

Poetry Series

Sean Green
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Sean Green(06/20/1965)

My poems draw from a background of photography, social dancing, a struggle with depression, and a non-Christian spiritual path. Add to that other alt elements, and the outcome is a wonderful mix as I continue on my journey, started in September of 2014, of writing a poem a day.

A Book Waiting

This is a work for the tome
it's publication now foretold
in distant days beyond the now
holding scratchings frowned upon

collection made of muttered thoughts
each alone is not enough
to count as authoring to the ones
those arbiters of writer's charm

depending on a word count
this measure slams stanza's breadth
crafted for a wry intent
now damned against the yardstick

critics rally to critique
still I'll pen another poem
the muse demands a sacrifice
a book waiting in future time.

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Sean Green

A Charade

When the world is too much
a monster that will consume
the meager morsel is exhausted
now laying down to meet its end
a thousand voices would approve
this scourge removed for the good

attrition from hatred's game
a sum desiring so much more
revelation is another stone
put upon the camel's back
with the company now deplored
an exit is sought to explore

little left at frayed ends
handed to the worse of fates
mostly for those left behind
and the future now incomplete
the illusion is often cast
of utility to the common man

a charade that falters now
when usefulness is obscured
let's not ascribe fault
for the creatures of the shade
they care not for the trivial
when their appetites are satisfied.

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Sean Green

A Choice Made

The bars are in the heart
a sentence that calls for life
demanding the living death
in jail that is freely kept

freedom becomes the taunt
seen in the beyond
through the lives that mirror hope
lost to the souls circumscribed

the doors are opened wide
available to all lives
yet there is one without egress
to follow is not their course

moonlight is instead the path
translucent without substance
sustaining emotion's grief
in the chains that still persist

now tears must reconcile
imprisonment freely held
those chains of love once lost
a choice made by the heart

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Sean Green

A Coming Day

Monday is a coming day
right for crying with dismay
for the pain that surrounds
another grind till week's end

the breadth of work to be endured
matters less than madness found
the comedies compete for time
against the tragedies of the mind

the many goals bang about
conflicting with each ego's wish
an end result may yet appear
while trepidation turns to fear

priorities becoming mixed
when the plans dance about
the tears will flow as a result
as the week begins again.

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Sean Green

A Greater Truth

I searched for a greater truth
concealed from the larger group
by their willingness to obscure
more than what was assigned
based on the mirror of the mind
each standing at their line
one bending to the inner need
the other led by dogma's creed

the outlines are made plain
defined by the curves I can't deny
an identity longed at last
beyond the natal circumstance
if only the form fit the thought
instead I'm left disturbed
still the siren beckons forth
demanding surety to be sought

fortune smiles at my side
allies as well as foes
one to overcome
the other supports the cause
they've walked this path before
or helped the travelers
one day when I find myself
to do the same if fate permits.

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Sean Green

A Humble Salve

Solace waits in solitude
seclusion spawning quiet balm
without loneliness that most confuse
with the absence of chatter's tongue

perhaps the babble has a place
in the span of life's charade
still a peace is clearly sought
to find safe harbor from the lot

if only pundits did not implore
filling space with their discord
embracing conflict without regard
for the victims of their careless harm

strident statements across the gap
separating friends from foe
this sad illusion of the need
to win by yelling with deceit

an escape will lead to realms
where the mute are resident
each in their own calm abode
without input from the crowd

a humble salve without effort
this silent measure at last found
now a hush fills the void
forever voiceless in its joy.

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Sean Green

A Leap Awaits

Consider that time has not expired
there's still a chance to grow beyond
by the virtue of new intent
or the lapse of interest gained
to reinvent the whole package
in the breadth outside the now

a leap awaits the dedicate
brave enough to explore
pushing forward without regret
into realms not yet met
led only by a partial map
forming in the eager mind

without consideration of the past
what's transpired matters not
the destination still unsure
when the future beckons forth
promises made beyond compare
with a joy that few now dare.

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Sean Green

A Madness Spun

Excuse the logic presented here
absolute by appearance sake
with normality assumed by all
exhibition of standard's breadth

a moniker of dependency
set askew by life's hopes
wishing for lavishness
beyond the scope of the mundane

the appearance of verity
a falsehood brought to the front
the facade seems secure
waiting for the lurking cracks

knowledge born of painful angst
now stillborn in your midst
behind the scenes there is much more
a madness spun too soon revealed.

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Sean Green

A Mess Resides

A mess resides behind the mask
decades taken to accumulate
the debris of anxieties
stacked to the ceiling and beyond

disaster striking behind the scenes
spun from life's anxieties
demanding privacy to be kept
behind the veil of reticence

this would be a reason why
to assume the front of good regard
but now the caring has deceased
the sins will flow for all to see

here's the joke for the room
only friends will stoop to care
while the remainder carry on
with disasters of their own.

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Sean Green

A Recollection

Memories come rushing back
of the friends once forgot
in the mists of living angst
behind the veil of private death

the exclamations that surprise
distant echoes of the past
breaking walls built with lies
that no one cares for this life

one or another is enough
the darkness broke by a light
lit from above to reveal
what came before the misery

a recollection that does not care
for the darkness left behind
asking for a smile to spring
when reminded what life brings.

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Sean Green

A Similar Lie

The highest climbs offer views
from peaks the breadth is seen
this is a vision that few attain
if the angels would have their say
the world's revealed without regard
to the cost afterwards
when the fall is the same
as the heights once overcame

into depths that don't end
torture in the place of joy
the darkness deep as the light
one or another rules the world
in due time the wretch will rise
ascend again to the stars
rescued from the inky realms
until the cycle is reborn

shades may exist in between
except they're hidden from the brain
as the focus does not relent
between the poles near and far
the cure is worse than the curse
to have lived reveals the death
when the sadness is called to doubt
joy is the lie without resolve.

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Sean Green

A Single Sprig

Sometimes the forest hides the trees
concealing rainbows in the green
when the color meant for most
is the pigment denied by one

the rare exception hides among
the mighty giants of the glade
dictating life of the less
those sprouts seeking something else

a single sprig cut from the sun
by the breadth of canopy
without a path to extend
beyond the grove set in time

a splash of color is allowed
just a glimpse as seasons turn
still the theme must be adhered
to be a tree and nothing more.

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Sean Green

A Thousand Lies

A thousand lies
and sometimes more
are seen as fact
when monsters stalk
refusing truth
obscured from sight

as myth embraced
in past times
only harm is possible
as self-care is dismissed
fallen angels stand above
asking nothing less

whispered shadows
the voice is mine
if only echoes
did not respond
bouncing round
now only screams
may be heard
destroying dreams.

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Sean Green

A Thousand Lives

A thousand lives are now reduced
the pulsing crowd is not pursued
in the blink of a jaundiced eye
a multitude is put aside
the field of dreams is now bare
fences fall in disrepair
no longer needed to protect
the trampled crops of years past

the kaleidoscope has ceased to turn
colors fade into the night
as dust descends to blind the mind
no longer will the mirrors shine
with patterns set upon cracked walls
taunting what had come before
when rainbows turn to shifting ash
the only motion that now survives

still the shadows are cast to hide
where the road may lead from night
mirrors smashed for their crimes
against the souls trapped behind
the visions meant for cloistered groups
projected upon the broken glass
don't ask why this must occur
when a thousand lives are no more.

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Sean Green

Adjudication Found

Permanence becomes a trial
stacked with a jury same as the judge
both demanding a punishment
damning grounds of steadiness

the courtroom has one crowd
wearing masks that look alike
while spectators are kept outside
until the verdict is handed down

two alternatives by the law
stated from the Devil's script
either life in solitude
or a quick end by turpitude

with no defense in this courtroom
the decree will be applied
adjudication found at last
by the accused upon themselves.

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Sean Green

Against The Barbs

Excuse the voices that must exclaim
declarations some find brash
asking nothing except the need
to exist with measured peace
false positives defy a mood
pretending more with every breath
this shallow void without reference
to the needs of outside pain

criticism is sadly seen
as negative or purely bad
even when the angst is real
survival asking nothing less
the pundits howl with despair
that their fears are confirmed
if only in their trembling minds
denying truth of mankind

the judgment cast seems extreme
when their victims seek relief
first to defend and then explain
without the need to be nice
that measurement of the meek
that oppressors insist upon
do no favors in response
to injustice asking more

sage opinions are attacked
as detriment to interchange
between two parties set apart
by understanding in short shrift
the brave speak into that gap
anger present without reserve
demanding change where others flinch
against the barbs of harsh critiques.

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All Is Spent

Stuck in amber and wrapped in time
limitless options boil down to none
look for the dreams when the clock winds
what could be when all is spent

energy depleted to feed a soul
a living death is the reward
world still spins on shared axis
part of the whole spins away

this crass illusion of the less and more
grasps at aspects out of reach
decline the invite at the door
at the risk of dancing last on the stage

a mask is left that sees all
the deserted homestead feels incomplete
while cold rooms whisper more
now that time has found a face.

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Sean Green

All Too Human

To live openly is the goal
in the realm of the world
portraying life without regard
to dangers that may come
constant shadows flit about
extensions of doubting tongues
wagging when outsiders are
the only reference to the heart

there lurks the dangers of dislike
transgressions both small and large
exacted by pure prejudice
extending from a stranger's face
then comes the violence of the world
existence fraught in every day
where does the answer lay
to calm those with hateful fates?

the remedy asks for those
most endangered to come forth
declare their place among the flock
no less or more for who they are
when enough stand upright
already there among the crowd
the rest may see the consequence
of honest living with resolve

the family member or a friend
seen all too human in most ways
is now embraced even though
full resonance is disturbed
visibility asks for this boon
compassion pressed into the void
where once discomfort ruled alone
now acceptance finds a home.

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An Awful Thirst

If God created beauty's breadth
the Devil was deigned the guardian
with one order set in stone
to push reproduction at any cost
large assumptions must be made
if Old Nick will have his way
to hold survival as the goal
even as the game is wrong

the young flowers attract the bees
of all ages and pedigrees
it matters not what will come
wasted efforts and broken hearts
sadly desire does not quench
when potency is decreased
a chasm opens between the two
as age provokes an awful thirst

generations are aligned
to progress their bloodlines
while ancient husks are ignored
no longer needed in the war
Lucifer has no desire
for this ilk in his crusade
except to taunt them as result
for their failure to procreate

beauty is born again
always there to prompt the urge
with God standing by to view
their work progressing with rebuke
from the souls that must retire
act as if the world is no more
while the fiend has his laugh
at the expense of those concerned.

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Anger's Cure

I met the friend on the road
no stranger from times before
while I traveled towards my goal
only wishing to arrive alone
no good would come from amity
a rapport that denied good faith
when motivations would be damned
in every afterward imagined then

I turned away from these thoughts
instead of considering ego's wants
filled inside with rapt desires
forgetting falls that bruised my heart
they were the chum when I had none
standing by me when life was glum
now their return bode anew
the need to walk in fury's groove

they asked to climb upon my back
share a warmth by the flames
that burned bright in response
to their presence by my side
the only answer I had to share
was a yes from every cell
the desire to smash the world
was the focus I'd soon despair

now I ask if they could leave
depart before I would arrive
complete the journey at day's end
in the company of sanity
my friend of temperament had their place
at the milestone where they stood
my destination is not their home
life removed from anger's cure.

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Another Day Beyond

Another day beyond this one
there is a chance to touch the world
when the hour then arrives
at the hall where magic thrives

lessons strive to describe
easy motions all my try
in pursuit of happy feet
upper body will cooperate

the beat waits to be found
a rhythm shared when it's blessed
to and fro within the pulse
expanding outward to be complete

from the ground the motion flows
finding venues within the soul
moving limbs in response
gyrations of the heart

reminding all that there's a source
something more than squandered life
asking all to arrive
explore connections that few will have

without the joy and the love
this life seems empty in contrast
so another day will present
opportunity to live again.

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Sean Green

Anxiety Damned

Beware the future that intrudes
only wishing to abuse
reality gifted by gods
with a request to carry on

due honesty would claim this stead
of living fully with no regret
regardless of the past now gone
or the monster in the beyond

this thief that waits just ahead
around the corner filled with dread
stealing moments that don't belong
except for those who merit hope

some say it's jealousy
purveyor of the jade haze
that drives the creature from its lair
to satisfy envy's plan

crying tears that have no place
in the moment that should ignore
suggestions made by willow-wisps
flitting in that distant space

so distrust the wicked ones
describing doom that's yet to come
embrace the present for verity
anxiety damned for peace it takes.

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Sean Green

Anxiety Damns

If you asked why I would leave
my quick answer is near at hand
with a name that many fear
enough to bring me my to knees

anxiety is the greatest curse
only grief may be worse
the former strikes down a man
reducing strong to simple fools

madness springs at the hand
of the judgments from within
against the dialog about the groups
only heard by the sufferer

the harsh decrees are absent
in the light of prescience
about the nods and mutterings
expressing love still not heard

then add the burden of concerns
surrounding objects with ill will
without intent to attack
still they threaten the innocent

phantom tendrils with sharp teeth
fantasies in fevered dreams
waking terrors slyly lie
when veracity says otherwise

dignity is soon removed
along with sanity as a reward
for these obsessions beyond the shade
with conclusions others shorn

a quick exit would satisfy
the madness found in my life
I'll try to see beyond the forms
anxiety damns in my life.

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Sean Green

Apparel Of The Self

The dance demands the truth
presented for all to see
by the garb or makeup's charm
each a bless destiny
imagined against the inner screen
fabrics spun upon a frame
then projected to the world
without regret if there's concern

not the costumes of the day
or the night in their stead
falsified for safety's sake
hope sacrificed as consequence
when the real is forced to hide
with survival then at stake
behind normality of the whole
losing all including hope.

costumes left at the door
along with masks that are deplored
these are truths some refuse
when the rest are confused
the constrained is surely damned
by the masses that don't condone
the quest to find so much more
then a bond to the wrong clothes

garments are meant to affirm
when the tunes are evoked
to share the beauty felt within
heedless of reaction's tongue
they know not of the quest
instead a vision is expressed
when conviction includes a goal
of apparel to state the whole.

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Applied To Scratch

The itch is less than constant pain
not enough to cause a moan
but always there in misery
asking balm to cure the ill

that static humming on the nerves
stripped to wires sparking hot
the echoes sound at all times
a dirge to state illusion's cast

the glow perceived in manic flush
wishing less than consequence
perhaps the crowds can't conceive
a state beneath that asks too much

at the price of sanity
a rage suppressed against the need
questing for the medicine
applied to scratch demanding deeds.

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Sean Green

Apply The Fetish

Apply the fetish with intent
or submit with bent desire
both are sides of the coin
paid to stoke the thankful loins
the once forbidden steps aside
to the path of craving's want
asking only that all involved
play their part in the charade

predilection is the term
for what's desired in the heart
a slight taunt of the world
to satisfy the steady burn
stoking fires by give and take
shunting shame in their wake
none shall regret the aftermath
when the culprits are ourselves

a shot follows the trigger pulled
two may play in this duel
maybe more if there's a crowd
prompting hoots for much more
faint utility left behind
whispers of what was meant
and all that's left is lust's desire
that adherents won't deny.

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Sean Green

Arch The Back

Arch the back to receive the blow
one is followed by many more
never enough to fill the void
when discomfort is pleasure's source

many types are drawn to hurt
both the sinners and the saints
each with a need deep within
to receive the benefits

tears accompany the sad relief
something felt at long last
proven by the aftermath
borne by welts and stinging flesh

this happy leave of sanity
an excuse to lunacy
by invitation of the lapping scourge
is abhorrent to the common folk

they mutter that it is abuse
torture if the truth is said
still the adherents return again
finding mercy in the pain

vulnerability to the extreme
when the barriers are no more
between a world of few regrets
and connection of the whip.

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Sean Green

As Lunacy Shows

Perhaps insanity finds what's sought
unveiling layers beneath the crust
shifting cards to reveal
the sum of life that's been concealed
some assurance would be nice
that a percentage will be left
of the life I had before
when the journey runs its course

from the top of the heap
to place in-between
elevation left behind
in pursuit of so much more
madness may be the cue
if only life would let me know
whisper something other than
deviation from the norm

the world used to go my way
that layer crumbled anyway
even then I can't blame
the vagaries of consequence
that pushed me from that place
because the folly had been set
as lunacy shows me the path
beyond the calm that couldn't last.

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Sean Green

Ask The Wind

Ask the wind why men condemn
others for the choices made
the response would damn the rest
casting salt upon the earth
expressions not meant for the whole
yet still the statements issue forth
longing for the sweet succor
while damning same without reserve

the mundane is to blame
with patriarchy at its heart
weaving webs that will ensnare
comeliness it must condemn
wanting beauty for its own
jealousy of what's beyond
the avarice that spins the lies
while rutting wildly behind the blinds

in the end the references
understanding of the whole
elude the ones that could rescue
victims for the monsters' hold
isolation spawning ghosts
sad reflections seeking truth
entrenching anguish even while
the snares evolve to strike once more

these crude statements illustrate
the fevered minds behind the lies
from a world that is obsessed
blinded in a judgment's mire
society is blown away
those standards set by dogma's rule
even while the lusts prevail
striking down the innocent.

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Asks A Price

Consideration asks a price
a quota given to admit
those desiring passage to
the lettered realms confirming self

these domains are only blessed
by occupants residing there
it's no wonder that obstacles
are erected as consequence

identity is denied
as a measure that complies
with the checklist written by
experts docked with battle scars

instead dire standards are applied
disregarding pretentious folks
deemed so by their eager wills
to exist outside of ills.

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Sean Green

At Swords' Edge

Consider why we react
when the differences are well known
around for longer than those alive
on the two sides of the line
opinions differ naturally
every vein is there to see
don't dismay at this fact
instead react at danger's sign

words have been put aside
now the fists will provide
dialogue of the end times
while the demons cackle loud
or perhaps they're twisted round
weaponized into lies
with all meaning hollowed out
what's left behind takes only life

all intent has been lost
to disagree with forethought
in that place the hate forms
debate discarded for only harm
when victory begs scorched earth
the meek cannot abide
waiting to be struck down
sacrificed with cold regard

consider the motives that destroy
power is often at their core
without regard for purity
except to rule in solitude
no longer happy to dissent
voice a quarrel without blood
now the conflict has progressed
to win it all at swords' edge.

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At The Edge

At the edge of life's triumph
lays the chasm of no return
where only the brave dare tread
or the foolish in their rush
pursuing life's ardent dreams
beyond the safe embrace
the rails are lost to sight
only darkness lays beyond

the siren calls for one
with promises of the heart
some think them only lies
the truth is in the tunes
songs from angels' choirs
played to devils' bands
the combination is the lure
drawing souls to the cure

it's the passion that decides
where the path will arrive
without regard for the norm
constraints are put aside
if the past is held too tight
relief is possible
when peril is consoled
at the edge most avoid.

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Sean Green

Attraction Turned

Attraction turned on its head
desire directing the body led
reversed around to the absurd
predilections are observed
if the normative were in play
there would be a word for this state
with judgment following afterward
tutting loudly to be heard

there were wants in the past
aligned with genders assigned at birth
giving comfort to the whole
that orientation was regular
except it's not after all
the line was crossed long ago
spectrum slipped outside of bounds
while preferring the feminine

now the sex has been reversed
no longer cis as consequence
and yet the traits that appealed
have not changed throughout the years
sapphic is now the urge
the tendency of rapt allure
for the forms still adored
all the curves that Sappho loved.

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Sean Green

Awake The Day

Awake the day for another dance
with yourself or another one
both are appropriate to express
rapture is borne in little deaths
music casts the dulcet spell
soothing melodies for languid times
enfolding those who play within
no need to rush before the end

look to the petals for encouragement
a path for those dulled from past rest
color flushed to show the way
beauty hidden now revealed
nectar plucked from within
rewards for the doting blessed
by the gods of nature's realm
pleasure is their due refrain

the melodies are whimpered forth
weeping in frolic's space
with no care of who may hear
explanations of joy's embrace
tears spilled in the promenade
asking only for another time
to wake the day for a dance
celebration of life's caress.

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Sean Green

Balance Tipped

Reminders borne on angels' wings
of worth beyond what I can see
this blindness pushed to one side
when the simple then presides
these loving nudges against the bulk
of the pessimism in the self

mix of gloom and despair
melancholy is the refrain
blocking out the rays of hope
now imagined in history
chronology that's replaced
without regard for consequence

a passing reference of remorse
perhaps the faith was made of smoke
the pressing doubt cries for help
day to night seeks resolve
it's a darkness without reprieve
until the light is retrieved

from the cloak of a chum
this artifact of loving jest
to mock the crush with a laugh
the seraph's charm taking flight
scales are removed in the end
balance tipped by a friend.

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Sean Green

Balm Extended

How many words would it take
to exclaim the breadth of life
something more the mundane
against the range of rainbow space?

reassurance becomes the grail
from the bard or minister
each with a tool near at hand
holding letters to be heard

those exclamations in holy text
ask their due with curt distress
as the statements fall too short
of the needs for spectrum's dreams

the poet's muse responds in kind
fills the gap where creeds are blind
with a comfort the lost long seek
a balm extended as souls are freed.

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Sean Green

Become A Poem

I became a poem to realize
the hidden depths both good and bad
that dwell inside my twisted breast
both victim and so much worse

below a surface many see
lays a monster seeking peace
the die is cast by its own hand
along with wounds from other men

this sum that borrows from the soul
asking dues that none pay
with the rub that all must give
more than fairness would see fit

to those ends I press letters
like sad bodies of butterflies
against the page as if to blur
where I stand against the rest

hiding in the midst of prose
there is wisdom in what's shared
if only the muse would point
to the parts that mean the most

perhaps some others will disclose
how these apply to my world
when the poet becomes the poem
they are lost within the words.

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Sean Green

Before Dawn

They slipped away before dawn
the cloak of darkness cast aside
leaving echoes of desires
the whispered moans forever lost

furtive groans that belayed
a dialogue that could have led
two lost souls to reconcile
lifetimes apart in mere words

morning came without a sign
except for the absence by my side
where the warmth has been replaced
by the chill I know quite well

perhaps the gods were asked
for too much as consequence
of finding solace in two arms
while wanting more outside of lust

this companion found by fate
roll of the dice convened a pair
when loneliness was put aside
to spite the pain of solitude

comfort grasped as a prelude
to the end that will conclude
one to another seeking aid
consolation that fades away.

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Sean Green

Before I Live

I'll have to die before I live
plunge into darkness to find the light
if the fates would allow
perhaps thrive in aftermath

what lays beyond may resolve
questions raised across a life
so many years of wondering
answered as the curtain falls

all the comfort long assumed
once the best of cocoons
has birthed the monster many fear
even as the angels cheer

these avatars of what could be
manifesting human form
have walked the paths considered now
still they stand in the storm

to step away from the trap
would be a blessing in disguise
even as the world may fall
crumble downward in response

being normal kills my soul
perhaps I'll live once I die
there is one way to confirm
moving forward into the void.

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Sean Green

Behind Closed Doors

The words said behind closed doors
full of venom that's deplored
by those who stand outside
fully ignorant of the lies

the scope of truth is absent
from declarations stammered forth
for an audience of the few
just as eager to abuse

full of desires for vengeance
against false sleights never felt
imagination is enough
even while the world is calm

still the patsies are arrayed
to the applause of the crowd
each with blood on their hands
or the need to have the same

curtains drawn against the world
a retreat to solitude
solidarity of falsehoods
embellished with certitude

so say the pundits from on high
cloaked with dogma most abhor
please look away lest the facts
confuse glamour's jealous lie.

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Sean Green

Behind Constraints

The goal of being is a task
assigned by those who know best
from the rules put to page
bringing most to broad dismay

uniqueness is not a goal
exalted by those above
creating boxes with only walls
padded prisons to shackle souls

with bars for windows lest birds fly
escape to the skies far above
still the freedom may be dreamed
from the comfort of velvet chains

embrace the freedom now denied
pass through to the other side
disavow the offered bane
to be the person behind constraints.

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Sean Green

Bent To Bridges

Moving forward offers hope
something more than what's deplored
this distrust is my own
resolving motion will be a cure
to remain will be an end
consumed by hatred from within
never trying, the greatest sin
with damnation near at hand

twisted palaces tower high
built on foundations made of lies
pure disgust would be its name
lurking deep inside the brain
rationalization spring to mind
stating hatred from mankind
against the mirrors of the void
only gracing ideal flaws

rote imperfection becomes a curse
mutterings by the disturbed
yet there's a way to overcome
relinquish pain for so much more
deny the voices that hold the chains
look to the road the sun reveals
there the cages are no more
bent to bridges instead of walls

the distance traveled is so small
enough to claim comfort's prize
blessings heaped upon the ones
who dare to pass to the sun
there the travelers may convene
compare discoveries few have seen
absent of the troubled thoughts
the future waits in the beyond.

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Between Two Worlds

I'll dress with comfort least in mind
conduct myself outside the box
to find a place between two realms
extorting flavors I'd love to share

the first derives from elegance
a past time when manners reigned
prompting fashion to seek prude ends
covering flesh with florid lace

exclaiming ma'am on the tongue
the touch of royalty at all times
mimosa had with early lunch
this is the half I'll now corrupt

the debauched is allowed
with use of leather to restrain
buckles gleaming in their place
aside rope looped to shame

religion turned to worship skin
the body shown by line and curve
science once served gods of steam
now instructs the bawdiest knots

this theme of bondage elevates
the once decent to its place
aside desires that lay within
those who walk between two worlds.

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Sean Green

Beware The Ones

Beware the ones that espouse
ideology as their war cry
saying less with each yell
as the volume find new heights
this choice of word is enough
to alarm the marginalized
now that comforts are arrayed
as conspiracy they'll deny
claiming a system is at hand
political whims of ill intent
replacing humanity under fire
with righteous statements that conspire

agenda is another term
suspect upon utterance
look to lists that don't exist
dictated by imagined folk
these imps that dwell within
fabrications of soliloquies
the ranks filled with strawmen
each ascribed with bloody hands
spoken from the pulpit's stage
for an audience without shame
don't turn your back on this affair
contrived within malicious minds

now the hate is fully formed
statements made of strategy
as real as the fetid lies
barked without sound regard
except to rouse the army's rage
stamp the feet against the floor
villains found at scripted ends
words twisted to draw blood
so deny these paths to the ones
monsters in the guise of men
speaking louder than the refrain
words that follow are murdering.

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Sean Green

Beyond The Pen

If the ink were to dry
letters set for all time
and nobody saw the act
would it matter after all?
this audience of one
no more at day's end

scribe and reader alternate
as the same experience
a separation of roles
blurred to one from the start
when nothing matters more
than transcribing from the heart

heights and depths are the same
invocations of the mundane
as the saint and sinner seek their own
in the form of unity
the ink will remain at the end
silent witness to the dismay

shreds of joy conjoining with
the stains that pass for life
now this drop stands alone
asking nothing from itself
except to know the relevance
of existence beyond the pen.

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Sean Green

Beyond The Shore

Consider a realm where this poem
is unread by mortal eyes
not one sentence witnessed here
finds its way to viewer's grace

this happenstance of the muse
tossed like a bottle beyond the shore
without a purpose except to state
dictation meant for higher realms

taunting gods in surly jest
for the pains words can't express
lines inscribed that disappear
perhaps they were never here

the whine with cheese in a poem
now at the end in reader's eyes
with cheerful thanks even as
the void consumes words not meant to last.

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Sean Green

Beyond The Veil

A friendship made beyond the veil
that curtain draped on rods of sleep
where no others than my self
may view the beauty then enjoyed

the void brings companionship
an irony that nothingness is the source
for a sharing that I'll not regret
even as guilt still finds its place

more than touch was implied
familiarity shared without reserve
I wish I could remember more
these recollections beyond the norm

this fellowship I'll not soon forget
never to be seen beyond the night
it's still enough to write this poem
instruct my pen to dream again.

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Sean Green

Beyond This Time

In tomorrows beyond this time
awaits a door with my name
with grief as the chosen stain
embolden in a crimson font

this portal should be closed
barred to all who walk the earth
lest they fall victim to the spell
allowing the door to be unveiled

that one-way journey to the beyond
marked by the passage sadly sought
now too visible upon the hearth
when the rest become defunct

consumed by darkness with no return
this is tomorrow without reserve
I'll pass the days until that time
seeking a way to avoid the fall.

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Sean Green

Birthday Suit

Excuse the nudity some deplore
disclosed in words as they explore
so much more than clothes removed
the breadth of skin then exposed

just a glimpse when compared
to the flow of note's discharge
dropped on the page in a stream
with souls undressed as result

secrets told without regard
in the buff by outcome
the inner self instead of flesh
disrobing more with every tell

in the end the truth is told
nakedness beyond the fold
don't look away lest one miss
a birthday suit by writ's admit.

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Sean Green

Black Words

Black words on a white page
dots of ink without reserve
except to state what few desire
to read by the bard's insight

a trick of light to be reversed
to know the mood that underlies
the muse dictating poet's terms
without regard for angst incurred

still the pale of the sheet
conveys a tone that portrays
something less than portents writ
soon released by reader's gaze

in the end the darkest prose
overwhelms the wan surface
driving out the ashen hint
by the worst of sentiments.

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Sean Green

Blooms Conceal

The blooms shroud what's hid beneath
only shapes hint the concealed
as bright flowers distract the eye
from a crypt absent a hearth
last dwelling place for my heart
only the ghosts still dwell within
revenants that life will not cleave
disturbing memories long deceased
these echoes shroud by petal's blades
blossoms placed upon the grave.

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Sean Green

Blue Becomes

Blue becomes monochrome
painted across a sad tableau
from one side to the next
except where public gaze applies

these flashes absent of the hues
is not enough to compensate
for the drowning in the sea
filled with azure of all degrees

still the remainder present a nod
a rainbow glittering sudden hints
presented with a knowing wink
as the mask is then denied

as the spectrum sadly fades
it's not enough to compensate
when the sky has turquoise tears
blurred to gray in last dismay.

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Sean Green

Born To Change

Revelation born of change
sourced from behind the eyes
seeks the mirrors to be seen
when vision lacks bravery
still, the restrictions had deterred
those self-made, sourced from fear
on the span of baby steps
to fly beyond a gilded cage

if only verity did not hide
that spark admitted to the self
base of thoughts from years ago
as presentation now complies
sadly fear lingers on
when society classifies
good with bad, entwined with lies
denoting sadness sanctified

a spiral set upon itself
small momentum found at last
the journey isn't made alone
small pushes and gentle hands
still the shadows may remain
slowing progress beyond this place
forward motion is still made
saving grace belying pain.

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Sean Green

Cage Of Flesh

I'm reluctant to dance with the one
join in embrace on the floor
cut the rug for the sake of fun
when an urge says 'stay away'
even while there's no cause
to avoid the replica

reflection seen in mirror's face
judged alike by twist of chance
so much more where I am less
the fair arrangement becomes the dread
when comparison states the gap
between the beauty and the lack

example of the greatest fool
thinking fate has latitude
to bend expression on its head
only angst is finally felt
illustrating a jealous streak
pen put to flesh in sad belief

this diagram of what should be
outside the base reality
beauty of the desired frame
now avoided with dancer's grace
when connection is denied
a cage of flesh is then implied.

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Sean Green

Called A Sin

Don't ask the gods if they sent
sedatives to cure the pain
those aches of body's frame
or the trials of mind's domain

indulgence in the medicine
not prescribed but still pursued
by the drink or much more
addressing woes all deplore

removing more than agony
when composure is reduced
inebriation of the whole
in pursuit of the profane

to be wasted is called a sin
this sacrament now denied
even as the misery
demands a world that's more humane.

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Sean Green

Canticle

Sing a canticle to wind
the storied words wrapped in hymn
carried on currents none may see

unroll the story for all to hear
by the concealed that topples hills
forces unleashed on tongue of praise

acclaiming with music also unseen
this combination of the veiled
a whispering shout seeking truth

believing nothing may exist
echoed by the utterance in transit
extols the breadth of everything.

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Sean Green

Capers Of The Divine

Immortality is far removed
from existence for all souls
until that end joy requests
avenues of consequence

part of fullness is to express
the body folded in motion's quest
with one intent full in mind
decision made to carry on

hours are frozen in response
the rest forgotten to celebrate
bodies join to live beyond
the count of time now denied

life will in end its due span
regardless of what all may try
the path to thrive has been found
with the capers of the divine.

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Sean Green

Ceased To Play

The music has ceased to play
a harmony that was blessed
to be replaced by muted tears
or discord of infernal tunes

the party lapsed to the dismay
of those who sought brief escape
found within dulcet tones
absent in the aftermath

those who dwelt within the charm
discovered more than life allowed
prospering before the fall
into realms where silence damns

a hush of the distant grave
brought forward to the present day
a stillness that conspires within
when music ceased to play.

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Sean Green

Chance To Transform

There is a chance to transform
step from the shadows into the light
expressing self without regard
for expectations of the world
presenting boldness in the act
while affirming humanity
the underlying has not changed
even while the surface strays

the natal form may please the eye
say the spectator on the outside
please remember this is a lie
to the one that must reside
a choice is made to walk the path
invoking rainbows along the way
arches that bend the light
with promises of golden pots

here's a secret that few know
when these realms are explored
absent of the normative
the traveler dares more than most
there is a danger when one steps
from the path that most adhere
as the monsters wait to pounce
eager for a chance to eviscerate

still the travelers will depart
seeking lands beyond their shore
where treasured truths may be found
beyond the chains of the norm
transformation is for the strong
the light is pierced by the dark
don't let that hide the genuine
when truth is at last found.

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Charade Must Persist

The rational is a mask
allowing friends to relax
while the rest of the world
ignores the creature they deplore

each is a lie unto itself
first my stating I'm alright
incongruency from reality
still the charade must persist

the latter is a mixed blessing
lest action move to their fists
this inclination of the distraught
believing life is so unjust

perceptions turned by mere thoughts
while the truth lays beyond
when survival asks no less
the rational becomes the safest mask.

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Sean Green

Children Of A Lesser God

Look to the youth for your hope
when the despair seeks a hold
whispered lies of greater gods
those elders that deny the truth
lesser spirits extend their boon
denying elders that intrude
on the affairs of mortal chaff
that have forgotten magic's hand

even as the light may fade
there is an ember to be had
worship based on much less
than power's hold on the heart
dark pushed back by the wish
reverence for lesser traits
gentle healings instead of strength
this is the mantra young possess

incense burned on altar's face
drifting skyward to imbue
discernment of what came before
now cast aside to bring the dawn
borrow what they can provide
these children of a lesser god
stripped of idols from the past
their faith delivered saves the world.

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Sean Green

Choices Made

The choices made between adults
behind closed doors or in a club
are the world they all indulge
without permission of the crowd
passing boundaries most adhere
in pursuit of painful joy
releasing more than most can see
upon requests of misery

the scenery may seem extreme
mocking norms vanillas seek
access given is power based
sourced from assent all convey
sadly more will mock intent
beyond the ones that can't relate
these are heretics of the life
full of power they contrive

fools acting like small gods
even though none were ordained
except for a brief time
and even then they're cast aside
there are none above the rest
outside of choices in a scene
put out of mind the pundit's whine
that buzzing sound none should mind

please do as little as you wish
or strive to take in the world
safety held to the breasts
allows for actions in full consent
these choices are singular
made by the one without regret
when the pleasures are much more
than innocence turned outward.

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Cinch The Fit

Pull the laces to cinch the fit
winding upward to constrain
twisting lines through eyelet space
the sinuous feeds carnal tastes

like a serpent from the book
with forked tongue that taps pure lust
whispering that the footwear holds
limbs enveloped for beauty's sake

this second skin on the thigh
cool to touch, enclosing heat
leather cast in midnight black
I'm led astray to desire's path

with a promise of the enthralled
pressing tightly around a limb
sight unseen still taunting me
driving want to the extreme

some look upward, I look down
wrapping round the perfect calf
I'll ask no more to satisfy
this inclination for boot wear.

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Sean Green

Cloak Of Silence

A cloak of silence is my balm
from the madness of the mob
a world lost unto itself
while derangement is the norm

to step aside is for the best
at least in regards to sound's impact
while words are honed to razor's edge
seeking blood in hearts of stone

already bubbles sustain the storm
my own should join as consequence
asking all to respect the mark
roundly damned by half the world

there is no promise that I'm sane
if factions prove their ruling claims
what's known to me is fallacy
by the knowledge of partisans

now only music can provide
the only beauty god contrived
this struggles on to hold reason
while the noise seeks to win

selective deafness will secure
isolation before the purge
hearing nothing but my mind
screaming eulogies to the beyond.

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Sean Green

Close The Eyes

Close the eyes for a time
when space invites a quick retreat
instead allowing the senses' span
to invade vision's land

sound moves to music's pace
words to sounds in close rapport
inspiring thoughts that fly above
the span of earth beneath the soar

returning raindrops to the ground
splashing softly upon dry skin
angels blessing with their tears
the mortals striving to exist

these beings seeking touch
to address the quiet voids
connection absent if none acquire
something to sate the rapt desires

twilight enveloped beneath soft sheets
the day experienced is complete
now the eyes are closed tight
treasuring moments without sight.

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Sean Green

Comfort Found

Somedays I choose the extreme
go beyond the edge of this dream
embrace the nightmare of the beyond
seek a shadow to dwell upon
I put on the jacket and cinch the shoes
tie the garrote around my neck
walk to the edge to plunge within
all these rules I must endure

now I'm the model of self-repose
normality set with the perfect taint
these goals I set for myself
exclude the spirit of sanity
grasping the ring made of brass
allows decorum to be the boss
a straitjacket to bring in the bucks
now life's harmony is justly forced

this balance leaning toward the right
the rule of order becomes the crux
for noose set just right
against a neck offered to the crowd
the Hangman gives a nod
the job well done is for the best
comfort found in absolutes
sacrifice for the greater good.

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Sean Green

Consider Boots

Allow me to consider boots
that accessory that fits the foot
beginning where the others start
moving on to higher realms

with a heel or lacking same
it's the height that brings the bling
no matter the material's type
exaltation is the game

not demur like other shoes
the practical is job one
protecting feet from the world
I put this aside in lurid thoughts

extending from the floor to knee
when the sexy is fully seen
don't stop until the joint is met
by the top of the bootleg

the calves will have another day
to strut their stuff on full display
at this moment they concede
the need to prance a fetish theme

now my thoughts have arrived
at the point where I may not lie
adoration of the footwear
is predilection I now share.

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Sean Green

Consider Style

Consider style as a redoubt
personalized in its goal
to withstand the pointed barbs
inflicted by a wicked world
many molds await the guests
with promises of beauty's gift

each is a trap in itself
these paragons that few attest
fair illusions are evoked
at the price of willing souls
now prostrate to the task
of luring more as consequence

Procrustes had his bed
forcing outcomes with great pain
now the same made by said
of elegance turned to shame
there is a path to sanity
securely forming dignity

assurance that all is well
while striving for attractiveness
embrace what makes one sing
standalone to charm the flock
this is the state that affirms
the individual among the crowd

the result cannot fall
deep foundations of confidence
even if the pundits cry
fallacies of their minds
hold tight to a bless vision
stated loud for all to see.

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Sean Green

Cookie Cutter

The cookie cutter serves the whole
stating shapes and attitudes
functionality most embrace
at detriment of the least
this minority of number's count
just as important as the rest

still they appear to be mangled bits
separate from the measured cuts
the molds align society
to responses without thought
automated to confirm
or attack out of concern

antibodies stamped from fear
masquerading as diligent
protectors of the factory
that false illusion of chemistry
these starting points in the sand
patterns engraved with certitude

they're only blessed in calmest times
and not when the wind begins to blow
still the stalwarts hold the flanks
enveloped by the swirling breeze
the cookie cutter fails them then
past certitude now overwhelmed.

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Sean Green

Craving Wants

A rapt desire clouds the sight
obscuring sanity in response
with best intents put aside
for the wants deep inside

the source of angst is the loins
hidden in the breadth of time
only shown in privacy
in a shared audience

wishing more than life provides
the taint of lust won't relent
still on the side of wrong
always damned by the crowd

if only life was less cruel
to state a preference for abuse
this harsh rebut does not blunt
focus of the craving wants.

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Sean Green

Craving's Bliss

Floating gentle on the wave
only felt within the brain
hidden from the sight of those
wondering why the need exists

a delightful fuzz that consumes
agitation of the mood
always there beyond the veil
responsibility that must prevail

damning all to turn the wheels
creating thirsts of the soul
asking lubrication to extend
to the balm of troubled woes

a comfortable numb with regard
for the depths of agony
escaped at last in the waves
dependence spun from craving's needs.

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Sean Green

Crossed The Bridge

I dreamt I crossed the bridge
to arrive where I'd begun
gender matched as consequence
when the subject came to love

taking favors from the same
matching grace in the exchange
with no guilt or reticence
for the pleasure then possessed

embracing lovers from a place
of adoration some abhor
affection that came naturally
sadly discouraged by the whole

it mattered not behind the veil
where acceptance was assured
echoing what's known inside
on the canvas of pleased dreams.

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Sean Green

Cute Were A Pill

If only cute were a pill
to be taken on a whim
I'd have a bottle near at hand
to imbibe when nature calls
handsome is the normative
good enough for most days
still the angst is realized
when something more is desired

shirking off the past mantle
history stacked upon today
asks its due when the urge
to bedazzle comes forward
stepping out the winsome looks
hitting all the high notes
surely this may be chased
when the enchanting is embraced

perhaps this is too much
asking why the itch is there
judgment raising its concern
to be put out to the curb
there are reasons for the thirst
chasing images clearly seen
promoted by society
these are options to be clutched

cuteness springs from within
it's not sourced from a pill
pharmaceuticals aren't enough
to project gorgeous looks
instead the push is in the mind
wearing the outward to impress
the choices made are personal
provoking beauty to be observed.

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Dana For A Day

I'd be Dana for a day
welcome a change to reflect
how far I'd rise if it were true
a joy embracing certitude
perfection set upon the earth
the sublime bliss in stature's form
for the hours after dawn
leading to the gates beyond

this journey would be enough
exclaiming splendor in response
to the gal that inspires
so much more than life allows
if the gods had their say
the mirrors would all agree
with the choice of the one
to emulate in symmetry

in a single blink of an eye
I'd realize beauty's gain
peach of a dream in waking life
a hottie now realized
form to fit identity
embodied deep inside of me
asking only to be seen
revelation for just one day.

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Sean Green

Dance Of Winds

Dance the winds of the night
against the shadows that decline
nature's state of shining bliss
behind the breeze that remains

those meager echoes from the moon
are supplanted by the storm
the former master of a domain
befallen by the hurricane

the tempest building without regard
for lovers of the ball
a celebration that must proceed
even as the heavens quake

still the night has a charm
the choreograph will go on
in the ruins that may remain
the dance of winds until the end.

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Sean Green

Danced With Eyes Fully Shut

I danced with eyes fully shut
on the edge of life's crevice
in the arms of the one
who risked it all to join the fun

the depths were ten thousand feet
promising doom upon impact
or an inch if I'm honest
still the act was filled with fraught

failure was part of the jaunt
always there as an option
with the promise to instruct
those who knew that life could turn

just like the moves to and fro
not all of them will properly flow
knowing truth should prevail
the breadth evokes consequence

some will falter by disconnect
others by the straying touch
as the partners move about
with shared intent in the dance

fully closed asks so much
perfection in failure's grasp
crossing bridges that connect
one to another without regret.

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Sean Green

Dandy

I'll dress the dandy to transcend
the disconnect I'm forced to embrace
by the virtue of gender's stamp
applied at the time of birth
a joke that's secret from the crowd
who assume the normative
a standard lived by the crowd
except those who fight the odds

the dice was rolled by the gods
a mold removed from the shelf
into the latter I was poured
with snake-eyes on the die
this departure moved with stealth
a theme repeated through the years
into the realm of decades' span
until I resolved to respond

acknowledgment was far too slow
the baby steps now comical
even as friends observed
something forming in front of them
in hind-sight the deed was done
with understanding far behind
until at last the consciousness
understood the schemes of life

still society would have a say
given what they had at stake
awareness begged me to step away
from the contracts that held sway
the ink becomes a rigid bond
with blood just as strong
demanding due to the chains
fighting freedom now held true

the response to this cage
identity lost to the rules
is to bend my present style

towards what I'm now denied
the splash of glam will come across
with a dash of dandy and then some
winking broadly until that day
my gender is stated for all to see.

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Sean Green

Darkest Days

The darkest days are the ones
that relegate my self-worth
to the end of the line
behind the wants of other ones
if the measure denies the self
considering betters above all else

when their thoughts are paramount
ruling all from high perch
supremacy comes in all forms
elevation the top concern
stating who will matter most
when plans evoke action's push

they know best after all
divining wisdom from the gods
stating what must occur
for the world to turn in its course
to these masters I bend a knee
accepting that I'm ignorant

not allowed to witness life
above the trenches where I'm stuck
satisfied with crumbs that fall
emotions dip in response
my self-worth will reflect
the press of life upon my head.

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Sean Green

Dazzle Of Life's Bane

Perception is left behind
even as the light is shown
in the brilliance of the mask
worn to show what lays beyond

an awful truth that most reject
in their span of sheltered lives
spun with intent to isolate
against the blaze of augury

still the glare is pursued
by like travelers of the same
stamped upon features cast
hinting what may follow forth

now eclipsed by countenance
in the dazzle of life's bane
denying nothing in the midst
of those wishing to look away.

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Sean Green

Decision Made

The decision is already made
now the minutes tick away
counting down until the time
arrives at last to end a life
the decades borrowed are returned
unfairly hoarded without reward
sorrow pressed absent love
now the bill will be resolved

separation becomes the norm
practice for the coming act
perfection found without regard
to the sorrows afterward
with the end at last in sight
the reaper will find delight
accepting offerings none should take
upon the altar of final shames.

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Sean Green

Denies The Bloom

The greed for fruit denies the bloom
for what came before to produce
the product eaten as a food
preceded by the floral wooing

though it's fragile without compare
without the gift to satisfy
fulfillment will arrive in time
when the order is not denied

appetites that range afar
from the bland to hot desires
all must wait for the day
when bounty follows promised growth

hunger denies the stoic pace
first the love and then the taste
elders offer sagacity
beware what grows if cravings reign

the bounty found without regard
to the cycles that mark love
will produce the poisoned prize
a victory lap before the race

it's not that carnal is disallowed
all is consumed in due time
when the flowers are pursued
to produce fruit that's succulent.

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Sean Green

Desire For Relief

Desire for relief becomes a bane
to the health beyond the pain
when the angst has assumed
proportions past the natal wound

the remedy has long ceased
even as disaster builds
as byproducts are ignored
against the numbing of the balm

clearly sought to assuage
anguish found beyond the base
if only life was more than strife
self-medication would be denied

the impostor has been seen
still this path is pursued
gladly sucked with due shame
as false relief fills a frame

the curative has been bypassed
by transgressions to the flesh
embarked upon to find relief
from the ills beyond the pain.

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Sean Green

Distance Asks

Distance asks for its due
demanding patience in the stretch
between encounters that define
those who seek devotion's time

a gap excluding passion's bliss
is the barrier that intrudes
upon the lovers wanting more
then the moment will endure

while the embrace is delayed
adoration still remains
questing for fortuity
a chance to show affinity

the emotion is not dismayed
holding strong while congress waits
relations evoked by true love
wishing contact where there is none

removing lovers for a time
this is the bane of many miles
still true love will sustain
until two converge as one.

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Sean Green

Don't Get High

Don't get high on your own supply
so warns Elvira to the vain
using product without refrain
instead of sharing what heaven gave

stock ascribed to life's aid
more than enough to elevate
is depleted when squandered
in private times without friends

share the wealth with all kinds
lest the king falls from the heights
become a pauper among the peers
when all could profit from treasure's cache

lest the sanity slip away
from indulgence without gain
misery shared is more than halved
with goodness borne from your supply

lastly consider the karmic check
proffered by the one who gave
medications for toils of life
meant to be shared because you'll die.

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Sean Green

Drapes Pulled Back

If the mystery were removed
drapes pulled back to show the sun?
a revelation on the other side
of promise made by lust's dreams

that hunger sourced from the hidden
imagination feeding vision veiled
behind protection of the sacred
it's for the best if you consider

would attraction retain it's pull
when the portend has been killed?
those gentle hints of what may be
cast aside by wantonness

with results the seen as before
revelation echoes a bitter laugh
in a hundred other vistas viewed
the breadth is seen once again.

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Sean Green

Drawer Has Emptied

The drawer has emptied over time
one-thirds cleared as if to comply
with an absence that demands doom
this lack of spoons in present time
those holders of passions pressed
into realms of thriving health
growth beyond the wounded state
is then paused by lack of ready grace

there's left behind the substitutes
each with a cold purpose set
neither an equal on their own
perhaps together life will resolve
easily fitting into a palm
poor replacement for what's been lost
the fates continue nonetheless
even if spoons are not at hand

the first demands useful works
that poke and lift of the fork
utility of a long workday
is manifest by implement
crafting worlds without a soul
absent thought of questing hope
this allows the days to unwind
even as the will slowly die

the second cuts with an edge honed
removing meat from the bone
a knife's edge would cease the pain
at the price of future days
separation that seems to heal
when pain is dropped from the deceased
now lack of spoons has bequeathed
that work combines with edged leave.

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Dreamt Of Dresses

I dreamt of dresses hung on racks
arrayed with skirts and separate tops
each with a promise beyond the shelf
expressing dreams flushed from hearts

shedding rainbows in their wake
the color range began with red
a favorite tint to my appraising eye
to be worn in raiment's flight

then there's violet at the far end
framing all that lays between
denoting fashions that await
presentation on my staid frame

this was the realm behind closed eyes
a fantasy to be awoke
reality would be so bless
if in waking life these are impressed.

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Sean Green

Dull Regard

Identity proceeds who I am
the statement declared for all
though that measure is not my own
instead a response by the world
when normality is the base
deviation is exclaimed
with the yell of pure bliss
or dismay filled with hate

these reactions are the same
though one is welcomed more
for the aid implied within
while the other discourages
each is based on a roar
volume above the regular
with a root cause of the shift
assuming detours from the rule

these measures most assume
in the realms of identity
attraction stated as a course
are seen aberrant, outside the curve
even though there is no shift
humanity is still operative
wanting something the rest possess
permission to joyfully exist

nothing more is asked for
this simple want now implored
to live with both joy and pain
each assigned in their due time
without buffering from the crowd
identity bringing on the storm
in their place I seek the sun
to live as one with dull regard.

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Each Is A Dance

To dance once a day is not enough
when the world presses down
asking more than its due
with a weight beyond truth
a short respite whets the taste
desiring more to life presents
grays to blacks are the norm
exclaiming whispers instead of howls

a thousand contracts with as many lies
demand attention outside of life
if the word may be applied
to the mire that it presents
the humdrum droning buzz
demands relief by playful means
just enough to draw the eye
away from boredom's consequence

by the flesh or by the prance
each is a dance in itself
or perhaps by a craft
the many means to sway the heart
all these combine to satisfy
more than once soothes the pain
erases torment from in its path
piling on the passionate.

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Sean Green

East's Abode

The journey moves every on
with the west now left behind
and the goal of east's abode
lays beyond the earthly curve
progress marked in baby steps
or the lunge to seek an end
each serves a purpose in itself
discovery made in due course

that in-between of status gained
becomes a mystery to be solved
a question mark for the world
to condemn or to bless
indecision seems the way
while the self is explained
neither cold nor of hot
the temperature is just right

there is no schedule to be met
the seconds tick into years
or the years become the now
all will happen in its time
even while the finish line
moves away to eastern realms
with the quest never done
to find the self is enough.

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Sean Green

Egg Shells

Egg shells are steel if you compare
their thickness to the ego of men
as the most brittle becomes the firm
when likened to virile now turned to gel

an ivory casing enclosing a child
so much mature than what you'll find
when considering the alternative
defined by the breadth of masculine

this latter found brittle under the press
by the gentle gender thought to be weak
the folly of assumption is the downfall
of the conceited now under stress

tables are turned when the females
address the ills too long embraced
demanding accounting for the past sins
and looking to futures without abuse

assertion becomes the long remedy
against which the macho cannot resist
with their intention to rule from above
then finding their place on top of rug

consider the fragile when you progress
pushing forward with remedies
machismo more dainty than shells fresh from hens
shattered when justice is at last found.

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Sean Green

Empty Eyes

Canyons filled with empty eyes
silent visionaries knowing all
while keeping secrets of their own
behind staid curtains of the soul

witness to the gods' downfall
evicted while the cyclone roared
still the walls stood upright
monuments to the contrite

with no regard of what's beyond
the void containing all the world
this empty echo that resonates
to the chords of sleeping beasts

damning all with vacant hearts
while keeping lairs in the dark
shutters hiding lurking mouths
desiring naught while seeing all.

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Sean Green

Excuse Me Please

Excuse me please while I indulge
naughtiness born of lust
a restlessness I'll cater to
revel in full latitude

to which ends I can't admit
suffice to say it was obscene
in the eyes of proper folk
not admitting to the same

this tag is made on judgment's tongue
admitting more by the unsaid
when jealousy may be implied
as virtue struggles to stay alive

freedom lives beyond these taunts
devilry on personal terms
though the actions may seem prude
compared to those who push all curves

a derivation of what's fun
sourced in consent between two souls
or maybe more if the crowd
convenes to play in carefulness

in private spaces away from most
not advertising except to say
fellow travelers may apply
leave convention at the door.

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Sean Green

Fabled End

Look to the story's fabled end
the sum of tales spanning years

etched by words on the page
the twists of phrase convey the steps

rambles stated in hindsight
with each passage diagrammed

the plat convey paths walked before
with a nod to what may come

stating prospects on the map
where the lines converge at last

a far horizon of destiny
awaits the traveler if they persist.

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Sean Green

Fades To North

The ebb of seasons is foretold
by the calendar on the wall
the time of West has unfurled
bleeding light from the sun

a wheel turning upon the globe
all are lost to be found
fade to North in response
still we walk upon the earth

exacting change once again
the expected that's a shock
for the ones with memories
lulled to nod in summer's glow

the gentle coming of the cold
pushed aside the warmth's control
no longer master of the earth
as the sovereign is replaced

sustain the hope as light declines
the spell will tarry by the tilt
of the earth in the cosmos
imparting chill to travelers

fade to pale in the dark
awake to dimness then move to dusk
the span beckons with this vibe
now to linger as seasons turn.

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Sean Green

Fair Words

Yesterday I expressed
something more than living angst
this glimpse of joy realized
on the page before my eyes

the buoyancy was irregular
even as the fruit was glee
hinting needs beyond the norm
something more than hide and seek

that spot of brightness in the gloom
alleviation for past days
hinting more may arrive
if optimism was my charm

the clouds that opened will rebound
but while the shadow marks the ground
happiness is briefly glimpsed
in the fair words that I expressed.

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Sean Green

Fame Escapes

Fame escapes those who strive
to explain the span of life
heights and depths that truly shine
while the author is denied
they still exist for the muse
supplying skills to the crafts
an artifice that is blind
even as the vision strives

something more than guidelines
the mundane is left far behind
exploration few observe
that formulas do not ascribe
comfort left to plumb the depths
beyond the shores defining life
only the mundane may provide
safety in the web of lies

looking to the corners where
the dark exists outside of light
denying glory for disgrace
the ordinary at best embraced
full obscurity will then claim
a child birthed without regard
for the heights some attain
absent while the art's displayed.

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Sean Green

Fever Dream

One nation under all
founded for a single cause
this is the mantra that resides
in the minds of simple folk

this passion above all else
so say the pundits to themselves
the holy writ applied across
imaginations in the now

this becomes the fervent lie
by the ones who reside
in the boxes built with walls
from the delusion of the mind

uniformity becomes the joke
denying nature of its course
reality will have a say
disallowing the fever dream.

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Sean Green

Fixture's Bliss

By the shoe or the wig
each endears the heart's that's glad
to find a space to enjoy
beauty found in fixtures' bliss
this pursuit beyond the bore
a dream presented in response
spun from dreams in the heart
presented for the world to view

one holds the heel in the air
an exclamation to the toes
defying planes close to earth
soaring high in happiness
shaping calves as a result
the allure of sculpted leg
leading higher to the knee
form presented for all to see

the other tops beauty's crown
spilling locks of rainbow's hues
the full spectrum may preside
a statement made in flowing locks
whether by curls or by length
presenting heads with added charm
augmenting what nature stacked
with a mane of pure delight

don't disregard euphoria
a result of these pursuits
from the bottom to the top
adjustments made in full regard
tapping both while the frame
struggles with identity
comfort found in simple ways
elegance in each display.

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Flowers In The End

There will be flowers in the end
after the towers topple down
casting stones where they may
among the petals that remain
probing for the winking sun
faces turned upward to find the orb
obscured by clouds man has made
rich with ash from distant flames

the past planters are in their graves
sharing space with probing roots
tendrils seeking nourishment
those late yarders now fertilizer
the end result of what's transpired
means so little to budding plants
innocent unto themselves
bear still witness in the end

the bright colors testify
that hope continues past the end
even if there are no folks
to bear witness to spectrums shown
differences provoked the end
now the hues remind the dead
of the beauty most forgot
in the range of varied thought

the world is whole for a brief time
enough to bring forth budded spawn
the curtain has not fully dropped
even though the world is silent
they exist because the gardeners
foresaw how the world would fall
when normality does revert
the flowers will greet returning souls.

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For One Day Only

For one day only I'll be alive
instead of seeking the other side
at the prompt of a dark force
to live without the urge to leave
denying gifts I'm meant to hold
in mortal danger to my soul

perhaps the hours could resolve
with the blessings of the gods
an inner war of light and dark
inspiring envy for the dead
the sun's journey could remove
this sickness felt for too long

just not a distraction in a breath
this is the norm before the weight
of ruminations descend again
dire reflections tumbling round
without an avenue to escape
other than dark egress

just one day would be a relief
an exodus to light's domain
reassurance of living grace
to know hope lays beyond
replacing dark with the blue
gone are shadows in my life

this dream will have the last laugh
even as the dusk descends again
the cruelest jest I'll not survive
gifted by the capricious god
that one day only that I'm alive
a lifetime spans beyond the time.

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Sean Green

For The Busts

I'll admit to the gods above
I've got a thing for mammaries
enough to ink a page
adoration of curvatures
this predilection is entrenched
even as more comeliness
spans the genders life presents
attraction known to be honest

back to the bosoms I'll acclaim
small or large are all the same
a tribute to beauty's span
focused on the chests' region
when Moon in Cancer has its way
a person trembles with resolve
to admire a gorgeous bust
integral to a personage

those delights that most conceal
beneath the fabric of decorum's press
Perhaps it's proper after all
society asks for nothing less
still a hint may be shown
there's no lovelier sight I'll say
than a cleft between hillocks
valley where the treasures wait

this sight of cleavage takes my breath
though the curves still distract
midriff with a sweeping arch
feast for eyes if not the hands
please forgive my lurid words
I'll only worship from afar
as the endowments proffer love
for the busts that fill my life.

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Forever Yesterday

The forever yesterday is no more
has passed away like the fog
now defunct as fading mists
pressed upon by sunlit beams

those artifacts of a past day
once entrenched as if to stay
find no traction in beliefs
torn apart by time's conceit

dismissing mountains without regard
for the depths of bedrock's plunge
seeming solid before the breeze
took the hill and cast it down

leaving only memories
the ghosts in place of solidity
a forever that's passed away
just like the present sure to stay.

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Sean Green

Free To Fly

Free to fly for a short time
beyond the limits that life contrives
when both the body and the mind
elevate into the sky

gravity asked to step aside
no longer master of mortal ones
now the attraction to the ground
has been removed by the chords

to leave the bounds of the earth
even for the briefest jaunt
allows ecstasy in the feet
their journeys measured by the beat

when the dancing is applied
the soaring brings only smiles
with conviction of eternal bliss
at least until the notes relent

the price may come afterward
bring the crowd down to earth
because the gods will demand
nothing less as consequence

but in the now, the air is home
atmosphere to fill the heart
lift all up to prance again
denying gravity for that chance.

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Sean Green

Freedom Found

Freedom waits outside the walls
constructed to keep safe a soul
seeking more than life provides
when awareness at last arrives
the journey ends with a roar
is begun at the shore
of a land that does not serve
the traveler of different strokes

first the whispers nudge the boat
currents roaring deep below
pushing boulders in the dark
worlds are moved in result
on the surface the waves are slight
muted by persistent lies
society must constrain
misunderstood they can't accept

determined winds then insist
catch the sails that invite
appetites beyond the shade
still the return is choice
before the tempest joins desire
decisions made beyond the mind
revelation becomes the storm
seeking lands beyond the norm

sea and soul merge as one
in the end the line is crossed
emancipated by the choice
comfort found in the core
verdict handed to a world
announcing truth now revealed
no longer safe in staid chains
freedom found outside of walls.

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From The Shadows

The decades passed before I knew
recognition of a core truth
affinity to alternatives
including base androgyny
I resisted the first hints
attraction asked for variance
beyond what most would embrace
in response I pulled within

into those shadows I retired
allowing a false normative
presenting visions for a world
that could not stomach any more
passing was the stratagem
hiding in the fullest sight
even though the lure was there
pulling me to look for more

the clock dealt discovery
revelation became the theme
turning pages with a shock
if only I could regress time
then I'd live the wider path
embracing attraction and much more
gender stated between the poles
at least there's now to live a life.

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Sean Green

Full Frontal

I had the dream again
scenery different with the same theme
partial nudity on display
full frontal below the waist

with no planning this occurs
suddenly belts loose or I forget
to cover bits that some think lewd
when presented in public view

here's the twist to the tale
sometimes I am aware
knowing that exposure is relegated
to the land behind the veil of sleep

still I think that I'm awake
the shame too real in moment's space
while I reflect upon
this only happens when I'm asleep

the silver lining to this debacle
a slip from decorum's space
is that the waking world
bears no witness to this state

sadly there is one downside
realized when it comes to size
nobody is there to see the change
that I'm more endowed in the realm of sleep.

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Sean Green

Fully Lost

The abuse is normalized
when the numbness settles in
another turn around the clock
the same no matter what
repetition is the master's trick
the surest way to ease a mind
subdue the urge to flee
when the tone is misery

the harsh word is mollified
even as the wound is struck
by the promise of emptiness
once the storm has reduced
while the clouds circle round
never fully leaving the sky
casting grays across the earth
without a rainbow ever seen

colors reduced to red and black
splashed with blue to illustrate
that the bruises manifest
from a palette of imp's delight
mixed to black without recourse
to the balm others source
from the lack of injury
or is it something angels keep?

still the outcome is embraced
just another tortured day
until the cycle is expired
by the stain of bloodshed
this is the hope above all else
a wish that lives in the heart
the fondness of the beyond
when life is fully lost.

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Garish Should Be

Garish should be the undertone
so say the ones who hold the line
desiring only that mutes explain
the breadth of life beyond the pale

until the souls who dare to dream
demand expression beyond the veil
with vibrancy of color's swatch
and actions stated to justly shock

these statements exclaimed without regard
for sensibilities in fashion's realm
instead the giants are thrown down
by admiration of damning jests

extracting praise for substitutes
the flagrant over the sadly tamed
a mystery that gods disdain
while beauty fills the latitudes.

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Sean Green

Gender Flows

Gender flows from a source
a sacred premise sometimes flawed
still the whole relies upon
these qualities to state the world
asking some to twist their selves
for the comfort of the whole
seeking forms that fit staid molds
constructed by the status quo

blue or pink for each side
align with bits of body parts
stamped on the consciousness
as anatomy has its say
usurping nature deep inside
peeping out in inner thoughts
prompting those who disagree
to fight the fixed society

the binary is a start
there are some who mix the two
or disavow a single bond
these expressions are allowed
more often the lanes are crossed
to find a truth that coincides
with a nature beyond the flesh
that forms the body felt incomplete

this is compared to those who veer
to the side that is their truth
gender flowing to be resolved
with touch of lace or something else
gender moves back and forth
outside the realm of normative
while the twisting calms the self
of the one that feels its touch.

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Gender That Confirms

Affection of the female kind
just the friendship finally found
is the salve for the questing heart
coming from a former self

without confusion that the meek
is the state for woman's grace
just as fierce with wit that cuts
in defense of worldly strikes

the communal behind a veil
a front exacted against the pain
allowing entry of the type
once existing on the far side

now entranced by support
once estranged before the turn
to the gender that confirms
affection from the female kind.

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Sean Green

Greatest Lie

The shadows will bury the dead
tossing a flower into the grave
joining desires without reprieve
to living alongside humanity

travels cut short by lack of a path
circling round back to the start
without regard for weariness
experienced in spades as consequence

now that the dream has expired
without a promise of living again
only a memory is left behind
now imagined as the greatest lie

darkness will bury what now remains
inter the doubts with all the pain
while the dawn rises in the east
damnation is granted six feet deep.

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Sean Green

Hangers

Hangers take what they give
this is a purpose to which I'll sing
evoke the muse within these words
to ascribe a mythic course
the imaginary is released
now made real by a thought's need
by arrangements brought back and forth
from the closet of shuttered dreams

when the old is retrieved
marked with the dust of time
the raiments of past purpose
are now void in the light
the new is put in their place
euphoria found in the threads
transformation for the soul
while the outer is consoled

alignment is asked from the stars
garments worn to only please
to surely know joy's refrain
if only the mirror would share this claim
the confusion is foreseen
put aside when a choice is made
to grace a hanger with a garb
embellish life with due regard.

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Sean Green

Happiness

In between the happiness
I die a little to exist
trading futures for the time
in those moments I truly smile
pushing past to grab the ring
the brass circlet asks no less
a sacrifice to feed the need
beyond the hells of common day

the minor heavens open up
with respite at last grasped
asking only that the breadth
is harvested to feed the whim
many ask why this should be
against the fog of memory
forgetting how they succumbed
to the worm seeking more

it responds with a shrug
asking penance afterward
a small price in the end
even as the light is dimmed
the edges fray to be undone
while the focus is on the fun
damned in the end to release
happiness that cannot last.

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Sean Green

Has No Ears

How do you say goodbye
to the ones that would reply
if a voice were to ask
for some help to stay alive?

the adieu to seal the deal
a farewell without regard
for input from the crowd
even as the time expires

this dialogue standing mute
until the end at last arrives
a crescendo is then raised
to lament the words unsaid

the echoes sound for a time
an answer to the question put
at the first and now the end
has no ears for the response.

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Sean Green

Hate Becomes A Box

When the hate becomes a box
electrified by past comments
there's no escape for the one
now enclosed by lack of love

the feast was fed for a time
riches poured from above
as the base demanded blood
to sate the priest's unholy lusts

now that trenches have been dug
with the bottoms beyond sight
keeping safe the twisted words
entrenched in need to be right

truth unmade by the mold
of small hatreds spun to large
asking all the vapid fears
to infect beyond their realm

no compromise is possible
once the line has been crossed
even if the soul may ask
for reprieve beyond discord.

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Sean Green

Hate Is Required

They say hate is required
to define a state of mind
for the self or other ones
only then will purpose shine
nothing less is a fraud
pretending towards the greater goal

set aside by the holy saints
now enforced by strident imps
joyful that righteousness
found a place to lay its head
safe from those without cuts
that deny godliness

the diagnosis will depend
on the bleeding from the wounds
more for the best after all
when injuries are surely bless
where the gate should open wide
the guardians hide the key

as the test falls too short
or exceeds the latitude
that those who pass beyond the walls
are truly wounded and then absolved
they see the hurt in the world
as the measure for the all.

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Sean Green

Hate Is Reserved

When hate is reserved for the one
most removed from serpent's tongue
strong concern may be felt
for the events that won't end well

if the world was not askew
the voice will hold fair latitude
for the speaker of the same
and not proclaim the opposite

consider that the self should love
show forbearance for the one
linked across the whole of life
asked to flourish despite of strife

instead a doom comes with grief
sourced from malice felt within
an enmity that must deny
humanity sprung from the divine.

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Sean Green

Here's A Drink

Here's a drink to the lost
in the beverage of their choice
be it drenched in alcohol
or absent the sotted brew

each absence is trifling
taken in the world's wide breadth
what's now wandered far a field
denies attention by the pleb

a crowd of thousands mill about
ignoring each in their stead
this is the illusion beyond the cheers
draw the curtains against their shrill

there are a few that are too real
even though they're now only ghosts
haunting halls in memory
denying balm of thoughtlessness

these gaps are notable
when a seat becomes a void
where once the cheer was embraced
by dear ones now removed

so raise a drink to these souls
in the beverage of their choice
we'll get sloshed because we can
in memory of missing friends.

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Sean Green

Hidden Scenes

There's that moment when you're awake
a realization begins to dawn
echoing the sun's faint beams
something happened inside of dreams
you'd best keep it to yourself
so says the voice that's not contrite

reflecting on the hidden scenes
beneath the balm of measured sleep
if only the face was reticent
muting journeys beyond the veil
instead betrayal is exclaimed
others asking why the grin

the prohibited draws a smile
taboo is best when indulged
without regard for consequence
when the illicit is made real
sexy time or murder spree
both are forbidden in the now

you'd best keep this to yourself
lest the prudes condemn the snooze
embrace the vacation of the mind
the retreat from tiresome grinds
just realize the fantasies
translate poorly from fair dreams.

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Sean Green

History Waits

History waits a long game
before turning cards held to breast
stating those who will ascend
along with fallen then condemned
past transgressions are held up
to the probing of insight
no longer hidden in plain sight
now visible to the light

the shadows will no longer hide
violations once thought right
the complacent put aside
when decrees are fully plied,
conservatives in the dark
those concerned to hold the past,
who fight against the tide of time
while holding to a tarnished life

society is the past blind
huddled masses used to hide
now pushed aside at long last
when due measure is put to test
beware the ground on which we stand
justice will have its day
asking nothing less than change
damning those who ruled past days.

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Sean Green

Hold The Sky

Hold the sky lest it falls
when beauty pulls upon the clouds
crushing walls that project
to save the world from itself
allow light to pour within
with revelations few admit
still the brilliance will persist
as resistance is subdued

two columns meant to preserve
decorum based on best intents
crumble when the comeliness
presses charms without regret
fay innocence display a range
blue to pink with in-between
flow to violet as pillars fall
leaving want to mark the way

the sun and moon become one
androgyny is for the best
when the globes are conjoined
to see the grace at last combined
allow the sky to tumble down
beauty comes in many forms
denying walls that most may view
with pure desire as reverence.

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Sean Green

Honor Love

There is no doubt that kinks exist
from the vanilla to the extreme
somasochism asks for pain
while the fetish defines bliss

outside these avenues attraction lays
in the realm of pure appeal
not confused with the sport
playfulness between adults

oddities more than strange
no related to loving souls
relationships stand beyond
these attempts to spice it up

be they hetro or something more
pairings are based on romance
one to the other becomes their norm
declaring more than kink explores

put aside the prejudice
disregard when hate equates
depravities of the mind's eye
with amour when spirits court

no matter how the bits may fit
acknowledgment may extend
to hearts entwined as one
asking all to honor love.

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Sean Green

Hope Delayed

These robes of lost promised hope
threads entangled by discord
hung in tatters by long abuse
by the rulers of this world

vestments tarnished without regard
for the hope that's been lost
believers searching among the bones
finding only a sad heirloom

when wrapped tightly to evoke
happiness sought above all else
this is the pledge lost to deceit
surviving only in servant's thoughts

the threads unravel by day's end
an emperor left without their clout
still the theists long for a time
hope delayed on the decline.

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Sean Green

Horns Regrow

Change a devil if you dare
remove their horns from the head
point to the heavens where you came from
this is the fantasy few will find

how many angels must attempt
the transformation of the bad
when the saviors are destroyed
stacked on high like cordwood?

a legion lost in this attempt
heaven is emptied in the attempt
still the devil asks for more
to serve the purpose that's two fold

the truest sport absolves the pain
submission granted and then consumed
all for the chance that something will take
nudge the demon to accept wings

horns regrow while bodies bleed
a fiend suggesting salvation's fruit
it's a process that may succeed
supplicants feeding every need

look to the pile that results
all the past head ornaments
with room left for many more
while the devil waits to be saved.

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Sean Green

I Returned

I returned regretfully
back to the safety now despised
a hardened prison without bars
except for those now self-imposed
don't ask where I've been
a quick jaunt across the way
where reality was not bent
twisted round to accommodate

now I'm back among the flock
genuflecting at their prompt
while staring at the hated walls
wishing I could fly above
normatives strung as barbwire
invisible to the larger crowd
slicing skin to the bone
flaying spirit with fixed resolve

there was a time in the past
six fathoms deep if an inch
I felt the same as the rest
that was then before the now
these prisoners in the net
content as fish in water's span
knowing nothing as they breathe
while I drown in the same depths

the dust is kicked from the feet
joined by comforts put aside
identity gained is sadly lost
or merely shelved for a later time
until I trek once again
I'll live in dimness until that day
remembering freedoms across the way
apart from chains I'll soon shed.

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I Wrote This Poem

I wrote this poem for the world
to reveal the secret words
a place I'd like to conceal
if realm was not shared
the singular does not existence
no matter how the pain insists
one to the other is exclaimed
by the authors that came before

mirrors hung on the walls
with facades of painted forms
thought to be held in place
those mannequins in mortal form
frames of pleasure and of pain
trading turns in the dance
both disguised by the grief
sustaining passions of frozen hearts

the struggle moves beneath
betraying stillness by a scream
that I relate by my own
echoed in search of exit's balm
the avenues seemed reticent
to allow what I sought
perhaps they lied in the tomes
held aloft by those who know

I found my own in slow pursuit
along the trails spun by poems
circling enigmas of the soul
knowing others also strove
to this end the words are grasped
bent to speak where mouths cannot
applied by stanzas now divulged
untidy mysteries put to words

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If I Could Wake

Consider this as a thought
if I could wake in the morn
look to the mirror to confirm
identity felt in the heart
would I see something new
not viewed the day before
when I look to the beyond
I'll discover the inner thoughts?

the outside has remained
fixed as if to harshly jest
still this is not enough
to deter the hopeful glance
a witness to what few may see
from the realm of normality
what came before is not in play
even though they are dismayed

this matters not when I rise
fix my intent to fully live
even if the uniform
does not match the role assigned
there is the life of the regime
actions taken for their sake
by agreement of the whole
and to these codes I'll uphold

the intent is paramount
when doubt hovers all around
enough to block out the sun
without remorse in early dawn
when I wake in the morn
I'm quite sure of who I'll see
standing there to greet the day
behind the facade of mirror's face.

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If We Were Villains

If we were villains
the world would topple
in tears embellished
with contrite sorrows

drowning the ruins
six fathoms under
while life disperses
above dimmest waters

the moon remembers
how the light lingered
before the sun left
spread of the heavens

now the staid headstones
markers of memory
stand in the darkness
aside calm marshes

perhaps gods forget
wrongs done in anger
when outcomes linger
past best intentions

the bones are scattered
in perfect hindsight
remind all of outcomes
if we were villains.

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Sean Green

Illusion Casts

Illusion casts a gentle balm
medicine for the questing soul
describing life with due resolve
garments worn outside of norms
draped in unfamiliar ways
fabric is now on display

distraction made all too real
found in whirling skirts
now that clothes are worn to please
no longer kept in closet's space
brought to floor as dancers spin
only knowing joy's rapt refrains

euphoria found at hem's length
be it short or stretching forth
to caress the legs' course
both tickle needs that joy explores
contentment found in beauty's jest
now possessed to find the rest

against the judgment of the gods
rebellion becomes fashion's goal
demanding much of society
as the normative is displeased
still the cure is surely worn
illusion cast to become my form.

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Sean Green

Imperfect Mirror

This imperfect mirror of other eyes
conveyed by actions and of words
presenting hints of identity
sent to those outside of me

these reflections of the source
offer hints unto themselves
that relevance may be found
beyond my own unseeing eye

with a blindness born of place
unable to see what life contrived
that sad assortment of good and bad
no longer knowing which die was cast

an arrange of a different sort
from the norm reflections cast
still I seek to meet their gaze
to see myself through telling sight.

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Sean Green

Importance

If importance was the mark
the measure of a life's worth
I'll submit myself to the purge
elimination of life's scourge
judgment taints this riposte
spun by the self in response

decisions made are exiled
from the health of the mind
what came before is not enough
instead the lack is brought forth
declaring failure in the midst
of contributions gone to waste

the untidy remnants sadly wane
no longer needed by the elite
cast aside when the gods
ascribe their works from above
attempts to fly are then denied
interlopers are not allowed

to intrude without consent
in the realms of the divine
it's the worth that states a gap
with importance as currency
now I'm the pauper in the end
declining life now bankrupt.

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Sean Green

Imprisonment

Walls tall enough to hide the sun
assuming it was there at all
provide the cell I shall escape
if doom will have its way
horrors lurk in each corner
whispering promises none should hear
evoking screams that few heed
echo loudly in response

resounding themes of egress
though not based in hope's sweet balm
that was lost long ago
when alarms became confused
now the peels of distant bells
lead to outcomes worse than death
as the mirrors forever face
rebounding terror felt within

the outward is replaced
without regard for what may come
ruins without bars
when sanity no longer stands
the corridor is always there
allowing exit from this jail
ideation provides the path
imprisonment is still preferred.

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Sean Green

In Due Time

The time of youth in lost years
was a period just as real
as the ones experienced

by the young of today
repetition of the themes
echoes quietly in the halls

as the past is disbelieved
in the faces of the antiques
loves and losses took a toil

the stumbling steps to joy's realm
are renewed once again
each endeavored with the same

as the period must recur
even though it seems absurd
look to the young to see the old
in due time they'll return.

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Sean Green

In Irony

Wisdom dwells in irony
with a whisper or roar's decree
demanding space beside the grace
of hope demanded before the grave
what should be is now the bane
of existence that could explain
why the gods became such jerks
when fair winds were observed

perhaps the drama is not their own
these deities from above
when mere mortals become bored
then move the goalposts afterwards
the gridiron is soundly damned
both the players and the game
are assumed to be flawed
at the sound of half-time's call

still the masses take the field
rally round the master's throne
heedless of the whispered jest
that their Lord is now undressed
look to the child to see the truth
the fantasy is disabused
it matters not against decree
wisdom dwells in irony.

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Sean Green

In The Teeth

Perhaps the gods had a say
hearing mortal's mournful bray
echoed in at the giant's feet
these specs of dust now uncontrite

assuming purpose where there is none
shake a fist to be heard
still the mortals raise a chant
shattering nothing except themselves

upon the rocks of hubris
by avenues of power's grace
creation asks for nothing less
than for man to reside within

this expectation rules supreme
stamped in gold upon the page
saying nothing in response
cast to whimper in response

to cosmos that cares not
arraying outcomes that are denied
when the winds begin to blow
a deeper silence is then heard.

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Sean Green

In This Month

A month exists to celebrate
those outside the normative
that blanket state of the mob
ill-informed of the rest of us

ignorance spun to hate
the reptile speaking for the heart
it's no wonder that the oppressed
have decided to rebel

too long put aside as broke
now stepping up to shake their fists
this multitude of like minds
asking more than hostile shrift

look to the rainbow to realize
diversity of the crowd
joined by needs to exist
against a storm of centuries

each as real as the next
beneath the tent of lettered names
asking all to stand alone
while supporting the sum of all

it's no wonder some conflict
with the breadth of difference
there's still more love than most admit
in this month we'll celebrate.

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Sean Green

In Your Embrace

Dancing only to explore
the joy of motion instead of more
was the goal before we met
instead desires were prominent

to fall in love once again
seems my fate in your embrace
I'll write to gauge how this was
when the passions gripped my heart

now amour is in the wind
adoration perhaps misplaced
yet the feelings are not vile
there is honesty in their wiles

blowing boundaries meant to guard
delicacies of the world
toppled by the human wants
driven by the social dance

have no fear dear audience
all's not lost as bodies meld
the madness goes as it comes
temporary in moment's brush

to fall in love is our fate
this is annulled when music ends
the cycle turns to be renewed
as another meets my arms.

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Sean Green

Incel's Cult

Pardon me if I disbelieve
that bumping ugly is still a thing
even though the evidence
states quite the opposite
the fair practices once pursued
enjoyment of the lovely views
are now lost to distant days
spawned from acts that cured malaise

purity is circumscribed
by a god in holy writ
even as adherents longed
for the same as lust implores
indulgence taken in the flesh
look to the testament that came before
there the needs were clearly met
taunting me as consequence

to consider religion's rules
this slows few with dire decrees
company found without clothes
for the sake of coitus' charm
a convent would be the home
suited for my dearth of joy
there the belief would support
the nothingness of incel's cult.

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Sean Green

Ink Pulls

The ink pulls from humor's font
comic enough to block out pain
lunacy hung from mere words
elevating to the absurd
in other stanzas the darkness reigns
without remorse until the end
lost from sight inside the pit
fed by despair and constant angst

these dueling shades are rainbow's breadth
with more colors to be shared
each with a mood to inform
poems exacted to be felt
first there's red to celebrate
leaking blood and pure romance
passion shed by the knife
or given by exacting love

then comes the white of the shroud
denoting ends the none deny
that celebrate purity
with the pale light to justify
these illustrate how ink may flow
a fickle muse is in control
between the poles that define
the experience that life provides.

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Sean Green

Intimate Is Understood

Proximity expands the world
without distractions that intrude
judgments spawned by the eye
dissolve when truth is realized
denying lies that dissuade
connections blessed as consequence
invoking joy where pundits taunt
their ignorance is paramount

that pettiness of life spent
marking scores inside the mind
would deny the status found
in an embrace some would reject
they measure beauty with false hope
that vision knows the hidden realms
while denying the greater need
to feel another while we live

when the intimate is understood
divine touch transcends the flaws
the latter being ephemeral
illusion cast to the side
imperfections melt away
if they were there anyway
when the treasure is revealed
in comforts clasped without regret.

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Sean Green

Irony In

Wisdom dwells in irony
it matters not against decree
the fantasy is disabused
look to the child to see the truth
that their Lord is now undressed
heedless of the whispered jest
rally round the master's throne
still the masses take the field

at the sound of half-time's call
are assumed to be flawed
both the players and the game
the gridiron is soundly damned
then move the goalposts afterwards
when mere mortals become bored
these deities from above
perhaps the drama is not their own

when fair winds were observed
why the gods became such jerks
of existence that could explain
what should be is now the bane
of hope demanded before the grave
demanding space beside the grace
with a whisper or roar's decree
wisdom dwells in irony.

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Sean Green

It's My Normal

Some people would call me queer
shorthand for the letters' span
each with meaning by themselves
far outside the normative
that Holy Grail of life's charade
that many claim to be the rule
the criteria for all of life
at last revealed as a lie

the marked difference is denied
as expression in nature's vibe
instead dire demons are retrieved
from the book with no reprieve
death is exclaimed as the route
for the travelers outside the norm
the alphabet spells the doom
for those embracing grammar's joke

invoked with blood on purposed hands
the righteous circle once again
wearing masks of false repute
when disgust is all they feel
blessed purity turns to hate
tells itself that all is right
if only others finally purged
to make room for comfort's balm

only light can damn the shade
ask the pundits to leave the stage
query fear to ponder life
perhaps a human won't be denied
still I walk in danger's space
because the truth is relevant
being queer is not a choice
it's my normal in letter's span.

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I've Yet To Meet

'I've yet to meet' becomes the chant
for the ones that can't relate
to a world that's much more
than the walls beyond their fate

tolerance is not the goal
allowance for other views
when the sufferance is nothing more
than a naval circled round

nor is breadth of emotion's lure
allowed as a tolerance
except to confirm the known
what's trapped inside the mind

wheels turning round themselves
without a pause to regard
those limits that may extend
beyond empathy now firmly dulled

the outcome becomes a farce
to spectators with sound thoughts
discerning right from wrong
hidden from the shuttered one

a final measure is their chant
this declaration of the unaware
isolation now a platitude
for a life fixed in solitude.

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Sean Green

Jest By The Gods

They say the old must surely die
to allow the new to thrive
a sacrifice that bears new fruit
from the ash of kernels cast

the promise for the hopeful flesh
shed with cocoons in the light
a cheerful plan without regard
for the outcome that then transpires

this is the jest by the gods
revealed as the greatest lie
when the reverse is the truth
culminating in a hollow life

what may be new is no more
put aside before it's born
rotting while the old conspires
to pretend that life will thrive.

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Sean Green

Kindness Dwells

Kindness dwells in the breadth
of acceptance without regard
for the differences that exist
sure as dusk ends the day

those distinctions that separate
one from another in disgrace
if damnation leads the way
conviction made as consequence

disquiet fed by the unknown
fear to hate becomes the track
steer away from this response
lest the same becomes the norm

compassion is the higher path
when understanding disconnects
from one person to the next
without the same experience.

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Sean Green

Lays In The Fall

When I was young I wrote of love
the ecstatic heights one may climb
to find a place above the world
then fall to depths none should have
verse existing in the extremes
polar natures were all I knew
put to page in an attempt
to express the perfect toil

that caress of life in pleasure's realm
causing swoons that were defiled
by the pains that followed forth
whips applied to tender flesh
each had their time in my poems
put to page in couplets linked
by the rhymes that made it so
within the fantasy of my youth

high to low or hot to cold
the transitions denied the core
that average where the bulk
of survival sought to sustain
it's in the median that most live
to deny this on the page
ignores a world I tried to see
in my penned eulogies

now in the time that's transpired
from the past to present day
youth has stepped aside to relent
the poet grew to state much more
love still persists as do the heights
but the truth lays in the fall
the in between is now my grist
put to page as my witness.

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Leave Before

I met you and I knew
with no doubt in my mind
you were to be the only one
matching parts that would fulfill
questing gaps in my soul

listen to this beseeched rant
a message I have weighed
in the dark where thoughts play
between the spaces of pure joy
when you were absent from my world

you've become unattainable
I'll speak no more with my words
tears blind my eyes and choke my throat
as intentions tear my heart
leave before I'm totally lost.

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Sean Green

Left To Sufer

Society states a strong preference
to the boxes defined for types
into which all must surely slot
for the rigid to have their way
one or the other is the normative
as if a coin flip may define
the infinite found in between
realms where poles are left behind

still the pundits seek to constrain
those who choose to stray
it's for the best for all concerned
so goes the theory as whips flay
held by those with holy zeal
to set right what's not been wronged
the absence of conformity
is enough for their decrees

imagination is put aside
denial held as the sacred rite
when this measure becomes a blight
held up to gods for pure delight
the greatest sin life contrives
is to curse the soul without reprieve
demanding death before life
then pushing some to self-expire

these destinations of mankind
divorced from nature they defy
wishing only to console
fantasies in sacred texts
these statements of society
are merely rules without regard
to the ones that can't abide
left to suffer for the lies.

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Letters Strewn

Regard submitted with delight
I'm not devoid of the wish
to indulge in life's treat
physicality borne of warmth

when the topic is one of love
receiving praise for who I am
a gloom descends as I search
for the slice that life denies

life presents sad challenges
spawned from spectrums I embrace
perversions in the common eye
lived as the natural I can't deny

infatuation is derailed
when the rainbow is revealed
not just one outside the norm
the sky is filled with the bizarre

one would be enough to spurn
affection given in pursuit
by affairs of the heart
flings leading to intercourse

this familiarity of amour
is pushed aside by the woe
panoply of letters strewn
in the path of forever love.

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Sean Green

Life Is Pride

Different is as different does
separated from a choice
even as the critics state
options are clearly there

this illusion unjustly held
asking more than nature's realm
can supply as consequence
of distinctions in lettered space

predilections stamped on souls
identity beyond the norm
this surety that's not denied
by the span of days expired

kindness shown to the diverse
affirms a life of honesty
diverting from the tramped path
into realms where life is pride.

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Sean Green

Life Spins Round

Life spins round the single point
all time taken in the observed
consumed against more than less
or opposite as consequence

is this the drain circled now
or pot of gold to cash against?
both are an end to the means
of damning efforts to redeem

consider outcomes that transpire
by the fruits that are acquired
while the surface is the same
the shell contains the darker stains

by the debris cast about
the drain demands little worth
only that life prepares
to be consumed in karmic sleight.

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Sean Green

Like To Play

Sometimes I would like to play
put down the hair in all respects
without restraint for what may come
when miscreants gather round
don't condemn their unique tastes
or impugn depravity
these measures lay far beyond
the hallowed halls of wickedness

holy priests are not found
in their place are sacred clowns
blessed with intent to reveal
perversity behind the veils
each a master in their realms
the subs agree this is the best
to each their own is the refrain
as deviants take to the stage

step from the clothes that constrain
they're not needed amongst friends
with intents that are the same
disregard for cover's charm
the end result may soon depart
from the normality of any sort
don't be afraid if that's the case
it's our tendency to misbehave.

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Sean Green

Listen Closely

Look to the ones who give witness
expressing sorrow along with joy
the lessons shared are expressed
with examples in silent prayers

this careful mix that's explained
from the pulpit of life's dismay
extorting what should not be
while existing to find peace

speaking examples by their rote
providing homilies based on hope
a paradigm that most believe
this case of silence turned to ten

behold a ritual of routine
expressed by verity for the world
listen closely as you watch
salt of the earth close to home.

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Sean Green

Locks Exist

The locks exist in testament
to the gates that weren't kept
closed at times life escaped
like the horse of fabled writ

the temptations beyond four walls
outside the barrier that constrains
beckons those who desire
something more than life restrained

equines sadly run amok
leaving safety of the stall
when the safeguards failed to keep
hearts from straying to wilderness

where the barbs pierce the heart
drawing blood as consequence
now that locks are afterthoughts
life will ponder what's been lost.

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Sean Green

Lonely Scratches

Penciled etchings scratch the paint
once a wish for what could be
now damnation for the one
condemned by wishes before their time

boasting years far in advance
the goals extolled a fantasy
creatures thought to fly to peaks
instead walk the earth with clay feet

consider giants that cannot stand
when the landscape is nightmare's realm
all will crawl when the path
spirals downward instead of up

imaginations of one sad mind
demanding more with every inch
ticking off the fevered goals
creating hells with every year

those heights attained by progenies
where Dad's boasts ascribe his place
leaving failures to reconcile
lonely scratches instead of love.

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Sean Green

Look To Darkness

Look to darkness for a laugh
chuckles pulled from the pain
sadness has a new lease
loneliness in the extreme
their companion is not light
when the absurd is brought forth
to contrast with absent joy
survival discards the empty smile

the void demands something else
on the altar of the felled lives
if existence must proceed
beyond the phantoms of deceit
monsters of direst dreads
provide the truths few accept
except when the veil is dropped
pulled from the rod to the floor

when holiness becomes absent
the profane will take its place
forcing choices among the scraps
some are better than the rest
a sacrifice is brought to bleed
as the basin collects the drops
an offering of darkest taint
extols the pure that it's replaced.

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Sean Green

Lover Cast Of Life

Where is my lover cast of life
with proportions of the same
shades submitted with mix of pain
and the joys of common folk?

those colors set to waking life
nothing more and nothing less
shades of gray tempered throughout
with vibrancy that steals the breath
by embellishment of the details
from the smallest to those more large
each has their place for true romance
with the soul clearly sought

celebrating love through poetry
or a brush put to paint
both exact an honest note
showing nothing beyond myself
knowing life may ask too much
from the requester found within

no denial is asked in response
the full embrace in openness
my lover then made real
in scope of life then revealed
I ask no more than this
the full of life marked with a kiss.

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Sean Green

Machismo Explained

Was pretty put on this earth
to tantalize or to curse?
this is the question of the day
while I bend my knee to pray

when I see the lovely prance
do their sexy little dance
I ask the God above for peace
to tame the passion with relief

these temptations are enough
to boost libido to the top
without an avenue to relieve
the inner pressure in my sleeve

what's been prompted should be spent
this is the law of viral men
not to waste the evoked seed
knowing life may be conceived

still my conscience begs for good
asking why I would be lewd
there is no fault in splendor's face
even if I'm drawn in haste

so that those ends I'll withdraw
hold frustrations in my paw
release what God has ordained
with machismo now explained.

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Sean Green

Madness Absent

Madness absent presents a void
where only tiredness may prevail
along with ghosts that circumscribe
the issues that still haunt my life

the ideation is put aside
no longer present at all times
a long reprieve from the call
from the darkness of the void

when sanity was found at last
from a source that I'd not expect
the fog of doom is finally pierced
to reveal normality

the journey becomes one of days
small diversions hand-in-hand
with the grind I now embrace
less excitement of death's hint

now the years stretch ahead
demanding more than past lack
it's enough to turn back
find a way to mania

here's the joke before you go
if ideation is all one knows
spice provided is then missed
neurosis gone is for the best.

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Sean Green

Madness Gained

The chosen seek to elevate
themselves above the tainted crowd
with intent to safely flee
where the narrow trails may finally lead

into realms with thin air
shared by clouds that obscure
the mist hiding mortal souls
from rapport of those below.

this escapes asks a price
denying sanity after a spell
spun by tomes of ancient source
wisdom lost for dogma sought

in the end blindness reigns
only seeing their like kind
even while the eyes discern
fault outside the clan's four walls.

it's not enough to recognize
a shared reality with the rest
now the size of buzzing flies
with importance just the same

madness gained for safety gained
summits ask far too much
with the chasm that defies
humanity shared by all kinds.

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Sean Green

Maelstrom Of The Mind

To travel beyond the edge of space
view the cosmos in all its grace
would be easier in comparison
to viewing within the self

countless stars in galaxies
some too dim to easily see
can be known before the mind
reveals its secrets in the light

the deep shadows multiply
one on another as we pry
away from comfort's habitat
pursuing tunnels without end

those depths of darkness echo laughs
not of our own as fear replies
some speck of ego amplified
in response to queried probes

seeking secrets best concealed
if sanity will be retained
when the phantoms gather round
becoming solid in the mind

totality is ignored
the wise struck down to fools
heavens shrunk to one hell
in the maelstrom of the mind.

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Sean Green

Major Tom Took A Walk

Major Tom took a walk
stepping past the capsule's door
far above the blue globe
in pursuit of so much less

those few steps beyond the curb
an empty street except for one
wishing the crowd was less
in the realm of empty space

a void allowing only thoughts
that last step two hundred miles
with many more far above
the journey taken with no return

seeking freedom few admit
beyond the chains of relevance
as the spaceship found its way
circuits empty to earth's dismay.

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Sean Green

Make A Note

Make a note to mark the place
something referenced afterward
when the world has revolved
and still the cause pushes on

add to the stack of lettered screams
so many stating a need for change
yet the pile will surely grow
with additions stacking on

without regard for lunacy
the same repeated once again
please don't fret if this is so
even angels are laid low

just remind the deaf self
something more may be done
announced by notes from the heart
perhaps one day they'll be heard.

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Sean Green

Manage Surety

If I could manage surety
arrange the world against my dreams
the path now taken would be ignored
for safer climes on rosy shores
the inner compass did not agree
with directions of harmony

those decrees that stated goals
considered normal for the all
agreement is the Holy Grail
when signing on the bottom line
adherence granted to confirm
the confidence to belong

in return the way is shown
keeping all safe from harm
a guarantee to show the way
happiness behind the veil
security in stolid chains
a certitude I can't concede

even if the final price
condemns a soul in aftermath
freedom asks for no less
faith is found in the self
surety now left behind
instead the dreams become my life.

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Sean Green

Meant For Dust

The celebration is for the ones
left behind when all is done
with glad knowing of the deeds
committed in the name of need

intentions set for vacant joy
the quick drug to be explored
passed around for all to use
there's enough for full abuse

while the fix may seem enough
cacophony for guffaws
the end result is not enough
to lift the dead from their slump

recognition damns the souls
with sad statements made in jest
for a body meant for dust
when the decades run their course.

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Sean Green

Memories Collect The Dust

Those that came before
shot by arrows and trapped by lures
forged the trails all now walk
without regard for the lost

walls made of glass ten feet thick
doors shaped with sharpened thorns
these avenues were their path
as egos pressed to hold them back

conservatives exclaimed strong ire
as the bodies fell by the side
intolerance had a long hand
exacting martyrs drenched in blood

the price was known in those years
and then forgotten with banners hung
in the halls where glee persists
while memories collect the dust.

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Sean Green

Memories Say Otherwise

Of all the things I'd like to forget
there is one that won't relent
insisting that I bear witness
to the stranger now absent

pretending to be pertinent
something more than fevered dreams
even though waking does not commit
to supply the same to compensate

from the long ago and far away
a storyteller of top regard
liar liar pants on fire
asking favors that I can't supply

inability becomes the song
notes applied to instruments
to which life is tone deaf
I appeal for deafness to descend

crystal clear in murkiness
decades past in the rear view
all too clear even while
the beauty lives across a void

this illusion I won't pursue
though memories ask otherwise
taunting without due remorse
for the fool who should forget.

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Sean Green

Minds Of Little Men

Forgive the crimes that don't exist
except in the minds of little men
who exclaim without reserve
what others fail to observe
counting slights where none exist
while exclaiming holy names
still the pundits harbor hate
stated to the lost's dismay

those who travel outside of bounds
moving to their inner plot
a compass that many have
still the squares will complain
denying likeness is at play
a minority against the whole
it seems enough to stoke the flames
turn the night into day

they believe sins are paramount
spun from cloth they only view
a cloak of shame that's fully false
only seen in bigot's eyes
stating choice is at play
instead of a natural tilt
it matters not what's then said
when natures are firmly fixed.

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Sean Green

Mirages

Illusion may have its way
bend reality with a friend
while allowing music's lead
to orchestrate this short affair

the fallacy will be embraced
a blink of joy as consequence
not enough to cure the itch
still the balm is revered

the romantic may be teased
with a wink and nudge
first to stir and then to sleep
returning to the waiting depths

the partners speak in hushed tones
without saying a single word
allowing motion to relate
what's allowed in fantasy

pretending there's something more
in the conjuring of the song
then return to boxes where
innocence will be restored

the lyric bard may not abuse
considerations beyond that realm
when all that's granted by the dance
are mirages that soothe the soul.

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Sean Green

Mirrored Remnants

Reflections echo from the street
transient wishes at last seen
before the lost are returned
to the realms of tempest spun

caught against windowed glass
matrix of a thousand fears
this history that came before
asking nothing while giving more

ghosts walking in the haze
immaterial to comfort's gaze
perhaps the angst will forgive
revenants that seek egress

only leaving the passing trace
when returning to empty graves
these images that few admit
mirrored remnants of happiness.

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Sean Green

Mirrors State

While the mirror may disregard
the image held in the heart
others are the paragons
of existence beyond this one
there is the irony few deny
the measure of the other side
now beholden as a god
while the owner falls far short

each has a portion of the grail
perfection granted on the small scale
though some are blessed with much more
even these know pure scorn
if we don't deserve the grass
growing on the other side
the past is seen in contrast
to the present none desire

if only bodies could be switched
one for another in fair trade
those outer shells that walk about
taunting owners with their shroud
the exchange comes with a price
those natal quirks that may surprise
still the maladies are put aside
with sanity as the main prize

don't laugh at the mortal fools
it is their lot to be confused
when the shell game of the gods
becomes the mold in aftermath
the mirrors state an honest truth
while devils laugh as if amused
because perfection lays beyond
in curses of the jealous mind.

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Monster In Their Midst

I am the monster in their midst
breathing air like decent men
while insisting I belong
spinning lies while concealed
a miscreant of ill intent
when the standards all conflict

one by one they are betrayed
by the spectrums my life spans
while holding tight to the mask
lest it slips to show the beast
the cataclysm would follow suit
on that day the veil is dropped

a doppelganger now suspect
of malfeasance behind the back
misconduct against the whole
measured by the normative
a betrayal without regard
to the feelings spun from glass

made more fragile by beliefs
filaments strung from self-deceit
once trusted to hold the line
now standing outside of bounds
even though I've not moved
the world has shifted on its own.

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Sean Green

Monsters Fade

Imagine the monsters lay beyond
this is best for the mind
lest the cracks open up
in the realm of danger's cusp
to do otherwise would admit
evil lays close at hand
not in the form of conjured jinns
instead from plainness man distills

in response the authors state
fantasies beyond the shade
terrible visions to still the heart
while much worse lingers near
the sins are often all too real
depravity sometimes ill-concealed
spilling from base desires
to manifest in waking dreams

no devil of the holy tales
nor demons from horror yarns
can compare to living kin
in wickedness put upon
few contrive to best the hells
instead the monsters slowly morph
from the selfish tendencies
to something in the extreme

in the end the monsters fade
from the sight and the mind
to admit otherwise
would test the reason of the strong
sanity over naked truth
villains shift to fiction's page
there they live outside of death's domain
where they kill in waking strife.

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Monsters In Plain Sight

The monsters hide in plain sight
behind the knowing of a smile
wishing nothing less than death
for the ones they now condemn
agendas held close to vest
shared between the miscreants
with beliefs that are the same
poison shared to stoke the flames

the platitudes of a forked tongue
hold two tales near at hand
one to preach to the fold
the other soothes the outside fools
the former has been weaponized
instructing soldiers to their side
of devils wishing nothing more
than ascension while others fold

don't turn your back lest they strike
with the knife behind their back
their disguise may confuse
camouflaging past abuse
a mask arranged to impugn
society held up as a dupe
what peeps out does not last
lest the secret destroy the bad

both the friends and family
may hold the seed of discontent
planted by the fiends that seek
converts to their base deceit
the intent is clearly seen
all too late when more are made
the monsters are always there
unless the rest remain aware.

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Moves To Shock

There are two ways this could go
when the measure has been resolved
of whether nature moves to shock
or boredom is the end result

shame is assumed without proof
humiliation only found
with a result that mortifies
death by variety that fills a life

while reality says otherwise
tedium becomes the norm
apathy fills the void
when existence is switched about

the latter is the sad result
embarrassment put aside
in diversity the truth is known
comparisons become too trite.

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Sean Green

Music Is The Medicine

Music is the medicine
of the mind as requisite
for my sanity to sustain
to the ends I'll gladly share

melodies are the antidote
to the pain I struggle with
discord from felt deep inside
resolved with choices across all styles

in these genre's I submerge
into artists and their tunes
so diverse as if to prompt
a widespread fix to misery

no addiction will occur
when the harmonies are the balm
to the pains that afflict
heart and head seeking calm

escape is found in the song
opus strung between the notes
forming havens that I'll embrace
a safe retreat from maladies

a cure is found in lyric form
gloom dispelled with thrumming drums
within the beat all mercies sprung
replacing grief as discs are turned.

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Sean Green

Muttered Words

The Devil muttered words to lose
skirting precepts the prompt hewed
forbidden chants once inscribed
the decline that's now described

first came passion mixed with desire
this turned towards what's despised
with a chuckle the nuptials
became the taint that held them both

this union that begged for flight
not to run but to escape
down the warrens of false hope
damning those who lived above

to end it all would be the choice
presented by the Lord of Lies
twisting words that can't be used
profanity shunned in respect

broken free of chains that bind
dogma stated by holy ones
from the turrets of ancient spires
creeds no longer supporting lives

belief too weak to crawl alone
when foundations are destroyed
all the pronouns become like worms
lacking words Satan that robbed.

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Sean Green

My Companion

My companion is now a box
a cast of thousand I adore
sight and sound found within
meaning more than meeting live

by the virtue of the internet
the connection will never cease
even when I'm all solitary
rarely seeing another being

except by pixels on the screen
arranged in joy or sorrow's bent
pretending to emulate
the genuine of face to face

this companion I'll never leave
unless the signal no longer flows
flashing light on the box
then I'll cry in loneliness.

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Sean Green

My God

People wonder who is my God
a private matter brought to the front
with the answers too often thought
to be aligned along two fronts
either the holy or the damned
these are the choices near at hand
I'll step aside from these paths
present my own as consequence

God exists for all to see
in the rocks and the trees
the sentient that came before
and will exist afterward
this span defies all attempts
even as their ego may desire
by mankind to raise themselves
above the realm shared by all

creation came from the one
a multitude beyond count
now the basis of all things
forever bonded as a result
the before defining now
with sanctity as the norm
there is no difference to be found
if the bits are pulled apart

even while mortal souls
attempt to state the good and bad
God still stands without regard
to dogmatic efforts of the priests
they chase after sin of every type
each a fault found in themselves
treating all with abuses
by chasing villains of the mind

the taint of sin is too real
though most are confused
to the source of this malaise

God is still a mystery
ask the suffering that persists
beneath the symptoms is the cause
companion to the ego's will
with agendas few confess

deriving pleasure from the pain
explanations spun to impress
salvation is a worthy goal
if it weren't needed after all
these sad attempts to compress
deity into a small book
once a reference to be checked
now the manual to suffering

into this life we are pressed
to reconnect to everything
forgotten in the agony
relief standing close at hand
this is my God that I grasp
both myself and much more
completeness found outside of tomes
connections to the Holy Grail.

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Sean Green

Narration Phrased

Narration phrased at the start
a conversation held in chains
with the rules that show the way
to conclusions already made
compromise is put aside
when the righteous already know
how the game should unfold
on the battlefield of the soul

divide and conquer is the norm
advocated for a cause
while the insane masquerade
as the prudent with steady hand
wishing unity on their terms
now that the past is put aside
no compassion if the outcome
when dissension is put down

starting fresh is for the best
before the power is forfeited
there is no shame in holding place
lest the balance claims the day
predominance above all else
all drive decisions that were moral
damn the dogma of the past
secure the levers that drive the world

violence is another word
for the protest that's incurred
when past silent are then heard
on the streets and by the word
no longer should we be content
to abdicate with talking heads
now that it's clear narration holds
society as the biggest fool.

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Sean Green

Need A Lover

Do I need a lover to let me know
beauty is something I can claim?
one or more to tell me lies
while they ply my body's prize?

a small measure of attractiveness
seems to escape my self-worth
asking more than it should
to fill the gaps between the cracks

validation of the outer self
contingent on what others think
becomes my search in the wild
a will-o-wisp I'll never catch

always returning to the clutch
flesh to flesh as a grind
chasing dreams out of reach
when lovers are the measurement.

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Sean Green

New Wings

I'll wear new wings as a lift
to the heights I'd like to fly
a rainbow spread I can't deny
when my soul takes glad flight

these realms diverge from the norm
when compared to other souls
if the measure is reserved
to the binary most people know

feathers fall to mark the earth
shed now against new growth
arc of color with shades of gray
the wage of age does not dismay

an explorer with intent
to open doors that are denied
if the structures are allowed
to restrict alternatives

a box exploded to include
expansive heights high above
become enough to explore
spectrums spread across the sky

exploring realms as I seek
a definition that finally fits
like the wings I'll spread wide
finding self in polychrome.

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Sean Green

Not Just For Sex

Consent is not just for sex
when intrusion is not checked
pushing past the very walls
meant to protect integrity

at the risk of sanity
a sad victim of disrespect
what's considered mildly rude
moves into realms that abuse

these boundaries set by privileged folk
from the place of power's throne
might made right by consequence
of desires that few admit

while protections are instilled
enjoyed within their four walls
then forgotten when applied
to the ones found outside

the very same would be condemned
when meted out to their clan
of violators without regard
for consent outside of bounds.

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Sean Green

Not Meant To Be

I met you and I knew
with no doubt in my mind
a future waited to be had
you were to be the only one
matching parts that would fulfill
questing gaps in my soul

listen to this beseeched rant
uttered once before you go
a message I have weighed
in the dark where thoughts play
between the spaces of pure joy
when you were absent from my world

the reason for this certitude
matters little to my soul
the impossible matters not
the end is the same to me
dark mood consumes me whole
remedy removed from my hands

you would complete me
fill the whole of inner space
puzzle pieces come as one
in life's grand scheme
and now this hole will remain
this vacancy at my core

the thrashing of a wanting heart
grounded wings of fervent love
shaking fists at the divine
knowing you wish to far
this maze of mirrors that frustrate
so close perhaps but now so far

you've become unattainable
I'll speak no more with my words
tears blind my eyes and choke my throat
as intentions tear my heart

leave before I'm totally lost
sincerely the one not meant to be.

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Sean Green

Of The Heart

I asked if I was beautiful
in the form I am entrapped
while seeking forms now estranged
by a nature based on genes

the world rejoined remarks
my choices made to enclose
a body defying norms
when fitting into the gowns

splendour was obscured
lost while it's explained
a flurry of here and there
combined to share the pith

this goddess lost to sight
hoping some will see the belle
in garments of lady's shade
glamour of the heart

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Sean Green

Only A Kiss

If only a kiss were small enough
meant to spice up a life
I'd have more of the precious gift
engage with lips I'd like to touch

the affection shown would be true
stating feelings felt within
though not on the scale of love's bloom
a measure by which all are judged

here's the challenge of my tale
one step leads to the next
the passion stirred may want more
than a peck that starts it all

admiration has other ways
a hug or nod may be enough
even though a smooch would delight
rise a day above the rest

all of this is said with a wink
when the memory is obsolete
lost from sight like the years
the thrill of lips lost in-between

now the kisses are a dream
even if their size were gently squeezed
still my dreams may insist
that spice exists nonetheless.

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Sean Green

Only Blackness

The darkness holds a special place
for the artist in search of grace
when only blankness is at hand
matching bleakness of the night

the artist lurks as consequence
seeking words to put to page
or notes delivered to inky space
to fulfill the urge to share

the requisite hangs above
an emptiness of the heart
with past works long divorced
from the shadows of the now

cloak of dusk becomes the muse
gloom declaring what lays beyond
with a voice no longer mute
creations birthed at long last.

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Sean Green

Paradise Of The Pane

This wall made of glass
with revelations closely felt
presenting fabric on mannequins
nirvana by the tailor's craft
designed to closely fold
onto a seeking frame

the comely dearly sought
across gender's gated space
if only the taunt did not
present in figurines
ignorant of their place
in the war inside the breast

beholden to identity
beyond the normative
this struggle asks too much
damned by a street-side scene
that paradise of the pane
beyond the pleading hand

reality asks too much
that nature did not conceive
now a heart longs for release
by the magic of the display
held behind window's view
while longing knows certitude.

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Sean Green

Passage Forced

I stood to view the forest's cloak
residing over the meager scratch
a passage forced upon the world
sharing landscapes of my trek

two tracks led through the woods
on the edge of fog's domain
bordered by ranks of trees
witness to passage's sway

leading forward beyond the curve
matching rearward to fade away
here in the moment the matching ruts
assure comfort from history

the promise of exit's grace
implied by furrows marring earth
green removed by wheel's tread
echo transport of the past

what came before may repeat
assurance given by the fray
impressed upon the fateful earth
direction stated by my sight

a journey paused may resume
by the bounty of this road
skirting wilds where nature rules
I'll find my way by the grooves.

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Sean Green

Passing

Passing comes in many forms
a demonstration meant to implore
to perception without reserve
towards a verdict of the mind
the normative is disguised
in the midst of a mirage
asking one or the other
both evoke glamour's charm

the first recalls origins
that the journey left behind
a sad reference that exists
in the minds of the crowd
they demand nothing more
than a past lost to now
progress wished even as
homage praises a lost cause

the second look is much more
finding life beyond the curve
wishing all could agree
sought in the vision persevered
seeking praise for the change
made more precious in exchange
as distraction is removed
in the form of ancient times

one look seeks to assure
nothing's shifted from the curb
the other looks to the front
each are passing on their own
a presentation that complies
with the standards set by most
even as the shades are drawn
shadows flit behind the blinds.

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Past Their Thumbs

The incredulous sometimes ask
why I dress as someone else
the answer is simplicity
I only dress as I see fit

identity comes from the self
blossomed in unique ground
producing flowers I embrace
though the colors are seen on high

while the cards may predict
circumstances of normal bent
stating ways that all walk
as the gospel from on high

still the joker has a say
asking for the luxury
to stake a claim for themselves
for the sake of honesty

the gods play with weighted dice
enough to claim they're in the right
this is a farce you'll realize
when the curtain is dislodged

though the rules may infer
that the world is black and white
this is a reference for the ones
that cannot see past their thumbs.

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Sean Green

Pause A Spell

Perhaps the world will pause a spell
withdraw the need to interact
no place to be except to drowse
cocoon myself in sad malaise

so many paths must be walked
fulfilling needs beyond the pain
by rote or just the will to move
these mimic life in their resolve

contrast the shell that begs for rest
a place to slumber with the angst
to acknowledge that life is done
while sadness saps more than its share

leaving less than what's portrayed
on the mask and in the sway
while the imposter seeks glad rest
forever far from duties' realms.

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Sean Green

Paused A Day

Medication paused a day
the balm of urge then delayed
with a will to live without
if only for the briefest time

until the need comes again
sight unseen to other folks
yet more present than concerns
voiced for the abstinence

when that fix to ease the pain
sometimes a scratch or bloody gash
demands more than platitudes
even as they fill the void

between damnation and relief
the intermission feeds a hope
somewhere past the curative
is a life of more control.

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Sean Green

Pen To Page

I've already put the pen to page
extracted emotion as the ink
for the angst that dwells within
seeking avenues to be dispersed
the sadness mixed with anger's bent
was too much to be expressed

when the efforts would surely lead
to destruction of the grave
in that breach I've instead
stated pain and so much more
wanting freedom from my gloom
creating text instead of doom

weighty tomes have been produced
if the reader stoops to explore
the hoary depths I've explored
posting them on the web
the resulting works are arrayed
filled with words that explain

what came before is the same
as the day now elapsed
these volumes by the muse's hand
collections stacked without regret
what may follow gives me pause
the grim reaper stands just beyond

now that the balm is no more
exhausted by the constant storm
I'll bid farewell with a phrase
'the end' inscribed one more time.

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Sean Green

People Walked

I was waiting until the time
that purpose stated why it was
that people walked into my life

a question mark is applied
to the intention that god planned
when hello asks for more

each mystery is then guessed
with assumptions incorrect
for the bulk of faces met

with the span of 'hate' to 'love'
each emotion possible
with some preferred nonetheless

thus every journey is begun
without knowing the outcome
when relations are resolved

still the wheel will have its laugh
a chuckle found at my expense
denying knowledge that I may find

when each person I may meet
a panoply of consequence
will be all things in due time.

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Sean Green

Perfection Of The Leg

The representation of the leg
fall too short when compared
to attributes above the waist
or that region of booty fame

gams extending to the foot
both the curves and the straight
attribution of delight
to the review of the eyes

the shapeliness that few deny
when honesty is applied
the delight of verity
only damned by devil's lies

these edifice of angel's breadth
recognized by vision's bliss
defying nature in good jest
with perfection of the leg.

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Sean Green

Perhaps One Day

Perhaps one day the world can change
remove this grain from the gears
those sprockets seeking to rotate
have no need to compensate

an irritation that few admit
except to step around the grit
damned by silence without regard
for the feelings of the gnat

allowing gods to have their way
with full knowledge of good and bad
the highest wisdom with least pain
divinity spawned is then made plain

at last all others may depart
the annoyance finally purged
from the sight of those who rule
nature blessed with the void.

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Sean Green

Permission Sought

Permission sought by absent thoughts
that lack of input from the world
allows for the worse to occur
by the opposite of spoke concerns
consideration over many years
breeds decisions hard to fight
the final one would be swift
without regard to consequence

a lack of tethers to shore the ship
invites the tides to then encroach
have their way on moonlit nights
when the tides are sure to rise
without recourse to many hopes
the still waters are no more
in their place the currents tug
drifting blindly towards the rocks

that last resort is finally lost
before the void takes its own
to medicate the throbbing pain
shut the tears behind the face
then slip away like a ghost
with no chains left to hold
the lack of ties would assure
this turn of life most abhor.

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Sean Green

Persephone

The shadows are a residence
beyond the glow of the light
asking only that the gloom
provides cold comfort in place of warmth

solace granted by iteration
once again the balm is harsh
still the salve must be used
when the options are not found

a repetition of the grind
in response the gods would cry
this rapt attention is by their hand
the tears promote the ache of growth

when the pain is the par
blessings filling the empty void
by contrast the worst is best
when nothing else prevails within

Persephone is the resident
companion in survival's strife
patterns clutched in time of lack
that sad abode beyond hope's grasp.

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Sean Green

Pixel Sparks

Social media reveals the mind
an echo of the owner's heart
with the words put to page
and the pics that illustrate

look to the themes that repeat
no matter how wild they may seem
the inner self has been exposed
in tales of joy and angst of woes

divergent from the owner's type
first appearance is now a lie
when the curtain is pulled back
to announce true relevance

sureness found in humor's breadth
along with lust that calibrates
identity brought to front
by the virtue of pixel sparks.

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Sean Green

Planets Orbit

The planets orbit a central sun
each a dot in the void
each to their own would be complete
if the least was then pursued
yet the pull is still felt
between the travelers of deep space

a singularity will suffice
consider this to be a lie
an absence is not enough
to soothe the wants deep inside
while the journey carries on
minutes logged into miles

darkness rules in those realms
where the lack is always felt
with a promise of much more
when connections are explored
winking faintly in the sky
across expanses that may deny

to know another is divine
even if the odds are long
a hand will quest at the far end
for another to entwine
once the orbits are affirmed
a pull acknowledged within love.

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Sean Green

Plant A Tree

Plant a tree from a seed
with the intent to pass away
before the fruits are obtained
from tall bows in future's place
the lowly sprouts of this year
are no more when we've expired

these fragile pledges of future growth
defying tillers of the soil
in our place are mighty trunks
once so tiny in their youth
with a lifespan beyond compare
survive long after senior folk

shade will prevail at long last
after seasons come to pass
removing sun from the sky
even as it rules above
one at a time the cycles turn
prompting arbors to transform.

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Sean Green

Please Pardon

Please pardon if I celebrate
the lack of gender in the main
penning works without reference
to the bits of natal flesh
each has their own to flit about
these are separate from the wish

to find comfort outside of self
even as the pundits howl
staid purity in their eyes
will not stain my lurid prose
when all embrace because of lust
based on desire and not control

emotions reign without regard
to the strictures of righteousness
they're all based on dogma's call
to build tall walls between pure love
assumptions made for the whole
while mother nature is at work

deigning all may feel romance
separate from their mortal frame
the muse requires only this
that gender stand outside of type
words put to page will celebrate
passion followed by the heart.

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Sean Green

Poetry Accident

The accident came by intent
on the wings of friend's content
put to canvas with pigments towards
three months pursuit of crafting works

the same became my lofty goal
with words replacing painted forms
even though experience
was lacking in the poet's pen

with each day another poem
was writ to page as purpose turned
from ninety dates to mere ten more
culminating at the year's close

this happenstance of timing bless
the muse demanded only more
with lucidity in the breach
expression put to public stage

a goal surpassed had been gained
now writing was the habit set
so many couplets spun to state
sanity lost while wisdom's gained

moving forward into years
with five down and more to go
the accident is now a cause
these words submitted with more to come.

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Sean Green

Portraits Hung

These portraits hung in hidden halls
statements made to the self
awaiting the hallowed day
when revelation will prevail

against the restraint of concern
that asks too much in return
wishing nothing to be told
lest the price be too much

now concealed from preview
behind the bulk of shuttered doors
same as the windows to the soul
both restrict lest the goods be shown

to be regular would unlock the gates
this passing as the normative
even while this gallery
hides the portraits from public gaze.

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Sean Green

Power Asks

Power asks for too much
based on acts of thoughtless youth
pushing boundaries then deplored
in the time present now ignored
this pinnacle may be accused
against the weight of the abuse

Satan pleads for justice damned
at the coming of a lost dawn
towers stand in the light
ignoring taunts that bring delight
angels cry in dark despair
to a future none should prepare

morality has no bearing here
when a life of power is embraced
nothing less than wins are blessed
with religion near at hand
a conscience that knows the past
denies the sins fully wiped

with forgiveness near at hand
the mighty fist will always win
the lesser sex unduly whines
forgetting glory handed down
power blessing base desires
to hold the measure of earthly pyres.

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Sean Green

Prevaricator

If size were the estimate
big or small to make the grade
I'd put aside the need to win
as the prize would pass me by
congratulations on the form
except for those who fail to reach
the magnitudes I'll explain
while I settle for last place

against the measures that define
beauty's mark upon the flesh
be the gauge be height or width
circumference taunts especially
the basic three or four declare
who has won when the rest lose
a narrow band that declares
dimensions suited to please the eye

add to that the heft of weight
wonder at what's prescribed
twisting minds who strive to meet
perfection stated by photoshop
clothing acts as a friend
when secretly its just a bad
denying fashion that could shine
except for those with the pounds

amplified by the age
number that the wheel has turned
the contest has a shelf life
a window open for just a time
shifted some for gender's due
still all must at last expire
give up the sport when at last
the decades count past three or more

in the end the game is rigged
by the ones who typify
more or less than I have

those correction ideals of the flesh
by the judge who is the worse
asking more than all the rest
damning what I should love
prevaricator who is myself.

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Sean Green

Private Hell

The private hell is construed
from the warped inner truth
verity gone as consequence
in the landscape that grace forgot

"a lie" says the honest man
without the reference of the condemned
who knows worth has been lost
against the angst of inner thoughts

this tableau without regard
for salvation that's possible
to maintain a modicum
of a shelter against the storm

instead the abyss is embraced
a netherworld without the sun
reflecting a void felt within
waiting for the world to fade.

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Sean Green

Private Joys

Sharing private joy behind closed doors
by like minds without restraint
normally wrapped around like chains
now dropped to allow full access
don't imagine what transpires
this is rude and still a lie
even if the edge is pushed
in imagination's fevered ruse

a vain attempt to deduce
rapture gained by shared abuse
consent allowing so much more
than civility should abhor
to explore without complaint
becomes a gift beyond compare
wrapped in bows or tied in ropes
fun restrictions matter not

such niceties are released
when the actions become a plan
staked upon full privacy
nothing said beyond the pain
the perverse is now made plain
to the partners of like mind
they'll not judge in aftermath
instead asking to go again

these private joys beg for release
break the bounds of calm deceit
pretending to be so much less
than the monster inside of self
within the shelter of those walls
no audience for what transpires
private joy is finally shared
staking claim to play again.

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Promise Made

A promise made on fantasy
behind the heavy veil of sleep
all too real in that space
before I must again wake

this dream I'll still embrace
knowing that a lie is at its heart
not one of sourced by cold malice
instead longing dwells within

in the earliest of dawns
or the depth of darkness night
the same drumbeat echoes forth
from the halls I walk alone

passages shared by replicates
facsimiles that share aspects
even though the truth is bent
torn in half at the extreme

still I'll wait until again
the landscape shifts within
making contracts that fall short
while they please the sleeping soul.

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Sean Green

Pull And Push

Inflate the ego at your own risk
lest the air go to the head
with results that few pursue
when doom arrives at the end

the race is run against the wind
lifting those who seek to fly
the balloon rising high
before falling to the ground

pushed by storms that twirl within
a gravity spun from the soul
the black hole light can't escape
when assumptions consume grace

the detonation comes at last
between the pull and the push
more a whimper than a blast
a fitting end that few admit.

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Sean Green

Pure Ascetic

Perhaps one day I'll join the rest
beauties placed upon the stage
embodying nature's tendency
to demonstrate the female grace

between the age of young to old
each so comely in their way
time will dictate consequence
though forward movement will occur

a legacy that all must face
to embody their own display
a statement made by design
as age descends with every year

perhaps one day I'll join the rest
with myself as the result
creating style along the way
pure ascetic holding sway.

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Sean Green

Purpose Asks

Tears are hidden when purpose asks
for perseverance above all else
pushing forward for the cause
enacted by the group at large
an empty shell is left behind
pretending life must be pursued

a banquet the eager throngs
is taste of dust that fills the mouth
imagination turned to deeds
demanded ahead of morbid dreams
these artifacts of wakefulness
are reveries that only damn

oh so different in true rest
the scenes are cheerful among friends
in wakefulness the darkness grows
seeking peace of lasting voids

all of turmoil is suppressed
along with tears behind the eyes
perhaps the end will occur
in place of tasks with empty worth.

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Sean Green

Queerest Tones

Consider the normative
aligned with the establishment
relating to standard ways
with behavior especially

this line of thought is shared by all
the flavors spun for the group
for a time the notion sticks
from society's guiding hand

until exposure shifts the scene
new information trickling in
some measure must apply
prescription stating consequence

what may pass as usual
is not set on firm ground
now a world has opened up
to state the new obvious

what was straight is now bent
considered this at first glance
out of sync with the rest
comfort found nonetheless

looking at the normative
not the same as most folks
now behavior has a twist
the standard set to queerest tones.

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Sean Green

Quest For Kadath

Look to the holy if you seek
disaster lurking beyond the meek
ruins extending from the doors
of temples created to the word

the myths would have them as the lords
advisers in the place of gods
instead the rooms are filled with screams
pronouncing edicts of mad dreams

the garden is set by mankind
an Eden cast in Hell's light
where the fall is carried out
to standing crowds on every morn

without the angels to guard the gate
all may enter to find their way
beware the promises tricksters sell
of mansions glimpsed on distant hills

there is no paradise for the fools
squandering all for trinkets gained
when power is the truest god
nothing less will meet the mark

beware the maze that is the mind
turning roads into quagmire
the only exit is to dismiss
this quest for Kadath that leads to sin.

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Sean Green

Rainbow Aura

The bridge is one of many
away from walls hung with chains
restricting natures that will vary
by something more than standard
partitions of the measured
these boxes set to manage
suffocating the imprisoned
seeking escape to arches

a span built from spectrums
diversions of the binate
contrasting two inversions
some cannot imagine
the steps echo loudly
distracting those who relish
the passage now discredits
order based on standards

somewhere towards the middle
we'll dally at that moment
relish the found oneness
discovery as a bonus
by gender or attraction
these spans on which to travel
stride the rainbow aura
to find where souls are valid.

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Sean Green

Rainbow's Curve

Shades of blue merge to form
a landscape in the mind
with objects merging to reveal
the hidden door I must concede

what came before was azure
framing life in repose
between cyan of my dreams
and azul that claimed my days

this realm of comfort suggested much
with promises made without results
while the screams held a tribute
to the wounds behind closed doors

indigo followed in due time
the stillborn child that still lived
thrashing weakly to be heard
with calls to gods beyond four walls

cards cast to scry the fog
numbers jumbled in search of calm
the planets sought as advisers
these were what the second ray's outcomes

now another has blossomed
violet calling to its own
demanding space to finally live
pushing boundaries that slip from sight

ambiguity is now the norm
the unconventional defining life
what came before was just a start
as the door beckons forth

these shades of blue in spiral's path
turning sideways in pursuit
of the outcome I now indulge
seeking life beyond rainbow's curve.

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Sean Green

Rejecting Claims

Consider the source of beauty's fount
originating from deviance
aberration now embraced
when straying from sterility

attraction stated by the self
rejecting claims from beyond
by the pundits who exclaim
what's the best for charm's grace

in the mirror of other's eyes
a choice is made with regard
for the splendor that waits beyond
conventions sought in twisted thoughts

these reflections offer hints
where the queer meets the kink
the final path to elegance
lays beyond convention's bliss.

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Sean Green

Relation's Game

Nervous as the day before
the same again without pause
I wonder why this should be
stumbling when confronting this
attraction's bliss at the least
or something more I can't admit

except to say that jealousy
impacts the image I may see
relating comes with conflict
of the feelings that make me mute
wishing to draw ever near
while running away in quiet fear

in the end I'll maintain
a safe distance to comprehend
what can't be while the angst
steals me from relation's game.

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Sean Green

Respect Shared

Could a person ask for more
ask the gods for their grace
than the friends that I adore?
the answer is a solid no
affirmation of my good luck
confirming life outside of norms

another batch has arrived
one of many that time supplied
so many faces moving through
with the naughty and the nice
pursuing life as they choose
unabashed at the outcome

to these ends they affirm
how I choose to express
identity true without remorse
testing limits that are contrived
so many boxes I'll bust out
set by gender or desire

I'll do the same for my chums
we all struggle to declare
identities not normative
cherub or demon, they're the same
my friends now echo how I am
with respect shared between.

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Sean Green

Ring Is Sought

The ring is sought above all else
this seems the goal for our lot
clouding minds in the quest
for something fresh beyond the self
there's no commitment except to now
the moment sought and then pursued

to the ends some may taunt
but even they would do the same
connection held as the goal
flesh pressed in response
more than attraction is in play
when the urge becomes a need

sewn throughout by the Lord
or put by nature to grow the herd
neither is of consequence
when base natures take the stage
the urge to merge tops the list
damn the final aftermath

perhaps the deities will relent
when they know the bill's been paid
the luster fades when attained
once to lead to many more
this hunger for the band
to find another once again.

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Sean Green

Road Will Wait

A journey does not stand alone
by a step or many miles
seeking goals with a twist
surprising those who quest an end

the mileage counted is a sham
for its worth in measurement
against the signs that infer
commonality between two men

the main path becomes a sham
as excursions are the rule
searching past the trampled path
still a journey of consequence

those small jaunt fulfill a need
to explore beyond the norm
at sunset the road will wait
with the journey to celebrate.

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Sean Green

Roaring Tides

Another day to exist
perched on the lip of consequence
while caring is cast aside
against the cast of roaring tides

the brave face is roundly worn
this double entendre speaks aloud
of fortitude that seems present
tires of wishing so much less

with corners lost in response
from erosion of the mind
the sanity that seems steady
demands a peace beyond the grave

perhaps the storm asks too much
another turn from dark to dark
the sleep outside repeated days
is the time sadly faced.

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Sean Green

Ruined Air

It lingers in the ruined air
that atmosphere now lost to tears
raining down when the drips
are turned against the one that rants

the clouds once held the angst
considered pure without regard
for a world beyond the cell
a prison made by the self

when the coin is flipped around
the saddest turned to towards the self
a desire to end the pain
betrays the one who feels the same

where the vespers were thought pure
even though the end was near
an ally is then disgraced
when reality shows its hand

the deck was stacked the whole time
only showing some face-up
lulling the grieving one
to believe the game was set

until another flipped the rest
to show anguish that would result
assurance gone in that flash
now the ruin is made clear.

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Sean Green

Sad Discharge

When a world dreams the next
three small wishes become one
each with the knowledge of the last
until the natal is surpassed

a first asks for a new day
demands existence to coalesce
against the tides of ignorance
combined with fears few admit

the second grasps rainbow tears
puts to sleep the tendencies
to look behind when progress asks
forward movement at long last

a final third belies the rest
for the progress thus attained
when the curtain falls to ground
the new is old in sad discharge.

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Sean Green

Sadness Hides

Outsiders walk among the crowd
acting as if they might belong
this is a measure that's half true
or perhaps less in certitude
the illusion is firmly cast
that all are same as consequence
of spared space and like time
the mirage that gods provide

the end result is felt by most
blessings showered on those below
treasures collected by the group
then divided by the sightless ones
cooperation bestows these gifts
with a downfall few admit
between the spaces of liaison
sadness hides in front of all

even as the voice may say
declarations that others dread
by the virtue of vaulted space
disallowing the replied attacks
the same chasms deny contact
consideration by word or deed
while the prophet may have their say
the flock stands alone across the break

comfort found across the breadth
having all including lack
these are the bars that form a wall
between the one and other folks
the last need is sorely missed
solace only met midway
when the comfort of the touch,
is surely lost before it's found.

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Safe Word

The safe word is assumed
when adults set to play
outside of bounds most pursue
capers rung from solitude
perversion jailed in every pore
the singular in custody

those halls of silence that care not
when libidos seek discharge
all extremes are allowed
without recourse to a crowd
the warped seeds bear no fruit
until there's a multitude

there's no doubt of this state
frustration asking for much more
with satisfaction at the wait
for release all celebrate
isolation is soundly damned
by the thoughts that travel round

plumbing depths none shall see
if desires sourced from misery
both pain and pleasure put aside
then imagined by threefold times
each with a safe word kept in reserve
if only these could be heard.

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Sean Green

Secret Paths

Keep to the secret paths
those within that none observe
hidden from the public view
lest the monsters sniff out blood
they care nothing for the goal
of seeking light beyond dark shoals

there is no shame in injuries
distress is part of life's regime
troubles shared are a remedy
binding sores for glad relief
if only this did not bring
the hungry wolves of misery

the packs hunt in plain sight
with long knives near at hand
a friend's mask conceals much worse
with the edge behind their back
the scent of wounds is a delight
a feast is hinted by the invite

ambrosia set upon a plate
then truthfulness is betrayed
in response the light is shunned
hid away from the sun
wrapped around the wounded frame
with only self to know the pain.

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Sean Green

Seek The Villain

Seek the villain at your risk
the mirror that most repress
wearing hats shared by all
even saints before their fall
miscreants much like yourself
with virtue held above all else
except when pleasure is at stake
then integrity is misplaced

when this foible is observed
have forgiveness for the failed
lest the monsters take offense
at trespass upon their sphere
seek not unearned liberties
easy pickings that come with grief
there is a price to company
among the fallen that complain

instead admit the frailty
that comes with life in this frame
mortal flesh seeking more
than austerity may explore
bless the villains for their place
among the paragons now displaced
feet of clay are obvious
shared by all in mirror's face.

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Sean Green

Seraph Borne

Seraph borne to the ground
with lack of wings to rise above
don't feel sorry for the guardians
leaving duties for low play

once the holy could resist
the carnal lures of the flesh
or the passion of escape
sinking lower to partake

struck from high to walk among
mortals striving to achieve
blessings lost to the drop
by the spirits disgracing God

when temptation rules the day
even saints choose to roam
at the risk of plunging low
to amuse the watching fools.

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Sean Green

Sexy Seen

Sexy seen through my eyes
admiration of the other sex
is my lot in this life
hints at something more
than lust's delight at their expense
the outer denoting consequence

jealousy may be the source
envy of the grudging sort
the focus of my stray ardor
in between the lurid lines
temptation found in the sight
is something I see deep inside

compliments laid at their feet
stated words that extol
the ones I'd like to replicate
sexy seen through my eyes
at the mimic that defies
says so much more than praise allows.

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Sean Green

Shadows Dancing Round

Put aside the moral realm
dictation stated for right and wrong
these are cast to the side
when behavior produces harm

safety winning over grace
goodwill denied for the secure
in response the blood will flow
when connection is explored

repetition supports the drive
ritual evoking black and white
retribution is assumed
for the unwashed largely feared

a misstep would foretell
of tribulations from the gods
favor lost then condemns
the true believers of the realm

on one side are the good
a territory with high walls
safety granted is enforced
at the end of weapon ports

the greatest threats are the doors
portals barred in best of times
when confronted the alarms
resound too loudly in the mind

danger waits to attack
anybody who wanders out
decency is surely lost
when purity becomes the goal

love is defined by arm's length
with the self on center stage
the circle shrinks in response
to the shadows dancing round.

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Sean Green

Shared By All

Dare I show some flesh
metaphorical or in the real
to demonstrate a common ground
between myself and readers' minds?

if the answer is a yes
the outcome is preordained
as the words and lack of clothes
reveal the person beneath the mask

weakness put to the front
transformation now divulged
down to the skin and beyond
until disclosure becomes old

with a twist that's laughable
or just ironic in pure hindsight
nothing new is ever shown
nudity is shared by all.

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Sean Green

Shock Of Verity

Revelation waits in the heart
perhaps once slumbering in the past
now perception has arrived
to ask too much from the now

stepping from the normative
boundaries meant to protect
come with too high a price
for the ones who compromise

identity of the true self
becomes indulgence of the mind
in the battle for safe domain
when passing was once safe

the world would like for the same
continuance of what came before
it could care less for the change
now required for sanity

passing becomes the option shorn
seen as the perfect lie
all said to true if a soul
allows the truth to be ignored

still revelation will have its day
the world be damned in aftermath
when the reality is revealed
to the shock of verity.

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Sean Green

Shout For A Day

If I could shout for a day
count the hours with my shrieks
I'd be hoarse before the calm
descends upon my jagged mind

twisted past the balance point
the brain descends upon itself
with small quiet as a bomb
waiting for explosion's balm

this awakes the greater harm
if the silence must be held
this ability to cease the cries
comes too sadly with a price

once the pain begins to sound
there is no ceasing afterward
forever droning plaintive cry
echoes without comfort's kind

now the need is kept inside
while emotion kills the soul
bleeding from the wounds within
without recourse to sounding out

this secret is my mute fortune
hoping none must bear the noise
I'll keep from shouting for a day
instead I'll die to for quietude.

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Sean Green

Sight Of Skin

Show the flesh with a care
lest the action provoke flares
from the gender without control
when the skin is on display
ration out the eye treats
too much is bad for the health
as the hands seek their prize
solely based on prideful lust

there are options across the board
back or front may be exposed
consider legs as separate
just enough goes a long way
almost all should be a right
caution calls for much less
it's not the fault of those
who wear garments for themselves

the masculine may have their charms
wise restraint not one of those
when the female makes a choice
to show their gifts to the world
perhaps libido is the term
it's more likely that privilege
rears its head at the chance
to press forward at sight of skin

an invitation is then assumed
while not given before the hands
take unkind liberties nonetheless
exploring realms without permit
the only recourse left to take
is unfair to those who shine
hiding beauty because of oafs
are triggered by the sight of skin.

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Slaughterhouse Chutes

Consider the genders as separate
each with a mask set by fate
this would be the funny if it were not
for the horrors set loose once more
roles ascribed to a sex
bending a knee to do their part
though supplication will destroy
when power shunts the outcome's goal

to save the weak from themselves
monstrous babies without resolve
unable to slake appetites
instead the other must find a way
sacrifice to this goal
placed on an altar with all around
bending heads in a fervent chant
the blood will let to the man

reject these offers of suicide
a living death while alive
saving those who are misled
by the group's droning lies
while traditional may show bias
ascribing tasks by outward look
this is hardly carved in stone
though society would like it so

consider genders are divorced
from slaughter chutes that serve discord
when both genders are abused
by the dogma of past rules
sacrifice will have its place
alongside love and clayed feed
each sex with pursuing the very best
while being flawed in life's eyes.

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Smooch's Lure

opening vistas without regard
for the fall that will result
once soft flesh becomes one

the journey forward is enough
even as the fog descends
to encourage the lost to stray
without regard for surety

the secure are asked to deny
safety grasped in loneliness
dire peril blessed by the joy
with guarantee of a dying drop

guard against the smooch's lure
while the event is dreamt about
the lechery of happiness
is bliss elation before the shame.

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Sean Green

Snake Eyes

The dreams came too cheap
with a price none should meet
even though the sign announced
the trivial paid instead of life
advertisements of the end
disguised as hopes none shall have

while angels cry from on high
knowing souls will be lost
flashing in the neon lights
dyed red by the past
bloody ink that won't wash out
luring futures to their doom

the game is on in the back
all can play while none shall win
to escape is the goal
straight into traps set by lies
rattled dice against the curb
tempt the marks out of luck

spouting promises that can't be kept
even as the die is cast
snake eyes will be the draw
nothing is given for all too much
rest the bones now that the cheat
has had their way in the end.

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Sean Green

Some Dance

Some dance to remember
the past that's already gone
cast to the realms that are beyond
some dance to forget
the pain that still remains
as fresh as the pouring rain

recalls born of life's troubles
healed by the lyrical cure
if only for the span of a song
soon to only fade away
lost as it is gained
in the whispers to the wind

recollections may be denied
or pursued with each step
as the soiree is embraced
illusion in the shared beat
don't assume it's the same
when needs are finally met

each memory asks for its balm
soothed by loss or by gain
something pure in each refrain
asking another to be played
partners found to be held
if only to stay in that place.

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Sean Green

Songs Full Of Wrath

Look to the source to know the heart
as tunes are sorted by desire
by pleasure taken there
or displeasure of the refrains
emotions come in many forms
from spark of joy to anger's rage
to the latter these lines will look
considering where affections lurk

there are tunes that please the ear
mimic the turmoil felt within
lashing out in mute response
though the intonations of the bard
anger comes in many forms
avenues pursued in course
with direction as the hint
at where violations are commit

to destroy what's not loved
becomes the anthem of the one
listening with head nods
to the songs full of wrath
something is the root cause
towards which rhythms flow
damning them for the pain
experienced within the frame

some shout against the world
perpetrators circle round
their long knives are rebuffed
by the voice of speaker's throats
others damn the one inside
finding fault with the life
and in this rage a disregard
is issued instead of love

what is the difference of the two?
actions follow the piper's tune
both would seek destruction's end

evoked in words and melodies
one would end other lives
bricks falling by their hand
another only seeks an end
with suicide as the grand plan

neither is the better for
a choice made that most deplore
still the suggestions comfort those
seeking solace in the words
whatever songs may suggest
their end goal is not the best
even though the baseline beat
strums the heart and taps the feet.

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Sean Green

Sorry Lover

Sorry lover but you can't look back
to the sheets thrown to the floor
forgotten while bodies press
ghosts lost to passion's bliss

promises once had a place
fealty against death's cold hand
the declarations none will admit
when light of day too soon arrives

strong emotions aren't cast aside
instead replaced with grounded angst
along with rage of what should be
tears spilled on pillows drenched

promises lost along with pride
if only this came to pass
along with advice none request
sorry lover please don't look back.

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Sean Green

Sought Freedom

Ask the prisoners for the key
they'll respond as if perplexed
wondering how such boon
existed without a god's permit

sanction sought becomes a hell
a repetition of bad to worse
that leave available in a blink
if the proof could be found

when a release is near at hand
still not seen even though
a weight is felt upon the breast
the key exists around a neck

it's true the door bars the way
with a fastener that would respond
don't check the pockets that bear lint
while sought freedom is near at hand

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Sean Green

Stanza's Meager Breadth

I have much to say
beyond the stanza's meager breadth
those few words can't reveal
life prescribed beyond the bounds
of staid boxes painted gray
arranged in rows to my dismay
these aren't enough to contain
expression of identity

some would judge this deviant
normality passed along the way
I hope to shift this certitude
from damnation to something else
perhaps opinion could be shaped
by expression that's elegant
or just the truth put to voice
stating life beyond their scope

if only poems had this weight
to shift the minds of questioners
those disbelievers set in ways
disallowing variance
until that time I'll press the words
to the page for comfort's sake
believing these may convey
shared discord of joint consent.

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Sean Green

Staring Up

I'm staring up at the sky
from a hole six feet down
even while the rest assume
that I'm more than deceased
a harsh word that's still true
ideation has consumed
remnants of a loving life
now only found in living souls

return me to eternal rest
even while my life is hoaxed
sharing space with a world
then waiting for the dirt to fall
the shell resides while I weep
tears transparent on my skin
the drowning have a better chance
to survive beyond the flood

even while I sleep-walk
stagger upright for a time
evoking forms may confuse
when my desires finally fruit
if you chose to turn away
please put the marker on my grave
while I look up at the sky
just one last time as I pass.

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Sean Green

State The Day

To be known has a price
a due given to past works
glittered trinkets that exclaim
where the future may yet lay

these become foundation's curse
basis given to later worth
even though a fuller breadth
is still there with relevance

expectations become contrite
sorrow given to circumstance
when the outcome does not match
the vision fixed upon the prize

while a range of interests beg
something else to the front
for some time in the stead
of fame's need to state the day.

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Sean Green

Stating Righteousness

Society asks its due
this refrain is soon renewed
with every pause to cry inside
along with rush of pleasure lost
retain the smile on the outside
smashed to the face to comply
with orders from those above
dictating bliss from sacred books

cherry-picked to maintain
a power structure that will abase
those who struggle to discern
identities outside of norms
please don't stray lest the gods
become peeved high above
this is imagined in the minds
of the followers pushing lies

"refrain from genders in your head
or intercourse for pleasure's sake"
where these may lead is suspect
violations that damn the rest
for the minority of purity
virtue is their only goal
the majority is instead concerned
with control of the unknown

no matter how the bits may fit
the joy derived is soon condemned
safety put in the same place
best to die than sin again
the prescription is relevant
by a world with prejudice
knowing all while acting less
dictations stating righteousness.

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Still The Whispers

The knowledge brings me to my knees
(figurative if you please)
still the outcome is the same
no dalliance broached beyond the range
asking only that I comply
obedience best for everyone
this mantra like a drumbeat
the rhythm some choose to ignore

as the gods look down upon
perhaps they don't after all
it's all the same when the mark
is doing right by other folk
lines on the ground marking space
explanations none should ignore
dire mutterings that are sourced
from the realm of past retorts

still the whispers will not stop
the other ones that ask too much
a will-o-wisp born of greed
temptation doomed to mislead
demanding that I violate
the framework that protects
these fragile walls that separate
right from wrong at day's end

imagination is asked to hush
move along in due course
once suggestions have been placed
that damn a soul if pursued
so now I'll dance at the edge
of that gulf that beckons me
the territory where I once played
before life took what it gave.

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Strange Dismay

The compassion is evident
in the offering of an ear
to listen to the mutterings
of a soul lost to pain.

commitment made to hear the words
opens doors to new realms
the bizarre in a landscape
foreign to the helping eye

stories spun from bold cloth
can't be shared in response
by the virtue of too much
or not enough to cover up

the fullest part of the plea
is denied in response
with compassion not to blame
in the face of strange dismay.

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Sean Green

Sunless Days

The clouds have their day
to release what's pent within
no longer able to hold the mask
of sunny days meant to last

the halcyon all pursue
a status quo for the abused
idyllic for the quick glimpse
when inquires seek portends

even as the coming storm
gathers round behind the smile
heavy with the unresolved
echoes of the saddest times

soon to drench the frowning crowds
scurrying to answer shelter's prompt
away from those who can't escape
the overcast of sunless days.

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Sean Green

Surety Set

To come from faith is a trap
snares woven between the words
took to heart by the sincere
before the mind is lost to fear

there is no telling where a life ends
from conception to the last descent
into madness without escape
surety set against all wills

others are damned as so entranced
the lockstep standard is applied
wedded to religion's jest
that ego lost is safety gained

confusion is the monster born
identity turned to flip the tale
where the god stands alone
or is the enemy of common man.

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Sean Green

Survival Met

Another year has passed again
survival met with wishes pressed
in the sea of life's span
present there to rise above
the currents wishing so much less
than existence blessed to thrive

it's not a given for these souls
to stay afloat among the waves
dark temptations are their way
of the streams few may see
pulling victims into depths
with the hopes first to go

as the oxygen is removed
it's just as likely a corpse will rise
break the surface to the surprise
of the crowd that gathered round
happy birthday becomes the prize
another year above the waves

with intent to carry on
even while the odds seem stacked
congratulate the lucky one
as they plunge into the sea
to flail about while the drag
waits for its time to cut the thread.

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Sean Green

Taking Space

Some may ask if I'm taking space
from the ones that best reflect
what it is to be recognized
with a validity set for sacred gaze
identity defined by the bounds
clearly broken by their narrative

an extreme that none contest
when presented to the whole
these avatars set to illustrate
permission given to claim a prize
while the rest are declared
defective by cold comparison

pretenders to the holy crown
desiring glory not their own
this is the cry from the ones
promoting pride in the extreme
paragons of the standard's mark
illustrating the desired height

tend the gate through which all pass
before identity is applied
lest the dialogue of the whole
be distracted from the flow
of the deserved hoist above
this lost soul not confirmed.

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Sean Green

Tea Leaves

The tea leaves don't give a hint
while they may state events
they're mum on the greatest truth
why we're friends at day's end
this mystery still defies
the oracles that know all
subscribing to what's beyond
then puzzled by consequence

the gentle tides and sometimes storms
seemed enough to cast the souls
together on this distant shore
far from the port that was my home
travelers in a foreign land
each learning about themselves
with the aid of passengers
accompanying the wanderer

at last the stage is set
with roles arranged by the script
actors in leading roles
established behind the scenes
look for the director's hand
with a twist none would expect
when the leaves echo doubt
still the lives are intertwined.

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Sean Green

Tears Hover

When tears hover behind the eyes
pushed by sadness that won't stop
even as the sun may shine
that avenue that life provides

survival found outside demise
is merely shuttered against the storm
the world shudders in response
while not knowing the very worst

as the floods are restrained
weeping damned in the end
a smile is held in response
still the need won't be suppressed

with the statement held in drops
mourning life that all must share
in privacy of eyes held shut
the tears will flow until the end.

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Sean Green

Tempest's Span

Big waves on little rocks
one or the other describes my lot
blessed to bury pain's delight
or hold against the pressing flood

each has a time beyond the shade
cast by shelter on longer shared
as the storm is clearly sought
to experience what's beyond

lost from sight in the gale
connection becomes the substitute
denominator in tempest's span
asking more than most expect

diamond hardness now regaled
against the give of soft downpours
both the large and the small
now push the sufferings out of bounds.

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Sean Green

Testament Of Origins

Consider the ruins that still stand
testimony to craftsmanship
of the labors that came before
by the builders now long gone

with one stone upon the next
scattering low from the high
with the latter fall short
of past phantoms forgot by most

still the testament of origins
invokes the present to construct
these small altars desiring more
while the deity is still a ghost

whispered echoes against low walls
the only remnant that's still found
with the rest tossed to the ground
stated artistry in the remains.

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Sean Green

The Bees

The bees fly through the fields
the birds alight in the trees
with the displaced at the gate
looking at the verdant scene

the time of year is firmly fixed
upon the dial at warm seasons
without admission of the rest
leading up to winter's breath

delightful colors on petals' limbs
only feel the sunny heat
the orb above favors them
providing homage to its kin

still the chill is realized
beyond the spread of flower's realm
asking those who stand outside
to know they'll never feel the warmth

this envied corner of the bees
denies the company of the gray
longing for the honeyed fields
now only feel a deep dismay

frosty drifts from snowy peaks
causing trees to shrug their leaves
an icy realm beyond the gate
with full sight of the spring.

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Sean Green

The Camel's Back

How do you talk to the friend
who's company you may not have
in a day or in a week
if the demons have their say?

communication is not lost
a desire to share the world
instead the cause is forgot
as the chasm opens up

by a gesture or a word
the feather falls on the camel's back
a thousand fiends have their day
the harvest gained as bones crack

breaking what stood so tall
buffeted by many storms
now reduced to longing thoughts
the mighty tree has finally snapped

the contract that most embrace
assuming life will remain
is revealed as a lie
when the disease is a crime

until that time the die's not cast
in a world of many paths
communicate in good faith
before a heart finally fails.

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Sean Green

The Changes

The changes would invoke
attention to my character
first a glance and then more
reacting to the nature shown
the hair does not define
identity of the whole
nor does the fabric worn
on the flesh now its home

we are so much more
than sad boxes to be escaped
cheered on by the thoughts below
the fashion helps to heal the wounds
this estimate of the effect
is mine to gauge as the rest
offer thoughts in their minds
sometimes stating the same out loud

depending on the life shared
elements are brought forth
the same occurs across the aisle
to inform the travelers
these attempts to adjust
a relationship with the world
contradict the wisdom grasped
that change within is enough.

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Sean Green

The Count Is Lost

The count is lost through the years
of the lives I've chose to live
this question matters in the least
when the versions are revealed

congruities of purpose split
among the paths I've gladly walked
differ widely by intent
while they merge to form the whole

each has a mask I take down
from its place on the wall
to revel in the task at hand
joy in pain and carnal bliss

this variety of pursuits
some controversial in themselves
others push against the grain
asserted by society

switching out identity
to suit the job near at hand
may confuse those who watch
the shifts required to exist

to reconcile what I must share
the count is lost in aftermath
disguises revel in themselves
the controversy I'll accept.

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Sean Green

The Day That Lied

Somewhere I lost a day
twenty-four hours went away
this I knew when I awoke
and the time had been revoked
fast-forward to the now
with whiplash in full effect
by a skip of in-between
in the realm of consciousness

tomorrow has been replaced
without remembering yesterday
the memory empty as a void
where the experiences were explored
those hours are now gone
stolen by the thief I'll absolve
my mind was the fiend
leaving me now betrayed

I'll continue to move forward
knowing tomorrows are one short
hoping the rest will arrive
and not repeat the day that lied.

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Sean Green

The Door

The door is opened
the invite extended
still a reluctance
may stay the hand

an apple awaits
the dear traveler
that hope once forgotten
now in form of the fruit

the miles have passed
under the feet
with bridges burnt
and more still complete

the gatekeeper stands
holding the check
allowing free passage
with heavy price

the due will be asked
in so many years
by toils then endured
and dreams grasped at last

roses and cream
beyond the threshold
an invite received
a life then made whole.

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Sean Green

The Fall

The fall is tied to the climb
so say the pundits that dissuade
those who strive to move beyond
the safety of the middle ground
not too high and not too low
then the sadness will stay away

happiness and greatest lost
are left to others in disgust
never feeling beyond the fade
just enough to carry on
seems for the best in response
to the troubles outside the door

hiding paths far from sight
temptation gets the best of all
when the need speaks is revealed
for something more than tranquility
shadows kept around the heart
eternal fog that cloaks the tear

keeping others from coming near
lest the troubles return again
this is known with the heart
avoiding hurt to pain's retort
those heights are too much
when describing false delights.

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Sean Green

The Fall Exists

The fall exists as part of life
a welcome dip from the climb
asking nothing for itself
while gravity seeks a result

angels cry for the descent
without assisting by their wings
because they know inner truths
a wish granted to the accused

reminder of the consequence
or perhaps the last request
for something less than heights
still cursed at the best of times

when the less becomes the whole
contingent on a life extolled
the end result may be the lapse
declaring nothing except the end

the substitution has been set
low for high without regret
banking on the impact's touch
to caress away the storm

now life has been resolved
collision granting more than love
the nightmare left to only dream
of valleys found within the peace.

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Sean Green

The Fallen Ones

Who will bury the fallen ones
when the monsters gather round?
the streets are empty except for those
with intents seeking blood
behind the masques of ill intent
sporting smiles with straight teeth
and the taint of make-believe

chosen targets are seduced
the balm of comfort before the cut
seduction offered for the chance
to remove the loathsome ones
with one hand to stroke a back
selecting space to sink a sword
or the head held in reverence
before the last shot is then heard

the allies linger at the edge
or their bodies lay in the grave
considered to be equally bad
to the enemy with bloody knives
these are sharpened on perished souls
lost in the battle to survive
blood as oil to hone an edge
then turn around to the hunt again

in the end the uniforms
glitter brightly in the sun
testament to the sacred work
walk the streets with this reply
"please ignore the fallen ones
there is no one to bury them
humanity lost before it won
the monsters turned out to be us."

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Sean Green

The Fool Intrudes

The wise man is short lived
embodied in my poetry
even as I strive to give
something towards wisdom's gain
simple truths are exclaimed
with a voice sometimes shrill
when the statements may offend
those who hide in fiction's bliss

the fool intrudes upon the scene
stating words that compliment
the intellect of savant's feet
brought to jokes in aftermath
evocations by the clown
attempt to flee from sad frowns
even as the wrongs are sourced
from their hand and not the world

thoughts are drafted that intrude
upon the sanity of the abused
still embrace the steady head
waiting at the final pass
these two souls are as one
a coin flipped head to tail
what's been said is all true
don't blame the sage if you're confused.

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Sean Green

The Fugist

The dose waits to be consumed
says the criminal to themselves
judged guilty by desires
if only in their questing mind

that gateway to the beyond
one teaspoon at a time
or the shot finding flesh
injection made without regret

a need to shift the world
a bubble pushed to the left
underneath clasping glass
seeking freedom few will have

offering promises that are kept
unlike the prison of the world
arms wrapped to the back
dungeon of the normative

if the masters realize
the fugist found another life
slipped beyond to secret paths
the medicine would be denied

the end result becomes a cloak
hiding transgression beneath the cloth
squirming with a fervent life
that the accused must surely hide.

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Sean Green

The Game

The game was rigged from the start
if times spanned are a start
assuring all will be conned
to play along as if lulled
this was the theory of the top
steadfast in their beliefs
now wondering why the calm is broke
as the tremors are perceived

'why rock the boat? ' is their reply
to anguished screams from below
begun as whimpers beneath a gag
now fully voiced in aftermath
a thousand injured in the forefront
with a million close behind
each with a tale of their own
tragedy mounted against the crown

still the kings are sanguine
nothing changed at the end
this desire to stand upright
while the structure begins to shake
countless hands grip the beams
wishing only to topple them
bring the tyrants to their knees
for abuses they'll not admit

excuses tossed as a last defense
declarations of false intent
pretending to know innocence
as blood stains guilty hands
vanquished at long last
their victims take the stage
warning others to not ascend
lest this fate recur again

now the game has been renewed
the small hopes are disabused
as new tyrants build their spires

regardless of what has lapsed
perhaps one day these to will fall
if lessons are kept close to heart
nobody is above the law
when castles topple to the ground.

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Sean Green

The Ghosts

The ghosts are there
as you will see
now tangible
to sympathies
proclivities
awaken them
to dance along
the bona fide

now memories
evoke specters
reality
beyond their grasp
still they seek
satisfaction
while still knowing
none shall be found

just turn away
lest hope deludes
the questing ones
without small hope
it's for the best
that life dissuades
them from the goal
of being real

before too long
the haunt will fade
without support
from living souls
then on that day
the gods will laugh
another senior
put in their place.

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The Greatest Boon

Mortality is the greatest boon
to those who reason the future's course
firm in the knowledge they'll be gone
when disaster comes flying home

to sleep with the ease of babes
no worries present on the mind
this is the gift of dying soon
laying down before the doom

the money palmed is enough
down-payment on the graves
not yet dug in grieving earth
that will come at decade's time

this currency dipped in blood
bright enough to raise alarm
still the merchants will complete
a barter made by blind decree

allegiances of the short term
handmaid to the monster's birth
are the mark assigned to Cain
now embossed to their shame

they'll expire before the bill
is called due by the earth
damn their bones in aftermath
when the outcomes are beheld.

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Sean Green

The Heretic

I'll bend the stated normative
illustrate where life may twist
when staid measures no longer hold
to behaviors close to my heart

these deviations that bear no malice
instead they are instinctive actions
this honesty I'll not regret
if just one person comprehends

an illustration for all to view
center stage with little hype
as the outlier is of the tribe
familiarity outweighs the freak

when the extremes become standard
capitulation is the result
acceptance spurred by the loop
exotic turned into routine

divergence granted for the crowd
while acting as balm to the soul
the normative is then transformed
to include the heretic.

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Sean Green

The High Fence

Look to beauty for a clue
of what the heart would pursue
outside of masks that conceal
longing for an open field
the fences ring the dandelions
along with daisies blooming wild

those flowers echo apologies
for the barriers they live within
violets ask for a reprieve
the same intent inside of me
they are the rebels of the crowd
whispering truths far too loud

these are the secrets of the stars
the first is last after all
beauty found in purple hues
it's enough to convince
the lost outside the high fence
the seekers of true consequence.

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Sean Green

The Ice

The ice seems ten feet deep
in the midst of winter's chill
with a promise all is well
before the cracks are revealed

the darkest depths await beneath
always there outside of sight
all too close if truth is known
regarding strength now foretold

scant inches are the mark
a lack of support now disguised
instead of thickness most enjoy
when striding about their lives

a truer measure of the heart
is the peril now close by
than impressions of the mask
denying all till aftermath

peril waits for the fall
dropping down into the depths
most often hidden from the view
from the ones that could console

when the cracks open up
support is lost in the end
that quiet doom near at hand
finally taking the innocent.

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Sean Green

The Journey Taken

Between the choice of dawn's light
and the judgment of the dusk
lay the affairs that resolve
to decide a future morn

failures spun from the same cloth
as success that draws the likes
ask only for an equal nod
acknowledgment of two paths

the low road is passion's place
little better than prevailing heights
where the mind consumes itself
in the orgy of certitude

the lessons learned or pain dodged
provide a map that describes
the journey taken separately
from destinations preordained

avoiding landmarks based on lies
while they're truths in the large
are the fallacies that choice precludes
while moving towards the edge of night.

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Sean Green

The Mirror Showed

The mirror showed another face
beauty hidden is now revealed
with a sharp contrast to the old
it's still me after all
tint diverged from my own
with the gender close behind

each a difference I can't dispute
as my heart was resolute
to convince a larger world
convey an image now my own
a transformation I can't ignore
with outward to be observed

this was a symbol of myself
comeliness now expressed
asking for consciousness
of potential I could express.

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Sean Green

The Muse Will Ask

The words provoked more than thought
in the prompt of stanza's lines
or the rhyme of song's refrain
one has comfort of the tune
the pair invoke the lyrical
regard power in the words

both share a form that provokes
desires both pure and far less so
speaking to the appetites
triggers stroked in syllables
perhaps purposed by the bard
to solicit the yearning urge

these hungers ask to be resolved
once commenced there is a yen
to be resolved before the end
few may deny if they try
that innerscapes now resound
with the cravings found inside

passions for the greed of life
once disallowed are made plain
on the page or by the ear
in the end the muse will ask
nothing less than siren's call
to be answered by the crowd.

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Sean Green

The Pinprick

Look to history to know the tale
the sum of what came before
when a single act can't explain
the reaction from the crowd
the slight should not enact
cries of anger then expressed
except when the breadth is seen
of the pain the wounds inflict

the pinprick made in jest
or the statement meant to quip
both convey so much more
than thoughts may account
assumptions miss the mark
to detriments of the ghosts
those that walked the twisted trails
tracking back to hurt once veiled

these revenants doubt intent
of the one that walks their grave
demanding blood for trespass
with damnations few contend
the past has more to say
than all the mutterings that explain
transgressions made by fools
with knives turned back to wound.

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Sean Green

The Poet's Page

The poet's page demands results
words submitted in due course
on a theme that resounds
with their souls and their hearts

into this space I grasp at dust
sift through the dunes of my mind
seeking more than I will find
epiphanies escape searching rhymes

poignant lines sublimely stacked
in groups of four more or less
upon each other in pursuit
looping round in stanza's bliss

this construction becomes a fraud
a framework only without resolve
to ordain itself with more
than rubbish churned in empty prose

a foundation ordained by God
or stolen by the might foe
sustains the gospel of the muse
stamped with dogma of deepest doubt

wishful plans that fall so short
when no deity will pay heed
to the twaddle of fool's discourse
drivel stated and not 'the word'

these proclamations to all who read
worthy of tomorrow's dreams
will echo loudly to the fates
exclaiming paths of destiny

lastly consider the substitute
forgotten before the day concludes
this is what I've put to page
all to the outcome of my dismay.

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Sean Green

The Reference

I'll stoop to be a noun
if the reference will resound
with others seeking truth
found by words applied without
these labels hold a tainted
asking more than they give
except when the need does arise
to educate a larger crowd

otherwise the labels taint
the person I'd like to be
with a shadow that extends
into the realms that came before
dragging the tendencies
for verbal unpleasantness
look to the reasons why
they were vilified

pioneering adventurers
walked paths now obscured
with trials that few have seen
on this side of history
still their experience
the shoulders of giants
instructs their descendants
to worse that life presents

bravery is the illusion sent
when the words are cast
to change the aftermath
demands that I commit
confirming what's been told
experienced along the way
now that I'm the pioneer
with good and bad to share.

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The Refrain

'To each their own' is the refrain
stated for both right and wrong
bring together the scattered chaff
and separate those who belong
the former is for the best
while the latter is evil's bane

so many people need to know
there are others now similar
the softest voices are denied
ability to find like kind
while the masses have a say
screaming statements of dismay

'to each their own' is the refrain
pursued in lieu of loneliness
now the channels have been cleared
to allow the minority to convene
exchanging statements of support
for the scattered across the globe.

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Sean Green

The Ruined Wheel

The ruined wheel sadly turns
single minded in its reserve
to cross a land few explore
lest the taint take a life
when existence is enough
to damn a soul without a trial
the evidence is long assumed
against the doom of certitude

too long grown from the spores
cast to ground by ignorance
growing long by circumstance
that nothing else shares this grace
fear compounded with the dread
only found in sacred books
when denial is the norm
of existence beyond the fold

still the circle must roll around
seeking peace from the crowd
even while the trumpets warn
of the gloom that could befall
those very few that are cursed
to sustain lest they expire
this journey of the ruined wheel
with many miles yet to turn.

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Sean Green

The Sacrifice

The sacrifice must be made
the blood spilled to mark the day
lest the gods both good and bad
feel unwanted by mere man

deities remain steadfast
when attention turns to them
by the edge of cutting knife
or the coin from the purse

a gentle shower is not enough
be it crimson or made of gold
when attentions must surely flow
stating purpose from the soul

lives laid down in consequence
by believers or the lost
the latter being enemies
now made worthy in their ends

all this done in name of greed
for squalid treasures near at hand
enough to fill a million chests
these are the boon of all transgress

so ask for blessings both low and high
knowing gods have their price
the sacrifice made today
will coat the hands of deity.

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Sean Green

The Screams Fade

The screams fade over time
echoes fading at long last
leaving questions when hush presides
answers worse than what came before
stillness becomes the mute horror
instilling panic instead of hope
when the unknown is recognized
as the outcome hides from sight

perhaps deafness is to blame
hearing shattered by the sound
the unholy shrieking was enough
to make silent what should be heard
the vibrations still persist
an earthquake stated when tones fail
all too soon the world will break
with ears blinded to suffering

a worse fate awaits the damned
surrounded by ten thousand yards
walls beholden to no sound
impenetrable barriers without resolve
the casket buried six feet down
a resting place without compare
allows contact that's denied
when solitude denies rapport

lastly the deepest hush
is the phantom when hearing works
statements made are ignored
when the hardness settles in the heart
hard-of-hearing is more kind
or even exile would be a choice
if dispassion becomes the norm
as the screams continue on.

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The Shoeblick

The shoeblick is on the job
bending knee for gentlemen
first the comments about rain
or the lack of, all the same

disagreement may arise
no one knows what may fall
then the earl must convey
politics of the day

opine offered without regard
of lower classes' principles
still a reply is required
a small offering to the lord

'cooks are thought to be quite smart
unless the flood distracts the guards'.

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Sean Green

The Sun May Shine

A desire is enough
to set identity to a course
even though the journey's end
defies the place it all began

while the clock asks no due
the start and stop are fluid
neither set for the whole
instead the traveler has their own

defying milestones on the path
stones erected in the past
become the lies for the self
even as their truth prevails

integrity is then transformed
as a needs leads the way
with no regret in the now
what the sun may shine upon.

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Sean Green

The Sun Rose

Once the sun rose in the south
like the fowl by the same name
regular enough to set a watch
this ascension of desire's push
promising much as consequence
if the eye can be believed
even as the owner sleeps
still embraced by wanton dreams

then to wake against the day
asking rutting in payment
to witness god's greatest gift
bequeathed to eager supplicants
to sate the fire that burns within
the showers pelt in response
by sparse cloud's drizzling
or the tempest's drowning fist

this revelry in dawn's face
expected at daybreak's light
is now left behind in the years
with only pain to end the night
the sun has set forever more
no longer rising like days of yore
and while the fowl may share the name
no crow is heard at first of day.

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Sean Green

The Sweetest Fruit

The sweetest fruit has a look
beware the suppers who wish to test
what's been sampled will then be grasped
felling masters with greedy tastes

beauty is seen to be an end
by a queen or castaway
opens doors at a glance
the promise made of succulence

luring all to their doom
no matter station they may hold
seduction is another name
for the mastery now impaired

this fate is cast upon desire
a spell as ancient as the sun
assures damnation for a soul
when the flesh dominates

so round and firm to the touch
without a blemish set by time
this is the plate of offering
at the altar of power's fall

delicious morsels that could accede
bend the knee in vassalage
will instead enthrall the high
ready victims to tasty lies.

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Sean Green

The Unbound

When the ties dissolve at last
dreams put aside with full intent
to seek the dreams of vacancy
beyond the dross of everyday

the pressures sought to transform
coal to diamonds as a result
instead fine powder fills the air
blinding those who seek the sky

ash from urns not yet interned
contribute to the pressing mood
as the thoughts turn inward
disregarding where life finds charm

the magical falling short
and then forgotten in retrospect
the mystic damned before the fall
as the unbound dissolves the world.

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Sean Green

The Unearned

The unearned becomes a trap
blessings stacked all too high
vanishing as the bridge collapsed
or toppled down to cruelly smash
reliance becomes the drug of choice
supporting making of the bucks
but consider the side-affects
sanity lost as the sad result

look to privilege as the beast
waiting to attack with savage glee
those who step outside of bounds
no longer favored as in the past
what was given may be lost
when the monsters decide to fight
against the one that has betrayed
the vaunted rules that none convey

reliance upon that edge
cutting holes once abused
imbued by a knife that's now dread
as the edges slice the flesh
benefits blessed by circumstance
stoke the fires that now burn
destruction from the coal of warmth
consuming all the group distrusts

the past acquaintance is abhorred
by the prisoners of power's game
they still exist in the heights
condemning those who dwell below
crisis stoked at the end
condemning those who stepped away
now the trenches are the home
to the lost no longer found.

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The Uniform

I'll take the uniform from the shelf
an image for the common crowd
one of many in the ranks
the same raiment is procured
from the closet in which I dwell
keeping step with the contracts

still the fit will suffice
if my true role is falsified
stating purpose with due resolve
with apparel on the frame
a disguise that few see through
when the pretense is pursued

this masquerade is portrayed
the desired set for the eye
spun from threads of fairy wings
just as real as mythic dreams
to lull the masses with the lie
keeping peace in rank and file.

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Sean Green

The Week

The week has passed without respite
the hole made large by encounter's lack
until at last the moment came
to once again step away
this rendezvous outside the lines
drawn on the map to console
uncaring souls who would condemn
congregating to dance anew

to these ends the time has comes
assignation to soothe the hearts
loneliness swept aside
as two gather to strut as one
a glance confirms the mutual
dual intents matched to meet a lack
no longer will the craving burn
when it's fed for a song

the crowd of hundreds melts away
no longer present in the room
pushed by passion of the dalliance
to the realms beyond desire
stepping between the here and there
a tryst completed without remorse
what's now sated will find repose
until the same time comes again.

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Sean Green

The Wicked And Divine

Consider lovers
the wicked and divine
reflections of the flesh
shown without reserve
heights attain in pure joy
sinners before the fall
until another comes
their place now assured

emotions spun to remove
concealment the heart
disregard the normative
diversion is the goal
endings sought for relief
before desire is resolved
in the end lovers fall
the wicked and divine.

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Sean Green

The Words

Turn the words to
state the mind
mold them to
explain the heart
without regard
for eloquence
except to state
the obvious

don't hide the light
from the world
the bushel basket
will not complain
when it shares
the truest parts
a soul brave enough
to expose itself.

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Sean Green

The Youngest

This is the youngest I'll ever be
going forward in this day
with gifts that I've received
along with all the miseries

unframed years beckon on
without a promise of the count
marked against where I am
in the spotlight of the now

there is no turning back
except to forgive and then forget
put aside the chains of angst
to move forward without regret

time is a measure without regard
beyond the present winding down
at this mark of youth's demise
pushing forward to my desires.

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Sean Green

Their Names

I'll lay with the demons
imps from the fold
to ask them their names
then hear the tales told
there lay the truths
narration of pain
absent the lies
that comfort may bring

words etched in flesh
to bring the warmth
the sting is a balm
absent the cold
the flames of the pit
defrost my heart
when sibyl tongues
attract their own kind

I'll count myself
among this fae crowd
lending my body
as parchment drawn on
the most private of words
in arms of the fiends
is counted as gospel
when names are exclaimed.

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Sean Green

Their Tombs

The headstones mark the homes
of those who have left this world
even as they still exist
with the semblance of mortal life
now their tombs hoard the dark
like the miser storing gold

there was a time for death
putting aside the painful parts
sadly the sun may hold life
away from the prying light
asking bones move about
when ashes hold their fire

what's thought dead will remain
in the cold comfort of the grave
unless the spark is given hope
when the lid is opened up
allowing something more than grief
beyond the press of misery.

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Sean Green

There Is A Line

There is a line to be crossed
when kind remarks turn to lust
moving towards the opposite
of compliments dearly sought
civility is put aside
for the chance of lewd lust
already present in the heart
brought to view by an outside voice

sadly noting the fixed parts
appearance set long ago
into a package that dissuades
comments made outside of bounds
when the words state passion's bloom
arousal none would desire
outside the voice now condemned
to be a creep in the aftermath

the pleasure taken is an abuse
a violation that acclaims
when ownership is desired
to feed the loin excite the mind
steer away from this line
even if the desire is strong
keep this all to yourself
the world deserves nothing less.

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Sean Green

They Called Me Slut

They called me slut in response
to the choices made for my self
in the garments I choose to wear
or perhaps not, if I dared
makeup put onto the face
tattoos plastered on the skin
these reflect the innerscape
felt within without regret

whore is heard when I react
to the partners that fill my needs
across the realm of bodies grasped
spectrums searched for the balm
the hunger calls from within
with proximity as a response
accountability is close behind
still the critics will decry

sinner is the sum basket
an old dig that burns the most
lumping all that came before
into damning of the soul
what came before was trivial
pettiness below the fold
when eternity is held above
the heads of those outside the tribe

I'll reject this as the last lie
with the poison it supplies
when what's at stake is nothing more
than egos trying to destroy
the true measure denies their claims
puts to rest the crying game
because the tears are best spent
on what's important before the grave.

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They Had Passed

I maintained that they had passed
by the virtue of time elapsed
with no reason tasked to explain
why the deceased was no more
six feet down or cast to winds
each is the same in the end
no longer present when I'm asked
where the bodies may reside

the angels cry in response
still my eyes are desert suns
never showing the slightest tear
when one expects from my loss
this is the word mourners use
instead I welcome truancy
twin orbs burn without remorse
for the sadness the void may bring

if only the photos would comply
with the need to be blind
to existence beyond this space
of the ones I state are gone
the departed are no more
passed away without regard
without admittance in my heart
of their love I've put aside.

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Sean Green

They Linger

Perhaps they linger to resolve
the pain received while alive
wishing vengeance the mortal shirk
by equal measure plus much more
perfection sought where there was none
sorrow begs for Devil's course

holy orders have no defense
when revenants ask for their due
demand revenge in return
no dis-allowance of their rage
retaliation behooves revenge
as the living join their ranks

now the few are the damned
huddled in the fading light
knowing fate will be a curse
escaping peace of the grave
the invitation is a gift
walking dead will persist

don't despair if you're the last
the pound of flesh will be withdrawn
before the coming of the dawn
the once-reviled become the norm
long enduring are deceased
this land without a living soul.

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Sean Green

Those Of Failed Worth

Replacement is a mark of worth
gauged by those who hear the voice
of a world that seems to care
for dollar's sake and dogma's bane

one dictates a bottom line
measured by where profits lie
with the spreadsheet all shall know
who shall come and who shall go

the other measures in degrees
already stated by piety
with no room to deviate
from the bane of belief's state

one or the other will decide
what's of value and what's denied
leaving those of failed worth
to wonder why the world has turned.

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Sean Green

Tilted Scales

Blessed are curses as a path
to the riches in aftermath
before the bell tones at last
denying more while giving less

embraced by fools counting sins
there aren't enough to contend
when the darkness felt within
consumes fair judgment for all men

the only saints that remain
are disguised in full regret
for the beasts that contrive
to enslave their lesser kind

animals that only know
troubles delivered by the gods
damnation sourced in mercy's place
blessings lost on tilted scales.

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Sean Green

Time For Punishment

The time for punishment has arrived
line up the guilty for their trial
where the judgment is assumed
none shall refuse the stated sins
their lot is cast by consequence
all shall abide by the decree
the penalty shall match the crime
begin the grouping of the contrite

put the partisans in their groups
one on each side away from foes
with the worst in the front
holding weapons that drew blood
these hooligans will lead the pack
declaring statements all must condone
the brush is tarred to organize
one from another in their tribes

now put the shameful in their place
then state 'mercy will be denied'
when the cries are exclaimed
to the gods now deaf by shame
the blood will flow in cleansing streams
evoking strength in witnesses
all shall declare that justice asked
for the censure of faithless ones

a final twist is now exposed
the sentence damned just one trait
neutrality from the warring bands
no side selected among the crowds
this disinterest was their end
when only followers are held right
the unbiased are dubious
not holding creed with dogma's blight

once the lukewarm has been spat
from the mouth of pious folk
the hot and cold may battle on

with the assurance of sacred scripts
none will cry in the end
while the pundits lead their charge
all doubt is vanquished with the fall
of those who doubt conviction's charm.

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Sean Green

Times Change

Times change and I miss your face
now fixed in my memory
a dream conspiring with the wheel
to turn around and taunt again

events conspire to separate
one from another without reprieve
with no rhyme on who should leave
or stay behind to mark the days

all may grieve in their way
even as necessity
demands this price for some to grow
in distant lands beyond the fold

no evil entity is to blame
instead the cause is so mundane
the ebb and flow of lives
just enough to get by

shifting winds blow the leaves
to the west and to the east
times change and still I miss
your face lodged in memory.

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Sean Green

To Fully Fly

To fully fly would be a joy
leave this earth where I'm stuck
elevation by any means
becomes the greatest of all needs
this fondest wish is distressed
by the pull of nervousness
that pain is all that I'll receive
firmly tied to sad dreams

the many snares of the self
taunts of worth that demean
one or another is enough
to reduce the strong as consequence
now multiplying in delight
a thousand cackles I'll deny
finding strength to overcome
chains evoked from cold resolve

compounded by winds of time
a tempest asking far too much
if only life did not conspire
as the breeze becomes a storm
denying youth even as
pain is gifted to body's span
as the memories are tossed about
in the cyclone of inner doubt

to those ends the sky awaits
by helpful drugs or risque ways
put aside the judging looks
when sanity finds a relief
both deliver for a time
supplying wings to lift clay feet
before the earth reclaims the one
that escapes to fly above.

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To Kill A Monster

To kill a monster is an affair
most avoid lest they fail
when mortality does not last
if the injury is by the like
humanity becomes the key
to find the flaw beneath shield
lending knowledge through frailty
to be the least is victory

weakness flaunted as if to taunt
something more than humanness
a greater strength shown in teeth
claws flexing to rend the flesh
please hold fast to the soul
lest the outcome is foretold
consumption sought by enemies
lays in seeds of power's draw

fire to fire will always fail
darkness burns with the flame
consuming might even while
foes are dropped by the sword
the other path will win the day
when the weakness is embraced
holding what the strong discard
in pure arrogance before their fall

shed the tear to realize
what's important above all force
connection to the angelic realms
is found in laughter of the child
slay the monster with this spark
cry for blood spilled to ground
no pleasure taken at the dawn
darkness felled in weakest light.

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To Sell The Body

To sell the body is seen a sin
when the skin is currency
while the buyers flock around
with payment held close at hand

once the exchange has occurred
away realms of chastity
the supplicants deign to condemn
the very source of ecstasy

to decry the pleasures gained
saves the face of holy men
when due fairness is applied
between the partners of the act

their honor clutched is a sham
like the masks devoutly worn
when the imp comes to call
evoking lust in high and low

the urge is fed for a time
few may last when it returns
ask yourself why dogmas lie
when suggesting otherwise

to sell the body is a boon
stooping low to holy plans
only asking for respect
while others wear their saintliness.

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Sean Green

Tone Out Loud

The tone out loud may betray
the calm realized deep within
perhaps the gods could forgive
what the voice will express

that placid place of good intent
abandoned when the sounds relent
tumbled from the inner depths
to damn the sounds then expressed

somewhere in the journey's breadth
the words transformed to manifest
ill intent for all involved
even while the angels cringe

vowels twisted around state
exceptions to the smiling face
what's said outside would be withdrawn
if only time could be reversed.

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Sean Green

Top Regret Revisited

If I were to list my top regret
it would point at myself
denouncing change that came too slow
by the speed and not the flow
while the seconds are cast away
the layers ask to be displayed

with quaint reference to comfort's angst
deference is given to the mewling tongue
while determining identity
some parts were clear to see
hidden in the rapt desires
always there to speak its mind

that internal voice is locked away
announcing volumes only one will hear
while the world is ignorant
of this flow that souls dictate
cooperating with gender's taunt
the outward kept in still detente

an arrangement that most approve
as the past becomes a lie
the shell seems to carry on
as the core is left to die
on the altar of frozen time
these choices become sorrow's life.

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Sean Green

Touch The Blooms

There is a land I'd like to walk
one where I'd feel at home
like son returned at last
in a form not recognized

the path prescribed is passion's game
first a date with romance
complete with flirting all in fun
then seduction to round it out

knowing something lays beyond
a trip to realms close to my heart
perhaps one day I'll walk those paths
lay down the need to be a man

assumptions made at a glance
with fair passing as a phase
what's at hand is the real thing
as the heart desires a fling

until that day I'll walk the edge
look at fields of beyond the wall
reaching down to touch the blooms
with the mask that does not fit.

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Sean Green

Trilogy

A trilogy is arrayed
bearing the fruits of hate
filled with malice plans
against this soul filled with dread
I'll mask their identity
though the twist will be a treat
the greatest sadness coming last
when the curtain is finally dropped

society would be suspect
wishing harm instead of joy
with a dislike for the ones
that deviate from the norm
supported by a wider world
set to foil the inner goals
by a malice fully formed
or mere ignorance as a thorn

they're off the hook in this tale
as well as miscreants sadly led
these persist in their holes
away from realms where I roam
the swarm does not equal three
a thousand plus if you please
so I'll put them to the side
and now progress ever on

at last the villains take the stage
wielding knives with poison blades
poised to take more than life
those qualities that matter most
I can't deny their sly invite
to creep closer before they strike
if only I could resist
the charm implied in their harm

now you've waited until the last
revelation may be expressed
these last stanzas are the prize

to be unwrapped without a smile
the trilogy waits to be revealed
to take the stage with a bow
enemies that will comply
me, myself, and mostly I.

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Sean Green

Troubled Sleep

The trinkets tied to memories
collections without pertinence
haunt my dreams in misery
insisting paths I dare not take

leading to the traps of lore
with a focus on lost debris
with only value to the one
desiring more than present draws

these echoes of lost history
consume attention in the sleep
this is an echo of waking hours
exclaiming loudly in danger's place

while the present asks to be
the past consumes all relevance
as the warnings are broadcast
from the realms of troubled sleep.

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Sean Green

Truth Is Music

Seek the truth in music's arms
honesty that will evolve
adapting to the greatest need
to dispel the strident lies

that sum of chords expressed throughout
speaks veracity to the heart
even while the gross deceit
is expressed without concern

for the lost among the crowd
desiring comfort in their resolve
to escape from chains of angst
attached in realms of silent rage

against the palette of the world
wishing for sincerity
starved for blessings in the void
now fulfilled by music's charm.

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Sean Green

Two Gods

I met two Gods on the road
each was the same by their book
right down to the sandalled gear
shared across two thousand years
penned by men with intent
good and bad with in-between
to describe who I had met
the middle one was not there

perhaps they took a holiday
that middle-person of the three
vacationed in a different place
while the others showed their face
sadly this was not the case
to be lukewarm was taboo
there was this pair in the end
present in the sun's hot glare

one bowed their head in response
with full knowledge of who I was
a courtesy I'll not deny
given the trespass in my life
the whole of my desires
identity mixed into the same
mattered less than who I was
respectfulness for due grace

the other spit upon my feet
railed against imagined sins
with a story already set
lurid words seeing red
a cardboard cut-out became my role
as I stepped to one side
already knowing I was not the one
the target of tirade's harm

each God of Heaven had their say
before they continued on their way
one with a nod to who I was

another sneered without love
I'm left to wonder who was there
lived beyond the scribbler's pen
the answer lays in human choice
deciding which to present.

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Sean Green

Value Asks

Value asks for a nod
confirmation of sage desires
when the treasures wait inside
sourced from sense of the divine

disregard the plaintive cries
lest they distract with torpid lies
grace implores sure resolve
guidance sought in the cause

the strongest come from inside
embracing wisdom all possess
voices asking to be heard
erudition for the soul

look to the self for truest bliss
extension of holiness
with encouragement to prevail
all that's missing is the push.

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Sean Green

Volumes To The Walls

I'll speak the volumes to the walls
of endless pain and lost loves
the hunger that's always there
then hear the silence that is returned

the audience is multitude
at the same time, they are too few
by the measure of a response
registered against my heart

the void receives what it won't give
denying passage to and fro
solitude is the result
even while the words may flow

perhaps it's for the best
this ignorance of all the rest
that flat denial of what's said
when the balm matters most

for society that contrives
to deny artistic strife
I'll speak the volumes once again
knowing silence will be my end.

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Sean Green

Voyeur

Voyeurs come in many stripes
standing at the edge of light
peering from the depths of shame
knowing where to place the blame

scripture written on the self
lifted from the holy books
skin absorbs the greater truth
without regard for consequence

spoken clearly behind the mask
worn to damn the realm of doubt
becomes the journey of the mind
slick with tears from the beyond

the steps are taken down the path
away from orbs of calm insight
remaining while world retreats
voyeur of the private grief.

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Sean Green

Walk A Step

I'll walk a step to achieve
perfection found in where none should be
one step more and then the next
until I find I must retreat

when the critics have their say
on such matters that betray
life embraced to realize
identities that aren't a lie

two steps more to come aside
fellow travelers that give comfort
admitting that they also vibe
with alternatives found inside

confirming bias of the perverse
not by that name for the converts
instead the label is the norm
stating life beyond the fold

the third step may be the last
returning round to the first
standing as the example
to those who follow with their own.

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Sean Green

Walking Corpse

Look to the beggar at the curb
respective of a walking corpse
a body sketched as if real
the clay transformed to walk about

a teardrop shed from the sky
to stain the ground in resolve
relics kept out of sight
like white marks made with bones

photograph the staid remains
respectable until the end
until the sober become drunk
looking to the gutter's edge.

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Sean Green

Walls Made Of Glass

Beyond the walls made of glass
a storefront or something less
electronic screens that convey
the same embellished to dismay
more than curves underneath
explicit by only gravity

the accents are instead placed
on the gestures of pure grace
promises speak to comfort's aim
more than how they hang to frame
wearing clothes of destiny
established outside normality

whispers from identity
only heard when none may speak
distorted by the phobias
that rattle round within the self
these are the doubts that persist
from the realms of darkest past

stating jeers of the crowd
a poison that shan't be held
put aside at long last
when sanity must be found
breaking through the glass walls
to finally wear a soul's regard.

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Sean Green

Wary Of Opposite

The sufferer must have their match
the one to complete the dream
of feeling more than life can share
in the space of fevered dreams
while the lash may find its mark
accompanied by the scourge

there is a person who facilitates
the press of leather to the flesh
they feel no discomfort in the act
except to tire from the toil
the thrill must be somewhere else
this may be feared if not pure

beware the one who holds the leash
or snaps the crop to bring the pain
they may indulge in bad faith
even as they serve a need
beyond the veil of scenes played out
where does the urge to hurt extend?

what curtails the sadist's need
to bring distress to all things?
these are the questions of concern
that play across my yearning mind
a masochist during play
I'm wary of the opposite.

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Sean Green

Was It Worth

Was it worth it to persist
in a world prone to hate
when a span manifests
between the norm and deviance?

this is the question of the ages
the freak persists no matter what
judged peculiar for their ways
even though they're genuine

the lack of reference is a source
familiarity lost in a rush
between surviving life's travails
and opportunity to see the world

this is biased by the need
to hold with dogmas ages' deep
reinforced by hoary texts
damning by the ancient words

one or the other is enough
to turn society against the one
asking them to double down
if completeness will be preserved

the answer to this puzzlement
seems contrary at first blush
presentation of a friend
a frequent face to contemplate

still the world will seek to hate
this is resisted by amity
experience shared with the one
finding worth to carry on.

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Sean Green

Watching Decades

The moments passed in a blink
years in the making before I rest
as the decades draw to an end
denying more than they give

leaving landmarks to a cause
I did not embrace in my time
except to wonder if I missed
something more than youthful bliss

attraction becomes the constant taunt
after use has been dispersed
in the flash of a life's span
memories linger when all is lost

those quiet prayers are all that's left
internal screams that none hear
forever shared with the ghosts
the only ones that dwell outside

perhaps they'll listen and then reply
while I stand with sad resolve
with a knowledge that few deserve
watching decades as they dissolve.

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Sean Green

Wear The Masks

We wear the masks to appease
appetites most would deny
borrowed from the unseen
then yelled from the rooftops

all too real except it's not
imagination running wild
denying more than what's shared
while explaining mysteries

feeding rats inside of wheels
running circles without repeal
they'll not know the finish line
even as the world is blessed

invoked inside cloistered shells
tendrils take what they may
bending wills that are contrite
when revelation comes at a price

shadows taken from the wall
ghosts of what came before
revenants desiring blood
from the souls born of stones

those labels worn without regard
the flesh dissolves in the end
leaving nothing more than masks
stating purpose without regrets.

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Sean Green

When In Love

Does the color matter when in love?
asks the prompt to launch a poem
not in the least I will respond
as comfort found is number one

eschew society no matter what
when their opinions are prejudiced
against a person for nothing more
than pigment layered above the heart

it's tough enough to find another
echoing passions with due ardor
in a world all too cold
loneliness appears to rule

look to where romance appears
to edge the bet against this chance
by complying to bigotry
is sad folly when answering love.

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Sean Green

While I Stray

Society will have its say
nudging with a plan in mind
conjecture based on habit's bane
away from where I'd like to be
placing options along the way
that range between two extremes
when something else is my choice
as acceptable by my decree

suggestions set as a trap
with no warning clearly seen
this is the start for what's beyond
nothing more and nothing less
except for those who ask for more
deviate from the plotted course
seeing love for what was meant
the best put forward is still wrong

the mold is set by the gods
with hints applied at time of birth
the whole of earth is their domain
with set choices as consequence
it's from this place I'll fly away
with the hints put in place
how I could be if I had stayed
foundation kept while I stray.

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Sean Green

Whiplash

Returning by the three-fold
the past echoes in whiplash
by firm measure the punishment
exacting only what's appropriate

when the scourge is karma's toll
asking only what for what's due
the skin responds against the whip
blistering red in gasped riposte

drawing blood with ever stroke
with a sound few may deny
painting anguish with a brush
loud mercies not yet come

the crop is the master's gift
a skill pressed to supple flesh
that talent evoked to assure
embracing of cold remorse

these fates spun by the lash
around the head and back again
not yet done in the measuring
of rewards beyond the shade

fortune absolved of empathy
when destiny demands a punishment
a chance for doom must exist
if the scourge is meant to sting.

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Sean Green

Whispers Will Proclaim

All these poems are testament
to a world found within
the writer with the muted pen
expressing words that disappoint
these desires ask too much
prompting readers to perceive
what is barely recognized
against the screen of inner thoughts

the prose falls flat in response
gibberish that damns the tongue
even while the tumbled talk
arrays a legion of impotence
a thousand weapons making noise
firing blanks into the sky
wishing outcomes that define
something past the written lies

each vowel stands without a voice
the consonants are the same
still the volume turns upward
past eleven in churning words
a vehicle to explain
is found imperfect after all
with no one put to blame
removing readers from the shame

life is more than words may glimpse
when the depths have no end
to shine a light into that well
asks much more than poems share
the whispers will proclaim
what they may in resonance
hoping a single soul
acknowledges the muffled tones.

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Why Dear Mirror

Mirror mirror on the wall
declare your judgment if you must
liar to my questing soul
this looking glass I'll avoid
if convenience would permit
sadly this is not allowed

I'd wear a girdle to assure
the curves align where they should
if only this could occur
wishing something I can't see
the echo missing purity
of what's inside that I believe

the reflection does not mislead
yielding what others view
except to state what does not please
an aping of the outer sheaf
foreign to my inner eye
why dear mirror must you deceive?

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Sean Green

Why It Should Be

The crowd asked why it should be
another one lost to tragedy
while the sun still shined above
hid behind clouds of anguished doubt
this flood of concern is too late
the showers fell in twilight's eye
now the skies reflect the mood
with the promise of another flood

the warning signs were plentiful
like blades fallen from autumn trees
too many to address singularly
a summing raking is more exact
each little death accounted for
the crumpled victims of season's change
dropping in a silent sprinkling
until the leaves have ceased to be

the blinking light in the marsh
a will-o-wisp foretelling doom
ignored by those of sound mind
luring the rest into the paths
there the brightness was blinding
no longer twinkling far away
instead the siren's lantern shone
across the marsh of no return

thus the leaves and the lights
are the warnings seen too late
because they take an awful price
when the end has come and gone
the crowd may ask why it should be
with the omens left to taunt
crystal clear in hindsight
once hid behind the anguished doubt.

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Wide Shame

Welcome to the alternative
a world that does not age
welcome to the embarrassment
when I'm oblivious to the shame

the fantasy is one of years
forgotten in the rush of lust
put aside by the fool
courting youth they should deny

what came before now betrays
permission given now rescinds
no longer are the partners sourced
from a breadth of society

relationships that were blessed
become the sin for all to see
the wheel has turned to exclude
now damnation becomes the creed

the need does not relent
to press the wanting flesh
even while the response
is one that few would want

halved plus seven does not compute
in my realm of feeling borne
for the beauty so near at hand
ephemeral in all true aspects

towards this end I'll deceive myself
ignore the warnings from high and low
pursue the charms all disclaim
while disregarding the wide shame.

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Sean Green

Wind Blows Cold

Revelation comes and goes
like the tides by moon's bent
sometimes rising to the cause
when not pulling away from shore

inconsistent if truth be told
even though the will is strong
wishing something to be said
as the shyness rules the day

to share the self outside of walls
constructed for safety's sake
darting through the open doors
returning when the wind blows cold

forgive these failings in hindsight
exposure turned to truancy
please don't judge what may come
look to future fates more kind.

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Sean Green

Wisdom Walks

Wisdom walks the path of folly
the latter a price to be paid
this is how the foolish mortals
approach the realm of perfect bliss

the sins were many in the past
remnants of the human life
embraced in lieu of what could be
because of ignorance we're deceived

few are worthy to be damned
for small trips outside of bounds
if the gods were more kind
we'd really know right from wrong

by a thought or deed's transgress
the lines are crossed on the page
stating what could never be
in this world of misery

still the balance can be found
if the ear is opened wide
within the heart that would apply
lessons learned from folly's plight.

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Sean Green

With A Beauty

The face of beauty is not denied
a vision present to my eyes
I stand the captive to the view
with scant promise lest I smile
the beating heart whispered there
knowing much while being mute
nodding to the furtive eyes
that skew away from lustful thoughts

perhaps the imps will forgive
what the angels would decry
knowing that I'm laid low
to seek beyond is folly's goal
in my sight they stand alone
creation's height on pillar's font
much like Venus from the sea
with a promise I'd like to keep

these oaths are made by other folks
pledged on lives not yet revoked
the balance shows on my account
not enough to claim a goal
I truly wish I could dance
in celebration of their lives
this I leave to other souls
to live the dreams beyond my hopes

what they miss is what I'll grasp
learning more than common man
about the object that fascinates
the face of beauty to contemplate
forever distant while being close
by comely sights and nattered chat
they are a boon I'll not deny
when the face imbues my life.

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With The Clouds

With the clouds come the rain
accompaniment nature has decreed
I'll not bear a grudge in response
knowing skies will open up

to sway the drought that came before
those rays of sun from a blue sky
few would deny to be a curse
leaving dust that chokes the throat

the thirst evoked the worse of times
begrudging love in the slow drip
or the deluge of past revels
festivities divorced from love

low hung mist promised streams
prompting memory to fill the space
or prodding travelers to discern
revealing landscapes that converge

cleansing is the benefit
when the dust is washed away
destiny will heal the lack
absolve our sins, renewal's breadth.

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Sean Green

Without Pain

The dream arrived again
on the wings of fitful sleep
landing upon the reposed
feather light as it explodes

this visitor without kind regard
for the life that would remain
after walls are removed
only there to hold the tide

if escape were to last
a treasure valued above all else
remain awake against the hope
these revenants to dissuade

their reminder of what came before
separate from the empty now
a void designed to replicate
nothingness without the pain.

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Sean Green

Without Repeal

Another day to travel through
with the light in between
while the darkness bides its time
knowing murk will have a laugh

a jocular without mirth
this was absent from the start
while the titters echo forth
from the tombs of fallen dreams

forever past the edge of dusk
without the bliss of dawning light
the cold comfort of the grave
passes as the full of day

there is hope against this doom
a rumor of salvation's grace
something leveraged for future's sake
while in the moment the air is still

whispering doubts ask their due
why this should be otherwise
from the norm of misery
experienced hours without repeal.

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Sean Green

Without Respite

The wanting lingered without respite
an intruder that cared not
for the mercies of a staid life
away from the passions on my mind

borne on a wind of comeliness
though not a stunner by most concerned
the breath that stirred the fallen leaves
became the storm that leaves me weak

a total package at last glimpsed
the secret unfolding in due time
a bright flower I now observe
rare among the other blooms

if only more could see this belle
the glamour would beguile all
perhaps I'm biased on this point
struck by a spell in my heart

yet in my core I know I must
seek a path away from lust
still distraction rings the gong
it's with regret that I stand strong

a sum of parts assails me still
though there is more to this tale
when the dream walks upright
the wanting burns without respite.

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Sean Green

Without The Faces

The faces in the ancient gallery
each with intents few conceive
become the nature of the ones
that travel far beyond the veil

those safe realms of the mundane
are left behind by the brave
with mere protection of a masque
this thin shield against the damned

in the realms between the stars
where only madness may be found
look to the helmet closely worn
to secure the deceptive calm

traditions once long lost
hold the secrets now disclosed
don't taunt the wisdom from beyond
without the faces from the halls.

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Sean Green

Woe's Bliss

Spin the yarn in the head
apply the words to the page
allow for a feel of dread
while exclaiming happiness

top the sum with a doubt
like the period at the end
of a sentence asking more
than what's sadly come before

allowing for doom's input
while touching ghosts assigned to hope
each has a message from the beyond
yearning statement in the now

count the days without relief
as the muse attempts to breathe
needing both as blessed fodder
towards creation of their art

some small effort would extol
this mix of feelings at its core
divulging more most advise
even while the angels cry

still the poet will have their time
to spin the yarn beyond mere lies
the deepest truths are much more
than secrets shared on woe's bliss.

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Sean Green

Womanhood

Womanhood lays beyond
the half-measures circumscribed
by the ones without designs
gifted by the realm of birth
this is the statement some embrace
building walls around themselves

that secret garden securely kept
from interlopers that may transgress
pretenders are surely damned
by biology and not desires
no matter what may be felt
the physical is quite enough

identity is deemed a lie
the trick evoked by Satan's spawn
with the gatekeepers keeping guard
against intrusion that would end all
the greatest comfort is with the known
femininity inside four walls.

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Sean Green

Word Is Stop

At all times the word is 'stop'
before an urge is set upon
those four letters instead of two
is the gospel to be pursued
this due caution in the face
of hot lust is preferred
because the outcome does less harm
than what could happen in lieu of it

even as the key is held
near at hand by the lock's hole
the door must be forever barred
for the honor of all involved
even as the eyes turn to gaze
wishing more than life may grant
never room for dalliance
this is the way of the astute

an internal voice that is discreet
reminding all of their place
this frank refrain rings the ears
within the realm of boundaries kept
this is the path that caution takes
respecting those outside of bounds
always there to remind again
a stop is better than a bad go.

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Sean Green

Write A Story

Write a story from the heart
about a tale that's circumspect
when the subject is the self
broaching words that explain
more than surface and less than soul
those highs and lows plus in between

make it true, unless it's not
it makes no difference after all
the end result is good enough
the fiction feeds a future bliss
both delusions and promises
describing dreams held within

mixing good with the bad
the same event may be both
depending on the audience
extorting bliss from distress
choosing which will be displayed
fabrication on the spot

all of this has one charge
inviolable unto itself
that the writer is their own
no other to scribe this life
the fantasies are singular
based on truths sourced within.

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Sean Green

Write Each Day

Write each day to stay alive
this is my task with the pen
to etch mere words upon the page
an exclamation against the dread

lest the slope becomes a cliff
no longer there to ground a soul
the holding damned to finally fail
without foundations that must prevail

greet the sun to damn the night
this was the way of ancient man
a superstition in hindsight
the same is said of my task

to write each day to stay alive
a religion I'll not deny
with the clergy of the poem
the congregation of only one.

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Sean Green

Yesterday

Yesterday I expressed
something more than living angst
this surprised even me
with ink as memory
shared with a waiting world
those some words put to page

stated in poetic verse
the quick hope that soon expired
as the sun began to set
the buoyancy was aberrant
even as it is was blessed
flash in the pan before the night

lost as the day began again
with the weight of history
a glimpse through art's recall
spot of brightness in the gloom
the consolation of the past
now absent in the present time.

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