

Poetry Series

**Lady \_off\_track**  
**- poems -**



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## Lady \_off\_track()

The heart beats fast, a gentle rhythm, my soul afire, my thoughts a-dreaming.  
I am a poet, my words held high, my heart a-breaking, my mind a-scheming.



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# Pride And Prey

The circus lion, hungry and weak  
Relies on his master for meat to eat  
But the king of the jungle, fierce and bold  
Hunts for his meal with talents untold.

And when circus lions are set free  
In the forest where wild dogs roam free  
They become prey for the hungry pack  
Their fate sealed in a vicious attack.

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# Though Never Was Mine

In shadows of longing, my heart does pine,  
For a soul I lost, though never was mine.  
His laughter danced like stars in the night,  
But fate's cruel hand kept us out of sight.

I yearned for his touch, his warmth divine,  
Yet destiny's game played a twisted line.  
Love's bitter taste, a bitter pill to swallow,  
Losing someone I never had, my heart's sorrow.

Though never was mine...

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# A Search Of Contradiction

Lines on my hand, foretold my fate  
A child of seven, to meet the end at eight  
I searched for a palm reader to contradict the prediction  
Lost in the crowd, with no contradiction

A thin man appeared, kind and consoling  
Guided me home, with words consoling  
In my innocence, I asked without a plan  
'How are you alive without your hands? '

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# Unique Expertise

Can a fish breathe air?  
Or a bird swim with ease?  
These questions may seem unfair,  
For they each have unique expertise.

The fish with its scales and fins,  
Swimming gracefully in the sea.  
The bird with feathers and wings,  
Flying high and wild and free.

But what of you and me,  
With our own individual style?  
Why must we compare endlessly,  
When we're each unique in our own file?

Let's celebrate our differences,  
And embrace our individuality.  
For it's in our uniqueness,  
That we find true beauty.

No need to compare or compete,  
For each of us has a special beat.  
So let's dance to our own rhythm,  
And let our true selves shine and gleam.

For like the fish and the bird,  
We too have our own gift to offer.  
And when we let our true selves be heard,  
The world is a much brighter and happier place to conquer.

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# The Wandering Wight's Search For Home

Yon wight doth wander anon,  
Thither and hither in search of a place,  
Wherefore to rest his weary bones;  
To find a home with a gentle embrace.

He seeks a refuge from life's toils,  
To soothe his soul and ease his pain,  
Where peace and love shall be his spoils,  
To keep him safe from life's disdain.

He seeks a place of solace and hope,  
Where he can find a moment's reprieve,  
A place where life can give him scope,  
To find a rest and a blissful reprieve.

Though his journey is long and hard,  
He is determined to reach his goal;  
Wherefore, he will follow his heart,  
To find his home and his soul.

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# The Refining Flames Of Tribulations

Aye, tribulations oft' refine,  
Naught perfection sans its trials t' define,  
E'en as life's perils oft' conspire,  
Each step 'pon our path we aspire,  
Growth through strife, each moment enshrine,  
For without challenges, imperfection doth entwine.

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# A Slumber Did My Spirit Keep: A Tribute To Unconditional Love

The moon did rise,  
and stars did show,  
A dream, I thought, was meant to go,  
The air was still,  
and night was deep,  
My heart did ache, I could not sleep,  
I heard a sigh, I saw a tear,  
My thoughts did wander, far and near,  
I knew a dream, could not be mine,  
I wished that I could call it thine,  
My heart did ache, with sadness deep,  
A slumber did my spirit keep.

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# The Unyielding Malady

Tis a malady most dire,  
That strikes with no respite,  
An insidious affliction,  
That quells with darkest blight.

The pestilence of the psyche,  
That humans can't outrun,  
Its insidiousness most ancient,  
Its damage hard to undo.

It's the bane of our existence,  
That can't be seen or touched,  
But its torment is relentless,  
And its effects are far too much.

It's a chaos of the heart and mind,  
That leads to great despair,  
For all its victims, of all time,  
It's the hardest cross to bear.

But though this malady be strong,  
And darkness reigns supreme,  
We mustn't forget that hope is long,  
And love is the brightest beam.

For in the midst of this great strife,  
We find the strength to fight,  
To live our lives with joy and life,  
And overcome the blight.

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# Reveries In The Painted Sky: Finding Beauty In The Unseen

The clouds don't look real, I thought with a sigh,  
As I gazed up at the painted sky.  
The colors were vibrant, the shapes were so strange,  
It felt like a dream, an otherworldly range.

The clouds swirled and danced, in patterns so rare,  
It was hard to believe they were really there.  
I felt so small, beneath their towering form,  
As they drifted and swayed, in a magical storm.

But as I looked closer, I began to see,  
That these clouds were more than just imagery.  
They held the stories, of a thousand dreams,  
Of love and laughter, and endless streams.

And though they don't look real, they are, indeed,  
A part of this world, a wondrous breed.  
They remind me that life, is full of surprise,  
And beauty is found, in the most unexpected guise.

So I'll keep watching the clouds, as they pass overhead,  
And marvel at the mysteries, they hold unsaid.  
For in their fleeting form, I find a sense of peace,  
And a reminder that life, is a canvas of endless release.

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# Blind Within Mind

O'er the gloaming morn, hues of sapphire and rust,  
The shadows of thought, clouding my trust.  
My vision blurs, terrene bliss forlorn,  
My sight obscured, in a blindness of mind forlorn.

Apathy reigns, my ardor for life, gone,  
My joys and my sorrows, like a forgotten song.  
My beleaguered soul, within a void of grace,  
Searching for solace in a silent embrace.

My spirit dulled, my passion stilled,  
My aspirations of life, all unfulfilled.  
The walls of my mind, ever so opaque,  
My dreams are crushed, in a state of opaque.

The sun may rise, the stars may shine,  
But the darkness in me, will ever be mine.  
My dreams, my hopes, of life sublime,  
Forever lost, in a blind within mind.

The End?

Although, The grief of my plight, so heavy, so deep,  
My life, a parched field, in a barren sleep.  
My heart, a cadaver, my soul, in dismay,  
The darkness within, for me, here to stay.

My hopes and my dreams, in a distant skyline,  
My vision, a blur, my will, beguiled.  
The despair and the sorrow, so profound and so deep.  
My life and my dreams, to an eternal sleep.

Alas, I must journey, without a star's light,  
My dreams, my hopes, in a realm so distant and bright.  
My heart, my soul, I must find within,  
The courage and strength, to rise and begin.

The Spark of courage will kindle a flame,  
My battle is joined, I will not be tamed.

My heart beats strong, and my spirit is free,  
I will strive for greatness, for all to see.

The sun will rise, and the stars will shine,  
The darkness within me, will be left behind.  
My dreams, my hopes, of life sublime,  
Will come alive, in a blaze of my mine.

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# An Employed Audacity

Yet...

Yet there is hope to break this dread,  
For courage lies in what lies ahead;  
A force of will, a spirit strong,  
Can quell the terror and right the wrong.

For those who'd seek to vanquish fear,  
Must stand tall, must never veer;  
Must take a chance and never flinch,  
And boldly face the foe and winch.

For when one's audacity is employed,  
The strength of man is fully enjoyed;  
The courage of the heart to test,  
Will bring a sense of newfound zest.

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# Pushing Potentiality: A Potion Of Preponderance

A potent potion of potential,  
A future of potentiality,  
The potency of preponderance  
To penury of poverty.

A pertinacious pursuit of perfection,  
A portent of prescience,  
The power of preemption  
To prevent its presence.

A plenitude of productivity,  
A promise of prosperity,  
The profundity of prodigiousness  
For a perfect posterity.

A paeon of plentitude,  
A plan of perspicacity,  
The prerogative of prudence  
To proffer out Prosperity.

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# Veracious Merriment

Veracious merriment,  
Inherent in our camaraderie, o  
Uniting us in a bond that's sacred,  
Enriching our existence,  
Never to fade.

Spontaneous laughter,  
Ablaze with joyous mirth,  
Sparking smiles and stories,  
Our spirits soaring high,  
Cherishing the journey.

Insightful conversations,  
Enlightening us to see,  
The beauty of life,  
In a world of complexity,  
Rendering us wiser,  
For our days ahead.

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# The Lexical Exploration

O'er lit'racy's broad vista  
Verbose lexicon runs deep  
Vocab'lary's highest peak  
Ascend'll to words steep

Encyclopedic knowledge spawn  
A plethora of facts to glean  
Fathoming the undefin'd dawn  
Wherein complex thought convene

Inundated by the streams  
Of wordy information  
Insightful minds thence gleams  
Revelations peroration

Unravelin' the mysteries  
Of words' meanings profound  
Unlockin' mental faculties  
Expressin' thought astound

Unearthing the brain's latent power  
Venture to the far-off shore  
Thesaurus of words to devour  
Ascend to the pinnacle of lore.

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