall when the sun shines,  
When the air turns to fog, it's the clouds of poison where you close your eyes,  
The same fog that clouds the brain, It's confusion in it's purest form,  
Confusion, the deadly sensation of mind, the eye of the storm.

Kurt Kacich

# Conquering The Ocean Of Grieving

I can feel the tide tossing me further,  
Into this sea of grieving, my boat is pushed into the storm,

I row faster but my body can't take the pain,  
For how I wish the tide will forever flow peacefully the same,  
The mercy of my emotions never stay tame,

The waves from the mighty wind hovers over me,  
I'm stuck in the middle of life's ocean reaching for the shore of glee,  
For the waters are too high, the shore I'm destined for I'm blind to see,

These tides are raging faster by the minute, how I wish they were calm,  
I feel faith is leaving from the clenched fist inside my palm,  
The storm rages with me in the middle from dusk to dawn,

But for a whole day it seemed I've survived,  
And through inner strength my faith is revived,  
Although my boat is shattered, into the ocean of grieving I'll dive,

In the most fierce of storms I've decided I'll swim,  
With no direction in nightfall the path ahead of me is dim,  
As I stroke further and further in this battle of emotion I'm seeking the win,

The waves chase me as I swim for the shore,  
In this ocean of grieving it feels I'm sprinting to the light without the floor,  
I keep swimming as obstacles stand in front of me in galore,

Finally I can see the destined land,  
The raging waves are broken from the strength of my hands,  
But I realized the war isn't over until I reach the sand,

Finally I reach the place I was destined for,  
The tide calms, and quickly the depression is washed off of me as I lay ashore,  
The sun rises, and the darkness vanishes when I realized I won this war.

Kurt Kacich

# Conspiracy Theory

There's a conspiracy within every theory,  
Outside the White House walls is a cloud to prevent from seeing clearly,  
And inside the walls lies empty promises through motives of leery,  
And the process of self annihilation within nation increases yearly.

It is thought that the government is the structure behind every nation,  
It is said the government will protect us from abomination,  
But in the end the Declaration of Independence was just a misinterpretation,  
And in the end everyone will suffer poverty in unification,

Everyday the middle classes gets poorer and poorer,  
And everyday the walls close in to prevent escaping the horror,  
The spikes approach closer as the walls compress our nation plastered on mortar,

Politicians express themselves everyday behind the podium,  
Through lies for the benefit of the people, wearing suits and ties,  
But the people are the ones living on the streets without clothes to buy,  
And the same politicians take their money and leave them out to die,  
Their promises goes to oil through warfare oversupplied,  
As a result the teardrops of the broken nation will never dry.

Kurt Kacich

# Crimson Heaven

I look a high and search beyond the crimson heaven,  
I can't feel anything, I'm numb to the anything leaven,  
Under the crimson sky, raindrops pierce my soul with venom,  
Forever numb, I can no longer feel the pain,  
Nevermore feelings of happiness, sorrow, satisfaction or shame,  
Everyday I wake up and compulsively feel the same,  
Numb to feelings, fear, and happiness, the numb I became,  
I can feel my blood run cold as it travels through my veins,  
I can feel conflict and excitement around me, but my soul is filled with Novocain,  
I know I'm not okay,  
The stone face of the numb, the face I display,  
My portraits of neutral emotional color, the color I paint is grey,  
Without emotion, without fear of the crimson heavens I convey,  
No happiness is found under the sky, everyday is the same,  
I no longer feel sadness, every breath I took the ghosts sit in the form of clouds  
in disarray,  
I no longer feel anger, the demons were lead astray,  
Without laughter the pleasure of life were taken away,  
I can't feel anything, I'm numb to my surroundings,  
Confusion linked without emotion, the most dangerous symptoms compounding,  
Voices never cease inside my head in a foreign language that's echo sounding,  
The process of numbing under a crimson heaven surround me,  
Always introverted, my heart is eased alone without the pounding,  
No emotion, forgotten memories, emotions without grounding,  
I forgot what it feels like to be a normal human being,  
No reaction to anything, the collective reflection of self without seeing,  
Sociopathic mindset, the troubled mind without empathy,  
I'm forever a victim of apathy,  
Numb to feelings, paralyzed to open up my arms and welcome sympathy,  
Under the crimson heaven, the winds blow in the most volatile symphony,  
Numb to feelings of despair, I walk this world alone,  
To open the door inside my mind when no one is home,  
Under the crimson heaven I'm by myself where love isn't shown,  
Winds of plague surround me under the skies, and away my feelings are blown,  
Emotions kidnapped by winds in the form of an apathetic cyclone,  
Under the crimson heaven, I'm numb all alone.

Kurt Kacich

# Crop Circles

.I see a land of diverse color, and objects rather strange,  
I see an open land, to create my art, in their eyes deranged,  
What earthlings call crop circles, we call expression,  
What earthlings call an invasion, as we enter the next dimension,  
I feel like a parasite to these creatures,  
But they are the parasites with dysfunctional features,  
They say we speak in "robot-like" tongues,  
Unable to read their mouths, I comprehend none,  
The enemy, the "humans" so hostile!  
These dirty creatures, these bitter beings!  
With revenge we'll show them something they've never seen!  
With revenge, we'll enter their realm with terror blinded by neon beams!  
These "crop circles" are now a message!  
This form of artwork in their eyes as depressive!  
We need an open land, we need a blank canvas,  
We need an empty sheet, a message very discreet!  
These evil earthlings are real! Mutants of war,  
We will abduct their lives to settle the score!  
So evil are they, so unorthodox, so malign!  
In their eyes perhaps something perceived from the divine,  
An artwork on open fields, the freedom of "expression"  
Beams of crashing light carves the land,  
It creates concaves deep into the fields where they stand!  
As they all flee with fear, screaming is all we hear,  
We came to bring peace, in which they viewed combat,  
Unable to comprehend, we feel like parasites from that!  
So we abduct them as they slowly rise to the skies,  
Perhaps they don't know what it feels like to die!  
We invade with neon lights predominately purple,  
We create messages in artwork in which they call crop circles.

Kurt Kacich

# Crusaders Beyond Hell

The hellish fire skulled generals,  
With arms in the form of razor sharp tentacles,  
Army of grim reapers, with ice cold ventricles,  
That marches in the simultaneous sounds of thunder that strikes the Earth,  
Crusaders of the Apocalypse the angels from heaven in reverse,  
Unstoppable, the force that causes the world to disperse,  
Guided by the eye of the pyramid, they travel in battalion,  
Through swarms of terror reaching numbers of a billion,  
Decorated with fiery halos over their heads in vermilion,  
Considered to be the grim reaper of wayward souls,  
Powers beyond the realm of hell, domination in extol,  
Taking over the galaxy through military control,  
The hellish fire skulled generals that wear black hoods over death's head,  
The black hood over the skull face to represent the evil dead,  
Through the grey eye of the pyramid, the army stomps full speed ahead,  
An army of terror, that brought the devil to his knees,  
Beyond the feeling of fear is all humanity can see,  
The fire skull army, horror beyond the highest degree,  
As they stomp in unison the Earth's core shakes with fear,  
Sounds of shackles attached to each other, clinging to know they're near,  
Through hell's fire, the army appears,  
Rising from the grounds of hell's lair, they are the highest power of sin,  
The devil a tadpole to their power, with the subliminal laughter of grim,  
Through anger, the war begins,  
With every step they take the Earth cracks,  
Through horrifying laughter and clinging chains, the army in all black,  
Beyond their divine presence, the universe remains under attack,  
The fire skull army, the divine wolf pack,  
On the back of their black robes, they spread steel wings,  
With a crown of the flaming halo, the mark of the evil kings,  
More powerful than anything beyond the galaxy, the reaper beings,  
With magic powers they cause the worlds to collide,  
The universe crashed together through gasses of poison and cyanide,  
The end of human life with no one left inside,  
Are they aliens or beings of the divine?  
Are they the creators or the nightmare that came alive?  
They are a higher evil, beyond what's known,  
That sits in the corner of the galaxy on the creator's throne,  
The throne, open to the army, when no one is home,

To see evil beyond the unknown.

Kurt Kacich

# Crystal Ball Prophecy

I remember looking into the future through the multi colored sphere,  
Everything foretold before my eyes, never seemed so near,  
Something of magic, converted to light in distant years,  
Suddenly the clouded path seems crystal clear,

I knew there were more chapters to be foretold,  
Through shining light in the form of a ball I hold,  
To see through the mystic fog in front of me so bold,

I saw the bridge of eternity before my eyes,  
I saw the tear drops from heaven fall from the skies,  
I heard the begging from lost souls from their cries,  
I saw the fallen angel fall from a high,

But never did I know the future would be so tragic,  
Now I can see the future only in the form of magic,  
I saw the pieces of the puzzle dropped to reality like a bad habit,  
But the crystal ball said it was too late before I can grab it..

Kurt Kacich



# Dancing Puppets

It's the art of what we call manipulation,  
It's the blind cursor the mind reads without stipulation,  
Genius, used in advertising and behavioral force, an innovation,  
It's the art of subliminal messaging, or subliminal stimuli,  
Through extreme low levels of sound your ears become the voice inside your  
mind,  
With that voice you become the puppet hanging from the strings of malign,  
Something so unique, your brain picks up the message before your ears and  
eyes,  
A puppet to manipulation, the victim of something peculiar, rainfall with words,  
Words of adjectives describing to persuade, action persuaded by verbs,  
The art that feeds on brainwaves of unconscious mind, thought process  
disturbed,  
In beautiful sounds of music subliminal messages are recorded in reverse,  
Called backtracking, it's persuades the mind with low level sounds and emotional  
ions disperse,  
The strings above pull from the hand of manipulation as the puppet dances with  
the devil with no need to rehearse,  
The unconscious mind the puppet, the genius manipulator being the puppeteer,  
The puppeteer described as a ghost figure with the only two things visible the  
two hands,  
Hanging from the string, the puppet dances with emotion from the left hand of  
demand,  
Emotion influenced by silence, and the rainfall of blinking words descending from  
the right hand,  
The rainfall of subliminal stimuli, precipitated from the more powerful right  
hemisphere, without obvious will to understand,  
The more beautiful and expressive the mind, the more powerful the subliminal  
stimuli,  
The more beautiful and expressive the puppet, the more it dances from flashes in  
the eyes,  
The beautiful puppet with a beautiful mind, it's slavery from free will in disguise,  
With every step and every motion is manipulated by clouds casted in two hands  
relentless until satisfied,  
Words so powerful through silent measures, the silent command,  
Where the mind picks up instructions and makes decisions with impulsion, no will  
to understand,  
The decisions influenced by the puppeteer from four limbs hanging from a  
strand,

So adorable and innocent the puppet with rosy cheeks and a smile on the face,  
Surrounded by quicker than light-speed flashes, of paradise, beauty, love and  
everything that's great,  
Rainfall descending down from the right hand words representing beauty and  
happiness, which represents this Imaginary place,  
Until the flashing of such beautiful images slam the breaks and come to a  
screeching halt,  
Where the storm picks up and the rainfall of words turn to adjectives of pain,  
sorrow, and fault,  
The flashing images become tortures, suicide, shackles, chains, and shadows  
projected from the darkest vaults,  
So gloomy the puppet, with a frown on its face and tears that drip from its eyes,  
Without freedom of will, the mind manipulated by words and images comprised,  
Images of everything from good to evil from bolts of lightning from the skies,  
The most manipulating of arts the rainfall turned to hailstorms of verbs and  
adjectives intertwined,  
An art so influential and deadly, that only the brain can define,  
The art of subliminal messages, deadliest of words and images, ingeniously  
designed,  
The puppeteer the master of manipulation, illuminati from divine,  
Storms never cease, influence in society of puppets dance around rings of  
thoughts all the time,  
The art that forever manipulates the mind.

Kurt Kacich

# Dancing Under The Pale Moonlight

I want to dance with you under the pale moonlight,  
I want to see beyond the dark and embrace the light,  
Under the heavens we dance in the darkness of night,

I want to dance with you under the pale moonlight,  
I want to take your hand and together we can embrace the stars,  
Because with you the world is ours,

I want to take your hand and hold it into mine,  
I want to take you into the realm of paradise that lies inside my mind,  
Together we dance in a land non relative to the dread of shortened time,  
Up in the pale heavens, together in the form of stars forever we'll shine,

In the darkness of reality I want to make u mine,  
So take my hand and close your eyes as we enter the land of sublime,

Take my hand and let's dance forever and ever,  
For happiness in eternity lasts in the most the discrete endeavor,  
From the burden of reality take my hand and close your and let the divide sever,  
Ease your mind into mine and let's be free forever.

Kurt Kacich

# Darkened Skies Of Defiance

The future isn't what is used to be,  
Darkness hovers skies constantly,  
Post apocalyptic firestorms rage over the seas,  
Hell fires and darkness is all I can see,  
I can still remember the past when the sun shined down,  
I can still remember the light before the sun was drowned,  
The Earth shattered in multiple dimensions through the ground,  
The aftermath of the civil war in nature, so profound,  
The apocalypse, the ultimate storm from the skies,  
The fires rage forever, washing the oceans dry,  
I can still remember the beautiful plant life before they died,  
Flowers of multiple colors, trees of green, and the blue sky,  
Masked by darkened clouds and winds of a howling cry,  
The apocalypse, the destruction of Earth without a reason why,  
The future isn't what it used to be,  
The past life forever destroyed in memory,  
Chaos, ruin, and dismemberment cloud the Earth to the highest degree,  
The ultimate natural disaster, the hailstorm of war,  
Something so profound that's never been seen before,  
Shattering Earthquakes that break the Earth's core,  
Hurricanes washing the world within its own shores,  
Funnel clouds that uproots and destroys the floor,  
Beauty in nature, under siege forever more,  
Where did the storm come from?  
How did the beautiful planet turn into a never-ending slum?  
I can still remember the beautiful skyline before the buildings turned to crumbs,  
How did nature lose the war to destruction? Why are we succumbed?  
What has the world become?  
What does the future has in store for us?  
Will we ever see the world that isn't unjust?  
Will we ever see blue skies, under the planet of dust?  
Forever more, the world disintegrates in rust,  
Hopefully the creators can modify this destruction of Earth with a paintbrush,  
And recreate a world suitable again for us,  
Past the clouds I can still see the expression of the creator in gloomy gus,  
Only will I know the reasons if my mind can reach beyond the divine,  
I can still remember the falling sky, the omen of malign,  
I can still remember the grounds falling in decline,  
But the painting was smeared by the creator, the catastrophic design,

So he forever covered the world black,  
The blanket of darkness where the world falls under attack,  
Under attack of the most raging storms, and a new world was born,  
The future, the total defiance of everything norm.  
To the highest degree of raging storms.

Kurt Kacich

# Dear Mother Goddess

Mother Goddess who brought me to this Earth,  
Dear, my mother goddess who created me from birth,  
Shine your light through me first,  
Because without you, the world wouldn't be everything it's worth,  
Hold me in your arms while I awake to rebirth,

Dear Mother Goddess so beautiful and true,  
As I awake I see all five elements and within them I see you,  
From the blazing flames of fire to the water so blue,  
The wind blows forever in spirit as I look at you,  
My Mother Goddess so beautiful and true,

Blessed be everything I see all around me,  
Blessed be the beauty of nature that surrounds me,  
With my hand in yours without you I wouldn't see,  
This pinnacle of good over evil in this world of glee,  
Dear Mother Goddess, I love you, blessed be.

Kurt Kacich

# December 21st

It was on December 21st that the sun laid rest behind the moon,  
Everything so beautifully dark and enchanting for the sun rested too soon,

I remember the lunar reflection that glistened in the sight of snow,  
Everything blossomed in magic as I took my majestic stroll,

It was on December 21st I was blessed with illumination from the sky,  
And even on the darkest of all nights, I felt the spirits comfort me from a high,  
The beauty rested through the blue reflection of the twinkle in my eye,

That day on December 21st, everything looked as if it was a dream,  
The moonlight shined so bright, and reflected the purity of the frozen streams,  
For I wish I could freeze my time here forever, in this enchanted December  
dream.

It was when I closed my eyes the goddess herself came to me,  
She blessed me with the most beautiful of all things,  
But was it all real? or was it really the ice queen?

I was blessed forever on this December 21st day, to see my reality as a dream.

Kurt Kacich

# Deja Vu Complex

Reincarnated into the afterlife,  
A soul from the unknown walking into the light,  
Often times I experience memories of the night,  
Often times I experience a recollection of what I've seen in sight,  
Déjà vu, the memories from the past life,  
I often feel strange, sensation that's indescribable,  
The feeling of an unknown realm that's inevitable,  
I feel like I've been there before in the past life, but don't know for sure,  
It often feels like an out of body experience, something insecure,  
I don't know where I've seen myself before, I'm unsure,  
The phenomenon of déjà vu, the feeling so obscure,  
Déjà vu is a feeling of uncertainty, that often takes the best of me,  
Linked to schizophrenia, anxiety, dissociative identity disorder, bipolar and  
epilepsy,  
Schizophrenia, the illusion of the past life experience to reach my destiny,  
To where I am today, the fear beyond the past life, my anxiety,  
Not knowing who I am today dissociative identity disorder, personalities in  
variety,  
To bipolar, my emotions from the darkest depths of depression to above the  
clouds of piety,  
My mind spinning in circles to recollect the experience, hypergraphia in epilepsy,  
But what a gift, hypergraphia, to write compulsively to find out the truth,  
Déjà vu, the question written in words to recollect memory,  
But what a painful feeling! Breaking my mind apart to dismember me!  
I often feel strange during déjà vu, from my past life I can't see,  
What I've experienced before, a memory forgotten to the highest degree,  
I can only count on my mind to correlate what I've experienced before,  
My mind spins, where was I, who am I, what was it, confusion in galore,  
Déjà vu a question in itself, the hypnic jerk often linked to a never ending fall,  
In the past life, reincarnated, I can't remember what I saw,  
Maybe it's cryptomnesia, a false memory a experience so horrid my mind in  
withdrawal,  
Or perhaps it was a dream so beautiful and unreal forgotten that put me in awe,  
Déjà vu, the experience blockading the memory around the corner of my mind  
where spiders crawl,  
I've experienced this feeling before but perhaps I'm wrong,  
Perhaps I reincarnated but my soul remains in the past, the same old song,  
I can't describe déjà vu, I don't remember what it was I've seen,  
I'm blinded by the feeling, my eyes close to the light by the blinding beam,



Reality is distorted, my mind is trapped in the never ending dream,  
The memory faded, was it my life forever falling or rowing upstream?  
But for what reason was it forgotten? Was it an experience where I was  
redeemed?

Redeemed from sin? Or the feeling of pain within?

My memories trapped but not forever gone, the déjà vu,  
I can't piece the puzzle together, the problem never more construed,  
I often look into the mirror and say to myself "I can't see you",  
The afterlife trapped with previous memories, struggling to make new,  
The déjà vu, the experience impossible to see through,

Kurt Kacich

## Dreaded Numeral 2

That number 2,  
Yes, that dreaded number 2,  
The number that created an obsession that no one ever knew,  
That dreaded number 2,

I often try to do things anyone typically would do,  
But lurking behind the corner of my mind is the shadow of the dreaded 2,  
I often find something I love but with that I have to choose,  
Because in a color variant of that object is something else I'm drawn to,  
Without that numeral I'm forever confused,

In my waking moment the coin flips in my mind,  
To inform me of my day whether darkness hovers me, or the light shines,  
But until my thoughts choose, I'm running blind,  
That dreaded numeral 2, that disease lurking me inside my mind.

Kurt Kacich

# Embody The Present

I was remember what it was like,  
That life where you live by miles rather than the inch,  
But what I sought was something of a trap holding me in a clinch,  
I experienced life holding me between it's two fingers fastened in a pinch,

We all have destiny, but fate is considered more powerful than us,  
I've come to realize the future is something to never trust,

The future is never predictable,  
And that minute you live in the minute looking forward is inhibitabile,  
Living life in fast forward looking to a possible broken dream is pitiful,  
Only in a lucid dream can we embody the invisible.

Kurt Kacich

# Euphoria

Euphoria, the feeling of being God within the human mind,  
the world is mine,  
When I close my eyes I feel spirits intact with the divine,  
It's considered a distortion in reality and deception combined,  
But in my mind's eye it's illuminati and magic intertwined,  
It's the side effect of mania where brain chemicals are refined,  
Euphoria, mania where imagination is designed,  
But who is God's and what is real?  
Is it society that's plugged in order and heavenly paradise ideal?  
I can only ruminate and put myself in a state of ordeal,  
I can only wait in due time and see what fate has to reveal,  
Until the curtains open and my eyes open to the stage,  
I can only count sightings and experiences I've seen and felt in wage,  
But until then I'm confident standing backstage,  
Euphoria, where the mind projects pressured voices in forms of fire,  
Where the language of humans touched by divinity is acquired,  
It's what Christians depict as Pentecost illuminati from the mania of bipolar  
transpired,  
Language in alliteration and rhyme schemed that's admired,  
From the writings of Gods, Catastrophes and myths inspired,  
To answer the questions behind mysteries inquired,  
Euphoria, where the knowledge of God to the brain is hardwired,  
Some say it's a side effect, I call it a gift,  
I call it an art, the imaginary place where my mind drifts,  
It's when gravity, nor epinephrine, and serotonin in the brain shifts,  
But what does it feel like to have God-like cognition?  
It feels like the body of force against the world around you in opposition,  
It feels like everything in your life is perceived as rendition,  
Rendition, the most important factor, life in the form as art without condition,  
Where hopes, dreams, fears, and nightmares are the weapon of ammunition,  
That supplies the human mind with divine perception, to look beyond what's real,  
  
It's the ammunition that supplies the mind with creativity which constantly turns  
the wheel,  
It's perception of everything in which the average cannot feel,  
It's salvation from the numbing of pain, it's the prediction of what the future  
reveals,  
The thoughts that leave the mouth in opposition to what's concealed,  
Euphoria, the God-like feeling that society sees as unreal,

It's the feeling where you're standing on top of clouds looking down,  
It's the feeling of power, the world is yours all around,  
It's the ability to adjust the clouds and sky from dusk to sundown,  
You're the God of everything with a gold and platinum crown,  
The God that wears 24- karats of diamonds on your gown,  
Everything is all mighty power over all else moving uphill,  
Where life is left without impurities, it's life in your eyes distilled,  
It's the feeling of ultra being where every desire is arm's reached to being fulfilled,  
The physical trait of unbelievable skill,  
Where every second being awake is essentially a thrill,  
It's the closest thing the divine humanity can feel,  
It's Euphoria, the blind sight bias that's unreal.

Kurt Kacich

# Eye Of The Sea

Tattered flags hover the howling waves of the ocean's tide,  
In hopes that the deities will hear their prayers and travel by their side,  
The storm rages from dusk to dawn and the ferocious winds sound with the  
loudest of cries,

The ships sway in it's see-saw like motion as it proceeds further into the eye,  
From what seems to calm is only a deception before humanity sees the surprise,

The retina of the storm surface and processes the image of human kind  
proceeding forward,  
The image seen as a threat rages winds traveling northward,  
Their cries muzzled in the howling wind forever remain...unheard....

Kurt Kacich

## Faded Memories (Window Reflection)

I remember looking outside through my window,  
It was when I looked I was distracted by my reflection,  
Reflection of self, memories of my life in recollection,  
I remember the kind words of other's and their arms around me in affection,  
I remember the feeling of love, the steel binded connection,  
Outside I see a world full of people, a world active,  
I remember the healing process my heart pulled in traction,  
Through the reflection of the mirror distorted love in abstraction,  
I'm all alone, I can only feel relationships falling into an improper fraction,  
I look at myself and wonder why?  
My thoughts run in circles, abandonment without the good bye,  
Looking into the mirror through the reflection all I can do is cry,  
Afraid to look through the window at morals that remains unjustified,  
So I look into the reflection, the barrier to the outside,  
Alone in darkness, I afraid to see past the night,  
Even with the benefit of doubt, I knew I was right,  
Unconditional love encrypted through reflection of a white lie,  
In the stain glass window, used as a mirror I cry, I cry,  
When I hold my composure I try to just sigh,  
But through the reflection I see teardrops fall from the sky,  
Through grey eyes the anger burns inside,  
Through blue eyes the reflection from above,  
Two eyes of different colors the representation of love,  
Faded memories into the window glass, I must let go of,  
But I fall to the floor while still looking through the reflection,  
Abandonment, stranded through inside the window, indirect rejection,  
So I look at myself with no one destined for perfection,  
But to be alone without anyone is pain inside without emotional protection,  
When I look at the reflection of faded memories I feel ignored,  
I feel unprotected as my body is washed up in life on the shore,  
I can only look from the inside without looking out, at memories I've experienced  
before,  
Without a shield I run into bullets and forever wounded from life's war,  
I can only through the reflection and remember memories that are forever gone,  
I can only rest in somber sleep to the sound of my heart beating in the most  
beautiful song,  
Afraid to see the light from the outside, my eyes close to dawn,  
Faded memories, in my heart they still exist, but in reality their forever gone,  
I once remember the day when I didn't feel alone,

I still remember that day, when light from the sun shown,  
Through my window and I look past the mirror of myself,  
I can only remember in memory the happiness I felt,  
The willingness to live through love for another, abstinence from dangling from  
the belt,  
It feels like a whip to bare skin leaving a permanent welt,  
The fire on the binded connection of steel burning in smelt,  
I can only look outside and my eyes remain blind,  
My feelings are forever written on a scroll inside my mind,  
And tear drops fall forever and emotions unwind,  
But the pain doesn't come from the pain that's active outside,  
Through the window afraid to look out from memories to remind,  
Remind myself I'm alone in agony confined,  
Through the reflection of the window, the pain lingers inside.

Kurt Kacich



# Falling From Heaven

From the top of heavens I tripped down the flight of stairs,  
I continue to fall until I reach the devil's lair,

I remember as I climbed, the clouds opened for me as I walked to the top,  
But somewhere on the top of the stairs I tripped until I dropped,  
Nowhere along the way did I want to stop,  
Until I fell while trying to reach the top,

My mind went blank as I tumbled down the steps,  
Until I reached rock bottom into the darkest of depths.,

Then suddenly I realized, I climbed to fast,  
I wanted to reach paradise in the heavens that I saw so vast,  
But suddenly the wind pushed me down as I took my last gasp,  
The climb to the Heavens contained more complexity than my mind was able to grasp,

Again I struggle to reach the sky,  
Again up the mountainous stairs to the top I climb,  
For before I was only able to see the heavens behind the human eye,  
I know now that I'm only human, and life is too precious to pass it by  
And the strength of human life is too strong to fall from suicide.

Kurt Kacich

## Final Days (Deathrow)

Sin, the transgression of God's will,  
no regrets, to fulfill a never ending thrill,  
To take their last breath, the intent to kill,  
I have my demons, you have them too,  
Underlined pain, the ones you never knew,  
Now I sit on death row, my heart bleeding threw,  
Nowhere near the the status of a saint,  
With behavior of what the world might see quaint,  
I laugh at the concept of demise,  
The mentally ill wearing a disguise,  
They will sentence me to death,  
Karma will steal my final breath,  
But before then the walls must close in,  
The world hates me, my soul filled with sin,  
But before the final days approach,  
I recap on all the lives I poached,  
I'm famous all over the world,  
I stop the planet at a dead end when it twirls,  
But what is wrong and what is right?  
Am I the only one who's on the prowl during the night?  
Why do I feel the need to inflict pain to survive?  
Is it right to be on the opposing end of dying eyes?  
With so many questions and no answer I can only overanalyze.  
The day before the final dawn, it all seems surreal,  
The book is opened and the secret is revealed,  
But only so little of words is what I comes out,  
Only a scream so loud is what leaves my mouth,  
Finally I realize the pain, finally I realize the truth,  
Finally I see my fantasies become real as a youth,  
But as they strap me down I can only smile,  
A sinister joke, a whole life in escape, living in denile,  
I see the syringe, only then do I close my eyes,  
How I hate needles, bad karma, to my surprise,  
For that split second my body flushes out the sin,  
For the split second I see the walls close in.

Kurt Kacich

# Floating Forever

Floating forever, above the clouds,  
Floating forever, above the world, above the crowd,  
Above the crowd of the human population,  
Floating above the solar system, 9 planets in formation,  
Told I was nothing, but now I'm elevating,  
Above everything, levitating forever in anti-gravitation,  
Something indescribable, but only God knows the equation,  
Pure genius, success floating forever in levitation,  
Weaving in and out of outer space, I spread my wings,  
Breaking through the walls of chaos that evil brings,  
Wearing the crown of the asteroid belt, the platinum ring,  
Tyrant of universe, beyond milky way I'm the king,  
I don't believe in a higher being, supposedly evidence without seeing,  
Humanity naïve, in false tales that they believe,  
Born underground without nothing, to the sky I reached,  
I walked my life with shadows of torment behind me,  
To spread the word of the lies of religion, the words I preach,  
Under the cold spell of depression of nights sleepless for years I've been sedated,

In this imagery world around me I created,  
With beautiful blue skies, green grass and apparitions carbonated,  
In the presence of good and evil in the same place related,  
Somehow always felt different, in a room full of people I felt estrangement,  
But somehow I knew I'd float forever above the clouds in the most beautiful  
arrangement,  
Floating forever looking down embracing the universe with hands from a high,  
The hands that grab the deceased from the sky,  
Control over nature from the tears from above that I cried,  
From the pain I've felt for over a lifetime that dropp from my eyes,  
From my eyes to my ears I bleed bloody tears,  
Even above the universe I'm not free from my everyday fears,  
With divinity comes a price more than sin so severe,  
Floating forever when I descend down the clouds the path isn't clear,  
The questions that evolve, who am I and why am I here?  
And suddenly this dream of being God disappears,  
And then the mirror of reality appears,  
Reality reveals that divinity is all an illusion,  
And my mind swirls forever in confusion,  
I've realized that life isn't happiness everyday in fusion,

And floating forever above the solar system is just a optical illusion,  
In reality I float forever in delusion.

Kurt Kacich

# Fone-Et-Tix

Fone-et-tix da u-neek lane-gu-age of articulary soundz,  
Dif-fer-ent frum ev-er-ree werd, verb, and noun,  
M-eye own lane-gu-age eye cree-ate n' com-pound,  
Lang-gu-age der-ived frum soundz,  
Fone-et-tix, ware mis-spellingz r irrelievant,  
Bee-yond sa-si-et-tee itz seen as wrong,  
N' my mindz eye itz bee-u-tiful nd pro-found,  
Aye work of art n' da form of wordz,  
Itz aye re-bell-li-ous lang-gu-age ware rulez r curvd,  
2 sum who c it itz ob-surd,  
2 mee itz bee-utee thru ever-ree werd,  
Itz a fe-nom-i-non ov werds spo-kin frum da tung,  
2 mee itz bee-u-ti-ful thru werdz dats sung,  
My off-fi-shall di-a-lect ov my wurld,  
Itz da al-fa-bet rapped n' aye swurl,  
Da same swurl n' da sigh-clone ov thoughts,  
Cree-ate-tive n' da sense datz not taught,  
Da lan-gu-age ov Kurt's own wurld, cree-ate-tive,  
Da art ov Fonetix, da lang-gu-age dat did-int make it,  
Fonetix, da nat-tur-ral pro-nun-cee-ation ov- werdz,  
O but how ob-serd?  
Sum-thing nev-er seen nd nev-er ob-served,  
Prop-err lang-gu-age uzed nd' dis-turbed,  
Itz uzed az aye tee-ching meth-ed 2 arti-cu-late mo-dern lang-gu-age  
Fonetix, da reel lang-gu-age datz sub-perb,  
Thru- ad-jec-tivez, nounz- verbz, n' con-junc-tionz, herd,  
Fonetix, stu-deed in ayen-chent In-dee-ah, and Grease,  
Itz now da lang-gu-age datz 4 ever dee-ceased,  
But n' my wurld itz still uzed 4 ever,  
4 da av-er-rage itz qite a task 2 en-dever,  
But n' my wurld itz lang-gu-age uzed 4 ever nd ever.

Kurt Kacich

# Full Moon Phenomenon

It's a phenomenon sometimes seen as illusionary correlation,  
The full moon, the phenomenon for an artistic creation,  
What is the real story in this scientific misinterpretation?  
Is it linked to mental illness, nature, divine, or personification?  
The full moon that sits above the clouds in the shape of a round sphere,  
Some link it to mania, the average link it to fear,  
It's the shining light cluttered with ions that lights the atmosphere,  
With divine power it shifts tides in waters everywhere,  
Oceans, streams, lakes, the human body, linked to behavior severe,  
At the opposite end of the sun it acts as the strobe light to earth,  
It's the mightiest power of the cosmic rays from the sun in reverse,  
It projects forces of nature so strong it causes ions of energy to disperse,  
The full moon, the trademark of the lunacy, linked to behavior of bizarre variety,  
Correlated to Selene, the iconography for lunar deity,  
In the modern world, it's often said it influences the crazy in society,  
In my mind's eye, it's the shining light to the closed mind inducing anxiety,  
The full moon, the white color code in darkness that acts as communication,  
Where wolves howl at the moon, from the distance to lead in packs through  
formation,  
I view it as something more unique, something of occult fascination,  
I see it as positive ions, water shifts in the human body, and mania induced from  
creative radiation,  
It's the aeon of Selene that shines as the beacon from above to the Earth,  
Where light from the Galaxy in the sunlight is inversed,  
But without real scientific knowledge and only occult knowledge, theories is all to  
converse,  
In my mind's eye the light shines through the body like transparent rays,  
It's decreases the release of melatonin as opposed to darkness on average days,  
Insomnia induced species that walk the dead of the night,  
It's own species, the creatures of the night,  
Oh but what a fascinating and beautiful topic to indite!  
Oh but what beautiful nature, the darkness hovered by the opposing strobe light,

The same effect that separates the average and the mentally bright,  
Such a rare occasion the blue moon, that enlightens the crazed back to back  
twice!  
But what does the full moon do to emotion? The psychology that isn't suffice,  
Does the human heart turn warm like love or cold like dry ice?  
Induced in mania, it produces a God like sensation similar to illuminati,

But it's not apparent, it's a power clouded by the naked eye that we can't see,  
Influencing myths, movies, music, and miracles, the four M's of expressive  
disbelief,  
The full moon, a force from above seen as unreal,  
One day in the month, is the occurrence of this phenomenon that's ideal,  
the strobe light representing powers of nightmares opposing society surreal.  
The Full moon, the phenomenon humans feel.

Kurt Kacich

# Funny Farm Frenzy

Welcome to the funny farm,  
Let's embrace in the steel embedded walls without harm,  
Welcome to delusion, the land of charm,  
Inside the walls is the realm of the most brilliant of men,  
The schizophrenics, and the bi polars, everything torments them,  
But inside the insane asylum, they escape from condemn,  
The funny farm where you're surrounded with laughter,  
Through the air, the giggles are hidden beneath the rafters,  
Constant delusion, from morning, afternoon and thereafter,  
Manuscripts and portraits, the artistic minds inside the brilliant drafters,  
The mentally ill the most creative of mind,  
Inside the asylum, escaped from reality, their thoughts refined,  
Inside the asylum, their life is left behind,  
On the white walls where portraits and creative writing shine,  
Without sunlight, they're the creators of their own realm of divine,  
Inside the white walls, in their delusion, their confined,  
The funny farm where humor is their lifeline,  
Welcome to delusion, the neverending dream,  
Inside the asylum things are not what they seem,  
To reality it's a prison, to the patients it's their regime,  
But what happens when the walls blacken in the night?  
The laughter fades and their humor turns to spite,  
They crumble in the fear of darkness without the touch of sunlight,  
And they realize something about them isn't "right",  
Isolated from the world their trapped in the dark,  
Only within the walls, is their adventure to embark,  
Inside their asylum, a community of reality segregated apart,  
Their lifeline, through vivid imagination they depart,  
They cannot see the walls around them, it's their everyday home,  
Inside the closed doors, their only space to roam,  
An everyday dream to separate from reality, the unknown,  
But when the lights turn on, and the walls turn white, the asylum fills with glee,  
The reality inside the funny farm, the walls they can't see,  
They open their mind to creativity and imagination where their free,  
The most creative of the mind, the indulgence of the what reality can't see,  
Up and down inside the walls, the rollercoaster of the emotional cycle spree,  
The novel written and painted inside the asylum, the neverending dream,  
Beyond the walls where reality isn't seen.





# Ghost Collage

I don't think I'm alive,  
I think I'm just a spirit reincarnated from the afterlife,  
I feel darkness hovered over the skies,  
All I see is black clouds outside the sight of my eyes,  
Something of a spirit and mind comprised,  
Without a human body I'm invisible made of electric and energy intertwined,  
From the place of birth I feel like the mark of the divine,  
Similar to flashing in a dream I feel like blinding lighting in the night,  
A light so bright,  
It breaks the barrier of sunlight in plain sight,  
A ghost, often associated with evil and fright,  
The phenomenon of demons and guardian angels,  
Often seen as a bright light of human body mangled,  
and little children singing and dancing within circles of fandango,  
or a guardian angel with a halo blessed from every angle,  
I often think my soul never found home,  
I often think my spirit wanders the shores of purgatory alone,  
Now I'm in the realm of the phenomenon that's unknown,  
Something that is the eyes over the shoulders of humanity,  
Where my body left behind in the event of calamity,  
But the soul is forever, watching over the mortal family,  
I can only be seen through the eyes of insanity,  
Without feel I walk through the shadows of death,  
Almost feels like asthma when the grim reaper took my last breath,  
I can lay my body down but my soul and spirit will never rest  
I still remember the night when it was rainy and cold,  
I still remember that night, where my ending was foretold,  
That one night intoxicated with alcohol taking a stroll,  
The alcohol that liquidated me for my soul to be sold,  
Sold to the devil, where rules of poor decisions hangs on my rear view mirror to behold,  
Behold the ghost with a prophecy to be told,  
The story of everyday deaths in the streets,  
Driving intoxicated is the story of death covered by fabric sheets,  
The same fabric sheets that every night I remember laying on and falling asleep,  
The peaceful sleep accompanied by guardian angels that passed before me,  
Same species of afterlife spirits that humanity can't see,  
I still wish I could remember the oxygen in human air that I used to breathe,  
I still wish I was human again and I could be seen,

I wish I could've lived past the age of eighteen,  
I can only hope that I can show up in dreams to pass the good word without  
anyone else experiencing the same scene,  
The horrors of death from the intoxicated automobile crash,  
I will never forget when before the collision mind my mind saw the collage of  
humanity and immortal life clash,  
My body gone but my soul lives forever,  
A ghost invisible to the world and I always will remember,  
How many people were left behind forever from January to December,  
everyday, every week and every year, I'm the torment in thoughts from the ones  
left behind,  
From a wreck less decision turned accident with the thought of me to remind,  
Clear conscious of consequences, a message from the divine,  
But forever holding the scroll of decision I shine,  
The consequences of drinking and driving where the stories of death unwinds,  
The suicide that's relevant to a distorted state of mind

Kurt Kacich

# Gothic Majesty

I remember the sound of the piano piece,  
The piece I hear while I lay in somber sleep,  
So beautifully the melody rattles the walls around me,  
While the walls close in, alone they surround me,

My heaven forever in gothic majesty,  
Eyes closed shut in meditation through the beauty of music,  
The piano in the corner of the room plays through talent of insanity,  
Over outside words of profanity,

The piano music blares out the window of my dreams,  
While I look out and see beauty for everything it seems,

The curtains blow from the winds outside my vicinity,  
While the piano plays from the hands of divinity,

Inside my dreams I awake to my room darkened in gothic paradise,  
So beautiful the dream, For heaven to me is not what it seemed,  
The black room where my body rests and my soul is free

Kurt Kacich

# Grey Eyes

In my minds eye that projects grey shades from the iris,  
is the world of evil illuminated as pious,  
God of my own worlds divided by eyes of the American Osiris,  
A pure genius in expression the grim bias,  
Me, being the author inflicted with a severe case of the writingitis,  
Projecting the gruesome side of bi polar my mental virus,  
While I wash my hands in the fountain of Pontius Pilate,  
The only world you can find Leviathan fishing in the stream of bloody tears,  
The stream that reflects the distorted face of Jehova that's crystal clear,  
The crystal red river that represents the feeling of fear,  
Where you see human flesh hanging from mouths of cannibals and tips of spears,

A hallucination of the human mind when exorcisms appear,  
Where falling angels sore down to the rocks surrounded by molten lava,  
And the land burning in whole producing anxiety from intoxicating fumes from  
kava,  
The same world projected from the grey eyes of mine,  
The world where days are numbered and prisoners are held in shackles the whole  
time,  
The dark room where hypocrites are held captive where the sun doesn't shine,  
Where the beast rises from the x in the ashes during the age of it's prime,  
During it's prime the same scream that comes out of the mouth from the slaves  
throughout time,  
Silent screams that represent the equivalence the fright of nightmares and  
murder crimes,  
Where hurricanes and superheated winds blow over the oceans of blood from the  
trident of Poseidon,  
Similar to the deaths and hardships inflicted from the Pilgrims to America from  
the lands of Leyden,  
The hemisphere in the left side of my brain that induces horror from my grey  
eyes in,  
I am the creator of the Greek underworld of Hades, and the Islam fallen angel  
Jinn,  
The Netherworld of the human mind that induces the creation within,  
That produces sonic booms from amplitudes from strumming violins and sounds  
of sin,  
My mind's eyes where I'm Jesus in reverse, the son of Satan holding up high a  
pitchfork,  
That casts spells through the winds that blow in torque,

The superheated fire winds that destroy everything with force,  
That burns through the souls of my enemies that scream in sounds of hoarse,  
My estate created from the limbic system from adrenaline in the form of an  
explosive banger,  
Where the dialect amongst my land is the cursing of profanity through pure  
anger,  
The land established in 1989 from anger, distress, and despair,  
Where skies are diminished from the eclipse of clouds from empty prayers,  
The land where I'm the God decorated in black gems that sits in solitaire.  
Where the only thing you can see when you pray to heaven is night's glare,  
My mind during the depressive episode where Christ can't be found anywhere.

Kurt Kacich

# Haunted Forest

Beyond the path howling can be heard in the wind,  
Down the path, lies the darkness, the forest of sin,  
Hovered by tree tops, and barks with horrifying grins,  
The haunted forest, where no one should dare go in,  
The trees talk in the most hoarse of tongues,  
The spiked leafed trees, doesn't welcome anyone,  
The haunted forest, the most horrifying tunes are sung,  
Horrifying nature of reality projected from their tongues,  
When one goes in no one comes out,  
Paved into the darkness the dead end route,  
With every trespasser a new tree sprouts,  
With every trespasser that enters it leaves horrific shout,  
The ultimate horror of nature without a shout of a doubt,  
The forest of darkness, the darkened torturous death,  
Victims strangled by the vines that take their last breath,  
Inside the mouths, the carnivores eat their heads,  
The stream inside the forest, the river where victims bled,  
The stream of bloody tears, painted red,  
Visions of the darkest Christmas night, the red and green,  
The green trees hovering in darkness and the bloody red stream,  
The forest, the beauty of nature is not what it seems,  
Victims enter the darkness wishing it was all a dream,  
But in reality it's the fatal nightmare in extreme,  
A last prayer is often said, followed by a horrifying scream,  
The forest said to be haunted, around the area no birds sing,  
In the forest, the talking and most deadly trees stand supreme,  
No sunlight shines through the darkness, it's covered by the night,  
Pure horror of lost souls inside the trees, scariest form of nature in plain sight,  
The trees curse at trespassers in the dialect of spite,  
The trespassers enter the forest without the invite,  
Their bodies fed to the trees for the ultimate sacrifice,  
Around their necks their grabbed in the grip of vice,  
For the meal they use their razor sharp leaves to slice,  
Into tiny pieces the body rests in pieces, the ultimate price,  
With a sign that says "do not enter" the sign lays on the ground,  
Into the forest where the human body is hell bound,  
Inside the forest you can hear screaming of the most tormenting sounds,  
With nothing but darkness, bodies lay all around.





# Headsprung Lunacy

Madness of spinning thoughts swirl my mind,  
The funnel cloud that spins for about twenty minutes at a time,  
It's the feeling of something unreal, the image of the dollar sign,  
The million dollar man, holding only a dime,  
The madness of the spinning thoughts, the feeling of divine,  
Impulsive thoughts without consequences, the symptom mania defined,  
Headsprung under the funnel cloud, the tornado of thought,  
In the arms of reality facing delusion I'm caught,  
The energy is squeezed out of me, the breaks cause a screeching halt,  
This phase of mania, is nothing what I thought,  
Headsprung in the twenty minute madness under the full moon,  
But the euphoria ended far too soon,  
The air sucked out of reality from my self esteem balloon,  
The tornado continues, followed by a monsoon,  
The winds blow faster, but my mind slows pace,  
But I continue to wander slower, still flying in grace,  
The mind still stuck in the funnel cloud, my thoughts can't touch base,  
With reality, trapped in a distorted state, my mind races in haste,  
The body exhausted, but the mind remains wide awake,  
Anticipating the moment when the mania breaks,  
The euphoric feeling of being God of everything with no one to relate,  
Mania, the creative phenomenon for this imaginary world I create,  
Out of depression, my shoulders shrug back as I drop the weight,  
The weight on my shoulders is lifted as my mood escalates,  
The feeling of mania, the body is asleep but the mind is awake,  
Conscious of the world around me, so beautiful the storm,  
The positive thoughts inside the funnel cloud swarm,  
Under the full moon in the darkness of night the tornado forms,  
The storm rages all night and lunacy takes flight,  
Lunacy in darkness, the genius that dances in the night,  
Wearing multi colored clothing, that shines so bright,  
During mania, the world that's unjust seems so right,  
The moods elevated past the barrier of normalcy to new heights,  
Trapped in the perfect storm, headsprung in the tornado of delight,  
Headsprung in the twenty minute storm, mania in plain sight,  
In the storm the mind races at light speed,  
The storm heading down an unknown path, the realm of glee,  
Picked up by the hastening winds, this joyful path it proceeds,  
This headsprung lunatic is me.

Kurt Kacich

# Heavenly Slumber

I close my eyes as I rest in heavenly slumber,  
The clouds surround me as rest peacefully before I open awaken to encumber,

Above it all I'm isolated from Earth's reality of plunder,  
As I close my eyes and embrace eternal wonder,

The angels ascend me beyond the bluest of skies,  
Beyond Earth's realm to the highest pinnacle of paradise I rise,  
With my eyes closed I capture the heavens in my imagination blind,

The warmth from the sun comforts me as I ascend prior,  
Until I continue to elevate to the moonlight as I rise higher,

The cool breeze levitates me until I can touch the clouds in my heavenly  
slumber,  
On top of the universe, in the heavens, I open my eyes to eternal wonder.

Kurt Kacich

# Hills Of Hades

The eyes of tomorrows storm open wide,  
For yesterdays blooming darkness resides,  
I open my heart and listen closely  
Nothing is there only a hollow sound  
timid and ghostly,  
We, as humankind march spiritless, broken,  
As I pick up the flower that dies in my palm,  
The grey sky above my head yield the eye of the storm, calm,  
Nights forgotten, forgotten what I once called home,  
In a world of profanity and catastrophe all alone,  
The race of mankind once known as content,  
Is being taking over by a plague of lament,  
With so much pain on my shoulders to bare,  
My eyes turn to the hills of an empty world, nowhere,  
Yesterdays smiles is tomorrows tears,  
The day armageddon arises the world in fear,  
I can only pray that I'm the last that no one can feel my fate,  
Only to suffer and to subside myself with hate.  
Look into my eyes and tell me what you see,  
A pale soul impaled with rapture and a clamoring plea,  
Conceiving a wishlist the blood of his name,  
The once warm and loving heart isn't the same,  
In the asylum that lies within the depths of the insane  
Blood covers the walls, can't keep the mindtricks tame.  
Eating from the hands of pity and devastation,  
Only to swallow the thickening of fuel and desperation,  
Aftermath envisions the promised land,  
Fury, terror, torment, isn't what was once planned...

Kurt Kacich

# Horrors Of The Lalaurie Mansion

The LaLaurie Mansion, the most frightening of all homes,  
The LaLaurie Mansion, where slaves of apparition roam,  
It was once said that in the 1830's it was once a beautiful mansion made of  
stone,  
But until present day, it's considered the torture chamber sending chills to the  
bone,  
Home to Delphine LaLaurie, that resides in the French Quarter,  
In beauty no one was ever to see the blood that ran down the mortar,  
To the slaves it was the place where their lives were brutally cut shorter,  
Delphine LaLaurie, the deranged serial killer who brutally tortured slaves,  
Driven by blood, LaLaurie was herself a slave to the killing rave,  
The woman of torture, that looked through lenses of the crazed,  
The woman who would kill any slave who misbehaved,  
The LaLaurie Mansion, that stands on 1140 Royal Street,  
With beautiful chandeliers, and lights under the attic of deceit,  
In reality, it was home of beautiful fabrics covered in bloody sheets,  
The infamous attic was where the tortures were condoned,  
In present day it's the attic where you hear screaming, crying and moans,  
The LaLaurie Mansion, the beautiful mansion where love was never shown,  
The LaLaurie Mansion, the grave land that she called her home,  
The home was covered in exquisite colorful walls,  
But it was the horrendous tortures against humanity that no one saw,  
Through apparitions of tormented souls its history recalled,  
The brutality of slaves that forever roams through the halls,  
The same halls that was once the party center for the beautiful estate,  
Stands on the corner of Royal Street in America's most haunted state,  
The victims could've been saved, but because the secrecy of LaLaurie's tactics  
were too great,  
By the time the witnesses seen the horrors inside it was too late,  
It was once stated, that a slave girl jumped off her balcony to her grave,  
Chased by Delphine LaLaurie with a whip, so unfortunate was the poor slave,  
It was then the neighbors at the time caught on to the hideous craze,  
But at that point, it was already the end of days,  
A fire once broke out from a slave chained to a stove that set the house ablaze,  
To escape the horror inside the mansion, to be free of pain,  
But again it was too late, for the victims were already slain,  
Within an hour the firefighters put out the flames,  
But to their surprise, their eyes seen inside the walls of the insane,  
Body parts laying on the floor alongside slaves hanging from the ceiling in

chains,  
With sticks attached to the ceiling impaling their brains,  
Something so horrific was the home of Delphine LaLaurie,  
The most haunted home in America, with the gruesome story.

Kurt Kacich

# House Of Cards

The world we live, without a moral code,  
The house of cards, where the bottom structure unfolds,  
Society where the top sits the joker's card,  
Where the foundation shakes with architecture of disregard,  
The house of cards, the shelter for all mankind,  
The foundation of the house so weak it shakes,  
Moral codes built on plastic cards that quakes,  
Chaos of society that trembles the foundation when the beast awakes,  
Such a feeble structure, such pressure it takes,  
Under each fold of the card lives a class of tyranny,  
That feeds on the lower class an act of notoriety,  
Society of the United States where the joker card rules the house  
humiliation of mankind, where equal treatment of humanity and gender is  
without,  
Where on the second level of three rows sits the wildcard,  
Representation of greed, evil, jealousy cruelty, and disregard,  
On the middle level sits the king,  
With rows of five it represents power that government brings,  
Laws of power, evil greed, and a mask of authority where money is everything,  
With the power of man so prevalent it shakes the land,  
Where gender rights and racial value is completely banned,  
Even though the structure appears strong, it's a costume in disguise,  
With bright color embedded on the cards, it's a weak moral code comprised,  
Comprised of reality that's inflicts problems in the nation,  
Where people distribute drugs vulnerable to human sedation,  
In rows of seven projects the glory of the Jack,  
The glory for every young man to follow the Kings the higher stack,  
To reach fame, fortune, prosperity, and to not look back,  
In the row of nine sits the queen,  
The human pressure holder, the working machine,  
To work, care for her children, and keep her world clean,  
Abused by the King the Queen can only weep,  
Weep at society of humankind that marches like mindless sheep,  
On the bottom of the house in rows of twelve sits the cards of hearts,  
The foundation of the house, holding the weight of the world from the start,  
When the winds of greed blows it creates a quake in the tower,  
Which lies a threat of no human rights, laws, freedom, and sense of power,  
Without love no power exists, Without love weakness of foundation is what it  
depicts,

When the foundation snaps the house crumbles to bits,  
When humankind falls, the scroll of moral codes burns in the pits,  
The United States, the House of Cards,  
The nation disguised in power, projected by weakness and disregard.

Kurt Kacich



# Hypnos

In my sleep, my somber sleep,  
My eyes opened wide my somber sleep,  
Aside Lord Hypnos, god of silent sleep,  
Alone in a cave where no sun shines,  
In an alias, along with Zeus alongside the divine,  
Forever asleep surround by poppies and hypnogogic plants.  
Under the spell of Thánatos, and never wishing grants,  
In my sleep, my somber sleep,  
Around me Morpheous creeps,  
To cast away sounds and never awake from sleep,  
I dream under the dark skies of Nyx through the night,  
In my dream I perceive Morpheous, Phobetor, and Phantasos as kings,  
In my dreams escape and salvation is what they bring!  
Through this cave flowed the river of Lethe,  
The river of forgetfulness, the river in my mind I see,  
My eyes opened wide I stare at the beauty of Salene,  
Daughter of titans Hyperion and Theia beautiful is she,  
In my somber sleep, Salene casts over me the moon,  
Also the goddess of the moon, I fall asleep too soon,  
Lord Hypnos god of silent sleep,  
Keep me asleep and cast away the grief!  
Keep me away from the sun that Helios brings,  
Keep me asleep where poppies and hypnogogic plants sings!  
Close the black curtains around me, let me sleep,  
Let me swim in thoughts of epiphany, in the river of Lethe,  
With Endymion forever I sleep under the moon of the lunar diety,  
Forever asleep with Mythological Gods of different variety,  
Lord Hypnos, forever keep my asleep,  
Never more I was my hands in Lethe while I weep.

Kurt Kacich

## Imagination (Paradise)

Happiness, suggested by the wishes others,  
Love, the sun that rises in my eyes from another,  
When the heavens shine and the clouds disperse,  
Fulfillment a feeling to me so surreal and diverse,  
Opens a world so free, so beautiful in its own kind,  
A new beginning, a salvation from the demons inside the mind,  
A feeling I wish everyone could feel,  
A feeling that seems out of reach that seems unreal,  
My heart goes to those, the broken, the beaten, the poor,  
To a land of paradise, a land that's free to explore,  
But what is happiness? How do we reach these shores?  
It's the escape from torment, the dark cloud drowned forevermore,  
The world free from sin, the world made of peace,  
Where the ground rises above from the depths. Beneath,  
Heaven on earth, the paradise with the stairway in front,  
The escape with wings, without evil to confront,  
The land dried of mildew, from the tears in the sky,  
When humanity grows wings, able to fly a high,  
Euphoria, the feeling of great elation,  
The exclusion of turbulence to reach elevation,  
For death mustn't be reached to meet this destination,  
Mortally we can reach this land untouched by devastation,  
Just dig down deep, and think of the good,  
Think of endless faith, think of the things you never would,  
Hold your head high! look up and reach for the skies!  
Think of the heavens! Imagine! Before you close dying eyes!  
For the arms above will open to you in the pearly gates!  
Close your eyes and imagine, the world in your mind you create!  
Free of the darkening shadows, free from fire!  
Open to humanity, whatever love you desire!  
It's real! Heaven on earth is what you feel!  
If you feel the abyss closing in and you feel sin surfacing within,  
Erase your mind, erase the thought of what could've been!  
For life unravels a red carpet, an endless path,  
For humans come to Earth to escape evil's wrath,  
Inner power, inner strength is the key to all glory,  
When you reach this land, leave it on the burning scroll with a story,  
Of the struggle, the rise above the odds,  
But until you dig deep you will never find God.

Kurt Kacich

## In My Mind's Eye (Short Story)

Sanity? What is sanity? Is it the daily thought of homicide or taking away one's heart? Perhaps it's the puzzle the devil mends when it falls apart? But do I have something to explain to the common folk! Do I have a message to tell for it is not a joke! I once climbed to the house down the hill..hoping the phantom who opened would help me leave with a thrill! For I did not know, that this evil spectrum would never leave! Never did I know I would bow down to my knees to an upside down cross with glee! Perhaps it was Leviathan you'd say, but no! I walked into the house and took off my shoes, little did I know I looked into my mirror of delusion and saw my heart beating blue! For this zest also opened what looked like an inverted cross but a gate! Yes! But where does the path lie after the gate? Little did I realize my soul was embedded and tattooed with hate! I heard a slash! The netherworld gates slammed shut! Little did I know, that any evil deed I knew wouldn't be enough! But what is insanity? Is it the place where your mind goes when you sell your soul? But thus! I walked creepily. I felt eyes from the outside walls peer, Almost like a hex sitting on my shoulder or behind me near! But wait! A voice inside my mind trying to remind me why. Little could I remember when I pressed rewind, I picked up a little note laid out on the table near. Looked and observed my nerves trembled with fear! My eyes suddenly turned blind, and I realized how I felt inside! All I could remember from the note was "God, forgive me for what I do, for I have never got the chance to meet you, and if I do save a place for me, leave me with the fortitude to see, that I cannot help my actions after being planted this evil seed inside of me." From that moment on I walked farther into what I thought was a dark hallway or a shadowed room. Almost like a never ending tunnel I followed through. No more did I want to find the light at the end...more did I want to see the dark sides that lay ahead. Then you say insanity...can sanity really be linked to some sort evil deed, or did you ever get a chance to see? Further steps down I walked and witness a foreshadowing light overcast a mirror. I looked inside and saw nothing but tears...tears running from almost hellish looking eyes. I turned around and saw the wraith from the door! I knew I never wanted to see this eyes forevermore...but little did it hit me he shared the same infirmity! I looked deep into its eyes and saw a lust of grey! Almost like whiplash it sent my mind into dismay! My body deadened and knew I had to eradicate the nightmare that lies within those eyes! I looked down to my right hand and found a sickle. I raised it to the right eye and watched the blood trickle. I dreamt for several minutes on what was supposed to be a spirit's deathbed and found myself tied inverted to a cross with a noose. The cross turned upside down and finally I'm loose. Found the garden that buried the angel of death and picked up a black seed! Yes! A black seed that I left to finish my evil deeds! Insanity...the thought of homicide to

other's behind curtains of confusion....insanity the repetition of slaying to finalize  
and rid pain and continuance to induce it.

Kurt Kacich

# In The Arms Of An Angel (Dedicated)

I could've sworn you were there,  
It was you who held me in your arms when I scared,  
It was you who I fell asleep on while you ran your fingers through my hair,  
Still I'm having memories of falling asleep in the arms of an angel,  
I still remember feeling protected and loved from every angle,  
Your eyes were the crystal ball that said everything was going to be okay when  
my mind was mangled,  
Those beautiful eyes that looked down on me when I fell into somber sleep,  
Your hands represent the touch of the divine while you wiped the tears from my  
eyes,  
Truly an apparition of an angel that came down from the skies,  
The apparition of a light that made the world beautiful when everything else  
died,  
You are truly an angel, I can still see your wings as I look up high,  
You make everything beautiful even in the darkest of nights,  
And always know that I'll love you forever even in spite,  
You are the drug of comfort that took my life to new heights,  
You are the covenant of trust that I give to you with my life,  
In the darkest parts your presence lets me know that everything is alright,  
The beautiful face of an angel that brings me feelings of delight,  
Missing you forever when you're not in sight,  
The beautiful angel that makes my world right,  
I could've sworn I've seen you in my dreams,  
I could've sworn I've seen you came to me through a white beam,  
But when I woke up I realized it was sunlight coming through my window in  
gleam,  
Without you I realized it was only a dream....  
Still I'm having memories remembering it wasn't what it seemed,  
Truly a dream coming true for that point in time,  
In the arms of an angel, I hoped forever you were mine,  
I prayed it was the bright face of reality, not another illusion in my mind,  
When I closed my eyes I felt your hand hold mine,  
And together up the stairway of heaven we climbed,  
I remember with you we adjusted the sun, only on us it shined,  
Together forever, in feelings of sublime,  
If I ever could, I wish I could repeat this moment one more time,  
And take my life back through a time warp and leave everything else behind,  
Close the curtains and let the purity of love unwind.  
Under the spotlight of the sun, only on us it shines.

Kurt Kacich

## Incarnation (Relaxation)

As I sit back and exhale, I watch my breath clear the clouds,  
The clouds that disintegrate as I meditate to clarify thoughts in crowds,  
Salvation from outside critics, it's my mind in clarity and my self esteem proud,  
It's the feeling where time freezes over the atmosphere,  
It's when I inhale and exhale majestic oxygen in lines of linear,  
Clarity of mind, the detox for depression,  
Meditation, the antagonist for repression,  
Where you exhale and the center of energy is split without aggression,  
Relaxation, where the fiercest winds are a calm breeze,  
When the calm breeze turns to comfort to put the mind at ease,  
The mind at ease, where you hear sounds of the most peaceful seas,  
Relaxation, that opens the door to paradise that needs a key,  
Clarity of mind, the cure for all mental disease,  
I close my eyes and breathe out and feel my soul levitate,  
I feel like Jesus ascending into the heavens while I elevate,  
The imaginary elevator from wings on my back that my mind creates,  
The merry go round carrying conflicting thoughts halt, without debate,  
After I fall three times to Golgotha I drop the cross and release the weight,  
Where serotonin and norepinephrine are stirred in my mind and conjugate,  
Everytime my mind is clear, I'm incarnated from my old life procreated,  
During incarnation reality turns to fantasy while I'm sedated,  
My soul wakes up in mania in the world I created,  
Where blue eyes open with shine representing stars in the night, my soul is  
elated,  
I elevate and adjust the sun and moon to my own creation reinstated,  
An artist in my own world where cruelty and kindness are unrelated,  
My world something similar to paradise in stories annotated,  
Incarnation, where I wake up to a better world I recreated,  
Relaxation, where I exhale and the beauty of the world and my mind is  
correlated,  
Clarity of mind, the escape from the world that's R-rated,  
Where beauty rests in nightfall,  
And color theory of the night isn't relevant at all,  
Where sun shines through my soul like transparent light,  
The transparent light that cleanses the soul so bright,  
My mind in clarity, where everything that's wrong turns right,  
Incarnation, where despair converts to delight,  
The salvation that stands in front of me in the form of a door in plain sight,  
The door opens and I enter a new life,



My dreams represent cleansing of the mind from despite to flight,  
The elevation to the clouds, my soul is recreated,  
During incarnation my soul elevates in the human eye as air,  
The wind lifts me out of my body, and I'm escorted from despair,  
The weight is lifted off my body in which I can't bear,  
The mirror of universal God into the mirror that I stare,  
Is the experience of incarnation of human life that still remains unaware,  
To escape the soul of the world that's cruel and unfair.

Kurt Kacich

# Insult Tyranny

Beyond the eye of the pyramid sits the tyrant of power,  
The king under darkened black skies his rules forever devour,  
Devour the universe under napalm showers,  
A land that was once a beautiful galore of flowers,  
Is now hell fire and brimstone through flaming scour,  
The tyrant of power sits calmly on his throne,  
The ruler of the land where harmony isn't shown,  
Many wish that forever his reign will one day be overthrown,  
Through grey eyes his sight rests on the universe of his own,  
His words are weapons that project from his voice,  
Leaving everything in danger through demand without a choice,  
He sits in majesty, the crown of glory he hoists,  
In the throne room surrounded by the most beautiful columns in joist,  
His resignation from the throne is the ultimate rejoice,  
His words are the artillery that blasts explosion is tirades,  
Insults that cuts through shields and armor with razor sharp blades,  
Through freedom of mankind his tyranny in moral code is forever betrayed,  
Opposition resulting in death, leaving everyone afraid,  
Darkened skies rest above the universe for decades,  
For one day the reign of terror will be over the people pray,  
Many wish that before the age of horrors the world stayed the same,  
The hellish authority figures dance under his power in masquerade,  
Singing songs of an evil orchestra in serenade,  
This land forever blocked by sunlight under a never ending shade,  
Fiery skulled armies roam the world forever in Crusades,  
Under his rule the world is a darkened black hole,  
This ancient age of terror through tyranny that in history will be a story told,  
And true evil under tyranny will unfold,  
Winds blow through his words so bold,  
True expression from his vocabulary freezes hell over as his blood runs cold,  
Many believe that through the devil he sold his soul,  
But religion is a lie, forever in this story told,  
The true beast in the king that sits comfortably on the throne,  
That awakens terror through words in the most wicked tone.

Kurt Kacich

# Invisible

Invisible to the world around the likes of humanity,  
These few remain exiled and sit at the receiving end of vanity,  
In their minds they're unique, to the outside they fall into the lines of insanity,  
Frustrated at the world they express their emotions through screams of  
profanity,  
Unable to wear themselves inside out they're words remain soundproof,  
They only hope that the world can understand the truth,  
They only wished that one day they're family would embrace them with affection  
during youth,  
So they cling on to any hand givin to them from outside the picture,  
So they close the doors and lock themselves inside their imaginary world from  
parental stricture,  
If only the world can see through them and acknowledge their life,  
They often wonder what it'd be like if the world can see them through  
transparent light,  
And what it would be like to escape the spite, how to water the flames inside that  
ignite,  
Invisible to the world, they are only looking for salvation from being alone,  
They can only pray that their minds will sedate light speed thoughts in the form  
of a cyclone,  
The same cyclone that embraces violence that the "real" world doesn't condone,  
Some use anger to drive them downhill to the abyss, and other use substances  
that sedate the mind like hydrocodone,  
Seeing evil around them from abusive families, left with the only knowledge  
known,  
Watching bloodshed and screaming voices as a child they're petrified to stone,  
They carry repressing memories with them grown, and walk into reality  
unknown,  
From an early age they try to grab reach out hoping a friend can catch their  
hand,  
But with the reach comes the swiping momentum from the outside, the hatred  
inside expands,  
They often say to themselves that they wish people would understand,  
What they feel inside, but the outside keeps their minds closed and don't give  
them a chance,  
Walking alone down the modern day path to Golgotha the pain the rests on their  
shoulders advance,  
Invisible to the world, they're the people suffering from paranoia of human life,  
They're the population that only know the experience of strife,

Grabbing on to any helping hand, they live on the edge of the knife,  
With desperation they turn to the enlightenment of Christ,  
Often confused they find themselves mistaken for societies beliefs and the  
teachings priests entice,  
But they're the real criminals hiding behind the mask with powers of illumanti  
sufficed,  
Sufficed behind the mask of evil that commits crimes of rape at the highest  
degree of heist,  
Destined to prove to the world their pain, the evil seed grows and society pays  
the ultimate price,  
That one school morning where they sacrifice their freedom and life,  
Killing of innocent lives, to which are inferior to their psychologically to their  
minds,  
With the scheming plot to destroy the world dozens at a time,  
The anatomy of school shootings the problems that arise in the form of crime,  
The neglected, the bullied, the population in modern day hell of American  
confined,  
Life sentenced in prison alone again alone in darkness all the time,  
The end of their lonely lives, only now the transparent light shines.

Kurt Kacich

# Karma Boomerang

The razor sharp boomerang called karma, the object stalker,  
Follows the predator with the bulls eye on his shirt, the evil walker,  
The bulls eye on his shirt, decorated from pain and blood inflicted on others,  
The boomerang attached from behind the predator, the blood brother,  
The C shaped boomerang that sharpens on edge from pain of another,  
The C shaped boomerang that stands upright with legs and an arch,  
Karma, the creeper that walks and stiffens in starch,  
Behind the predator, it's invisible march,  
Invisible to the human eye, it constantly observes,  
With eyes of its own on opposing ends of its curves,  
The journal of evil deeds, the invisible superhero the reputation it serves,  
The boomerang, that shatters human life in reverse,  
With every evil deed the boomerang takes flight,  
Like a slingshot, the worse the deed the elevation to height,  
The higher the boomerang, the deeper the fangs bite,  
Unexpected, it hits the bull's eye beyond light speed velocity,  
The quicker the speed, the higher atrocity,  
An invisible death plane the turbulent ferocity,  
The boomerang called karma with razor sharp fangs,  
Over the head of predator, it hovers in circles where it hangs,  
The moral roulette of evil's game,  
The game of karma, playing Frisbee with the razor sharp boomerang,  
Karma, often linked to revenge,  
Constantly following the bulls eye the fighter plane in avenge,  
The phenomenon of karma beyond visual sense,  
The bulls eye bleeds with every wrongdoing and the blood continues to  
condense,  
The pupils in the eyes on the boomerang dilate and takes offence,  
It must destroy the bulls eye, it's legs becomes tense,  
Periodically it slows down and follows the predator in walking form,  
The boomerang called karma, the superhero filled with scorn,  
From the Frisbee game to the moral soldier it transforms,  
Wearing invisible colors of hate, the color of hate is worn,  
When it descends it creates the most fierce of storms,  
Traveling quicker than light it bites into the bulls eye,  
Associated with a falling angel, it's the deathbringer from the sky,  
Creating a storm of catastrophe to the predator in body and mind,  
The razor sharp fangs of the boomerang that hovers instinctively a high.  
Karma, the game where the predator must die.

Kurt Kacich

# Kharon

In Etruscan Mythology, Charun is the ferryman of underworld,  
A large creature with snake like hair,  
Very scary creature is he, with a hellish stare,  
A vulture hooked nose, large tusks and boar, and discolored skin in galore,  
He also had heavy brow ridges, large lips, and eyes of fire,  
Snakes around him arm, black colored beard, and a mind of dark desires,  
With enormous wings he often seen as the angel of death,  
A modern day grim reaper that escorts them to the depths,  
The depths of the underworld, or a Christian-viewed purgatory,  
It is viewed as not a punishment but a neutral territory,  
In Greek Mythology his name is Charon, the ferryman of Hades,  
The ferryman that also transports the newly deceased to the darker shades,  
His route is the two rivers of Acheron and Styx,  
With eyes of insanity he stares at the living and dead transfixed,  
To be escorted he places an obol or coin on or in the mouth of the dead,  
With his left hand to receive the dead and his right hand holding a ferrymans  
pole to hurl ahead,  
He rows the boat between the two rivers with living on the left and the deceased  
on the right,  
But for those who were left unburied or could not pay the fee, Charon looked at  
them in spite,  
They were to wander the shores for a hundreds years through the darkness of  
the night,  
But in my minds eye Kharon was a character of a more fiercer being,  
He was ragged in attire, wore the wings of fallen angels, of rotten black and dark  
green,  
His face was that of a horrifying clown, and he wore the hood from the cowl,  
Instead of a halo he wore fire around his skull, and he breathed fire from his  
mouth that left a stench so foul,  
Around his arms he carried poisonous snakes with heads of deceased human  
beings,  
His eyes represented that of bloodshot that dripped down his body used for  
seeing,  
He carried a bowl of blood in one hand and a machete in the other,  
The bowl of stone that he drinks is the blood from of others,  
The same blood that came from the rivers of Acheron and Styx,  
The two rivers on opposite shores where the living and the dead conflicts,  
In my minds eye where the good go they will take be escorted by their own  
wings to skies,

Where the cruel go they will have to take the descending route to hell and look  
Kharon in the eyes,  
The free fee for the cruelly deceased without the obol placed in their mouth,  
In my minds eye Kharon isn't the ferryman but the enforcer that put the evil to  
work,  
That will kill on sight if they don't row the boat and will kill with a smirk,  
He has a laugh so frightening it is depicted that it melts skin off the bones,  
It's purpose is to let the evil souls freeze without skin when they meet the  
throne,  
Within years you often see him feeding off the skin from his victims on the boat,  
With crumbs of flesh that feeds the scorpions and spiders that crawl up and down  
his coat,  
His skin is made of toxic chemicals, the same as the poison dart frog,  
That freely sets out poison into the atmosphere making victims sick from the  
smog,  
Kharon the creature that escorts evil to hell,  
To meet the most horrifying of evil in the depths to dwell.

Kurt Kacich



# King On Cloud Nine

On top of Earth, floating on cloud nine,  
Above the other eight clouds, the sacred shrine,  
The ninth cloud, the one that floats above all other stages in the mind,  
cloud nine, the cloud closest to sunlight,  
Happiness beyond the human eye of sight,  
Within hands reach of the divine, that ultra violet light,  
The ninth cloud, looking down on the planet that's right,  
The planet inside your imagination, something surreal,  
With the mouth closed shut, the land of dreams concealed,  
The god of your imagination the throne on the ninth cloud revealed,  
Cloud nine, that sits closest to the moonlight,  
Embraced by the beautiful light that shines in the night,  
Often called the man on the moon, The man on the cloud in plain sight,  
The sacred cloud nine, the cloud in the darkness that remains white,  
The ninth cloud, that surrounds me in feelings of happiness and delight,  
The white mass that protects me from feelings of spite,  
Floating on cloud nine, beyond the Earth's possible height,  
But what a wonderful feeling! To sit above reality,  
Mind overwhelmed by illusion, the overexaggerated fictional mentally,  
But what a wonderful feeling! The soft clouds projecting sensuality,  
What I see as beyond the realm of heaven, cloud nine my visual modality,  
Heaven the fictional palace where everything is glorious,  
The aftermath of overcoming struggle, what blue eyes see as meritorious,  
Behold the crown! To win the war inside the mind, victorious!  
Cloud nine, the heavenly throne for the king of the skies,  
The clouds, that float above Earth, over every aspect comprised,  
The sky, above the world in the reflection from blue eyes,  
Cloud nine, that only place that the divine sees,  
Beyond the mind of humanity, the place beyond belief,  
The salvation from suffering, the reward from decades of grief,  
From on top of titan mountains, I look down,  
Safe from danger, the cloud protects me from pain all around,  
Escaped from the human body, the mind looks down to the ground,  
On cloud nine, I sit above the Earth with the platinum crown,  
The King that floats above the skies, he sits on the throne,  
That ninth cloud, in the realm beyond humanity, unknown,  
The colors of blue and white, sensitive to human's retinal cone,  
On cloud nine, what I call my home.



# Labyrinth Of The Spider Web

The spider web of time,  
Surrounded by walls of grass and vine,  
Is the path to existence beyond the mind,  
It's the labyrinth of time,  
The spider web of the color white,  
Knitted through experience and sight,  
For every memory the web connects tight,  
For every hardship the wall stands in plain sight,  
A circus of the trail to life,  
Overlooked from Siats of trife,  
Siats the cannibalistic clowns of spite,  
From birth we land on this infamous web of time,  
Covered over from the sun that shines so bright,  
Constantly running away from the spiders that bite,  
The spiders called Siats the circus clowns derived from fright,  
From birth we crawl on this scattering time web,  
Until we can walk away from dread,  
And eventually climb the walls surrounding our heads,  
The labyrinth of time, that surrounds us whole,  
Beyond the mind, is something we supposedly will never know,  
The creative aspect of life falls and gets trapped in the web,  
The scattering time web, life's experiences and thoughts in the head,  
A constant race to reach the end of the path,  
The path on the tightly knitted web, escaping life's wrath,  
In this game called the time web, we're born to lose,  
Until we reach mental clarity and escape the blind and confused,  
Blind to the struggles in front of us with no path to choose,  
Using the path within the walls as clues,  
The labyrinth of life, the spider web of Siats,  
The never-ending path without choice or bias,  
The scattering time web, reality of life without pious,  
Every halt of walking forward envisions in the mind, the Siat,  
The horrid vision of the smiling clown with wolf like teeth,  
The predator in the game where humans are pray beneath,  
Humans being the flies surrounded by a family of Venus fly traps,  
The carnivorous plant life that eats human life in its lips it catches,  
Traps the human before further memories and experiences can hatch,  
From the arms of Siats the Venus fly traps are attached,  
The never ending game is the Labyrinth of the time web,

The game where humans are born to lose in the state of dread,  
To escape the Siats sitting on the walls above our head.

Kurt Kacich

# Legacy Of The Purple Robe

The legacy of the purple robe,  
Worn by the most powerful of kings, Gods, and highest of lords,  
The purple robe of majesty, embedded with diamond galore,  
The legacy of the apparel and the creator never seen before,  
In correlation with the platinum crown,  
The Creator of everything wearing the magic gown,  
Beyond the planet Earth, the creator beyond the renowned,  
Creator of the nine planets and the galaxy all around,  
Beyond the sky, the solar system painted by the creator,  
The creator without a name, the universe's dictator,  
Higher than Zeus, God, Allah, something much greater,  
The creator with portraits of the universe, the painter,  
Wearing the purple gown and the platinum crown, the God of all,  
Within the asteroid belt, the universe's wall,  
In the creator's portrait, the solar system enthralled,  
Not a religion, but something higher than the skies,  
Something invisible, looking down on the Earth with blue eyes,  
Beyond religion, the highest of the power of gods refined,  
The artist of the universe's blueprint that's intricately designed,  
Creator of the moon, the grass, the mountains, and the sun that shines,  
The purple robe beyond the stars, worn by the creator in the royal shrine,  
The purple robe and the platinum crown, only worn by the most creative of mind,

For this creator was truly a painter, an artist of the universe,  
Inflicted by hypergraphia and insanity of mind, the artist's curse,  
That sits above the realm of space when the planets dispersed,  
At one point everything was one planet cluttered in space,  
Until he created boundaries within the realm that separated planets in a linear  
trace,  
Above the galaxy in the darkened realm beyond the stars the creator's place,  
Until he created the new portrait of the big bang, and the old blueprint was  
replaced,  
Within one shattering boom of the storm, the portraits transformed in haste,  
And the cluttered planet was forgotten forever without a trace,  
Now separated in the solar system, 9 planets are spread in space,  
The purple robe, only worn by the artist and the God of everything,  
Compulsively observing his portrait sitting on the different sections of the  
asteroid ring,  
The platinum crown, and the purple robe, worn by the ultimate king,

Beyond religion, the highest power humans never seen,  
The creator, that painted everything.

Kurt Kacich

# Loneliness

Loneliness, deadlier than the seven sins,  
fear, the avoidance of reality within,  
Love, the feeling humanity will never reach,  
Three cornerstones forever more I seek,  
Feelings drowned in the deepest of seas,  
Emptiness inside the highest degree,  
Misunderstood, no one will ever see,  
What hides behind blue eyes and beneath,  
Unable to tame the beast inside,  
Unable to awake and open dying eyes,  
Caged inside waiting for the moment to cease,  
Caged inside waiting for the demons to unleash,  
Alone, under the darkest of clouds in the sky,  
Alone, from birth until the day I die,  
So I close my eyes and hope to fall in somber sleep,  
So I close my eyes and feel numb, I cannot weep,  
They say things happen for a reason,  
They say not believing in a higher being is treason,  
So many terms in hopes of reconcile, I weep, I weep,  
Hoping one day to never awake, I sleep, I sleep,  
A world so cold and cruel, hoping one day to say good bye,  
Banished morals, hostility, opposition, underneath the sky,  
Confused, I ponder why I'm awake and can't sleep,  
Baffled, my heart swells, I slowly weep, chronically I weep!  
If I can close my eyes and hope to be in a better place,  
Would I be remembered, or forever erased?  
My mind is paralyzed, I can't feel the pain,  
Oh so lovely the feeling, the feeling without a name,  
Oh so lovely the world around me, oh so lovely,  
With no salvation, glued to the corner, I cannot move,  
Oh God, how I need you, Oh god, are you real or even true?  
So I dig down deep and feel my heart turn colder than the freezing moon,  
My ears are ringing from the sounds of the most horrific tune,  
Of course I can close my eyes and pray,  
Of course I can imagine, and hope for a better day,  
but how foolish am I! let's pretend everything is ok,  
Hopping over hurdles for many years I finally fell,  
Without a blanket to warm me I'm trapped in a cold spell,  
Perhaps you can relate, for perhaps I'm not alone,

Ha! Loneliness, humanity's favorite word, where love isn't shown.

Kurt Kacich



# Magic In The Mundane World

The candles surround me in the four corners of the Pentagram,  
I close my eyes and reach as the Mother Goddess grabs my hand,  
My mind leaves reality as the magic energy expands,

The candles flicker from the magic interfering with the mundane,  
My mind goes free as I acquire the powers of the arcane,  
Suddenly my consciousness alters from the state that I always saw the same,  
I see myself through the reflection of a deity without a name,

I can feel the warmth from the candle fire from below,  
As the path in my minds eye directs me to the path I chose,  
The wind pushes me further towards the water where I can cleanse my soul,  
I can see the magic that lies in the Earth, in the clearest sight to behold,

Kurt Kacich

# Masking The Shadows

Behind the mask, sits the long face,  
The smiley face, that hovers madness without a trace,  
The portable mask, that can be worn in any place,  
Covered with yellow plastic over the face of hate,  
Hiding human emotion during any state,

The black marker drawn in the form of a smile,  
The ultimate delusion, the mask of denial,  
The beholder of the mask the madman so vile,  
The madman so creative whose thoughts are versatile,  
Misery yearning company behind the black smile,

When the mask is off the true colors show,  
The mind of a madman whose emotions no one will ever know,  
Built up confusion and anger caged from long ago,  
Covered by the smiling mask, that covers his face whole,

Behind the mask, displays the face pain,  
Torment covered over open wounds forever remain,  
The darkened shadow that follows him everyday,  
The shadow that follows him in the form of a game,

The mask that rids the shadows behind him,  
Hides the horror and fear within,  
In a altered dimension of torment and sin,  
He wears the mask with the black grin,

No one will ever know how he feels,  
Within himself his world that remains unreal,  
The mask represents happiness forever ideal,  
His emotions behind shadows without reveal.

Kurt Kacich

# Memory Lane

Let's take a trip down memory lane,  
Take my hand, follow me down memory lane,  
Let's escape this realm of pain,  
Let's close our eyes and pretend it's the same,  
Use your imagination, use your dreams inside,  
Follow me down memory lane where glee reside,  
Together, paradise, hold my hand,  
hold my hand where here, the promised land,  
Open your eyes, what do you see?  
Look around we are free!  
The place you never thought we'd be,  
Grip my hand tighter don't you cry,  
We're here, memory lane, look at the sky,  
Look at the beauty, glance a high,  
Observe the flowers blooming so beautiful indeed,  
I have the key, let's open the gate, we are free!  
At last! Together forever! Look into my eyes,  
My blue eyes, the eyes that resemble the skies,  
Memory lane, the place where love is true,  
The place where you hear echoes saying "I love you"  
Keep your eyes closed, use your mind,  
Let's keep walking down memory lane, we'll be done in time,  
I'm enjoying it here, I'm sure you are too,  
Let's create past times, let's make them new,  
Kiss my lips and close your eyes,  
feel my touch and unravel the surprise,  
Look at the ring, yes the ring! I found on the path,  
It's your choice, do you want to stay or turn back?  
It's your choice to exit or enter fidelity,  
Now I want you to open your eyes,  
Welcome to reality....

Kurt Kacich

## Merry Go Round (Broken Home)

A broken home, feeling home alone,  
A circus with a merry go round riding all alone,  
Round and round riding to the ugliest tune,  
riding into the wind, darkness is all he consumes,  
Can he say hokus pokus and pull a family out of a hat?  
Where are the parents at?  
Where can he find someone to talk to? Someone to chat?  
Round and round he rides, a never ending story,  
Round and round the merry go round, the quest for glory,  
The same old story, the same feeling of lone,  
The merry go round that doesn't lead home,  
The problem child, the child that's alone,  
There's no control, he just let's his emotions go,  
Being broke, very hazardous to health,  
Living life naive to the life of wealth,  
Round and round he goes,  
Pain and loneliness is all he knows,  
A poor soul, that lives in a broken home,  
With a mind more powerful than the era of Rome,  
He pulls out a notebook with a pen,  
And ignores the people outside him, he loathes them,  
The crowd in the circus laughs at him, the joke to the world,  
around the merry go round, same pace as the planet twirls,  
around the merry go round, he twirls, he whirls,  
the merry go round pauses, he bends over and hurls,  
The crowd applause,  
But the problem inside isn't resolved,  
A clown in their eyes, the sinister joke,  
I places a bag over his head, his eyes in tote,  
He can't stand the sight of the real,  
Numbness to the outside is all he can feel,  
Again the merry go round, goes round and round,  
His ears ringing his eyes light up to the sound,  
He's numb to happiness, numb to emotion,  
Numb to conflict, he's used to the commotion,  
A broken home, the place where the poor goes,  
The broken home, the place that the wealthy doesn't know,  
It's chaos under the big top, the place to point fingers,  
The merry go round, the attraction where pain lingers,

Kurt Kacich

# Monochrome World

As I look outside my window all I see is monochrome,  
The black and white world is what's outside, where color isn't shown,  
As I look outside, I almost forgot what I once called home,

I remember those green trees that guarded the landscape from afar,  
I remember the blue moon in the night that shined with the north star,  
I remember when the leaves would fall in colors of yellow, brown, and green,  
I remember the mystic reflection of my smile as I gazed at the ever flowing  
stream,

When I would awake from slumber I would see light emphasize the color of the  
Earth,  
And when I would lay my head to sleep I would dream of the illumination from  
the moon that put me in mirth,

But I almost forgot what I called home from the moment of birth,  
This monochrome world is only a shadow of what the color of the world was  
worth.

Kurt Kacich

# Mother Of Mercy

Mother of mercy breathe your life into me,  
Open my mind let me see everything there is to see,

Mother of mercy, take my hand and guide me to the pearly gates,  
Show me the land of make believe,  
Put me to somber sleep and make me dream,

Make me dream of the world around me so beautifully surreal,  
Take me under your wing and take me away from what's real,  
Mend the broken covenant of morals by stitching the broken seal,

Mother of mercy, take me to the window where the light shines through,  
In my dreams, mother of mercy, every night I dream of you,

Spread your wings and hover over my bedside and protect me from all evil,  
Mother of mercy, open the window so I can see the light,  
Let the light shine through my eyes so bright,  
Be alive so I can be protected in the night,

When the light shines through spread your wings,  
Only you Mother of Mercy is the most beautiful of beings,  
Mother of Mercy, breathe your life into me.

Kurt Kacich

# Mount Olympus

Mount Olympus home to many Gods that ruled the Earth,  
The highest mountain of Greece, that represented power and mirth,  
Home of Zeus the youngest son of Cronus and Rhea, the King of Gods,  
The all powerful ruler of the skies retaining power from the lightning rod,  
Wedded to Hera the Queen of the Gods, Goddess of marriage and motherhood,  
The Goddess of women over the world, to make women's power understood,  
Where Poseidon rises the trident to the sky and the rain pours down,  
The God of the seas, horses and earthquakes, that rules the waters all around,  
Mount Olympus where Demeter manipulates the season down on Earth,  
The seasons of fall, winter, spring, and summer, The Goddess of fertility and birth,  
Home to Hestia the Goddess that creates shelters for the Earth,  
The daughter of Cronus and Rhea, the sister of Zeus, for what its' worth,  
Where the doves fly in Mount Olympus you'll find Aprodite,  
Aprodite, the goddess of sexuality, beauty and love,  
Enriched with robes of glamour and the symbol of doves,  
Where light comes from Mount Olympus Apollo embraces power,  
God of light, healing, music, poetry, prophecy, archery and the arts,  
The savior of expression that leads humankind to perception of the heart,  
Mount Olympus the home of the one man army Ares, the God of War,  
Symbolic to bloodshed, boars and spears, to protect Olympus and to settle the score,  
When the sun goes down in the sky you'll find Artemis sitting on the moon,  
The Goddess of the moon and the hunt, that brings darkness during sleep during a swoon,  
Where weapons and tools are created on Mount Olympus lies in the hands of Hephaestus,  
The bastard son of Hera the God of forge and fire that brings light to the moon,  
Mount Olympus, the palace that needs a messenger from the sky to the Earth,  
Hermes, the messenger from Olympus, the God of commerce and thieves,  
The proof of Gods on Mount Olympus Hermes spreads the common beliefs.

Kurt Kacich



# Mr. Nameless

His name was Mr. Nameless,  
The man yearning for fame with different faces,  
Struck with cycles of the glory and pain it embraces,  
He was born into a broken home,  
The broken home stranded all alone,  
He knew he wanted to be something great,  
He was aware of the pain he could take,  
He knew he wanted to help the world, no matter what deed to partake,  
Mr. Nameless the man of knowledge through mistakes,  
Mr. Nameless known for having a bad temperament,  
He wanted to be a marine, a modern day martyr, to remember men,  
The men who fought for freedom, even when their country double crosses them,  
Mr. Nameless who wanted to help the world no matter what it meant,  
What it meant to anybody, he wanted to be seen as heaven sent,  
Mr. Nameless wanted to be a modern day superhero,  
So he started writing to paper from the biro,  
To spread the good words and problems of society with feedback of zero,  
Mr. Nameless who would sacrifice himself for others in regards to pain,  
A deep desire for no one else to feel the same,  
No matter what hardship he endured he never pointed a finger to blame,  
the finger to blame anyone else, he continued to endure the shame,  
Mr. Nameless who was the walking mat to mankind,  
Mr. Nameless who gave his heart hoping for reimbursement throughout the end  
of time,  
The man diagnosed with disease in the mind,  
Disease from mental trauma and stress from his past from before he was nine,  
Bloody beatings, and visions of realistic horror he was left to remind,  
Remind himself of the world around him that he couldn't anymore bare,  
He looked in the mirror and didn't feel the same, he couldn't find peace  
anywhere,  
Mr. Nameless, who held thoughts of murder he couldn't share,  
Mr. Nameless the pale face of pain with a blank stare,  
The blank stare in the mirror he couldn't see himself,  
He started seeing a psychologist he knew he needed help,  
Mr. Nameless who was often told by others to "be yourself"  
It was himself he could never find, it was the everyday confusion he felt,  
It was the lack of self esteem he felt deep down in himself,  
Mr. Nameless the man with a heart of gold,  
He would spread his early life stories he told,

The early drug problems and suicide attempts that no one known,  
He was the modern day Cupid to give love that wasn't shown,  
But away with his dreams slowly with winds of plague his dreams were blown,  
Blown away by anxiety, he never left his home,  
He could no longer associate with the outside,  
He could no longer help anyone else, without himself to confide,  
Mr. Nameless who never wanted help,  
The man who would turn on the lamp and couldn't see light,  
On the paper, his only therapy, for hours he would compulsively write,  
Under something he couldn't see, a light that shined so bright,  
Mr. Nameless who wanted the best for others and the wanted the world to be  
right,  
Feeling his life long dream of being famous he thought wasn't realistic and out of  
sight,  
Until it was too late and he couldn't take the ruminating thoughts he felt,  
So his body liquidated to ink in the pen where his emotions melt,  
Into modern day poetry to his last suicide note from the pain that he felt,  
To his memory, the aftermath of hanging himself from his ceiling with a belt,  
His writings amongst the world flourished,  
Little did the world know that his soul was malnourished,  
He was blinded in his eyes from fame, but he really wanted love from others so  
he could be nourished  
Mr. Nameless who was destined for fame,  
Mr. Nameless the martyr of the good word for centuries afterward he became.

Kurt Kacich

# My Room

On a cold night, a night filled with gloom with nothing in sight,  
I found myself sitting, staring behind closed doors,  
Slammed shut but what reason for?  
Closed for the reason of the fear that lies outside,  
Outside my doors, outside the place I hide!  
So alone in my room is where I reside,  
my escape, my only escape.  
My room, the only place where I can close my eyes and establish myself into a  
world I can create.  
This world I create,  
but can you only imagine?  
Can you imagine a world with skies of blue?  
Can you imagine a world with grass filled with green,  
and ever flowing streams?  
Sounds a lot like reality,  
but only reality in paradise...  
Only then can I clear my mind,  
only then can I dig down deep and find salvation inside,  
in my room I sit, In my room I contemplate the possibly of a place on the other  
side.  
The other side the outside. The place I flee!  
The place emptier than loneliness.  
But will I ever face my fears?  
Will I look the demons in the eyes?  
Will I ever put my hands together and look to the sky?  
Well, I suppose I could but the ceiling blocks the light.  
The dimming light diminishes the light.  
Will I ever see that beacon that shines so bright?  
I will never know until I face the outside.  
The outside so ugly and cruel.  
The place where evil, greed, and tyranny rule.  
But what has the outside done to me?  
Is it me just being scared?  
Is it God not catching my prayers?  
My room, the place I lay my head to sleep.  
My pillow, the catcher of the tears I weep, I weep!  
My bed, the place my body lays to rest,  
sleep, a coping skill, the best.  
Sleep the place where fate depicts my dreams....

oh how I love to dream. Oh how I wish it was real,  
or at least that it may seem. But reality is the evil inside my mind.  
Oh how I wish I could live in a dream or perhaps in due time.

Kurt Kacich

# My Soul Under Siege

People have always asked me, what do I fear most,  
I often feel tense, for that I always reply truthfully and do not boast,

I always reply it's the face I see in the mirror before I go to sleep,  
But not for the face that's lies on the skin,  
But the face of torment in my soul within,  
No one can imagine what they'd seen if they looked inside their soul,  
And without depth perception they will never know,

But I can see past the comedy mask on my face,  
I can see beneath my skin and find the darkest place,  
The soul that holds secrets locked safe,  
Inside the soul of clouded darkness that takes up the entire space.

When people ask me what it feels like to dig deep inside my thoughts  
I tell them all the time,  
It's like walking through paradise but blind,  
For I can not pull out what I feel inside,  
It's locked shut inside my soul, where everything died.

No matter what mask I wear, whether it's comedy or tragedy,  
I take it off before I fall asleep in dreams of surreal insanity,

I can't distinguish whether the nightmare is real or fantasy,  
But I know that my thoughts are swallowed inside my soul through calamity,  
With open wounds without cloth to bandage me.

The blood of mental scars seep through as I close my eyes,  
Through the lenses of either mask of me in disguise,  
Only the soul holds the secrets inside projected through lies.

Kurt Kacich

# Natural Comfort

I used to always believe that I was always alone,  
But no matter where I was I felt someone was always watching me,  
Was I paranoid in a delusion?

I remember that morning,  
That morning when I awoke to the light of the sun rather than the darkness  
behind the shades,  
And then I saw the all seeing eye,  
That all seeing eye of the sun gazing down on my existence,

I was curious so I ventured out my "comfortable vicinity",  
As I opened my ears to nature rather than profanity around me, I heard the wind  
singing my name,  
The wind still continues to blow and I hear my name, I know I'm not alone,

As the wind blew I saw the tall sprouts of grass waving to me in the most friendly  
gesture,  
I looked around in awe for reality is a lot more than what I originally saw,

I kept walking further until I came across the nearest lake,  
The water was flowing so gently as it welcomed me,  
I washed my face in the water and cleansed my sight,  
Everything I saw before me that was so dark turned out so bright,

It was then, the day shift of the bright orange eye went to sleep,  
Then the other eye of the moon shined over the night shift around me,  
Still, through the night the wind continued to call my name,

Though because the night made everything around me a bit colder, I pulled out a  
candle,  
I felt the warmth of the fire, surrounded me, protecting me,  
I closed my eyes and prayed to the Goddess above,  
In return I was granted infinite company of the most beautiful natural beings in  
the universe.  
The nature comforts me day and night, I'm never alone.

Kurt Kacich

# Nicotine Elevator

Welcome to the elevator in the mind,  
That runs through the veins of nicotine inside,  
Up and down the ride, side to side,  
Induced pleasure from the most popular drug worldwide,  
When the drug hits the brain, the soul flies high,  
Without the drug is a route to hell down the slippery slide,  
Grasped by the harness over my shoulders,  
The nicotine rush floods my body as my blood turns colder,  
My pupils dilate looking through the eyes of the beholder,  
And smoke fills my lungs as I fill up the cigarette holder,  
The mind comes to a screeching halt as the elevator descends lower,  
And the cigarette in my hand starts to burn slower,  
To hell the lower the elevator goes,  
Without the will to move the only I can see is the ash on the cigarette glow,  
And the fulfilling need for the drug continues to grow,  
Through the mouth the smoke is blown,  
Up and down in mood, my mind the place without a home,  
In this wacky elevator to realms of the unknown,  
But I swear I've seen these places before,  
I remember looking over the clouds when I opened the elevator door,  
But I try to forget about the time when I saw flames rising within the floors,  
The nicotine rush inside my mind takes my soul higher,  
Clarity of mind the side effect of the drugs pulling in knowledge that I continue to  
acquire,  
As my soul ascends higher and higher,  
Speeding through normalcy as the drug speeds through my soul,  
This drug named nicotine has my mind under control,  
And upward I ascend with wings as I escape the black hole,  
the middle ground I can't see as the elevator speeds upward without control,  
I'd be able to reach sanity if I got off the middle, but it won't go slow,  
At racing velocity I ascend higher and higher,  
Beyond the heavens, the place I desire,  
But it travels so quick I can't escape the elevator from ascending beyond the  
wires,  
Beyond space I continue to ascend,  
The realm the human mind is unable to comprehend,  
The realm past outer space where the structure of the universe is bent,  
And my mind races from heightened pressure beyond what's possible to  
transcend,

In regards to nicotine all my money was spent,  
To ride the elevator, to escape the mood swings every day I circumvent,  
And I continue to ask myself, "where to next? "

Kurt Kacich



# Otto And Perry

Otto the optimist, who wears rose colored glasses,  
The world he sees is beyond the divine's surpasses,  
Rose colored glasses that makes the world beautiful even when it crashes,  
Sounds of birds chirping is music to his ears,  
He lives his life everyday basking without fear,  
Sunlight to him is more beautiful than a rainbow shining down linear,  
Otto the optimist, who rarely sheds a tear,  
Rose colored glasses that makes the optimist naive to what's real,  
It's an illusion or a dream without the unjust to reveal,  
Pain is never bottled inside due to a leak, the broken seal,  
Everyday a dream projected from his eyes surreal,  
He adores everything from the good and the bad,  
No matter what the outcome he's never sad,  
The rose colored glasses, even when no one's around he always finds with  
someone to chat,  
He talks to the mirror, in reflection to the life he has,  
He brushes his shoulders off with the pain that could bear,  
Just to look through glasses where suffering isn't found anywhere,  
Everything is beautiful to him, nothing is unfair,  
His twin brother Perry is on the opposing end of the see saw,  
Perry the pessimist, who only speaks words of disgust that leaves his jaw,  
He carries the birthmark of an X on his chest, from the world he withdraws,  
The mark of the beast, everything to him is appalling,  
He self loathes, and mutilates himself without stalling,  
He feels he's stuck in the darkest muddiest vents of life he's crawling,  
But light is nowhere, the never-ending path,  
He feels himself whirling in the cyclones of life's wrath,  
He wakes up with the mindset in the form of the most advance arithmetic, reality  
of the most complex math,  
His thoughts never cease, where statues bleed and portraits cry,  
Never looking at the blue up high, it's always blood red in the sky,  
But he can see the real, and can't deny,  
The unjust world he sees without rose colored glasses on his eyes,  
The brothers never feud, it's always Otto dragging Perry by a leash,  
To Otto the relationship is narcissism to Perry it's pain that doesn't cease,  
Otto the optimist a God in his world, Perry the pessimist the demon waiting to  
be unleashed,  
Their worlds are on opposing ends, their minds wonder in different directions,  
Otto's world comprised of glory and superiority as opposed to Perry's in pain and

rejection,  
It's the two worlds on the opposing ends with no connection,  
Otto the master waltzing through the world while Perry is the dog crawling  
beaten to the ground,  
Otto sings the most beautiful songs and he trots while Perry screams without  
sound,  
Until Perry searches until he finds a gun on the ground,  
He aims and shoots and for both worlds the sky falls down,  
No happy medium in one life the world falls apart,  
From birth to present day, it was all a delusion from the start,  
The rose colored glasses break and the X bleeds apart,  
To a middle ground in the afterlife they both depart.

Kurt Kacich

# Personal Demons

The phenonmon of rage,  
The feeling of a demon locked inside the cage,  
The steel cage surrounding all sides inside the gun of a 12 guage,  
Ready to explode, with the fire burning fiercly on the wick,  
Persevering adrenaline inside the bomb by the sounds of the tick, tick,  
The biological clock inside, where time freezes and the hands stick,  
The feeling of rage, where everything around you comes to a screeching halt,  
But still locked inside, projecting sounds of the constant tick, inside the vault,  
Where the heart and the mind correlate faster in efforts to assault,  
To assault the threat outside the cage, the feeling of rage,  
Locked inside the human mind, the body ramps up cold sweat,  
The blood runs cold, the agony the mind never forgets,  
The push that throws you around inside the cage, the momentum of threats,  
Tick, tick, the sound of adrenaline inside your mind,  
Underneath the smiling mask the rubber fabric begins to unwind,  
And the true face of anger appears from the mask behind,  
Blinded images pushing momentum through thoughts of homicide,  
No longer following the rules of society to abide by,  
Locked inside the 12 gauge, the bullet hitting the target in the drive by,  
In the process of pulling the trigger, the bomb explodes,  
The tick, tick, turns into a sonic boom, adrenaline surges as it pops and reloads,  
All the pain, the tears, and the anger, releases from the ticking time bomb as it  
unloads,  
The ticking time bomb that's the clip inside the mind,  
Inside the shotgun, with a bomb releasing ammo, ready to shoot anytime,  
The demon, the bomb, the pump shotgun blast, a process in a rhyme,  
During the process hell freezes over and the hands on the clock stick to freeze  
time,  
Rage driven by pain, the feelings of hate and the opposing words of malign,  
Until after the clip is empty, regret is felt to remind,  
To remind the temporary personal demon, the consequences of an impulse  
reaction,  
The impulse of revenge without thinking before the pump action,  
Rage so powerful it distorts reality in abstraction,  
Through revenge and hate through inflicting pain for personal satisfaction,  
And outside the delusion, the cage still exists around you,  
And threw thoughts of regret, the mind repeats the incident to review,  
The impulse reaction, of the demon inside and what it did to you,  
And everything around you remains blue,

Inside the cell driven by pain in analytical review.

Kurt Kacich

# Phoenix

The phoenix, the bird of the most beautiful wings,  
The Phoenix, comprised of the most beautiful cry that it sings,  
With an average lifespan of 500 to 1000 years,  
That rises from ashes in a rainbow life sphere,  
A modern representation of incarnation,  
From death to reborn life in the most majestic formation,  
The fire spirit with a tail of scarlet and gold,  
It's the expression of defeat to triumph in stories told,  
So beautiful the incarnated firebird that holds prophecies,  
The real life phenomenon of human afterlife reversed in hypocrisy,  
For every new born into the world they rise from ashes,  
Born into beauty of a rainbow like wings with color flashes,  
Incarnated from eggs made frankincense and myrrh,  
Until 500 years later that projects light of fire into the atmosphere,  
Where the egg is stored in Heliopolis, the city of the sun,  
The Phoenix is the fervid ball the lit the earth when there wasn't one,  
In the form of a bird, the Phoenix projects itself as the sun god Ra,  
That lights fires in footsteps in the ancient Egyptian army of pasha,  
Also the iconography of Christ from life, death and resurrection,  
From the Last Supper, Good Friday, Holy Saturday and Easter Sunday  
recollected,  
Where from life to after death incarnation is forever connected,  
Forever more the firebird flies through the land while it's wings glisten,  
A song so beautiful Helios stops his chariot, the sun, and listens,  
Music to his ears, it's the Greek representation of the fire spirit,  
Where in the realm of Mount Olympus the twelve Gods can hear it,  
In Persia the Phoenix is destroyed and rebuilt seven times,  
Destroyed to ashes, it rises again more beautiful than before and in fire it shines,

Where in China it's the representation of the empress and the female,  
As the greatest and leader of the birds, it lights the sky with rainbow like fire  
from its tale,  
In my world that lies in Paradise of my mind the Phoenix is the bird the lights the  
sky,  
It's also the calming plea from the other birds in correlation with night's lulla by,  
It is the fifth hundred year the hands on the clock lose grip of time,  
It is also the fifth hundred year that without fire melting the Phoenix turns  
sublime,  
Paradise, where the Phoenix lays it's egg in the middle of the land,

Where in the middle of Paradise's core earth wind water and fire began,  
In every fifth hundred year the time freezes and the darkness falls,  
Where life is reborn from ashes in spellbound beauty and the land remains  
enthralled,  
The Phoenix famous in many cultures as the most beautiful bird in history,  
The most beautiful bird in different countries and dimensions that remains a  
mystery.

Kurt Kacich

# Plagues Of Society

When the sky falls down, the army from hell floods the earth,  
When God loses faith in the world, the plague arises first,  
A phenomenon similar to the horrors of Armageddon,  
A blueprint for the destruction of the cruel land  
the form of an Egyptian plague, the war between the vicious and the gracious,  
This dream inside the mind, called the depressive state that remains tenacious  
The same state that turns blue waters of harmony into a thickening bloody red  
Killing any flowers that blossom, reversing beauty of life into dread,  
But the ill patients pleaded to society to let them free,  
But society refused, and proved it to the world as they let them be,  
The second plague was the frogs, that roamed the human mind,  
Laying awake in verso mania, the frogs died the following day in due time,  
Again the 2% of the society that was untreated and misunderstood asked again,  
But yet again, they were ignored, and something unusual aroused then,  
The dust in the air turned to lice, and thoughts of suicide turned to spite,  
Millions swarmed in destruction of the crueler mankind, wearing the color of  
night,  
Covered bodies of the enemy that were untouchable as they wore the same  
gloss,  
The same gloss of lice that ate the bodies of the cruel when faith was lost,  
The plague killed many of these cruel people in the air embossed,  
The mentally ill pleaded to be free and escape society's distortion,  
But society still refused the victims turned to suicide and population died in  
portion,  
The portion that died their souls multiplied in numbers and turned the wind to  
flies,  
The flies that harmed only the cruel, only an evil mankind,  
Society still decided to persist and practiced murder from behind the lines,  
Society fought back and poisoned our people with drugs that destroyed the  
human mind,  
Then came an epizootic that destroyed the livestock worth more than millions in  
cash,  
The sixth plague against the wrong doers where their potential food turned to  
ash,  
More of the kindhearted ignored people died, and their souls fled to the skies,  
In the skies they asked the divine for a revenge clause, torture from a high,  
A patient with a gift from illuminati threw soot in the air that hovered the estate,  
The soot turned to a fine dust that resulted in total chaos with high deadly  
infection rates,

The cruel hearted were inflicted with shkhin that burned boils through human skin,  
Festering boils broke out like an epidemic, but the evil didn't give in,  
Poverty struck kind-hearts and the patients without help continued to suffer,  
Again the "weakened" and crippled put their minds together and asked for a buffer,  
As they looked skyward they saw a bolt of lightning summit to the ground,  
Only in the area of the suffering and ignored shelter laid around,  
The seventh plague against the cruel, lighting mixed with fire burned the grounds,  
The neighborhoods of the crooked set ablaze and thunder clouded screams and other sounds,  
The cruel people burned and retaliated by opening prison cells,  
The prison cells opened and murderers killed and child molesters raped the weakened race,  
Without further or due the weakened people panicked and bowed their heads down,  
Within minutes the weakened people became covered with a halo and looked around,  
They were safe as the eighth plague covered the skies above them and the ground,  
The eighth plague of locusts that flooded the land followed by horrifying sounds,  
The locust killed every piece of nature and left the land deserted all around,  
Society decided to fight back and filled out firearm permits and killed for cash,  
Killing for cash, with the help of gangs, crooked politicians and an open permit stash,  
Direct destruction to the weakened people that almost felt hopeless until they saw a flash,  
A flash followed by darkness in the sky that the evil peoples crimes could not compare,  
Directed at the gangs, the crooked politicians and the greedy, that left them scared,  
Scared for their lives, scared that there were living in a nightmare,  
They still held their pride strong with nothing left and still committed crime and cruelty,  
Gunshots fired innocent lives and and the kind population slowly decreased,  
But with this decrease, came a final solution where the crime reversed would increase,  
In the cruel land the last shelters that remained and had a doorpost trickled with blood,  
Blood from lambs as a target, when the last plague over the earth floods,  
The killing of every first born child, innocent or guilty,



A sinister killing, torturing of the children bloody and filthy,  
It was then society paid their dues,  
it was then that the plan from good to overcome evil pulled through.

Kurt Kacich

# Projects Of Broken Dreams

As I look up, I see the high rise of the poor,  
I see the boarded windows, crime, and destruction sealed together in galore,  
If I could I wish I could reach my hand to the sky and bless this community of  
the poor,  
My heart throbs as I look up and see chaos and nothing more,

I remember the sight of the broken windows of shattered dreams,  
For outside of the open mind is a lot than what it seems,  
I see beyond the corners of cop cameras and those blinking blue beams,  
I see lost souls huddled together inside the high rise of the broken American  
dream,

For no one can see their destiny and we'll all die one day,  
The truth behind the tragic project living continues to spread everyday,

Millions die young in this prison they call their home,  
The young wander the playground, to dance with dance where they roam,  
Decorated with R.I.P. tags and poor families where only love is shown,  
In the projects they live in, their broken home.

Kurt Kacich

# Pslam Of Silence

My marrow broken, the pieces fall to the floor,  
Eyes of ecstasy drowned by tears of sorrow,  
Leaving behind a trail of remorse a ground so hollow,  
Like the pain, torture and agony of a lost soul,  
A fiction story, a fairy tale that was never told,  
Looking down on humankind like a ray of light,  
Perplexed like an guardian angel a bewildered sight,  
A flare of idealism opens among the clouds above,  
For a second my heart fills with fire,  
Washed away by a downpour of emotion,  
A shield broken by a lightning bolt, fallen devotion,  
Forgive me, for I know not what I do,  
Perhaps I wish one day I can climb the stairs of heaven to meet you,  
To walk up the hills with a burden on our back,  
To fail, rise up and ransom the anxiety we leave to pack,  
I cry as my voice withers away in the wind,  
The curtains in front of me close shut, the light goes dim,  
My heart goes to the people who have it worse than I,  
A prayer I send to the pearly gates, passing through the sky,  
Commotion swamps my mind, with nowhere to turn,  
With every love poem, texts whispers from the flames, left to burn,  
As the smoke fills the air, the atmosphere grabs it by the throat,  
Like a crashing airplane the message fails to tote.....

Kurt Kacich

# Psychological Wonderland

Follow me, take my hand,  
Let's take a trip to the most colorful land,  
Let's seek the emotions beyond the depths of the bland,  
Welcome to the world of color, the psychological wonderland,  
Look at the sky so blue, so deeply the tranquility of the seas,  
How do you feel? Calm? Perhaps your mind is at ease,  
Something of such a beautiful color, projected by sight the calming ocean breeze,

But let's try something different, let's flip the switch,  
How does it feel when the sky is tainted red?  
Does your heart beat faster? Perhaps you're embraced by passion instead.  
Red such a long wavelength of color, the emotional color of feelings bled,  
The color of love projected by the love of others in wed,  
The world of love, the romantic's homestead,  
I'm curious, what if I was to throw yellow paint in the skies?  
And everything turns orange, do you feel an emotion different projecting from  
your eyes?  
The world of orange, most welcoming and flamboyant comprised,  
Considered the fun color, the balance color, behold something sensationalized,  
Let's reinvent fun, without intellect I need to improvise,  
More yellow paint let's turn the sky whole,  
Let's embrace the color yellow, to lift the soul,  
Very stimulating the color of yellow, so emotional,  
Known to increase clarity of mind and self esteem,  
Yellow the longest wavelength, that grabs the most attention in extreme,  
Overpowered if overused, to flare temperament, the color of fire, the loose fuse,  
Too much serotonin in the brain, be careful if overused,  
I'm going to try something interesting let's throw in the color blue,  
A green world the color that's beneficial for the heart,  
The color of nature, humanity's world from the start,  
What a calming sensation! The original outdoor color, nature's ultimate state of  
the art,  
Take a deep breath, and breathe out slow,  
Let's toss red paint in the sky, something beyond what the color wheel knows,  
The world of brown, the color of the Earth, and ultimately home,  
Brown the color of friendship, and reliability,  
It reinvents the color of trust, the foundation of stability,  
It's associated with terra firma, the solid part of the Earth's aerofoil,  
The foundation of life, the color of brown beyond the soil,

But we must try something different now, let's toss in the color black,  
Embrace the darkness, embrace the feelings of the anxiety attack,  
Black often associated with death and oppression,  
Darkness that covers the skies, hovered over dark clouds of depression,  
Invisible moonlight, the most fearful color without question,  
I'm very scared indeed, let's toss in some light that turns the sky grey, the color  
of suppression,  
The grey sky, the neutral color linked to being alone,  
It's linked to human separation, where in a world no love is shown,  
The sky of mourning where suicide is prone,  
No longer must I feel like this I need so more light in my life,  
Let's toss some more light in the sky, and we come out with the color white,  
Ah how beautiful and rejuvenating! The color of purity and life!  
The color white, the color of innocence, the salvation from the night,  
Under the white sky, the world is pure,  
The color white, the depression's cure,  
Now let's throw in something different let's try a mix,  
Let's toss red and blue together and see what we can come up with,  
The color purple, creativity's favorite fix,  
Linked to the color Indigo, the color of intuition and imagination,  
To calm mental disorders, and enhance creation,  
The color purple, the stimulates the right hemisphere of the brain through color  
fixation,  
And for our final project let's toss in some white,  
And look at the beautiful color pink that shines so bright!  
The color pink linked to feminism and power to women in plain sight,  
The calming color, that turns anger into passive aggression,  
Pink linked to the most beautiful flowers without question,  
The color to soothe fury into repression.

Kurt Kacich

## R.I.P. (Dedicated)

For the fallen I lay my hand to the floor,  
Hoping they find a happy afterlife outside of the door,  
Smoke fills the air as my prayers rise up to the skies,  
Finding God himself behind heaven's eyes,  
Like dust in the wind all my sins are blown away,  
Sitting in the church waiting to reconcile on another day,  
Always being told they're in a better place,  
Rewinding the archives of memories hoping to re-trace,  
Re-tracing the good times to celebrate and wash away the bad,  
Remember the hard times you've been through when you were sad,  
Always remembering you from down below,  
Knew you from the inside out keeping in memory the truth behold,  
Remembering things happen for a reason, never meant to know why,  
Keeping you in solemn memory bringing you life for every tear we cry,  
Leaving behind a reason to have faith like a dynasty,  
Hoping things get better to find true happiness, finally,  
Always saying to oneself one day "when things get rocky I'll make it."  
I can only picture you as an angel now, rising above the clouds and keep  
elevating,  
Was it really meant to happened? Did you really think things through?  
Was the help you had really worthless? It must've never got to you,  
Washing my hands in water to rid the dirt life supplies,  
Really wondering if your voice was heard with no comply,  
Never knew how you can move so many lives, one day at a time,  
Following a dark path and falling until you met your prime,  
Hoping one day you would finish and not fail,  
Without you, you left a path mourning and tear shed like a trail,  
If down here we can only see the light I think everyone would make it,  
To keep on keepin' on, doing everything in our power not to break it,  
They say life is a mountain to climb and the view is great,  
You have to be strong because happiness doesn't come on a silver plate,  
If one day you knew how much everyone loved you,  
Perhaps you can come back without wanting to choose.

Kurt Kacich

## R.I.P. The Afterlife

Death is which they open the gates in skies,  
Resurrection, incarnation of afterlife behind death's eyes,  
Through the clouds above, In the form of tears, I send my prayers,  
In the hearts of others I leave my condolences to their heirs,  
Through everlasting life and paradise, forever shall they dwell,  
May the strength be granted to the weak, for the ones who fell,  
I wash my hands in holy water, to cleanse those hateful souls,  
Until the day, their spirits enters the heavens when the bell tolls,  
For the lord grants forever life by laying on the cross,  
Peace be granted to the lives that are forever lost,  
Forever may they be forgiven for they know not what they do,  
Forever cherish good over evil, until the day they meet you,  
Forever cleanse the mind of the evil that leads to be true,  
Almost like a screaming from the heavens I wish to hear,  
Looking into the hearts of the lost from an outside peer,  
To guide the mindless to a path within peace of mind,  
As well as retrace steps of bliss to reveal and rewind,  
To lead the brigade destined for ecstasy within due time,  
A race to the finish line, the end of the road lies near,  
Nevermore live in obstacle, living life within fear,  
Nevermore may sorrow fall from the clouds above,  
May the spirit within fly to the heavens like a dove,  
Upstairs through the pearly gates, a journey unfolds,  
Everlasting life after death, the page turns and the truth is told.

Kurt Kacich

# Reality's Disciple

The thinkers man, the disciple that protests common beliefs,  
Thinker of the afterlife, that studies the realm of the deceased,  
Often observing false beliefs of heaven from the words of the priest,  
Often searching behind the logic of the mark of the beast,  
From the realm of heaven and hell the common disbelief,  
The whole afterlife is a lie,  
Heaven is non existent beyond the sky,  
Hell is invisible, it's the evil behind the human eye,  
It's all the same old song,  
The afterlife is imaginary, once you die you're gone,  
With no scientific proof of the realm all along,  
Born into one body and soul is life we belong,  
Religion is the illusion that breaks the silence,  
But reality is that God and Satan are teamed in alliance,  
Stories from the bible and mythology is morals in defiance,  
Brainwashed by lies, to follow common law,  
Religion white lies and false tales in the raw,  
Science the living proof of what hypothesis saw,  
Religion the toxic hope from when humanity wants to withdraw, ,  
It was all a lie, the crucifixion and the nailing of Jesus,  
It was just a glory fiction tale by religion extremists,  
Story plotted by betrayal with Judas Iscariot as the villain,  
The brainwashing through "ancient" texts that influenced billions,  
Throughout cities, suburbs and modern day villages,  
The plague of falsehood spreads until the words of the bible is pillaged,  
It was all a lie the last supper, good friday and Jesus' grail,  
Where morals are written in fiction stories in reality's book of Braille,  
Where weak spirits are blind to lies in religions worldwide through detail,  
Reality proves the realm of something beyond humanity that sits frail,  
When proven the face behind religion will disintegrate behind the veil,  
And the bread of heaven will turn stale,  
During the war between reality and religion, reality prevails,  
And knowledge of white lies beyond false tales of gods will unravel beyond the  
scale,  
The scale that proves the population of brainwashing through potency of a high  
degree,  
Something that the stories that religion preaches humanity doesn't see,  
Until with nails reality crucifies the priests,  
And sends them buried with their white lies to the land of the deceased,



In the tomb the poisoning of religion will lay to rest,  
The real world morals will rise while falsehood will be overcome by zest,  
And rape will come out red handed in churches worldwide when priests confess,  
And reality will take its toll when the eyes of the Catholic church become  
possessed,  
The Catholic Church, where hell and heaven compress,  
And the evil of the human eyes protests.

Kurt Kacich

# Remember Me

Remember me, from birth until the present day,  
Remember me, from present day until God takes me away,  
Forever let my writings speak of good and the truth,  
Forever let my writings speak of struggles to triumph from the roots,  
Keep my spirits alive in dreams, and let them flow through ever flowing streams,  
Let my message light the world, to make a change for peace on Earth,  
Laugh and live for the moment, from lament to mirth,  
If I could I wish I could save the world with one rhyme,  
If I could I wish I could grant peace to every human mind,  
Remember me as an angel sent from heavens in the sky,  
Remember the moment you find love in another eyes,  
Remember me as a modern day martyr who died for peace for all kind,  
A modern day martyr, who lived his life for others, sent the message of good and  
resigned,  
Let me carry the weight and the pain suffered in others,  
To keep a dynasty alive with a message to pass from one another,  
Forever, sit on my wings, as we fly to the skies,  
Forever, let's vacate to heaven, and live in paradise for what it's comprised,  
Think of me as the saint in modern day centuries,  
Let us find forgiveness to the wrongdoers captive in penitentiaries,  
Find God when you look into my heart,  
Find a covenant with God when you feel your life falls apart,  
Wings from heaven will pick you up and show you to the other side of the land,  
The land where good overcomes evil and sin diminishes within,  
When you fall to the ground, look up and reach for the clouds,  
Remember that you were created a masterpiece, and God is proud,  
Life is granted in gold treasures,  
From struggle comes triumph where happiness can't be measured,  
Love is granted in dreams where reality is comprised,  
Find love and forever keep the dream alive,  
Remember the messages I wrote in my earlier writings,  
Remember the perception I explored through mental sightings,  
To express yourself freely with every day you live your life,  
To escape the horrors in society without actions of strife,  
Remember what I described as the land of paradise,  
The world of freedom, prosperity, happiness, without vice,  
For when my time goes I hope this message reaches to all mankind,  
To all those who suffer, to all those can't find peace in their mind  
Forever remember me, the man who lived for other's rights,

Forever remember me, who died carrying other's suffering and spites.

Kurt Kacich

# Riddle

Felicity...happiness so true?  
heaven...the place we go when our time is due?  
Enigma...a riddle behind the mind's eye?  
Humor....the solution to the tears we cry?  
So many questions asked without answers,  
A plague of mystery, like the cure for cancer,  
But still we wonder! Still we ponder at the sight of agony and glee!  
Ever more knowledge beyond the capacity of mind  
The finer sight of reality behind our retina we're blind to see!  
So ever more we ask questions! Ever more we try to unwind!  
Forever I've pondered, what exactly is a dream?  
When exactly do we reach a covenant with God without broken seams?  
Ever more my mind remains clattered inside a closed book,  
Living life around a corner but a around the corner we can't look,  
Forever more! We sit in marvel, behind the closed door,  
Outside my window a fallen angel spreads it's wings FOREVER MORE!  
Yes! Forever more! The place humanity can't escape!  
The wilderness of bloody streams! Without footprints to retrace!  
So again we ask questions! Why exactly are we here?  
Why do we sense fate? Why does the dead end seem near?  
Life in riddles, enigmas for the open mind!  
Is there a crack in the door? Will we ever see the light?  
Will the darkest skies ever shine with stars in the night?  
Nevermore! The pearly gates closed shut!  
But forever the thoughts can't escape the rut.  
So we view the word in reverse, felicity a false tale?  
heaven...the abandoned land that forever failed,  
Enigma....the riddle unfolds everythings the same  
Humor...the hopeless effort to cease the pain.

Kurt Kacich

# Rock Bottom

Being broke, the dead end to success,  
The population of people that God forgot to bless,  
Living in the streets, living off of change,  
In the minds of the outside, you're seen as deranged,  
Closed minds of the outside,  
With hands resisted to reach inside,  
Annihilation of self, the cash the kills you within,  
The feeling that you can't give no more,  
The feeling that you just want to lie down and not feel no more,  
The weakness inside is all to feel,  
The ugly reality of wealth that beats you down to the knees until you kneel,  
You don't feel the same way about the world,  
You just want to lie a de view God and hurl,  
A lonely people stuck in the world where the pain him them,  
Hiding away from the wealthy to avoid getting him,  
You've been damn near dead to see the nights they've been through,  
Damn near dead to feel the wind beneath you,  
The conspiracy the greedy will never feel,  
The feeling of emotions and grudges that won't heal,  
So you point to the outside, and scream,  
But the result of the action isn't what it may seem,  
Sure they can hear you..but help is all but a dream,  
In reality your voice is muzzled in sound proof,  
Until your anger surfaces and you hit the roof,  
No more can you weep your tears are dried,  
Only can you look to the outside through lenses of dying eyes,  
No more can you put your hands together and pray to the skies,  
Not blessed, a forgotten soul brought to the earth,  
Born with nothing, nothing to seek since birth,  
You use drugs with change to escape the pain,  
In which case the eyes on the outside see you as no one to blame,  
So nights of malnutrition and broken dreams remain the same,  
The Life of the poor, the inability to settle the score,  
Because nothing is there, nothing to reach,  
But what society practices is success and preach,  
But society is the lucky one with the money in their pocket,  
And a picture of their family hanging from their car window in a locket,  
Never known what it's like to have a real stability,  
So you try to cry, but a good life is incapable of your ability.

The forgotten people that lay in the streets without a home,  
The overlooked population that sleeps all alone.

Kurt Kacich

# Royal Court Jester

Royal Court Jesters, a slave to humor,  
Monarch's entertainer, I'm his consumer,  
I can only entertain, where my voice can't be heard,  
A clown, a joke, a fool, as I am often referred,  
With a smile on my face In my heart I carry an empty bag,  
With a smile on my face I was born into a life I never wished to have,  
In my hand I carry a Morette, to mimic my crown,  
My crown distinct in colors with three jingle heads that hang down,  
With a smile on my face, that I forever hold, I can't frown,  
A licensed fool, that wears bright colors made of wool,  
But behind the smile I see nothing,  
Behind the smile I sense something,  
A falsehood of reality, an alias of the world,  
So I dance and laugh at the same pace as I twirl,  
Enigmas also known as riddles is all I speak,  
Entertainment and false respect from a tyrant is all I seek,  
A poor soul am I! A clown to society!  
Just a fool, a licensed fool in the eyes of sobriety,  
As I dance I juggle thoughts of delusion,  
As I dance I distract myself with endorphins to cease the confusion,  
But when the day is over I go to my cell, where I'm held captive,  
A human held captive! Where my antics are inactive!  
I'm a slave to greed, a sinister jocularly!  
I'm a human being without a mind of clarity!  
If I only had a mirror I can stare at myself and express mirth,  
To a life I was sacrificed to entertain from birth,  
So I dance! I dance! I dance!  
Forevermore in thoughts of agony! I prance! I prance! I prance!  
My lifestyle cast away in alias, of laughter and glee,  
But inside underneath bright colors is not what they see!  
Just a fool, a poor certified clown,  
That juggles, and juggles, thoughts that go round and round.

Kurt Kacich

# Schizophrenic Game Show (Dream Weaver)

I awake from somber sleep and hear voices in my head,  
A crowd in applause cheering and laughter, unsure of what was said,  
Perhaps it was telling me to wake up to reality and get out of bed,  
But I close my eyes to the bright lights flashing in different colors instead,  
Perhaps I awoke to paradise, and I was answered in prayer,  
But regardless I saw millions of people there,  
Reality argues with me in cursing voices, but the show is real I swear,  
The schizophrenic game show, accompanied by an imaginary audience everywhere,  
I sometimes awake to a cheering crowd and flowers are laying on my floor,  
And sometimes I hear booing from the audience and slandering that I try to ignore,  
My mind in illusion it's a game show in civil war,  
The host of the game show is the predator voice that speaks in my brain,  
Outside this illusion of the game show I'm considered insane,  
The predator very knowledgeable, knows more than I do, his words arcane,  
This audience, flashing lights, and questions swarm in my brain,  
Within minutes of awakening the floor disappears,  
And the floor turns to a stream of tears,  
The stream accompanied by ocean tides suddenly appear,  
And questions from the predator psyche continue to persevere,  
But it's all a game and I can only answer to what I know,  
With every answer regardless of right or wrong dictates the water flow,  
With every right answer my bed floats down the stream in a pleasant stroll,  
But with every wrong answer the flashing lights shut off and the wind picks up and turns cold,  
The audience laughs and cheers I'm the victim to their entertainment,  
The game show inside my mind, isolated from reality in containment,  
To a world of anti-realism, and an artwork of abstract arrangement,  
In this artwork the abstract shapes aren't colored in the lines,  
The atmosphere of this game show determined by answers in color theory design,  
Right answers result in the cheering crowd, rainbow like colors and heavens in the sky,  
Wrong answers result in the booing crowd, blackened shadows and the darkest depths. of malign,  
But I can only hear and see through the eyes and ears inside my mind,  
I'm deaf, dumb, and blind to the visions and voices in the reality outside,  
My life awakened by a neverending dream,



by right answers a dream, by wrong answers the nightmare in extreme,  
With my bed rocking from the tide of the flowing stream,  
Every waking moment is unpredictable without a remote control,  
To change the channel during the confusion station, the dream weaver trapped  
my soul,  
The dream weaver I call my bed, that acts as a raft as I flow.

Kurt Kacich

# Sleepless In Society

How vast the prairies are, my heart can reach,  
To pray the words of the bible as they preach,  
Respect and kindness they try to teach,  
Following footsteps of emerald to trace,  
Out of morals we plummet at an accelerating pace,  
Bittersweet the symphony as we fall from grace,

Angles of conspiracy that takes a different position,  
To shun away from the evil in front of us that glisten,  
Thus! Like mindless sheep we listen,  
Follow! The rules that's meant to redeem,  
Searching for the light like a blinding beam!  
Almost a catastrophe from the interior not what it may seem,

We bow our heads as a people to feel the presence of defeat,  
Punishment from the inside, we live life in deceit!  
Around the bush we beat!  
To escape our pain and guilt,  
Our playing field destroyed like functioning on a tilt,  
To tear down a foundation of morals we built,

To the day we push through the wall,  
In the night we lay to dream,  
To wake up and stand tall,  
swimming through the eternal stream,  
To escape the reality that life appalls,  
Feeling numbness, the desire to not feel at all...

Kurt Kacich

# Society Of Spite

A shadow follows us everywhere,  
The darkness within it is what makes us scared,  
But I've come to realize that the shadow is only a reflection that we're aware,  
And the influence within ourselves is what to beware,

Society is a projection screen of subliminal stimuli,  
As we look around us into the abstract screen the only thing real is nature and  
the sky,  
We're blinded by that screen that shines through our eyes,  
And identity molds into a culturalized matrix and what I've realized,  
Is that we're soldiers fighting within ourselves through society in disguise,

But no matter what that shadow follows us in the darkest of nights,  
It's not the black shadow defying the stars of white,  
It's our soul filled with darkened influence that embraces us with spite.

Kurt Kacich

# Staircase To Paradise

Beyond the closed gates is a land that cannot be seen,  
The gates locked shut, into the afterlife of paradise for what it seems,  
Closer to the gate, it opens by itself to my never ending dream,  
A true portrait of paradise in motion film on the projection screen,  
The gate opens as I take a step closer to paradise,  
Feeble from walking the staircase to heaven, the light shines so bright,  
The divine grabs my hand and stands me upright,  
And heaven surrounds me in clear sight,  
I remember when the staircase appeared in front of my eyes,  
It was a beacon I'll never forget ascending to the skies,  
Struggles from life's obstacles, the route to paradise is my prize,  
I still remember when I spread my arms and my wings were spread from behind,

A newly formed life as an angel, as I escape from mankind,  
I still remember the power of illuminati as my hand touched the divine,  
Sitting above the clouds, my reflection on Earth from the sun that shined,  
That staircase that lead me to paradise that sits so high,  
High above the clouds, through a tunnel of light that blinds,  
My life in the form of an angel, to protect mankind,  
As I walk down the path blind, all I can see is my imagination unwind,  
Something so surreal, the pain from before the afterlife I no longer feel,  
This heavenly paradise on the motion picture film, exactly ideal,  
Happiness unwind from my soul from what was forever concealed,  
This realm of paradise past the gates, I've seen it, it's real.

Kurt Kacich

# Stars

Stars rest in formation under a moonless night,  
Over my head rests clouds of the darkened shadow behind me,  
That shadow that stalks me under the invisible moonlight,  
The stars rest peacefully in the darkness of night,

The shadow protects me from aeons in the sky,  
The stars act as a strobe lights to see what's beyond the human eye,  
My physical form on Earth, blessed by the creator a high,

The stars are my army of angels that protects me from harm,  
While my divine being holds the universe as my charm,  
Under the moonless night, the stars protect me from harm.

Kurt Kacich

# Susie Q

Oh Susie q, how long must it take to find you?  
To take your hand and guide you through,  
Which will lead us to an empty palace,  
To paradise, underneath sunshine, our home to dwell,

Oh Susie q, how far will I travel to find you?  
Will I climb mount Everest or travel through death valley?  
To kiss your cheek to watch the fireworks during the finale?  
To carry you to our prohibited place,  
To paradise, underneath the skyline, our sight to dwell,

Oh Susie q, look into to my eyes, what do you see so true?  
Is it the fire in the burns in my soul, or the dark side of me you'll never know,  
To hold you in my arms and let love take it's toll,  
Comfort you, protect you while you sleep,  
In paradise, underneath the moonlight, our dreams to dwell

Oh Susie q, I woke up this morning and I lost you,  
A letter you left on the buffet, My eyes shift down the page, my heart turns blue,  
Wondering where I left you, while I watched over you,  
Taking away my shelter my mindset of miracle,  
In paradise, in the eye of the storm, my sorrow to dwell

Kurt Kacich

# Syllable Realm (Disappointment)

Disappointment, the four syllable word that represents the four letter word,  
pain, the counterpart in the family of senses that screams cries unheard,  
It's the feeling when you grab for the branch on the cliff before falling,  
Falling linked to the four letter word fear, that surfaces a picture so appalling,  
Hanging before the abyss with four limbs holding for dear life, stalling,  
The four limbs that acts as a symmetrical table of human life,  
Disappointment, the beautiful nirvana washed away by storms of strife,  
The beautiful painting of everything in glee, in the center frame with the evil  
seed,  
What a horrific picture! Represented by the five letter word greed,  
Greed, the five letter word beyond the threshold of evil and spite,  
Spite, another five letter word over the disappointment threshold of four,  
Disappointment, fear, fall, evil, life, four is their favorite number that's decorated  
in galore,  
Four the number that represents the downfall of the glory before,  
Disappearance, of the third dimension that represents happiness and salvation,  
That third dimension encoded by dreams in sleep happiness in three syllables,  
sedation,  
The step from humankind represented past the third step into the caged cell,  
That cell confined in negative energy, through manuscripts of E-V-I-L,  
The cell on the fourth step linked to the eye of the pyramid where demons dwell,  
Disappointment, the desperate grab for dear life, that acts as the center ground,  
It's the g-force linked to euphoria elevated from below to a straight summit in  
compound,  
It's the summit correlated with silent screams in five letter words, silent sound,  
Emotion decorated on a scale of syllables with 1 being nonexistent, 2 representing  
struggle,  
3 representing happiness, 4 representing disappointment, and 5 representing  
Mephistophelian,  
Mephistophelian, the five letter word representing the wicked end of  
disappointment,  
Usually a blind sight evil at the end of the rope that grabs and pulls with  
ointment,  
Considered revenge, it's the fiery wick of the time bomb bound to explode,  
Disappointment, the agonist ointment of cooling gasoline, the speeds time and  
turns the heart cold,  
Cold the four letter word, the temperature of fourth dimension,  
Cold the absence of human feeling and emotion linked to confusion in  
disappointment without comprehension,

Disappointment, where the four limbs from sanity hang in suspension,  
Disappointment, the emotion linked when blood runs cold in hypertension.

Kurt Kacich



# Take Me Away (Land Of Dreams)

Take me away to the land made of dreams,  
Take me away a land enriched with forever flowing streams,  
Forever more vacate me from pits bottled within,  
Ever more, lead me to sunrise, away from darkness and sin,  
Take me to salvation, take me to the promised land,  
Lead me to the heavens away from what I fail to understand,  
Forever more, guide me to the skies, and take my hand,  
Walk with me up the stairway above through the clouds in the skies,  
Make me an angel, forever an angel, seen through God's eyes,  
Sit me at the right hand of the lord, my God, forever more,  
Give me wings, give me eternity, with wings I shall sore,  
Away from pain stake, fire and brimstone never more,  
Save me from the falling sky, save me from obliteration,  
Rescue me from the evil around me, rescue me with liberation,  
Place me above the clouds above, place me over the toppling mountains,  
Take me to a land where I can wash grief away in trickling fountains,  
Yes! It is this land made of dreams!  
Ever more, take me from this world ever so taint,  
Send me a sign, send me a signal something I can acquaint,  
Make me your loyal soldier, make me your saint,  
Forever soar with me to the skies,  
Ever more with wings of steel together we'll fly,  
Blessed be I, blessed be them, blessed be everyone,  
Blessed be the ones with the wrong they've done,  
Blessed be the ones who lived in darkness and never seen the sun,  
So holy are they, So holy are the ones who forgive,  
This everlasting dream, forever I wish to relive.

Kurt Kacich

# The Arrival (Chicago 1989)

As I stand in the circle-like designs in the fields,  
I can only remember my abduction, a nightmare surreal,  
I can only remember looking to the skies covered by steel,  
The abduction, that leaves me in these fields,  
Aliens, UFO, extra terrestrial, indeed they're real!  
I can still remember rising to the skies in bright lights,  
From the second till days I escaped in titan fright!  
I remember waking looking into the eyes of the beasts!  
I remember awaiting fate as their feast!  
Something so unexplainable, I can't stomach the memory,  
Something so unreal, a tainted dark memory,  
As a guinea pig to experiments my life hasn't been the same,  
Hearing this story, the "people" might see me as insane,  
One of them, now an alien to the earth people,  
Earth isn't what I remember, what exactly happened in the ship?  
Perhaps my brain was embedded with a artificial micro chip,  
Or perhaps my memory remains erased,  
No longer can I feel my face, no longer can I taste,  
Now I understand, the artwork in the fields,  
Now I understand, that earthlings are real,  
Only can I remember July 8th, In Roswell,  
Listening to a sound glaring object where I dwell,  
Or where I dwelled, July 8th,1947, the day of the damned,  
The day where my ancestors visited man,  
The so-called deadly encounter in the highest degree,  
The closed minds of human being, evil is all they see,  
But that wasn't the only day, no it was not,  
September 21st 1989, the day my world stopped,  
September 21st 1989, the day I was taken to the top,  
What earth people might view as me as under the influence of delusion,  
Alien, outsiders beings, UFOs are real to solve the confusion,  
Something that seemed so horrific turned pleasurable indeed,  
Bright lights hovering the galaxy,  
Bright lights more intriguing than the lights of Vegas,  
Now I've realized they've come down to save us,  
Save us from planet Earth, save us from our corrupt land,  
To take our hands and save us from the quicksand,  
So now I stand in the fields, surrounded by the beauty of art,  
Now I stand in memories that will never tear me apart.

So much, a story that I can't remember to tell,  
A story that would probably seem so deranged,  
While I stand here in a picture of beautiful artwork,  
The world seems rearranged.

Kurt Kacich

## The Breakup (Revenge)

Unable to withdrawal my tears that I hold so true,  
Looking around the world just to find you,  
Why did you leave? Why did you leave me in the blue?  
We had a bond that was unbreakable, something so true,  
How could you be so cold? And walk around with a black heart,  
How could you disregard a sunny future and tear us apart,  
If you only knew what you did to me you might understand,  
Little did I realize that my prayers can't be answered on demand,  
Every day I think about our wedding date that could've been planned,  
You took it all away from me, like candy from a baby,  
You left me out under a tree during a sunny day, so shady  
If I gave you the tears I cried would you come back?  
Maybe in a bottle without my other thoughts of fear and anger intact?  
Perhaps you made me realize what It's like to be alone,  
To practice my ceremonial nights of writings I'm left to condone,  
You were like a bouquet of flowers that blossom on a cloudy day,  
A light of sunshine and clouds in the skies that array,  
Realizing you're not here makes the sun cast away,  
Brings up the full moon from the underneath the sea,  
Stole my heart and soul and left me with no hope of glee,  
It's been months since you started this reign,  
Left me with my mind tangled up in melancholy so plain,  
To finalize your closure and leave me with eyes of disdain,  
Gut wrenching feelings inside wanting to inflict pain,  
Now I see an hideous side of you, something so true,  
An ugly creature carrying blood-soaked memories to be washed away,  
Now I find myself plotting ways to leave you with murder,  
Even damning you straight to the depts. of hell to take it further,  
No more will that love I had for you will ever come back,  
Now the only thing yearn for is your death with insanity intact,  
I loathe you, you cyprian and I'll leave you with revenge as a fact,  
You took away my heart and my soul so I'm here to take your life,  
To carry the devils deeds I'll carry you to the pits of strife,  
Never again to see the ones you love the ones you care,  
Realizing God isn't a people person you have no hope for prayer,  
Like a lesson you showed me in the end pain beats in my brain like a drum,  
I'll teach you a lesson as well, something I like to call redrum.  
Not anymore your guardian angel, but now you're grim reaper,  
Not your protector from harm, but your evil creeper,

With a shash and a sickle I'll ride through your nightmares that'll toll,  
Like a valkyrie I'll ride in a blackened chariot bearing evil souls,  
To transfer you to your deathbed, ridden' your body with bloody holes,  
Like an angel of hell I'll lead you to the kingdom of the dead,  
I'll open the gates of eternal to establish your new homested,  
Never again will you see the light,  
Only will you see the flames in hell that burn so bright,  
I am the devil and I do his work,  
To finish his mission and to ride through the walls of fire with a smirk.

Kurt Kacich

# The Greatest Seed

There was that day in history,  
Prior to the after life that we live today in mystery,  
That the Mother opened the Earth's core and planted the seed,

That seed she dropped in the middle of the Earth that grows ever so slowly,  
Represents nature that surrounds us all, that sacred plant represents everything  
holy,

Every thousands years the seed creates a path that disperses away from greed,  
The path is a curvy one with hands that reach out to those in need,  
But until the time comes it still grows ever so slowly,

Though we may not see it now the seed will sprout above the ground to save us  
all,  
And everything around us will look that much more beautiful than anything we  
ever saw,  
I can only imagine that day when the seed blossoms and my eyes fill with awe,  
When I float through the heavens from what I once foresaw,

So now I close my eyes and let my mind go free,  
And let the Mother Goddess create the beauty in everything,

Kurt Kacich

## The Mourning Palace (Auschwitz Is Real)

The palace of mourning, the place to meets death's end,  
The place, where you wish the nightmare was pretend,  
Innocent families fallen victims of the crime called genocide,  
Home of the black suited demons committing crimes of homicide,  
Yes! Hell on Earth! The torturing of life! Auschwitz is real!  
Endless labor, human guinea pigs, the destruction of man,  
Horrifying acts, only thing left is the image of what was once called home,  
Without family left to see, alone behind barbed wire, all alone,  
No food and harsh shelters, o how I wish I could go home!  
Am I in hell? Does Satan exist within this tomb? Auschwitz is real!  
I open my eyes after seeing deaths of millions, was heaven ever real?  
I'm sure it's a fairy tale, a closed book that seemed ever surreal,  
Starvation under the freezing sun, malnutrition feeding off zyklon-b,  
Can I ever open my eyes to salvation? Or is perdition all I see?  
Endless terror within the broken province, a nightmare never ending,  
Life inside shattered, by morals controlled by rules forever bending,  
Where did my family go? Are they home alone? Perhaps they already passed the  
pearly gates,  
Broken dreams, shattered existence, the clouding of mind, Auschwitz is real!  
For many nights I stared into the skies, Hoping God would catch my prayers,  
Shivering in a masquerade of madness, I've never been so scared,  
Struggling day by day, hoping to get stronger and survive from the pain I bear,  
Endless cries of suffering, inflicted by the demons with no regrets,  
If I live through this infernal dream, Oh how I will never forget!  
Hoping to freeze time, hoping to find a piece of mind,  
Wishing to live ahead of my time, or perhaps years I would rewind,  
Oh how I wish I could go home, or go to a place of happiness I once known,  
Clouded by mist of the rotting souls, It's the mourning palace,  
It's the place, once called hell, the establishment of fire and brimstone,  
It's the dominion of Auschwitz the place Leviathon calls home.

Kurt Kacich

# The Ocean

Take this sand I take from the ground,  
Remember this moment from here until now,  
Yes! Remember for it'll be a story that mustn't be told!  
A secret dream to take our minds from control!  
Is it a nightmare or a dream?  
Is everything around not what it may seem?  
Watch as the eagle flies away into the skies,  
Taking it's rapture into the air as it flies,  
Yes! Looking down on what might be a story to be told!  
A memory that remains in my palm like gold!  
Remember! Remember this dream within ones soul!  
Turn around! Look at the wave's crash upon the shore!  
For paradise rests within a dream to be reality, nevermore!  
Is it a nightmare or a dream?  
Is everything in our imagination or memories we're left to redeem?  
Look afar the ocean's tide, a light!  
Yes! Salvation in its very own, shining so bright!  
Listen! Lend your ear, listen as the bells toll,  
A dream inside our minds leaving our minds from control!  
Is it a nightmare or a dream? Or perhaps our bodies are lost at sea.....

Kurt Kacich



# The Prophecy Of The Evil King

How he hangs from the trees,  
Forever an overcast of shadows that darkness brings!  
As he sways in the wind, and it's eyes stand still,  
As I ponder the reason my blood runs cold with chill,  
Perhaps he did it to escape? The final solution, the evil thrill?  
I stare into eyes of the soulless in front of me, eyes stand still,  
In the area so desolate, where crows fiddle in the trees,  
Forever over me, shadows that darkness brings!  
Around me, the only area where birds don't sing,  
Around me, the willow with a body hanging from a string,  
Forever, the place where people once cheered the death of an evil king,  
I look into his eyes, tainted a cold colored grey, his eyes stand still,  
Suicide or execution? Escape or what justice fulfilled?  
A war lock of a man, the true beast of mankind,  
With the mind of evil and insanity intertwined,  
Forever over centuries, shadows that darkness brings!  
The hanging of a tyrant, he stares at me, his eyes stand still,  
His soul haunting the desolate fields, with the intention to kill,  
the ghost from fire and brimstone, carrying the souls of innocent with him,  
A prophecy, a story to be told, the tomb raider, the pallbearer of grim,  
The king of kings with the heart of wicked within,  
Forever scrolling through pages of history, overcasting shadows that darkness  
brings!  
I look into his minds eye, the eyes of evil, his eyes stand still,  
Soldiers armed by command to rape and pillage,  
Total destruction of the hearts of families, a broken village,  
Loyal noblemen and soldiers under the law of unholy, the tyranny of dominion,  
The carnage of the almost surviving population washed away in oblivion,  
Forever the overcast of humanity, slaughtered in shadows of what darkness  
brings!  
I turn around and start to walk away, his eyes gazing at me, his eyes stand still.

Kurt Kacich

# The Relapse

What felt like many years ago,  
In a bottle left to my right of my divan,  
A sinister temptation left me with an ace and shorthand,  
Lived a family of cluttered ooids,  
Nerves leading to my brain telling me to avoid,  
Mass delusion of frustration of what you may know,  
Again I swallow the evil seed of hydrocodone,  
Into what might be called an array of emotion bottled inside,  
Leaving behind shadows of torment that reside,  
With my glass I take a swig of what I call the red cure,  
Yearning to forget what sense I lost so pure,  
My eyes go blind and my heart beats on delay,  
Fighting with a sword and armor trying to dismay,  
I feel my body deaden, my blood dries numb,  
Brain feels heavy I press into my heart with my thumb,  
Again I water the evil seed with scarlet liquidation,  
To garden a new hallucination of my salvation,  
Failure to please oneself I point the finger to the outside,  
Grasping the bottle for dear life able to swallow no longer my pride,  
My head lies to the floor wishing to take my last breath,  
Dreaming for several minutes then waking up to a pencil sketch,  
Finding the tool in my hand, published in writing, which depicts death.

Kurt Kacich

# The Scenic Garden

As I walk with your hand in mine, I see the most beautiful paradise known to man,

My eyes water at the magnificence of this garden like land,  
Everything looks as if it's a dream beyond the farthest span,  
Let's take a walk through paradise as I hold your hand,

I can see that majestic fountain that sits in the center of the garden of glee,  
I observe in awe as I see the water flow gently down the steeps,  
And it seems as if this is all made up in a dream,  
But the reality is that in this garden of glee is where the angels sleep,

I've never seen something so beautiful in my life,  
It looks as if the heavens came down to enhance my dream like sight,  
The flowers are so scenic of pink, yellow, red and white,  
This wonderland is so beautiful the plants blossom in the night,

As I walk with your hand in mine the rain drizzles gently to the ground,  
I listen closely and I hear the birds chirping in the most beautiful of sounds,  
I'm surrounded by magic in this beautiful garden all around,

Then I turn to you and lay my lips on yours,  
I close my eyes in the process and realize it's even more beautiful than before,  
What I've realized is that, this magic garden isn't the most that I adore,  
It's your hand in mine that I'll hold forever more.

Kurt Kacich

# The Secret (Roswell 1947)

On a warm summer day, I glanced at the sky,  
On July 8th,1947, I saw a circle-like object a high,  
Intent to search our world, the unidentified flying object,  
A so-called encounter against humanity, the search project,  
The object was shot by national security due to fright,  
The object burned to bits before the dawning of night,  
It landed in the desert in New Mexico, Roswell 1947,  
But were the intent made for evil? it could've came from heaven,  
The closed minds of humanity, justified by force,  
Instead of letting nature and fate take it's course,  
On July 8th 1947, in Roswell New Mexico, I still remember,  
The broken pieces that lay in the sand glowing from embers,  
Humanity scared of chaos, confusion and disease,  
Humanity, the naïve, that uses violence rather than perceive,  
I still remember, the metallic pieces with the pink light code,  
But forever government hiding what really happened so nobody will know,  
Money the greed, that steals the knowledge of an event surreal,  
Never will the world see the sky under steel,  
Hidden tapes, and confidential info to keep for themselves,  
Info humanity that would want to experience from ourselves,  
Humanity has a right to know what really occurred,  
Only I can spread what really happened, a true story preferred,  
I still remember, when the sky was split by that bright beam,  
The opening of the skies with neon seams,  
Perceived as a loss of control, or a crash to the earth,  
Perceived as a natural disaster in nature rather than mirth,  
But it was a sight to see! Only can we imagine what the secret is worth,  
It was then July 8th,1947, that the sky was a pattern of girth,  
As it flew in a curve like motion, a pattern of its own,  
This flying object that flies from the unknown,  
But what makes Roswell 1947 different than any other event,  
Why is the incident in Roswell 1947 publicity bent?  
But I can still remember looking into those black eyes,  
I can still remember the sensation I felt as the creature slowly died,  
I felt a sense of sorrow for the black eyed creature, empathy,  
A creature that proved no bad intentions, I felt sympathy,  
A creature with a fairly large head, a small body, and black eyes,  
The same creature that was a pilot of the UFO that split the sky,  
Forever, must you really know what happened in Roswell,

But never will you see what really occurred,  
But maybe again we'll experience an event when the sky disperse.

Kurt Kacich

# To Sunny

To my dog Sunny, the most beautiful creature on Earth,  
Born of an angel from heaven, beautiful from birth,  
The beautiful face of Sunny, that brings me tears of mirth,  
I love you Sunny, the most beautiful creature on Earth,  
To Sunny, my dog, humankind's best friend,  
We'll be together forever, from now until the end,  
A gift from above, for all my wounds your job was to mend,  
To heal all my wounds from before, the joy you bring to my life I can't  
comprehend,  
I still remember the first day you've arrived with a halo on your head,  
"My gift to you" from the words of God, I still remember what he said,  
I still remember how you lied next to me, alongside the tears on my bed,  
And took my hand and lead me to happiness from dread,  
I still remember when I first looked into your eyes,  
I still remember you blessed as an angel, you blossomed from rain in the skies,  
As you grew older I knew you were the greatest gift in my life,  
I knew to grow old with you, it would kidnap me away from strife,  
And I knew you'd be there with me through the darkest of nights,  
And a reason for me to stay here was in plain sight,  
I still remember gazing at your beautiful golden fur,  
I thought to myself a beautiful angel, I knew you were,  
A heart larger than the world underneath the golden fur,  
I knew you arriving in my life would be my cure,  
Under the darkest of nights, you shined light on the pain I've endured,  
Lying next to me in my bed with you I feel secure,  
I love you Sunny, from heaven you were my gift everlasting for sure.

Kurt Kacich

## Triple 6 Flags (Carnival Of Carnage)

Oh what a sight! Look at the new attraction!  
Let's enter the festival and feel some satisfaction,  
Down in Hades it's stressful, let's pay our dues from infraction,  
They call it the Carnival of Carnage the festival for the damned,  
Through the entrance we stroll to our sides we see sacrificed lambs,  
A festival only for local residents, the total customers read six hundred sixty-six,  
To our left we see a black magic musician performing tricks,  
With the bloody and beaten angel of Gabriel as his sidekick,  
To our right we see clowns juggling heads of the deceased,  
On unicycles they laugh at the faces of death without cease,  
As we keep walking ahead we spot a Ferris wheel, looks like fun!  
Let's ride the Ferris wheel called the Pentagram so we can touch the sun!  
We enter the Pentagram accompanied by a goat headed being,  
By far this is the tallest Ferris wheel I've ever seen!  
Up we go we're halfway to the top!  
Until we get interrupted by a sudden stop,  
More passengers occupied with the freaks of the night,  
Up we go again! Now were at the top, oh what a sight!  
But as I look up it wasn't the sun I saw, it was a desolate estate,  
A land above us? But how is that possible beyond imagination demons create?  
It must be the land they call purgatory, the court of evil and good,  
Purgatory, a circular island shaped realm often misunderstood,  
Headed by a two member team "God" and the Devil, our master,  
The team that dictates triumph and glory or torment and disaster,  
What looks like human beings that stands of the surface,  
I see some walk up stairs with their heads held high,  
Walking up the stairway of heaven, or in their minds the sky,  
Unfortunate are they, they'll never experience the fair we have down here,  
The other humans with eyes that resemble fear,  
Are the ones more fortunate, the ones that can experience the fun,  
The ones that resemble fear, qualify in the marathon we call the pit run,  
After the pit run they auction for settlements in the Hades township,  
What a stressful process! Perhaps they should join us here,  
The Carnival of Carnage, the funfair filled with fear,  
The Ferris wheel descends down, as it picks up speed,  
A feel a breath of exemption my soul feels free,  
Without halt, we reach the bottom, what a surge!  
So we continue walking being guided from a sinister urge,  
From there we spot the tilt a whirl, let's go a spin!

Again an empty line we hop on the ride of sin,  
The ride with rotating carts, it spins so fast it peels off the skin,  
So we twirl and twirl,  
So fast we whirl and whirl,  
So fast I close my eyes and see a scroll unfurl,  
It reads, "compassion is ugly and pain is glamour."  
The scroll that reads a message reversed from Amor,  
My skin peels off and I feel my flesh wither in the wind,  
I feel an surge of excitement as my pain peaks from within,  
The Goat-head operator of the tilt-a-whirl pulls the lever, faster and faster we  
spin,  
The tilt-a-whirl stops and my body rushes with endorphins,  
Let's walk to our left, past the blood pools, from the tears of heaven,  
Let's keep walking, ahead I see the house of mirrors attraction #11,  
This looks neat to take a walk inside!  
What welcomes us is one of God's angels ridiculed dressed as a bride,  
Inside this house is mirrors all around me,  
When I looked I saw something I never expected to see,  
I saw a smoke cloud with goat horns coming from the top left and right,  
Something in the mirror that looked so sinister that leaves angels in fright,  
Something scarier than what human beings see as danger in the night,  
Perhaps I was a human being in my previous life,  
Perhaps this is my reward from de-viewing "God" in despite,  
In a reversed mind in Hades I always abided by what is wrong and what is right,  
The house of mirrors, the house that shines the reflection of truth,  
The house of mirrors, the places where darkness represents the darkness of my  
youth,  
But what a great feeling! Let me bask in the presence of sin!  
Let me bathe in the darkness with mirrors and feel the spite from within!  
As a walk out of the house I look to my right and there's a stage,  
Six hundred and Sixty six angel wings for prize currency for their wage,  
Of the most talented dancers of zombie women and little goulsh looking school  
girls,  
Erotic strippers and dancers that are submissive to their masters,  
That provide our species to fulfill our lust and get us through our dark days  
faster,  
Zombie women dance with shackles and chains being held by their masters from  
behind,  
Sex discrimination is the relationship status in Hades, when a male wants to  
unwind,  
They ship sex slaves in black chariots bearing evil souls,  
Possibly the secret of love in which we will never know,



The 2nd segment is the tap dance with the goulsh school girls,  
Children held by leashes from the zombie women like a line of dominance,  
The masters, the zombies, the gouls, so demeaning for their masters they dance!

After feeling arousal from the creatures dance, I figured I'd cool off in the park,  
Yes, a park the "water park", or In the eyes of humans, blood pools in the dark,  
With slides from the top of the skies, where victims drown in the tears of heaven,

This is going to be my last segment, the attraction number #7,  
The blood slide, the slide from purgatory where angels die,  
What a beautiful sight! Skies of red with crow shaped bodies and human heads a  
high!

How beautiful the skyline above Hades, the tainted horrors in the skies!

I'm going to take the elevator to the top, I'm starting to feel tired,

The elevator where rats feast on angels trapped to the wires,

To the top we go! A smooth ascent to purgatory level going rather slow,

At the top I look down,

from the top I can see everything from the tilt-a-whirl to the clowns,

The Pentagon shaped Ferris wheel, literally the ghost town!

So I descend down the slide! Feeling my spine riddled with spikes,

Descending from the skies, descending pain from new heights,

Masochism, a beauty in its own field,

Masochism pain so glamorous, almost surreal,

The last of my blood spurts from my black heart,

Attractions of Masochism in the Chaotic Carnival from the start,

Never will I forget my adventure, my vacation,

My vacation to the Carnival during sedation,

The Carnival of Carnage, the land of the triple 6 sins,

Kurt Kacich

# Tunnel Of The Numb

Numb to the face of anger,  
Numb to the face of pain,  
Wishing one day I can touch and feel the same,  
I put on the tragedy mask and realize it was all a game,

I wish that I remember what it's like to feel my face,  
I wish I can forget the memories and banish them without a trace,  
Something inside tell me there's no one to blame,  
The anger rises as hell fires rage within the flame,

I walk alone in this tunnel on the blood soaked carpet,  
Footsteps in red follow my lead to mark it,  
The path of bloody tears my feet march forward to embark it,

The route in front of me is dark as I pace forward,  
My voice screams in agony as the echo is ignored,  
The only thing I see in front of me is the face of rage,  
To find a mile ahead a mirror ahead me in the reflection of a demon caged,  
The story continues as the reader turns the page,

The walls around me are decorated with blood,  
In correlation of the path under me, the soaked rug,  
Negative energy pushes me forward like at the end of a rope with a tug,  
To reveal in the darkness the shining mirror of the angry mug,

My blood turns colder with every step I take,  
The blood drips from the ceiling from outside with a quake,  
Am I in a nightmare or am I awake?

Reality pulls me forward down this tunnel of pain,  
Spikes open the wounds on my wrists from the chains,  
The chains pulled from the mirror guided by my mind, insane,  
Anger ignites the fire that runs through my spine and up to my brain,  
As I look into the mirror down the tunnel and realize it was all a game.

Kurt Kacich

# Ugly Truth

The ugly truth, the shadow that wonders alone,  
It's the dark space in the corner of the room where love isn't shown,  
The ignored people whose personality is ignored and unknown,  
It's the face in the mirror that cracks on sight,  
The same mirror where society reflects beauty and glamour where self loathing ignites,  
Anorexia, plastic surgeries, implants, anabolic steroids, self destruction, and despite,  
The natural beauty of humankind destroyed by artificial cosmetics,  
Similar to drugs that induces the nonexistent pain from anesthetics,  
It's the poisonous salt induced in self healing known as tartar emetic,  
Invisible, pain underlined the surface to project beauty from self destruction inside to route the beauty out,  
But the ugly truth is, cosmetics is the bud in plants that doesn't sprout,  
It's the mirror that humanity looks into every day with doubt,  
The doubt that induces perfection from the outside,  
It's the disease inducing shallow emotions from humans worldwide,  
Victimized is the people who will never know the pleasure of someday being a groom or bride,  
It's that same cracked mirror that reflects self loathing and the tears we cry,  
It's the anxiety induced from outside the mirror in the room where in the corner we hide,  
The smile that is looked as a broken masterpiece from the finest art,  
The ugly truth, where beauty from inside the heart is ignored from the start,  
It's the puzzle of human life, where natural beauty of personality is ripped apart,  
Embarrassed to be seen by others all they see is broken reflection of self,  
In a glass of bottled that they store on the shelf,  
Even through glass the reflection stands still where they can see themselves,  
Through the smile beyond the face it's a silent weep of pain and fear,  
From the eyes to their ears every night they shed bloody tears,  
Not the typical blood made of red matter, it's the tears bottled up in emotion that's crystal clear,  
The self loathing from the inability to find love, the cause when the end draws near,  
Can't escape the matrix of cosmetic pain, every waking minute outside with others they experience fear,  
Unable to identify how to look human, Halloween is every day,  
Awaking out of a dream to be perfect, the costume of that beautiful angel in the dream they put on with a closed mind they display,

Where the reality results in a drought in from mixing a blowtorch and hair spray,  
The event that causes a ring of fire around the Earth burning everything in sight,  
The manifest of when the walls close in, but the mirror stands still cracked but upright,  
A masquerade ruined by the drought caused by spite,  
The parade rained on by the precipitation of lightning and fire combined,  
But forever the broken mirror inside the closing rings stands inclined,  
The broken cracks in the same shape as the lightning in the night,  
The ugly truth, bottled emotion correlated with the mirror that's upright  
Self esteem is the iron grip that can twist off the top of the bottle,  
We dig down deep and can't project the good inside even with momentum in full throttle,  
Even still the personality inside is covered by a towel,  
Where the ugly truth lies within an open mind,  
The mirror will set fire forever within due time,  
And the ugly truth through personality will turn beautiful and shine,  
The broken cracked mirror will rebuild itself into a reflection clear like waters in the most beautiful stream,  
Our mouths open with the most beautiful voice that we sing,  
As opposed to opening the bottle of emotion through hoarse screams,  
The same waters that carries the world once set fire moves upstream,  
Something as an epiphany is what it seems,  
Beauty projected through inner beauty with self esteem it brings,  
The iron grip that opens the bottle releases the toxins into the atmosphere,  
And a bright light of the once burned down the world appears,  
And everything once seen as ugly is seen as sincere,  
The bottle of closed mind opened with iron grip engulfs with positive emotion as the force of kindness perseveres,  
And the pain from the ugly truth disappears.

Kurt Kacich

# War Within

Like a devils dance fate prances round the fire,  
An evil reign surmising to take fear higher,  
To leave torment in the eyes of the weak,  
Leaving blood on their backs to overcome defeat,  
A Cavalry of angels leads death's path,  
With swords and shields they're left to grasp,  
To ride with fury underneath a darkening sky,  
Carrying power, pain and deliverance with no fear to die,  
With flags, and torches representing pride they hold so high,  
Leaving the nether world in ashes, guerilla warfare as they ride,  
Bearing victory on their shoulders as they travel side by side, ,  
Victorious over the dark side, a new fate divine,  
The red clouds cast away, the sunlight leaves array,  
Showers from the heavens that help grow the garden of glee,  
While evil spirits down under are left to flee,  
The promised land behind the eyes of happiness we see,  
A struggle of oneself a genius of its own kind,  
Daylights enjoyment versus nightfall's evil bind,  
Effort to keep composure after a war in one's mind,  
Knowing after he awakes he'll witness the carnage another time,  
An army in itself to battle the struggle of life,  
Never ending war left on the shores of strife,  
Looking to victory on the blue army of good on the shoulder to the right,  
To whitewash the red army of evil away,  
Send them trampling to the hills and into the pits of abyss in array,  
Outside the mind of torment and daily content it's just another day...

Kurt Kacich

# What Is A Rhyme?

What exactly is a rhyme?

Is it similar sounding consonants in correlating lines?

Or is it beauty spoken in flawless words at different times?

I've thought about this dilemma before,

I looked deep inside the vocabulary of language and wondered more,

I've come to the conclusion past the mental gymnastics of words in galore,

The ways rhymes are placed together is piecing a never ending puzzle,

The physics of rhymes remain unsolvable insides thoughts in ruddle,

But like a drug it enhances the altered mind of writing,

It's the advanced style of sonnets of similar sounds uniting,

It also brings words spoken out loud highlighted in lighting,

The similar sounding words written on paper continue gracefully gliding.

Kurt Kacich

# What Makes A Genius And A Prodigy?

What makes a genius?

If you were to ask me, it's a knowledge extremist,  
Through the deepest expression I've seen it,  
And through the thoughts in my mind I redeem it,

What makes a prodigy?

Is it somehow correlated with skill?  
Or from birth is it automatically instilled?

Two things I've asked myself but can only assume,  
The connection between the two,

But through self analyzing I've see it more and more,  
That even though I never leave that outside door,  
Alone, in isolation, I've acquired the both in galore,

I would never choose to acquire it in any other way,  
The way in which I see the delusion of white and black in a world of grey,  
Alone I've acquired both shunned from the world in the light of day.

Kurt Kacich

# What's On Your Mind?

What's on my mind?

While being awakened from sedation I'm walking blind,

Why am I awake?

Is it from my inner peace that I forsake?

Inside the window of my mind the light is opaque,

So seek me now for my soul to take,

The mirror doesn't lie,

That blank stare represents what I feel inside,

This atmosphere around me is exactly what I decry,

So read me now as you look into my eyes,

Now I'm going to ask what's on your mind?

Kurt Kacich



# When The Creator Cries

When the creator cries, teardrops fall from the sky,  
The painting will permanently be smeared up high,  
And every beautiful plant life will die within a blink of an eye,  
The world will see that heaven was all a lie,  
It was always a picture perfect portrait in disguise,  
When the creator cries the blue sky smears and falls down,  
And the white clouds drown in water as it drizzles to the ground,  
And when you turn around lightning strikes the canvas without sound,  
As the painting is drowned, the world around you falls to the ground,  
Lenses through the projection screen beyond space is blinded by rain,  
The same rain projected from the eyes of the creator before chaos came,  
As the creator cries himself to sleep, the world is destroyed beneath,  
Forever rainfall drowns the sky from above,  
The air turns to a blistering cold sensation as the rain drowns the sun,  
And the beautiful painting turns into paint splash of a portrait undone,  
The creator stays asleep, deep inside projecting a silent weep,  
And without the sun, the world remains cold without heat,  
Underneath waters from teardrops so deep,  
When the creator cries the world will be covered in tears,  
And rainfall will dropp from the sky forever in years,  
The Earth turned into a never ending ocean from rainfall falling linear,  
A portrait without people, extinction from drowning in never ending tears,  
Something of a painting before the big bang theory, the original atmosphere,  
Before plant, animal, and human life appeared,  
The portrait above was finished but he decided to refine it,  
And the boundaries of the never ending ocean was split,  
Into a puzzled pieced together by land, life, and love to fit,  
The creator decided that this world was something unique and legit,  
But when chaos from the puzzle destroyed his work of art he quit,  
He took the portrait off the easel, shed a tear and gave it a kiss,  
Tossed it freely and watched it drown in the water pit,  
He realized he ruined the portrait and he missed it,  
He realized the consequences he'll have to endeavor,  
And no one was there to save the portrait at all once so ever,  
So he put his hands on his head and cried forever.

Kurt Kacich

# Window Of Eternity

Looking out my window, gazing at the ground below,  
Nature in its finest, under an array of clouds,  
Looking beyond the goodness in which we don't know,  
Watching the snowfall left on desolate mountains plow,  
Fall leaves of the previous season of the color brown,  
Leaving beyond the vast humidity and sunshine,  
Taking with the wind memories like signs taken down,  
Laying in the major looking up blind,  
Looking in the mirror seeing nothing besides frown,  
Alone I turn to find nothing left on the floor,  
Debris of a blood soaked blanket packed with memories,  
Here to walk the hallways of agony alone, forever more,  
Into the darkness of the closet to find hatred like enemies,  
I open my mouth to scream but only thing that comes out is silence,  
Leaving behind my sanity, sanity lying in pieces on the floor,  
Trying to open my eyes I pick up a dagger, a root to violence,  
Looking deep inside my soul trying to find my heart that was torn,  
I look to the shelf and find a spider lingering by my door,  
Like it's web my motions are trapped in a maze forever more,  
As the prey of challenge I'm stuck to thoughts of wrong,  
I dream for several minutes and find myself washed upon shore,  
Awaking to terror my voice muzzled like an old forgotten song,  
Alone sits that same spider laying its home along the wall,  
Trying to leave my thoughts and retreat, I cut the web with my knife,  
Leaving behind memories of struggle, pieces left to fall,  
I look out the window again and see reality from the other side,  
Nature in its vacate state, under an array of red,  
Falling rain from the summit, tears of the unheard cried,  
As the tumbleweed rolls the wind whispers the sounds of the dead,  
Alone I turn with everything left on the floor,  
Here I walk into the tunnel of life, forever more.....

Kurt Kacich

# Winter Wonderland

The nature of winters wonderland, so beautiful indeed,  
The skyline of light blue hovering over toppling mountains is all I can see,  
Calming of the winter moon over the majestic stream,  
A dream trapped in nature, the calming ocean breeze,  
So beautiful the view of the sky,  
So beautiful nature around me on the horizon from my eyes,  
Glaciers, snow topped mountains, and the calming winds combined,  
So beautiful the winter wonderland hailing with snowfall,  
For the atmosphere around me is so beautiful, I wish I could see it all,  
I can only stare above, at the frozen glaciers that stand tall,  
So beautiful the winter wonderland, alone, frozen, I stand in awe,  
The moon hovers over the sea, so enchanting the scenery,  
So bright the moon, that guards the sky over the sea,  
Under the calming moon, surrounding the shapes of clouds, but what could it be?

The clouds, the gates to heaven, paradise to the highest degree,  
Under the moon in snowfall, beautifully my soul is free,  
Enchanted by magic, like an angel I spread my wings,  
In this winter wonderland, everything is what it seems,  
The reflection of myself, as an angel in the calmest of streams,  
So I spread my wings in the most beautiful realm of my mind,  
And fly away and explore the world of enchantment under the moon that  
constantly shines,  
So amazing the winter wonderland, through its beauty I'm blind,  
Blind from evil thoughts, and enchanted by thoughts of sublime,  
In this world of wonder, I wish I could freeze time,  
Lie down and observe the world around me and never close my eyes,  
and when I stand up, spread my wings and embark an adventure in the most  
beautiful of skies,  
The epic adventure, the one man race to embrace the moonlight,  
Over titan mountains forever I'll soar,  
Up and over titan mountains in the sky, and over snowy shores,  
The most beautiful of everything in nature in galore,  
To return to reality from the enchanted winter wonderland, nevermore.

Kurt Kacich