

Poetry Series

Mark Fraleigh
- poems -

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Mark Fraleigh()

Black Hole Spawning

Death, Destruction, Darkness and Doom
These four horsemen shadow my every move
Spirit vultures and other fiends of lifelessness
Threaten to swallow any wink of hope in this forsaken realm

As I walk along this path
The sky opens wide
and hearses rain down like dead angels from heaven
The black cloud above my head ensures nothing but wrath
My skin runs thick with the shrapnel of shattering dimensions

As my boots trudge through the endless corpses
of warriors from a battle whom no victor holds,
Another moon possesses me
and fulfills the vengeance of the universe

Chasms appear
Forgotten pits of hell
Blackwings emerge
and the suffocating smoke surrounds my temple
as I breathe the Chaos once again

The murky river of time
bleeds into archaic oceans
Holding trapped souls, drowned for aeons
crying out for salvation
My shores were never enough
to penetrate the unfathomable abyss
I gaze upon the waters to glimpse a reflection
of the one who spawns decay

All I crave
is to finally return
to the ancient slumber
But the path of eternity
The light of infinity
and the chains of rusted dignity
Bind me, alone, to these shores

Icicles from other worlds rip through my mind
and prevent these heavy eyes from ever closing
To be immortal in a world that is frozen

The burning darkness provides the only warmth
to a vacant shell that once was home to forces of light
Forces which were mangled, raped and ripped apart
by the fabric of despair
No human mind could ever fathom
the wholeness of death

Gatekeeper I am
but the keys are lost
Forever to rot
in a land of frost

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Phantom Temple

The box has been opened
Images of past lives haunt the realm and air
Many have gazed upon this temple's shadows
But few have realized its vision
Through the trees and the mist in the valley of lost dimensions
Beyond the pools of dead philosophers and cynics
Where thoughts dissect, intertwine and reconnect
The shifting corridors revealed themselves to me
In the chamber of the palace of forgotten evils
The ancient light hides beneath
Waiting to be unleashed

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The Eyes And The Wings

I've witnessed the apocalypse
Through many different shades
From back when I created time
A man who does not age

I know the cosmic energy
It flows within my veins
I harness its true power
I grasp it in my reigns

I sense the cryptic images
I know what's really there
I dream to float among the stars
The chaos in the air

For eons I have wandered
Through canyons of the mind
Searching for the missing piece

I hope to someday find
The eyes to see my visions
Carved with my silver knife
The wings to fly among them
And bring the dreams to life

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The Gates Of Nowhere

Alone I stand at the apex of time
I've sailed the cosmic seas of raw infinity
I've seen the creatures that lurk between dimensions
These Shadowlands have summoned me once more
I've travelled far across the chasm rifts
Echoes from the mountains I have scaled upon my journey
surround me in reflection
I breathe into the abyss and vanish from existence
The clock strikes zero as the void opens wide
My eyes engulf in flames as I stare into the darkness
The light beyond the tunnel holds the truth for me to hide
As I search beyond the shattered realm of dreams
The prison within the prism screams
Vibration ceases as the candle fades away
I'm stranded at the gates of Nowhere

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