

Poetry Series

Mike poet
- poems -

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Mike poet(04/02/1967)

When tub overflows
a bubble nudged by sigh
floats as a transient sphere
which mirrors bathing beauty.

I was born in New Orleans and adopted out as a baby. I grew up for the most part in South Louisiana around Lafayette and Houma. At 42 I met my Blood line and I have many Brothers and Sisters. Is a good thing for me. I have been writing poetry since I was 10 yrs old and seem to have no clue how to get published.

I like to write Childrens poetry.

A Dark Star For Poets

A tribute to Dark Star

There I see a Dark Star
It gleams dulled yet bright.
It twinkles of dancing shadows
written in candlelight.

Sometimes it shines morbidity
a self-inflicting bloodied knife.
With manic inclined lucidity,
describing a poet's life.

Transient an-hedonistic thoughts
On currents of a transilient breeze.
As Demons are beckoning darkness
Thus inflicting mental disease.

I seek this Dark Star to bare as I share
my minds quest for its sanity.
For all that is dark is not evil
here shadows tend, good to be.

This is a site called Dark Star poetry. My home on the web. I hope I can post this here and I hope some of you will visit Leashes site.

Mike poet

A Need

I find my peace through the other half at my side
living is forgiving when progress is pride.
Change reanges she overlooks my strangnes
all goes away naked warmth where I lie..

Mike poet

A Poetic Day

Morning

Here I sit where all makes sense
found submersed passivity
in Morning dews drench
psalms of calm on the wind was sent
practical intuition to find
forth hence.

It's hidden under the ficus tree
blended in darkness all shadowy
a peace an ease lucidity
I need but seek and it comes to me.

Midday

Walking along the ocean side
I watch my reflection in the changing tide
thoughts ripple
and gently wash along the shore.

The sound of seabirds along the breeze
blended compendiums of harmony
without glitch perfect in pitch
tuned to mothers natures creed.

Night

Sitting in the near full moonlight
Palms singing the song of wind
Life flowed in designs
unclouded Moonshine
With a speckling of Stars in the blend.

Mike poet

A Safe Place

Once upon a time I was wild
with screamin demons in a spoiled rotten child
never contested the charges would hole up in jail
writting and fighting when ego prevailed.

Mike poet

A Stroll Along The Terrace

I took a morning stroll along the terrace
saw colorful gardens quite well groomed.
Sweet natures fragrance had filled the air
as an array of flowers had recently bloomed.

And then wind chimed in the distance
higher pitches wafted along on a breeze.
I counted 8 rings like an octave sings
to the dance of the branch with fluttering leaves.

Mike poet

A Vampires Remorse

As I mourned my beloved Wife,
I included in my misery,
a scorn of Gods gift called life,
my immortal eyes watched eternity.

Now all I see is in Moonlight
and I hide when Day is born.
Visions of all is cast in shadows
color of Day is forever gone.

My dead nostrils smell only mildew,
mold and decay, an existence, stale.
I dream of Morning, days beginning
and skin once tan which now is pale.

When I lived and loved my better half,
an oath was made unto myself.
This love would endure eternally
through out time, sickness and health.

Memories of how we said our vows,
there I knew from the start.
Love would transcend it would not end
lasting beyond death do us part.

Our happiness it was governed,
when found out she could not bear young.
Sadness thus encompassed her;
she envied all mothers and songs they sung.

She tried to hide from her pain;
an altered state of mind did seek.
To make her life worth living again,
search happiness where all is bleak.

There by the Gods of luck and odds,
a child came to be.
Conceived by a child herself,
from addictions conflicting deeds.

A drug house a young girls labor occurred,
where my Wife and I had did seek escape.
Life's' pain had inflicted a curse on her;
through altered minds we tried to erase.

An Infant appeared birthed in a bad dream,
for this is the way he was born.
A destitute life of poverty,
destiny at birth it was forlorn.

This young mother she had her druthers;
she traded the child to us for drugs.
My mate and I paid for her to get high,
and then scooped the baby right off the rug.

My Lady did stand, she had a plan
of two plus one is three
She gathered the child, who fit her style
and we became a Family.

Then all was dear for the next five years.
What prospered grew and acquired.
Was love health and material wealth.
All of our wants which we aspired.

Then one wrenched and wicked day
a fool shot a bullet in revelry.
He did not care that it flew through the air
Unconcerned of deaths flying trajectory.

We were on a picnic all three full of love
She suddenly fell and lay on the grove
What pierced my wife took her life
Ending all that for which we had strove.

In a bar I drown my sorrow night after night
The maid let me in as I searched for my keys
I'd lie beside my son both our tears flowing
Wordless we cried and mourned ourselves to sleep.

One eve. After we had laid her to rest

I remembered a haze of the first full moon
Amplified was my cry unrelenting was sorrow
life without her love was surrounded by gloom.

A Female was pale yet she was dark.
We found common ground in our despair.
All her life she'd searched for another.
She wished for a love but love wasn't there.

She had never found love herself.
She desired to help my want within.
Aid my quest, which I needed so,
to search till there was no end.

She took my hand and led me outside
to a graveyard which was near
'What I offer you is immortalit, y
all the time to search for what you hold dear.

In my drunken stupor
I fell into the web she wove
It entangled me with a need to see
The one which I had betroved.

She said, ' Close your eyes, think of times
The glory the splendor of her.
Do not fear this won't take long.
She drew forth my emotions which stirred.

'Lean your head back.' I did so.
I barely felt the fangs go in.
My life ebbed on a journey to bliss,
soon I did call death my friend.

My heartbeat grew softer,
it slowed and nearly stopped.
My conscience knew all of this,
lethargic lucidity as blood pressure dropped.

I thought, what would become of my Son,
with both of us Parents gone?
I prayed the Maid would care for him

and keep her place in our Home.

Then came the voice
Of the one who did this deed.
'This I offer to you
impairs wisdoms of death's creed.'

And now you must choose,
Do you wish existence to end,
or seek out the one you love.
for you will have all time to spend.

Then came the presence of my Wife
Her spirit gray in hush.
She said. 'Do not pass into the void
our son is the one who needs of you.'

Seeing how you are now undead
Together forever we are.
We three again family you see
I accept it as such here under the stars.

This darkened Woman who drank my blood.
Tensed as my Wife she did hear
I wondered what undercurrents were there
for it seemed that what I wished became near.

Then she offered her wrist to me,
Said. ' Drink of my veins and it is done.
To your Wife I must say I will not go away
for the love I have for longed has just begun.'

Mike poet

Afferant To Romance

Candlelit shadows dance along wafting of unseen currents of romance.
Science be gone for love's in designs of it's own.
Incurred is the cost of intensity as good is as good as bad is.
Both ends of the spectrum afferent to two become one once love's begun.

Mike poet

An Angel Slaps Love

As sharp as a tack.
Like a slap in the face.
Do you know the kind
tongue blind
takes away your taste.

Rip's out your heart
lies tied in lace
outlined
love lights dimmed shine
shows this love a waist

Three fingers grasping ink pen
a journal in the other hand.
It hurts to see what cannot be
no longer part of my lifes plan.

This love was special and she is an Angel of a sort.
Just not my Angel.

Mike poet

Best Man Corpse

Reminds of a time darkness shined
as moon shadows sought light.
Love was made in the soothing shade
of a tribute to a dead ones blight.

We kissed bliss and never missed
the firefly as he shined bright.
Listened to words as love heard
romance spoken by starlight.

It surely grew for love was true
and never did we lose sight.
Of our respect for each other
and one another's rights.

We kissed before we knew each others name
free whisked lore of past foolish shame.
All this galore was pictured in loves frame
as frisked as past kicked addicts game.

It can be said by all of the dead
buried there within.
That this love wrapped tight as a glove
in this graveyard did begin.

The pearly glint on a corpses tooth
reflected feelings begun as new.

Best man Corpse will drive off in a hearse
people are just dying to ride in those.

This still needs work was written as a name of a band song. A whole concept album would follow but band drifted off.

Mike poet

Blind Cat With Seeing Eye Rat

I see a blind cat with a seeing eye rat
Just as happy as they can be.
Walking along singing a song
full of joy and glee.

Then Cat sat and talked with a bat
Rat said count us one, two, three.
Then again came singing of joys life's bringing,
out of time but in harmony

They started walking, one hummed two talking,
as girl squirrel came down from a tree
and started to chatter bout names don't matter
y'all just call me She.

They all sat where grass looked like a mat
and admired natures beauty
then Cat did pat looking for Rat
instead touched Ed Bee.

Bee loved Cat forgiving the pat,
cause friend Cat could not see.
Bee said move your paw over, there's a four leaf clover,
it's right there by your knee.

They all wondered was it a blunder,
most clovers leaves count three
and at once all did say
thank you God for this beautiful day.

We love each other
like sisters and brothers
were all different.
But it won't stop our play.

This is also hopefully going to try to stand by itself. Here the mascot of Daycare is Chill the stuffed dog. I think I will make him a poet.

Then he can write poetry about the children.

Mike poet

Christs Holy Shadow

Harmonies of Crickets in tenebrous thickets
as un kept death etched in stone was found.
I wondered who plundered and strewn asunder
lightning followed by thunder then darkness abound.

Vision became shadowed as moonlight
was hidden behind a cloud
and all was colored in granite of night
while melancholy were the cressive sounds.

Here at this place of death
depression was a weight I bore.
I remembered past thinking I was sublime
now I surely think this no more.

I looked to a statue of a Crucifix
with pain so well expressed.
I accept tonight my Lord Jesus Christ
please help me move forwards and not regress.

The Cathedral bells rang 12
as I shed as many tears.
When clouds gave
way Gods son drew near.

This comfort in darkness kept me from the brink
while tears did smear this poets ink
I gained in the pain and was set free
as Christs shadowed profile touched my knee.

I have another of the same title and if I can find it will try and merge the 2.

Mike poet

Collection Of Tears

I've a collection of tears of sorrow,
always kept those of joy.
Have kept them since I became a man,
kept some when I was a boy.

My tears are tucked away in notebooks.
Sad love letters smeared liquid blue.
Life's romantic enchantments,
have rhymed more than a time or two.

Sometimes rhymed happy moments.
When all around me gleamed.
Other times rhymed disenchantments,
heart felt poems of pain I've seen.

Mike poet

Cotton Cany Kisses

Mixed in taste
is a touch of Peach Brandy
and kisses flavored
like cotton candy
with panoramic views
in luminescent hues
from atop a Ferris Wheel.

Calliopes made
the Monkeys dance
while Pipers played
and Poodles pranced
pleasured feelings grew
which upon I drew
this goodness I did feel

Mike poet

Counting Dead Sheep

There's a flock of dead sheep
still where they lay.
Easy to count em
I'll get sleepy that way.

I see ones a lying
Mirth's facially expressed
I think I envy him
he smiled right into death.

I see another could be his brother
cause they all look the same.
Though I've heard that some Sheppard's
can correctly call them by name.

Counting the Sheep would be easy,
it's these faces of death that's hard
to go to sleep counting dead sheep
with philosophies of a Bard.

Will need to see if I poated this yet under different name.

Mike poet

Crystiline Teardrops

I take the ring from your finger
with a teardropp in my eye
Why did it have to end this way
God please tell me why.

I wake up in the morning
just hoping to find you there
then look to the mirro
r to see the ribbon which held your hair

I want to kiss you one more time
for what I know will be the last
I will never fall in love again
this love will be my last

Please won, t you help meh help me to understand
one day I'm loveing her feeling life is grand
next day she lies there cold
With flowers in her hand.

This was one of my early poems it was about no one just started to rhyme and it came out.

Mike poet

Dark Is Empty

Dissolving shadows
light flickers hallow.
Wrath of God when
light fades away.

Its Darkness all around me,
as thoughts shadowed grey.
Was bright a moment ago,
but dark is here to stay.

This place is strange
my thoughts aranged
encased in nothing.
Yet there is weight.

A blackned expanse
of depressive thought,
Familiar redundant
is my mental state.

This weight on my soul
engrained in my whole
being human ash
coloured emotion.

Happy illusions of
diluted conclusions
Whims of insanity
concocted in potions.

Mike poet

Deawn From Nothings Well

Lets go to the dark places
Held within my mind.
Lets bring a pen and paper
and journal what we find.

As I mourned my beloved wife.
I included in my misery.
A scorn of Gods gift of life
With immortal eyes
and all time to see.

Now is darkness all around me.
What you see is but a shell.
Emptines appeased with frigidity
Nothings drawn from a bottomless well.

This is Vampire stuff hope have not posted it is part of Vampires Remorse

Mike poet

Disolving Shadows

Dissolving shadows
light flickers hallow.
Dark Gods wrath
when light faces away.

as darkness enshrouds me,
thoughts are shadowed Grey.
Was bright a moment ago,
this dark is here to stay.

This place is strange
my thoughts arranged
encased in nothing.
Yet there is weight.

A blackened expanse
of depressive thought,
Familiar redundant
is my mental state.

This weight on my soul
ingrained in my whole
being human ash
colored emotion.

Happy illusions of
diluted conclusions
Whims of insanity
concocted in potions.

Mike poet

Drawn From Nothing

Lets go to the dark places
Withheld within my mind.
Lets bring along pen and paper
and journal what we find.

As I mourned my beloved wife.
I included in my misery.
A scorn of Gods gift of life
With immortal eyes
and all time to see.

Now is darkness all around me.
What you see is but a shell.
Emptines appeased with frigidity
Nothings drawn from a bottomless well.

Mike poet

Edge Of Sanity

I hear Gods name mentioned
while they teeter on sanity.
Images in the mirror
seek understanding through vanity.

Comprehension by degrees
grasps the edge of reality.
Where time is only referenced
when accepting mortality

Mike poet

Embrocate Passions

Intricate was our woven passion
emotions fabrics befitting the scene.
Embrocated healing was our fashion
with sunlight reflecting off the oil as it gleamed.

In complexity my thoughts did vary
monandrous was her fantasy
Slip not thrust for prolonged pleasure is tarried
thus after glowing in contented sheens.

Mike poet

Eternities Light Fades.

The light of eternity just faded.
Dreams of a future went away.
Time tells all when love is mortal
memories are what will stay.

Mike poet

False Profits

I want to scream and stop this Evil lie
False Profits spread their blasphemy
by mirrors in the sky.
They beg for peace
pseudo teardrops in their eyes
Your not about God
only Mortal power schemes,
price is the Youth who dies

Mike poet

Far Cry Better Than I

Your like the beauty held in a rainbow
without the discomfort of rain.
Just as a sigh of relief
that comes from ending of pain.

A lovely rose to be admired
with no worry of a thorn.
Your voice a pretty melody
likened to sounds of a spring morn.

Your soft sweet scent is honeysuckled
I taste your lips divine.
A bright presence fills the room
an iridescent Butterfly.

Sadly I am not worthy
to love one such as you.
You are far better than I
why do you not see this is true.

Mike poet

Fare Well

I could say I do not give a care
but it would be untrue
so I put up a wall to buffer the fall
made of love poems for you.

Some times I do not understand
what I should or should not say
but when I love I give all my heart
it's my mouth that gets in the way.

So goodbye then just a friend
I wish it was not this way
I truly do not comprehend
not good at lifes game played.

I sadly wave goodbye to a friendship true
and hope to find a friendship new.

This was from several yrs back. Am engaged now.

Mike poet

Find Peace

I find my peace a good Woman at my side
living is forgiving progress is pride.
Change reanges she over looks my strangnes
all goes away naked warmth where I lie..

My spell check does not work.

Mike poet

First Kiss Bliss

The bliss of a kiss
in my thoughts does linger.
Reminiscence unfurls
twirled curls in her fingers.
Lips soft brush inhaleing
redolent scents which mingled.
A never ending kiss persists
shines through times wrinkles.

Mike poet

Flock Of Dead Sheep

Flock of dead sheep

There's a flock of dead sheep
still where they lay.
Easy to count em
I'll get sleepy that way.

I see ones a lying
Mirth's facially expressed
I think I envy him
he smiled right into death.

I see another could be his brother
cause they all look he same.
Though I've heard that some Sheppard's
can correctly call them by name.

Counting the Sheep would be easy,
it's these faces of death that's hard
to go to sleep counting dead sheep
with philosophies of a Bard.

Each does show emotions sewed
the final look while they are dying
The overview of their life
from the eye within their mind

I wonder what I will think
life flashing in front of my eyes.
Success or failure on deaths brink,
resulting self analyze.

I will now post some dark stuff

Mike poet

Forest Of Life

world without a soul
Children play as a village yearns,
young women await a hero's return.
An old woman scream her sons covered in blood,
she sheds her tears for waited motherhood.

Thunder peals like distant bells,
crossing scattered battlefields.
Chaos reigns as bullets scream,
young men find eternal dreams

The reaper comes he has no face,
breeds hatred for another race.
Glory flies its flag so high,
battle fever in their eyes.

Wars, destruction,
the way of the human race.
Trilling to adrenaline,
excitement in the chase.

We'll fight side by side, .
meet death together.
Senseless weapons and senseless wars,
Will change our world forever.

Trumpets blow the charge is made,
bodies fly, what a bloody trade.
Give your life for an inch of dirt,
Morphine addiction given birth.

Wars, destruction,
ways of the human race.
Trilling to adrenaline,
excitement in the chase.

We'll fight side by side

and meet our death together.
Senseless weapons and senseless wars
will change our world forever.

No more children play as the village burns,
no more young women waiting on a heroes return.
The old woman now just a memory,
joins her sons in eternity.
Peace reigns from pole to pole,
as all burns
in a World without a soul.

Floating thought the aster
remembering my past.
It was mankind's destiny to end it all at last.
Pushing buttons same as
swinging swords.
Destruction reigns while raging ear.
Them something shined,
in this tunnel made of lights,
it seemed to be a seed.
A seed from the wise.

I watched it as it fell,
unto the world below.
The wisdom seed took root,
and the wisest of trees did grow.

As it grew other trees sprouted and became a flourishing forest.

Forest of life.

Serene are the trees
in the forest of life.
No war fare, no horror,
no torture, no strife.

They bask as they learn
all they perceive.

With life itself as unity eternity.
Not eyes not ears nor senses at all.
They knew of the moods their favorite was fall.

Then one morning they felt a creature pass in the shadows of the dawn.
He cut down a tree and a new sense was born.
That sense was fear, they waited.

Kyle awoke at daybreak on a cool clear morning. He lie a minute anticipating adventures that lie in the day ahead. He seemed to feel the call of the forest below the steam, which ran along the side of their newly settled village. So he donned his breeches tied the leather thongs and proceeded into the dawn light. His mother needed firewood so he calls his dog grabs his axe to head off into the wood. While entering Kyle felt a sense of serenity. Everything was peaceful and seemed balanced.

Stepping over several fallen branches; Kyle he did not pick them up because he felt like swinging his axe.

Off to his left he saw an old game trail, which would make walking easier. As he followed the trail looking at the trees, he searched for the right one. Soon he came upon one he would take down so he raised his axe and swung. Being a healthy lad his axe bit deeply into the tree. Of a sudden it seemed a gust of wind went through the forest and the trees shivered. Odd he thought 'It was still when I awoke.

The balance seemed shifted.

The trees were in confusion at these new creatures actions. They had wondered of his needs when he first entered, but he would not communicate. Instead he cut down a tree. The trees realized he needed wood for some reason. They wondered why he did not pick up fallen branches or even touch a leaf to communicate his needs. The forest would have provided with limbs hanging in branches.

Instead he took without regard to balance and because of this the forest became out of harmony. A small Ring eyed Owl cowered unseen in the back of his dwelling. He felt fear for the first time but he knew what it was.

As the Wisdom tree perceived this it brought forth knowledge encompassed in his seed. This was a human and humans were more often than not out of tune with nature. Humans have the mistaken idea that they are superior. With all the branches laying all over why cut a tree? Humans were capable of many deeds both good and bad. They could destroy themselves and all in their domain. The Wisdom tree would try to help this human understand the beauty of the forest and the beauty of life.

Perhaps a dream

Kyle's chores were done shortly after middle sun and of a sudden he became tired. He wondered why he was tired after a good sleep the night before but he retired early. And this was dreamt if a dream it was. A place of beauty fertile and green. Animals moved through the forest without a sound excepting perhaps a whisper of grass as they passed.

Were no clouds, no rain, no sorrow, and no pain. The peace enchanted Kyle to a sense of security he had never before felt. Kyle felt he was simply another creature of nature, no more than that.

His senses had awakened to new things and he saw a beauty for the first time this moment.

The early morning sun glowed softly through the treetops in the wee hours of daybreak.

A slight rustling in the undergrowth brought Kyle's attention to a pool of water beneath a fern.

And thus emerged a new born fawn to stand before him on that cool clear dawn. As the fawn became aware of Kyle's presence it just stood there wobbling unsure. Kyle wondered why it did not try to get away. How could it be so trusting? Then time stopped, as dreams sometimes will, Kyle wished this moment would never end. Then he awoke to see the day begin.

Kyle opened his eyes to a beautiful morning with a mind full of visions of the dream. He wondered how he could remember with such clarity. Who sent this dream?

How could the fawn be so trusting? His mind then drifted to the peace and serenity of the wood. The feeling in the dream was the same as the day before as he entered the wood. Then it changed when he cut down the tree. The trees had seemed to shiver as if they felt it. As if they were all part of the whole instead of each being one individual.

It was a beautiful dream, it seemed a gift, but from whom? Who could send such a gift? He would search in the day ahead. It seemed that wisdom sought is usually found if it is sleeked.

After his morning meal, Kyle strolled into the village with his senses unusually sharp. It seemed that it was going to be a good day as he tackled his morning chores with fervor in hopes of getting into the woods soon. He must seek the meaning of the dream.

As he started to walk towards the forest he noticed a beautiful sound. It was the song of a bird.

A melody he had heard all his life. He wondered why he had never stopped to listen to this before.

Then he looked at a tree, the way the branches and leaves fluttered in the breeze

caught his attention. Was almost like the tree was dancing to the rhythm of the wind accompanied by the song of the bird. He smiled while he watched, it was almost childish he thought to envy the peace of something as simple as a tree. He walked a step or so further and stumbled on a branch. Oh firewood." As he looked back to the dancing tree he said 'No need to cut you today.' The tree seemed to smile and Kyle smiled back.

A hunger pang reminded Kyle that in his haste to get into the woods he had missed his meal. Of a sudden a striped critter ran between his feet. Kyle watched as it nosed along the forest floor

Bumping into whatever might be in the way. Kyle felt it was blinded by the sunlight, must be a creature of the night. He felt sorry for this critter because it would never see the tree dance, never behold the beauty of the forest as Kyle now did.

All was again in balance. As it was when he first entered the wood as in the dream. Kyle now understood, life was about beauty and balance. And the Wisdom tree smiled.

Mike poet

Forever In A Night

Have you ever felt forever in a night?
A one-night stand with emotions as deep
as the deepest love of your life.
Have you had forever in a night?
Have you ever stared
deep into someone's eyes
and given heart and soul
without a hint of lies.
Have you ever felt a touch
feather soft upon you thighs
And breathed contented whispers
softly moaned in sighs
Has it ever seemed you've dreamed
exquisite nerves a tingling
racing flames spreading quickly
teasing turning mingling
and as your muscles tense
and a release is gained
you wonder was it dream or real
your body has it's needs fulfilled
For the wise we understand
Nature has no shame.

I wrote this at 15 still innocent and waiting on the right female. This was my imagination of how it would be.

Mike poet

From The Diary Of A Mimes

At my grandmothers house, you will see a hundred years of family portraits. We are a family of mimes. The portraits are of mimes.

You may ask why would someone wish to be a mime? For it is a limited existence beings that a mime s a simile of a single frame photograph. Look at the pictures at grandmothers house, do you feel the pain? This is my pain.

Becoming a mime.

I was six or seven years old. Grandmother and I were sitting in her living room, I had slept over at her house for a weekend while mom, dad and little brother tend to other things. Grandmother was in an odd mood today. She looked at her pictures and smiled some. And cried a little." I think its time you wore your mime face." She said. Today you will learn how to become a mime." So I said" Yes madman she proceeded to make up my face.

As she put on my makeup she started to cry. She cried for a long time. I was a little girl I started crying as well. I could not watch my grandmother cry without shedding tears of my own. So we sat and cried.

'Why are we crying' I asked? 'Well dear, sometimes life deals you a hard enough blow that even a mime will cry." I said 'Ok.' I was soon to find out what she meant. This is the day I learned a safe place for a heart to be. I learned that a person could freeze emotions and save them for future use. Yes place them in a jar, to be opened at an appropriate time. For that is what I do. You see I write a sad story, open a jar of tears and cry for a minute.

So after a good cry, grandmother took my hand and led me to the foyer wondered why I had to wear my mime face. Well grandmother had hers on, so I thought it must be a family thing, and I did not question. We sat under the foyer, was Orleans is a hot place at certain times of the year. There was no breeze, was still as could be. Nothing moved, except perhaps the webs a few lucky spiders, the ones who had prey to close in on.

'God bless mother nature, child. Its infinite wisdom, allows all creatures sustenance 'Uhh grandmother, that is a spider. Kill it, mom does.'"No." She says, this is his house. If he were in mine, then I would kill him, but he lives here and kills insects.'

'You say he" I asked." How do you know it is a male spider? " She sighs." I do not know.' So I ask." Then why do you say it is a male? " It is taken for granted that any unknown sex is referred to as he. God is male." I answer" God could be a woman. I do not think anyone knows Gods sex grandmother. The world would be better if God was a female."Perhaps so child." She answers, " Perhaps so.'

'Your father used to say that when he was your age. Always a philosophy with him." And her eye tiered up again. But I saw her turn to ice of a sudden.

The tears dried. Then a long white car pulled up in the driveway, grandmother took my hand and we walked to the car. A man in a grey uniform opened the door and we sat inside. 'I will remember every detail of this day. For this is where my life changed.'

The car drove us to a big fancy building, it was full of mimes dressed in black. Even as a child I realized that something was wrong, so many mimes, all crying and made up in misery faces. I wondered why. They all parted as grandmother and I entered the building.

It was an odd place. Sad sounding music reminded me of harmonies of sorrow, organs and moans and tears. There were 3 pretty boxes in the center of the room. People were all around, most of them mimes, most were crying. 'Grand mother, what is in the boxes?' I asked." Why do all the mimes look into them and cry? "Never mind my child. Just be a mime.'

'Well if my daddy was here he would pick me up and I could see what was in the boxes." My grandmother looked down at me and started to cry, and the tears flowed." Brace yourself girl." She said. Then she picked me up. Eagerly I looked over the side of the box. In it was the reason I became a mime. I saw my fathers body made up to be a mime laying with his hands together as if he were praying. My brother and mother the same in other boxes. I knew they had passed away.

It was hard on a little girl, to have it etched into her mind.I kicked and screamed till grandmother set me on my feet. I ran out of the room and never spoke another word until this day.

I do not like this one much.

Mike poet

He Does Not See

He doesn't see
how much you love him
has no clue
how much you care.

He won't admit
you love him more.
He knows he better
not even dare.

He cannot see what hurts you,
cannot feel your pain.
You do not want to be a bother
so hardly you complain.

Your feelings are as deep as
sensitivity is engrained.
Inside it seems you weep as
if showers of sadness rain.

This is an observation made of a freind.

Mike poet

Heart Break Again

Again it's heartbreak
It's heartbreak again.
It spins as the Earth shakes
the Earth shakes as it spins

Mike poet

Her Kisses Taste Like Tears

Like a sad little Girl
she starts to cry.
Shedding Butterfly tears
from Butterscotch eyes.

Reminiscence of pain
and wishes to die.
Past memories of fear,
and wonderings of why.

She now head butts it all
to protect what's within.
Pains defense is a wall
she calls her a friend

Promiscuities are her truth you see
she searches for what's missing here
Seeking for her innocence
thinks it's sex makes it near.

She will not get close
loves blocked stopped with fear.
It hurts my heart to always find
her kisses taste like tears

Me thinks she needs love,
me drinks of her pain.
She winks through teary eyes
says here is my role playing game

Then she is a Nurse
board certified and all.
Says 'I need to fix what hurts in you
want to make your pain small'..

This needs work. I could look for a poem to mix in and fill this

Mike poet

Her Perfect Reflection

As I softly caress the lower part of your back with my fingertips, I notice the tiny white hairs. I disturbed them and they move back to their original place. Such pleasure in kissing you. I love your body and your mind. I make love to your soul. Understand that you are beautiful, you are my Goddess. You need to know we make love, I become lost in lying beside you. We entwine, our legs and arms, if I could become one with you I would. You could teach me to feel. I do not know how to feel. I cry sometimes when I write sad poetry. But those are not my tears, they are my minds tears. They are real but from a make believe sorrow. You pose for me.. 'Do you like the way I shaved? ' You have no clue baby, you are a dream. If I could paint, I would paint perfection. I would try to paint it gets in the way, this the perfect you is nood. I love to touch you and feel your body. Yes you are real. But you are a dream. ' If you painted me what would the painting be called? ' Says she. ' Lovely epitome, for that is what you are, that is what a picture of you would be called. ' Make love to me again, please. ' She says. ' Oooh. ' Said I. ' You will never need to say please. ' I then kiss her on her neck, softly slowly, I move to her ear, mostly I breath hot soft breadths and nibble the lobe then slowly move around to her nape then down her back. While I kiss down her back, I fall in love with her again. ' I want to spend my life with you '. I said. ' Ditto. ' Says she. I get to her buttocks. They are flawless. ' You are perfect my love. There is no way to get better. You are the best. ' ' There is no perfect. ' She said. ' Everything has a flaw. ' I stand up and take her by the hand. ' Come. ' I lead her to the bathroom mirror. ' What ' She asked and kind of giggled. ' I will show you something. I stand behind her as I wrap her waste in my arms and point to the mirror. ' That is perfection

This is non rhyming poetry.

Mike poet

Tormented Minds Eye

Diseases of the minds eye,
as painted by the infirm.
Delusions shared,
in images glared,
and sanity is yearned.

And when the thoughts include chaos,
sometimes images are painted bright.
Symbolic wrought in I won they lost,
don't confuse me facts,
I know I'm right.

One cannot be confused by fact when their mind is made up.

Mike poet

Iridescent Convalescence

Iridescent convalescence

She giggles as she makes hand prints,
one of blue, one of green,
a colorful little girl
full of hopes and dreams.

She finds healing in painting,
messy fingers smear messy clothes,
with thumb on chin changes views angle
and gets paint right on her nose.

She hears the nurse say 'Medicine.'
She's fixed right where she stands.
even her Friend's they all know
Let her paint
once shes began.

This is part of a Childrens story but I think the poem stands by itself. Will post a couple more from this story and again they stand by theirself in my opinion.

Mike poet

Jaded Heart Aches

Am dealing with these feelings
again it's heartbreak
emotions bruised needing healing
my jaded heart aches.

Mike poet

Lies Of Lullabies

As an Infant I heard the lies of lullabies
before I went to sleep
in my mind I did find
false security and peace.

I was soon to realize
A lack of authenticity
As I did philosophize
The untruths of Society.

As a Man I tried to stand
but got knocked back to my knees
I now riddle the rhymes along the winds of time
seeking a compendium on an astral breeze.

Mike poet

Lightning In A Bottle

Looming in the distance
ominous yet bright
is blooming an existence
where wicked need be slight.

I must be good
on this to stand
do what I should
where life is bland.

I now have lightning in a bottle.

Mike poet

Like Wic To Flame

Like wick to flame

Candle light it flickers,
as fire place does the same.
Romance entranced
in softened dance,
moves like wick to flame.

Mike poet

Lonely Lurches Blithe

I'm searching for beauty,
to brighten up my life.
For its rather dull you see
as lonely lurches blithe.

Someone to speak with
words caress soft as silk.
Another level of reality will
smile as depressions' bilked

Mike poet

Lonely Words

Depression is a lonely word
entwined in solitude
all alone is all by myself
with no one there to lose.

Mike poet

Love Is As Sweet

Delicious are the moments
Of romance that's as sweet
as eating chocolate pie
with love I'll someday meet.

As fiction she's as flawless,
as fabled love does greet.
Life's soul mate comes a calling,
lonely daydreams need relief.

Her tears cleanse what all is healing
pictured hue of falling rain.
medicates soothes the feelings
but can't wash away the stain.

Mike poet

Loves Essence

Love first exists in it's essence.
Raw unmolded like potters clay.
Then when for another it takes form.
Artists two put craft in play.

It's give and take as two become one.
Striving towards the dreams of one day.
A love that exists till the end of all time.
When death do us part will not take it away.

Mike poet

Mafia Princess

Hey little Princess where have you been.
Did you wish upon a Star or listen to the wind.
Come whisper in the ear of a new found Friend
the dreams you've dreamed again and again.

Your life is port raid in Innocent pretend
unreal unknowing but sweet to the end.
Fantasy contained a kiss is a sin
keep it all inside your heart won't mend.

Little princes, Mafia princes

Mike poet

Metamorphosis

Gradually almost unnoticed comes a change
not meaning fingers where toes were but still a rearrange
skelaton become liquid atoms shaped a new
what would it see in the mirror unrecognizable when it's through.

This is one of mine from the 4 liner thread at Dark Star.

Mike poet

Moonlit Grey

Once I bemused confusing conclusions
taking notes of time I did spend
philosophizing Lunar shades of gray
and what little I'd comprehend.

Of late I've avoided darkness
and shades which lie therein
where shadows smudge liefss starkness
with illusions in moonlit blends

Mike poet

My Sleeping Angel

I see my sleeping angel
she tastes as sweet as velvet cake,
so here I sit in silence
as I long for her awake.

Surely she is my angel
whispering my name,
in dreams we are entangled
awake we are the same.

She has been my source, loves poetry
from beginning of rhymes life
lonely moments, daydreamed fantasy
epidemic rhymes of perfect wife.

Here she lies in our bed
unawakened morning bliss,
wishes soon to be fulfilled
wedding promise sealed in a kiss.

Mike poet

Mystic Warrior

One man crawls to the gate
screams in rage of his fate.
Village seeks vengeance
with razered steel.

Rolling madness
on spiked wheels.
Dead warriors carried
home on shields.

One lone warrior lance held high
old mans wisdom young mans eyes
Mystic warrior courage abides
just his presence gives others pride

Mother told him brave son
but she knew he'd never run
Honer glory conquest done
love of battle bloodshed begun

One lone warrior lance held high
old mans wisdom young mans eyes
Mystic warrior courage abides
just his presence gives others pride

I wrote this at 15 and never finished it.
Part of it was used in a song for a local band so I stopped writting it.

Mike poet

Next To Me

This aching in my heart,
is not yours, for sure my own.
But my pain it only starts,
when your gone and I'm alone.

Your out there I wonder where.
The place you should be
Is real near not there but here
sitting and loving with me.

Mike poet

No Bouquets Or Bonnets

Love can be beautiful,
when tastes of sweat memory.
When it ends untarnished
pleasant thoughts there will always be.

Not wanting, ends in anger
words rends hearts pain
Your confused am not amused.
you'll do it again and again.

I want you to know,
I hope you'll do well.
I wish you to grow,
just tell me no tales.

Good want finds good
hope it's good going on.
Your mostly Angel so good it should.
But it won't be written in my life's song.

Don't start missing
attention I give.
Around you starts bitching
you chose it so live.

I will stay away, I promise,
please do the same, it's honest
to say there is no way
to throw our wedding bouquet or bonnet.

"We end in mid sentence,
period drops from our pen.
No more to say and to my dismay
our love song's at it's end.

Mike poet

No Stinking Thinking

How for two manly men to exist in the same place
is a question from the beginning of the Human race.
Down to the bone all testosterone where battle scarred is grace
would rather fight beside you than us be in each others face.
A firm hand shake its give and take go out and Woman chase
no stinking thinking not even drinking back each others space

Mike poet

One Must Choose

Contiguous ramblings of insanity
as seen in computer lounge everyday.
Mixed with lucid moments of humanity
philosophies gleam with attention paid.

A grip on life or so it seems
relates to those in first person me.
creations of strife some say a dream
familiar is blithe when constant in stream.

One must choose to become better

Mike poet

Pains Refracting Teardrops

Pains refracting teardrops

Both good and bad emotions
are like waves crossing pains Oceans.
Smiles and tears never ending fears
embrocated by poetries rhyming lotions.

Her inner pain is often seen
in gravities pulling a teardrops sheen
which splash and splatter off pretty toes
from sniffles dripping off perfect nose.

She cries for children missed
smiling in a memory
life remembers it's peaks and depths
where penned emotions need be free.

She will have them by her side she says,
an adamant goal it seems.
She will be her best or at least she'll try.
pain refracts off sorrows

Mike poet

Poetic Syllagisms

When promises combine two become one.
Harmony you find as Love's centers begun
Disembarked journey of soul mates.

Each others one anther's web is spun
Obdurate apathy must be shunned
Souls entwining comforts feelings sake

Contested preference of better half is won
Strength is quarried and seekings done
Sharing success and caressing of aches.

This is an exercise I thought of.

The first stanza is 3 lines and a syllagism being first line as major logic second being the miner. Third the conclusion. The second stanza is the same. Third the same.

The first line of each stanza is a syllagism as is the second, second is the miner logic. The third stanza is the conclusion. Third line of each stanza is also sylligisms.

There are tons of syllagisms depending on hpw hard you wish to work.

Mike poet

Prose Vampires Remorse..Ch 2

Another ships horn wailed its misery to the night along the mighty Mississippi. my son stirred and I was immediately by his side. I dreaded his awakening and wondered how I would explain what all had happened to a 7 yr old boy.

Thankfully however the night insects lulled him back to sound sleep.

He uttered what seemed like a line from a lullaby Chantelle used to sing him. My heart ached for her and to thoughts came our courting.

The luscious fragrances of the Season in the French Quarter set a mood for love is worth waiting for. Likened to Nature love in time blooms and fills one with pleasure.

I became aware of my love for chantelle in it's intensity after a year or so of monogomy. Romantic interludes of holding hands and kisses soft and sweet were lived to the backdropp of acoustic guitar and piano. It was as a serene a time in my life as I had known.

One cold winters day we walked beside each other. The clip clop of hooves drew my attention to my right side which Chantelle walked on. As I turned towards the sound I noticed she stood enveloped in a ray of Sunshine a vision which etched into my mind.

I had often thought of her as a life's mate but had never flattered myself with mentioning it. Though full figured she was at heart fragile and I feared that speaking of such would possibly scare her off.

For the moment I simply pleased myself in watching her stand in a ray of warmth day dreaming with a tiny smile as if from some pleasant thought.

Just then I felt a tug on my sleeve it turned out to be a little boy of perhaps 11 yrs old who carried a basket of roses in his hand. He had the look of a future salesman in his eyes.

"Care for a flower for the misses? " he asked. "Only 5 dollars today and a red rose is for love and I see that you truly love her." He then winked and handed one to me.

I looked to Chantelle who was seemingly lost to thoughts in her ray of warmth.

"Yes I said."

Handing him a 20 I said. "Keep the change, she is worth far more than 5 dollars."

With a large eyed "Thank you." He bolted to a van filled with screaming children and boxes of flowers and a haggard Woman who seemed to be the Mother.

I took a step or two into Chantelles warmth and handed her the flower.

Smiling she came out of her thoughts. "Thank you so much." she said. I then encircled her softly with my arms I drew her to me. She came as willingly as fluid to gravity.

We looked into each others eyes for a moment before I kissed her.

I expected the the accustomed peck of our yearlong romance but was surprised to receive a deep passionate kiss which I still taste in memory to this day.

When the kiss was done I drew back the width of a finger to look at a 23 yr old as pristine and beautiful as the song of birds on an early spring morning. The romantic in my heart became entranced by the moment and I summed up my courage and bore my feelings exposing myself to rejection. "I love you I whispered."

She stepped back as if from a shock or jolt. Those beautiful lips I had just kissed parted a bit as she stood transfixed for more than a moment before she replied. Her eyes became teary as she touched the rose to her top lip and drew in the scent. She then whispered back. "I love you also, with all my heart I love you."

My jaw fell open as the oddest sound of pleasure came out. I filled with courage and I quickly stuttered. 'Stay right here, please don't move.'

I bolted across the street ducked behind a delivery truck and ran into a jewelry store where I took out a credit card. There was a ring in the shop I had been eyeing for some time. In my unspoken fantasy of her as a life's partner I had often placed it on her finger. I envisioned her wearing it and it seemed perfect. Just as delicate as she yet full and beautiful in its artistry yet not pretentious. A perfect ring for her.

I thought of the proposal and for a moment my courage waned till I heard her say "I love you also with all my heart I love you." Her voice was a melody in my mind. I purchased the ring and took it out of it's box placing it in the top pocket of my shirt then stepping outside. I stood a moment gathering my composure then walked across the street. Although the shape of the light had changed I saw it still shone on her. I was ever so glad she was warmed by it. As I went to her and into the light of her love. She willingly embraced in another passionate kiss. I then took her hand and placed the back of it to my lips as I kissed she giggled. Fishing the ring from my pocket and kneeling to one knee, I looked into her eyes and marveled at her aura with the sun behind her.

Taking her hand in mine and raising it waist high she extended her fingers as if she had practiced for this moment. I placed the ring on her finger and said. "My beloved chantelle, you are a gift from the Heavens and I would like to spend the rest of my life learning to love you." She radiated and I continued. "Would you be my wife?"

I looked into her eyes which glistened with tears of joy. "Yes, yes, yes, yes." Came her gleeful reply. I kissed the back of her hand again and stood.

"We should make plans then, a caterer and flowers and such."

"No my love." She said. "I waited for you my whole life and now you are here. I am 23 and untouched. I badly need to become a Woman in the intimate sense. Quickly I beg you here now in these clothes let us wed and

we two shall become one."

"It shall be as you wish." I said and we were married by a justice of the peace that day.

I had 7 chapters written and lost 5 of them. Rewrote it in poetry but this is the prose that inspired the poem.

Mike poet

Prose..Vampires Remorse..Ch 1

ran through dandy lions and knee high grass
with colors and scents of that of Spring.
These wondrous dreams of childhood past
while I frolicked in fields of green

In my eyes reflected Butterflies
pause to taste honey suckle divine.
Thoughts were filled with a love of life
in youthful days when all did shine.

I was startled awake to the bellow of a Paddlewheels horn and looked around to see the etchings of names in stone, monuments to those buried. Of late I had found a desire to live in my dreams for seemingly that was my only true recall to a time all my senses were in perfect working order. A time of euphoric memories when colors were of vibrant sunlight and my olfactory nerves perceived scents other than mildew and death.

But alas I chose this life.

I could say I fell prey to the lure of a pseudo existence of immortality just as a yearling bass might to the flickering tongue of a Snapping Turtle. When my life darkened and horrible events transpired, I sought to buffer the misery of my lost love by wallowing in the blurred vision of whiskey to obfuscate the pain.

I cannot say that it was my worry of being a single parent which prodded my choice, for my son has a live in Nanny who is as loyal as the scent of the earth was once carried along the breezes of rains. The blame need not go here.

I do however deem some guilt on a creature named Allison. She saw my pained soul night after night as I patroned a river front tavern and drowned my sorrow in liquor. I had mentioned my loss to her over and over and she nurtured with envy for she never had the gift of love given to her. She was lonely and had been for what seemed an eternity and had no children. In a life of about 30 yrs she had searched for her mate hoping to fill a void.

She said the male companionship she sought was a bad ass sort at the beginning of her search. She had hoped one would come to protect her from her own misery and the unfairness of life itself. She said however after a few failed efforts of loving that manly men only further complicated her life. Their egos and dominant nature synonymous with tough guys combined with her inalienable need of love and she lost her own identity. She became who he saw her as and dressed and spoke accordingly.

She saw a need for a change was in order.

Then came the softer type Man for her. This filled some spaces previously left empty but in these lovings a new void had opened. She was again threatened by life itself and with no gruff exterior by her side felt afraid. "That was when it happened." She said.

Just then another ships horn blew calling to mind a time when nights spent at a friends house was near the Train tracks and horns blew all night warning passing cars.

I thought of Allison again and realized I could not lay the entirety of the blame on her. For I had chosen.

Mike poet

Ready Set Jett

Loves words yet to be written
are hoping their way along
with thoughts just right fitting
eloping one day in a song.

Mike poet

Red Ribbon Dreams

I dreamed of scenes of greater things
and love as clear and pure as Spring.
The sky was as blue as her eyes were true
without sorrow fear or pain.

We walked through the land hand in hand
the lamb leading the wolf
spoke not a word for true love is heard
through the heart and in the soul.

For our love only sighs we spent our lives
growing old as one.
a sadness sensed our time was short
the dream was nearly done.

Late one eve on a day so fair
she'd taken the ribbon that held her hair
I awoke with pain and emptiness
with a ribbon of red upon my chest.

Mike poet

Scars Of Love

Hey little girl, all alone in the world
Are you ready for your first love and the pain?
When the hurt is over you may not ever
want to love anyone again.

He is the one who makes your heart burn,
But watch yourself do not believe your eyes.
Sometimes 'I love you' only leads.
To the blood stains on our thies.

Hey little girl, how does it feel to be a woman?
Isn't that what you've always dreamed about?
And you will see love is not always as it's supposed to be.
Scars of love will not ever come for free.

Now little girl I think you see the story,
just hide your scars so no one else will see.
We men do not feel these scars till we give our hearts
and sometimes princess charming rides off in the night.

And scars of love will never come for free

This was one of my earlier poems. I wrote this at 16 or 17 as a song for a local band of course it had chorus and all that. This is a shortned version.

Mike poet

She Dances Close With Teddy

A little girl all in a twirl
dancing close to Teddy.
Life did swirl as it unfurled
only her love was steady.

Same little girl an older world
thinking she was ready.
Dollar store pearls hair all curled
looking for love she headed.

Mike poet

Singed Wings

Just as a moth is drawn
unto the flickering light of a candle
sometimes hearts get scorned by love
which leaves their emotions stranded.

As stranded as this moth
with it's wings singed by flame
when a heart gets burned by love
it drops to the floor the same.

Some will rise to love again
their burning desire unquenched
this timeless need of anothers love
is felt deep within.

each time that they fall
they know they should fast
the burning hunger for a love
a love that will last.

love is the key to open hearts

Mike poet

Sooth My Demons

God please help me sooth my demon.
He lives inside and screams in rage.
Although he is angry.
He is a good little demon.
He needs to be loved.
Best not be caged.
He birthed long ago
I grew up wih my demon.
Spent childhood together.
together we raged.
Together we played.
My demon protects me.
We all have demon.
Do you pet your demon?
You have no demon you say.
I say we all have demon.
Don't **** with my demon.
It's best to befriend him.
Will keep him at bay.
Since I've grown older.
I've become friends with my demon.
But he is deadly and likes to play.

Mike poet

Strip Monopoly

Let me tell you something that happened
it happened just last week.
This fine young thing she looked at me
and I had to caress her cheek.
It was soft it was warm and oh so round
then ever so softly she slapped my face
and started talking to the ground.
She said 'I don't even know you
but I could melt to the way you touch.
I want you to take advantage of me,
just please don't take too much.'
I said 'No girl I'm a nice guy
at least that's what people say.
I was thinking about strip Monopoly
and I wondered if you wanted to play.'
We then went to the nearest convenience store,
bought some papers and some beer.
I bought her a tape that was on sale
she said she wanted to hear.
Then she bought some Trojans
Non-lubricated latex skin.
She said 'We don't need all that greasy stuff
if it's good it'll slide right in.'
Now people I gotta tell ya I don't know if it's love or lust.
I'll go there tonight.
Check it out right,
it's Monopoly or bust.'

This is a heavy metal rap song written to be funny.

Mike poet

Sunrise Through Butterfly Eyes

sunrise through Butterfly eyes

She lays back and sighs
and sees Butterflies
Colorful wings
so many folds.

What would it be like
to be a Butterfly?
Viewing life's beauty
as beauty unfolds.

To sit on the pedal
of a Lilac.
A visions gift
from times of old.

A shimmering image
on gathered water
Reflections of morning
off a teardrops lobe.

She closes her eyes
seeing many pictures.
A rainbows array
of colors and hues

She mixes paint
till she is content
That the sky
is the right shade of blue

Then she mixes
the color of a flower
Purples and Mauve's
in a Butterfly's view

Then she paints

the reflection of sunrise
That the Butterfly sees
off the morning Dew.

This is a part of same story Iradescent convalescence is on. This poem stands on its own but when compiled in Meadow view Daycare it is about an artist when she was a little girl getting her tonsils out.

When she becomes a Woman she will paint these memories.

Mike poet

Suspended Lavender Fragrance

Suspended Lavender fragrance

One needs suspended
Lavender fragrance
to caress a soul
in a bubble bath.

As bathing passion
awakens romance
intricate rhythms
entwine fingertips.

When tub overflows
a bubble nudged by sigh
floats as a transient sphere
which mirrors bathing beauty.

It lands on a plate
named Sweets for the sweet.
I hand you a slice of
Orange scented chocolate.

Relax my love,
and be a bathing beauty.
I shall tend your needs

Mike poet

Swordsman

Jonas stepped into the twilight sky more than just a little inebriated. The thought crossed his mind that he should have stopped about 10 mugs back, but it was good ale. So through a slightly foggy haze he set out to find a place to sleep. At the bar he had heard of an Inn on main street at the East end of town so he headed towards it through the alley along side the Tavern.

Being it was past midnight and the Moon was across its zenith dark obfuscate images aroused his awareness. After walking perhaps 50 steps while keeping close watch along the walls, he saw two figures clad in the colors of night he knew there would be trouble.

The ale had made him just careless enough to speak and alert them that he knew of their presence. 'Ho there, what are you doing lurking in the shadows? Me thinks you might be cutthroats and if you come near me I'll likely stick a knife in your ribs.'

One was taller and dressed in darker colors and spoke first.' You'd be welcome to try if you think you have the metal for it.' The shorter one in a gray tunic added. 'As far as to what we are doing in the alley that is none of your concern and you'll need not worry yourself of it.'

Jonas snorted and replied.' Worry Ha! I've never worried to cross steel with a couple of a thieves such as you.'

Both men stepped perhaps 5 yards ahead of Jonas and drew their short swords. They separated attempting to surround him. Meanwhile Jonas drew his own sword gripped it firmly with both hands and placed his back to the wall.

The darker clad thief stabbed at Jonas which he parried and catlike, spun away from the wall his counter stroke severing the neck of the shorter thief who grabbed his throat after dropping his sword uttering gurgled curses as he fell. The taller dark clad one was a better swordsman and the exchange of blows, which followed, was quick and concise with the only discernable light being the sparks from steel meeting steel.

The clang of one blade to the other drew a crowd of those who were creatures of the night. Though they could barely see in the darkness they stood transfixed. Mutterings were heard in admiration of the speed of the ensuing fight.

Then the tall thief made his fatal mistake perhaps it was but an act of the Gods of luck and odds, whatever the reason it cost him his life. His foot slipped on an ale container and he lost his balance. Jonas took advantage and with a downward stroke of his blade cleaved the man from the top of his skull to breastbone.

While wiping his blade and sheathing it he mused of the ease in which death could be achieved compared to the hardness of living.

'These fools he thought. Well perhaps the Gods would allow them another chance if they see fit.' His mind then drifted to the Gods. 'Were they once mortals who

had somehow after many lives amassed enough knowledge to acquire Godly status? But that was too complicated to ponder in this state.'

For the moment he contented himself with what mortal pleasures the night still had to offer. He cursed as he felt the nearly empty purse, which he carried in his pocket. He must settle for a cheap room this night and choose his bedmate in the same way. Lamenting the woes of broke he headed towards the inn.

I grew up loveing the work of Robert E. Howard.

Mike poet

Tad Pole

If a Tad pole
will one day be a frog
then is Tad adjective or noun
and whats a Poly wog.

Love those 4 liners. If I write enough of em then sometimes they go together.

Mike poet

Tenacity

Charichter has been defined
by seeing something till the end
initial thought not lost
attempt not tossed
tenacious mixed into the blend.

Mike poet

Tender In Touching

Love I hear you say
your love for me will show,
sweet kisses tears away
as passions feeling flows.

Tenders is touching
trembles like a doe,
as wanting to be us
will blend in afterglow.

Mike poet

To Be A Swan

To be a Swan

As Carroll arrived at the Theatre her chest was tight. She had come to see a Ballet which was written and to be performed by a childhood friend she had once danced beside. The Eyes in front of her reflected young love as he opened the door for his Lady Friend and Carroll wheeled in behind her. She finds herself a place at the end of an Isle and locks her brakes.

She is just in time as the Lights dim and acoustical Cricket sounds fill the air. A Narrator speaks.

' IT is a November Morning air hinting at briskness. We are witness to the Sun rising over a pond which was Bed for a multitude of Water Birds."
A dim light starts to brighten over the Stage and figures are soon seen seeming to be asleep.

' Off to the corner a Swan can be seen with head on outstretched wing."
Angelles' head lay tilting to the Floor with eyes closed.

Once the Instructors had said they had equal talent and would both go far.

The fact that she could no longer dance was the worst cruelty life had lashed her with and her lack of bitterness surprised most but it was not her way.

As Carroll looks to Angelle the Swan she sees a body toned by a lifetime of Figure Skating and Ballet.

Her poise was from the school of Classical Music. Chopin, Mozart and others had her teething marks.

She looks at the Body below her and her eyes well up in tears.

No She whispers. " Here I can be free of this cumbersome device. I am who I wish to be in my daydreams."

So her thoughts wander and in her minds eye she becomes the Dancer who is a Swan.

As the aforesaid light brightens the warmth in the image reflective from the Water below awakens Swan Carroll and she let the glory surround her. There was no hurry here in this Morning for she would take the time to enjoy the beauty of life.

She looks up to see the clouds go by, there over the Dogwoods is her friend Crane.

She Giggles. ' His picture is in the Clouds."

The sound of little waves against the shore caught her attention. She had watched them since she was a hatchling. A set went by clustered different than the rest then became wind. Carroll thought I am wind if I wish to be.

The Narrator mentions the Swans friends as the other Birds awaken.

The lead Dancer greets good morning to all.

The Orchestra played in perfect time and all was well at the Ballet.

The Narrator said the Swan took a flight. Carroll watched as Angelle stands and starts to skip and spin across the Stage in an exuberant way. The Music sounded in happy keys and all was well at the Ballet.

Angelle was fluid and Carroll dismisses a tinge of envy which was out of this happy place in her mind where she could still dance.

If one of the Stage hands had not dropped a pencil or if Angelle had stepped a half step further on the Swans last flight across the Pond then perhaps this moment would have ended on a better note. But as life is sometimes things happen and on the last pass across the stage Angelle twisted her ankle and fell to the floor.

Hand on mouth the Audience gasped as the Orchestra diminished with Angelle sitting on the floor rubbing her Ankle with a saddened expression for she knew she could not continue.

Carroll winced as a bolt of pain shot through her ankle.

' How silly ' She whispers. "I cannot feel my legs."

But the mind is powerful and in her mind she had escaped to dance and feel the pain.

After a moment Angelle rose on one leg.

The audience gave a standing ovation which Angelle gleefully took

The little Girl in Carroll, who longs dance, now shed tears. She cried for Angelles pain and tears for her own for not being part of the ovation.

This is part of Meadowview Daycare but it should stand on it's own.

Mike poet

To Love Lawanda

To love Lawanda I'll be my best.
Thick and thin beginning to end this love will show the rest.
Realization an observation ill words I want to be free
Standing in the kitchen I just stopped bitchin
and was a lot happier me.

Mike poet

To Paint Perfection

If I could paint I would paint perfection
baby I would paint you
what gets in the way is this erection
cause the perfect you would be you.

Mike poet

To Truly Love A Woman

love a woman

To truly love a woman
one must feel
what pains her heart
and accept as real.

Hear her past
reminisce in her life.
Sooth fears stay near
and dear is blithe.

Understand her lows
look into her eyes.
She sees you feel her pain
then you will feel her highs.

To truly love a woman
if one were asking me.
Caress her hurt
and bond tenderly

Mike poet

True Love

Teardrops fall one by one
each tells a story of pain.
You do not know what to do
love has left you again.

You need a love to count on
to be there when you call.
Someone to open their heart to you
and catch you when you fall.

You need a true
There when you need him
True love
Never wants to be free.

Hold your hand
console when you hurt
What you need
is true love.

You sit at home all alone
Tearstained satin by the phone.
You dream of the day
someone will truly care.

There is someone
for every girl
but love is rare
a perfect pearl

When its found
it should be treasured
for all eternity.
And you need a true love.

This was a song one of my first. Had a chorus then now it is only a poem. Could be turned back into a song if someone was interrested.

Mike poet

Twin Towers

Was 34
when a Tower fell
the news
knocked me to my knees.
Then one more burned
was mad as hell
freedom rocked on smokey breeze.

Mike poet

Unwicked Sin

Pure self feeds
deadly sins lure you in
wants becoming needs
pointy chin with a wicked grin

I do not know what this is lol it just kind of rhymed.
Perhaps this can be an intro in the future.

Mike poet

What Is The Sound Of Love

What's the sound of love?
Peaceful cooing of a Dove
Brings a softened picture to
my mind

And is its taste as sweet as
time healed pain deletes
and faded jaded love light
starts to shine.

Some loves have the scent
of a fresh kiss after mint
the body senses chemistry
sublime.

The sight with none compares
this vision doesn't share
love to scratch and tickle
goosebumps along the spine

Softest of all caress
soothes a days duress
loves intricate seeking
and it finds.

Mike poet

Will Learn To Love You

I need find a lover and she needs be a friend,
just her and no other until the very end.
Through it all I wish to grow become what I can be,
Winter till fall every year and never have to be free.

It'll take the rest of my life.
I'll give it all I can.
Destiny being my future wife,
Marriage in all will stand.

Stand times test she will be the best
place for the heart of this man.
Forget the rest have a cuddle fest
will till death is as planned.

Now baby I will change me,
each and every day.
Our love will rearrange me,
let it take me where it may.

I'll learn how best to love you.
I'll be soft when you say I'm wrong.
It's a riddle I yearn and perhaps a clue
is found here in this song.

I know just cause I think
something is some way
I'll love you too much to fight
when I think I'm right
or hurt you with what I say.

Baby I will change me,
Help change me every day.
Our love will rearrange me'
Love take me where you may.

I'm gonna learn to love you,
I'll be soft when you say I'm wrong.
To find this path I'll take this clue

here written in this song.

I wrote this long ago and have not even checked the spelling. Have found the subject of this poem. I wrote it being single. Most of my needy poetry is from either being single or memories of it.

This is the basics of a song needs like chorus and such.

Mike poet