

Poetry Series

Rus Sneddon
- poems -

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Rus Sneddon(-not applicable-)

Through Time and Back from the Dead.

1st; On Golden Censer

Thankful in spirit,
Being able to hold up in the remission of Ecstasy,
For making Love should hold Ecstasy in joy,
And this orbital has shown Ecstasy
As a drug
And a toy.
It is not about reaching a height of mind.
A tabernacle of souls fallen from treason
And the joy is bestowed to harlequin reaping,
Bid reason?

Ecstasy is not a toy.

But, is about opening the curtains
To welcome a new day,
In the remission I diseased myself,
Surely this safety would power Axes,
Maddest Occultist magik emotion
Lest not forsaken,
Falls all.

And...
At first, I knew the games were real,
I knew how she would feel if one seal was torn away,
She knew I'd love her like the earth
Her ecstasy, her wealth,
I can't believe what we have done,
For we have treated her so wrong
But now I see.

She always threw my dreams down to the ground
With no restraint or even a frown
As she strolled away from me,
I felt inside a pain so deep but this heart bestowed has reaped
Of an Ecstasy in Love
And I know
I'll never lose the pain inside of me.
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Enclosed

Reeling reverence in a braidth of mind
solderin' hundreds of minute wee thoughts
around my ears, in efferfvescent light
like lucifiere valkeyrie
down through the skies...

rolling effervescent selunder my feelings
breadth a hairs length and nirvana be closer,
in mind, where we plunder, strolling seclunder...

Open to offers of scripts, plays and tv
oh' reverent thunder, forsaken thee nay
hung curled in whisplift, lair growth be seed,

Tudrills becoming tressles
under the chapeau.

Drought of mind, nae season sees.

Rus Sneddon

The Seventh Seal

The thrill of the chase makes its pace,
Worked out in my mind are the maps of Time
Working, in ways
But behind is blind.
Illusions of patience take me the way
Through life, as is illumined itself,
It cares to put to plinth a smooth feel
As sight dominates the domain
In a Golden Census
Vervain,
Diphtheria
Domain.

Hang a shrill to its waste,
This mind of Grace
For falling forwards
In the memory of its trace,
Here, this mind of Grace
Resides
In the still thought of solitude
Raising its face,
Webbed up to its bondage
And incarcerated to waste,
Webbed up to its wanton,
The find is still the same,
Patience
With Endeavour
And Grace.

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