

Poetry Series

Stuart Logan
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

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

Stuart Logan(15/3/90)

As many of my closest friends may know, I am imaginative, but sometimes depressing in my poetry.

Read, and discover exactly what I write.

And I Am Outta Here!

Upon the lower country,
That combines the sea and sand.
Freedom fights for justice,
In this redundant land.

The cities are the mob war scenes,
The country town's a joke.
And every time I see that dumb smurf, Rudd,
I hope that he will choke.

For lies and lies are building,
And the swirls of mighty dust.
Always make my throat seize up,
I think its Cairns or bust.

Its boiling in the summer,
And freezing in the cold.
Why can't this place make up it's mind,
Why cant it ever fold?

So I guess that I will wait a bit,
Deal with it for a moment more.
Unless when the storms run in,
I wind up on the floor.

So farewell sunburnt country,
Farewell to the scorching day.
I'll see you when I come to terms with life,
And reach the USA.

Stuart Logan

As You Wish

Tears of blood are spilled,
As one by one, man dies.
Sails are torned to ribbons,
But one human still defies.
He notices a lamp,
Dusty but yet still clean.
He rubs the dust away,
And a genie appears, like a dream.
'I want this all to reverse.',
Waving his hand in a swish.
And the genies looks at him and says quietly,
'As you wish.'

Stuart Logan

Bleed

Red corruption,
An impurity of political death,
Bleeds from the gaping wound that is called 'economy'.
Rulers who claim to be true,
No better than the tyrant of Miletus,
Or the wrath of Xerxes.
Caesar himself, turning in his grave.
Sacred mint of deadly coins,
Forever pumping out the truth, and censored into oblivion.
Doom is only what we do.
Not what we expect.

Stuart Logan

Blood Rain

Crimson tears of the sky,
Splatter the earth.
From the vain, empty promises of above.

So I see, as I feel, as I hear this blood,
Falling from heaven's door.

Freedom of red, Anger of hate,
I shall never see too late.

So open your eyes, See what you're for,
And push yourself through heaven's floor.

Stuart Logan

Blood Stain Lips

Red lipstick,
Marking the glass,
That she drank from,
To make her so elegant.

She sipped precisely,
Each one getting larger,
Until they became,
Large gulps.

A frenzied walk,
Struggling to stand,
And Brain pounding,
She looks like Hell.

She seems all set,
To vomit on the tablecloth,
Instead she vomits on the floor,
And collapses, crying.

She lets out her secrets,
Sobbing the whole time,
And I sit next to her,
Arm around her shoulders.

I lift the cloth,
That was over the spill of red wine,
And gently press it to her lips,
Wiping away the vomit.

I take it away,
And left there is a stain,
A red lipstick stain,
Like blood...

Stuart Logan

Broken Valentine

Broken Valentine

Beauty lay in wreck,
As the full moon hangs in the air,
Like a silver balloon,
Forever watching the earth below.

A bouquet of roses,
Lay scattered upon the soil,
With the many footprints,
Of those who have walked over them.

The stench of decay has enveloped the sweet nothingness,
Of the red roses,
That flow on the demon wind,
Like a million drops of blood being splattered on the wall.

A box of chocolates,
Melted into the rocks,
Covering them like the mud that echoes around the landscape,
And the Golden hair flows lifeless in the wind of chaos.

Stuart Logan

Brokenheart Ballad

Within the darkest broken heart,
Where the Black Rose starts to bloom.
A pain, it sits and waits within,
Like the eclipsed winter moon.

When the heart is torn apart,
This flower starts to grow.
It is the darkest and cruelest flower,
Over which no man can mow.

The cold white stars, they sit and watch,
The fever start to burn.
As the lonely man will sit and wait,
For the lost love he still yearns.

Invisible flame scorches the soul,
A queer and youthful turn.
The broken heart, it turns to dust,
No matter how weak the burn.

The black rose that sits inside his heart,
Now begins to weep and wilt.
For the torturous thought of living,
Fills the man with guilt.

He now decides that he must die,
For he cannot go on.
But still he leaves his melody,
In the whisper of a ghost song.

He holds the pill up to his mouth
and stays it in the smallest fear.
He realises that there is no hope,
In his lost and lonely life, so near.

the pill now sits within the man,
Spreading it's deadly curse.
As the man falls down and dies,
carried in the Reaper's hearse.

So now you know the painful story,
Of how the black rose grows.
For the hearts that cry, with a wail and moan,
Tells you all you need to know.

Stuart Logan

Burning

Serpents eyes sear like fire,
Through the grass,
Like a bushfire.
The Embers glow like gems in the sunlight,
And wait for the slightest wind to spark,
A dangerous temper.
The water comes and acts not as it should.
The Ethanol Rain,
Simply adds fire to the coals.
The dry grass burns,
And the air seethes with fire.
It destroys all,
And destroys itself last.
It leaves a hollow empty tree,
An enigma of rebirth,
And the seed drops.
The seed opens.
The seed grows.
Waiting to create a new passion,
With the ethanol rain and it's companion spark.

'Rage is like a fire. It may warm and comfort you, but if left unattended, it will burn out of control and leave a desolate black wasteland.'

S, Logan-10/9/08

Stuart Logan

Call Of The Abyss

Darkness,
And fire.
Burning,
Ever higher.

Freedom,
And light.
Wasted,
In the night.

Pure,
And Divine.
A sour,
Red Wine.

Eyes,
Of demon Red.
Can't recall,
What was said.

Lips,
Inches away.
I will,
Remember this day.

Darkness,
And Fire.
Burning,
Ever higher.

Stuart Logan

Call Of The Wild

Tigers roar,
In my mind,
An echo of a sacrosanct religion,
Lost to the ages.

Birds cry,
Like the clouds above,
That weep a beneficial life,
Into the Amazon.

Monkeys play,
Every day
Oblivious to the investments,
Of the Forest's Death.

Tigers roar,
In my mind,
An echo of a sacrosanct religion,
Lost to the ages.

Forever.

Stuart Logan

Caught In A Wildfire

In a field,
We stand alone,
Our two hearts dying to become one.
Yet it cannot be done.
Trust is too strong to leave in smoldering ruins.
So we create the sparks to burn for years to come,
And begin the WildFire.
We stand in the Firestorm, forever.
Passion fuelling passion.
We wait years for the fire to die.
Hoping that we will not be overwhelmed.
But the passion may not keep us apart long enough.
Perhaps trust is more fragile than we thought.
All the more reason not to break it.

Stuart Logan

Cold Lore

Blackness shrouds the empty floor,
While shadows dance upon the door,
A memoriam of forgotten flaw,
Heart beating fast with eternal plight.

The cold wind blows, a doghouse sigh,
Flying in the medley of nigh,
I listen to the raven cry,
Deadly victim, quite contrite.

I hear a knock upon the roof,
A possum lay under furry hoof,
Memory lingers, yet to sooth,
The Cold Lore whispers in the inky night.

The moon endures a pallour glow,
The rocking chair moves to and fro,
I think of the one that I love so,
I wait for dawn's first light.

Glitter stars and circumstance,
Law and right, in every dance,
The infected wound, yet to be lanced,
The apathy of the raven's flight.

Coldspire lingers a devil's scream,
The sunrise glows, the night's a dream,
I will never know what the twilight means,
Blood red Shepard's delight.

I sit upon a rocking chair,
As death, it takes me with gentle care,
I see my corpse, just sitting there,
6 hours since midnight.

At the end of every life,
Calls the raven, a herald of strife,
We step the edge of our own knife,
I see the demon firelight.

When the hour strike 13th chime,
And a child can drink the juice of lime,
When within a star exists a dime,
There shall be no night.

Stuart Logan

Dancing Windchimes

The chimes rings elegantly,
Echoing through the many years,
It has hung outside the door,
A presage of entry.

It's beautiful music,
Like a choir of dings and reverberations,
That seem to float,
Along the Dancing wind.

Metal makes a brilliant sound,
From such a simple object.
It recreates the world,
And purifies it.

The Chimes ring softly,
Like a kitten's purr,
It warms the hearts of many,
And whitens the darkest heart.

Fear playfully runs away,
At the gentle melody,
Of the windchimes,
Outside my front door.

But even these chimes,
Cannot sing for eternity,
For one day,
They will no longer dance.

'The smallest sound can be the sweetest.'

S, Logan 10/9/08

Stuart Logan

Desperado

He calls in the night,
His subtle spanish accent striking at the air itself.
Force is commanded within every word he speaks,
Like a snake, poised to snap out and deliver death to it's victim.
Razor edged fangs glisten with blood,
As he tastes the vile course of life.
It sickens him,
Because he has none.
The sickness spreads like a virus,
Infecting every aspect of his being,
Making him lose himself in the bloodlust.
Envy defiles all he knows,
Lust corrupts his emotions,
Wrath disrupts his compassion.
The fire calls to him.
It doesn't like being cheated of souls.
It wants him.
He is too swift, too silent, too deadly,
To live a life of mortals.
He is destined for a truth of lies,
It will cost him his soul.
Erebus awaits for him.
An eternity more torturous than any knowledge given,
Destiny is death.

Stuart Logan

Distant Lovers

Far away,
Never knew.
How this love,
Could make me blue.

Love afar,
True to be.
I know your smile,
I'll never see.

I laughed with you,
Day by day.
But fate it seems,
Sent me away.

Destined to love,
Far apart.
Love is true,
It's from the heart.

Far away,
Never knew.
How this love,
Could make me blue.

Breaking hearts,
Bleeding wounds.
I can't say,
I'll see you soon.

I cry inside,
Yet I can't weep.
Because my truth,
I'm yet to keep.

Lies abound,
In the snake's cave.
It is too late,
For me to save.

Far away,
Never knew.
How this love,
Could make me blue.

Far away,
Never knew.
How this love,
Could make me blue.

Stuart Logan

Eager Eyes

Eyes watch me,
Like a pulpit lord,
Commanding the verses,
With an onnipotent force.
More sudden and strong than a drill sergeant,
The Lord of Biblical War.
Bombs fly,
And the effegy stands tall,
A requiem for the effervescent truth,
Sparkling like carbonated water,
With a congratulatory flame,
Eternal.
True.
Eternal.
Free.
The eyes watch me.
The Eager Eyes.

Stuart Logan

Emerald Skies

The skies burn a lightning green,
Like the sun is shining through an emerald.
It shadows the earth with a pallid hue,
The grass camouflages with the ocean,
and the birds cry.
The Sacrosanct fury of an unknown god,
standing before man,
His wrath passes down upon the already parched ground,
Like a magnifying glass on an ant.
He burns brightly in the sky, with his well-won blue tinge,
and he weeps at what he has done.
For a beautiful world now lay in ruins.
Nothing but dry earth and dead plants,
That scatter the landscape,
As a dormant corpse.
The god rests, leaving the destroyed world to the gentle goddess.
With her calming touch,
The obliterated earth is frozen,
It will be no worse,
yet will never get better.
It is dead.
And the only thing that remains the same,
Are the Emerald skies.

'No matter how strange the world is. There is always something stranger.'
S, Logan-10/9/08

Stuart Logan

Eternally Breathless

A beautiful night,
A beautiful girl,
by my side.
We sit.
Her blood red hair catching a light glow,
of the Moon,
like red wine in the twilight.
Lost and found again,
Confusion riddles me,
Ans strips me of who I am.
Freedom envelops me,
And I become, who i have become.

And my breath leaves me.
Forever.

Stuart Logan

Eternity

The silent night flies swiftly,
Like the demons of Hell,
Reaching the stars of life.
The firelight goddess,
Her eyes glitter,
With a powerful love,
Dangerous but still loved in return.
The diurnal victory cries out,
The sunrise of the knighthood,
With the dazzling sun,
Reflecting off the silver shield.
He dazzles her.
But the sun floats behind a cloud.
But still she waits,
For the dazzle to come again.

Stuart Logan

Faithful Touch

My hand flies across skin coloured lands,
Driving me to live for what I love.
And my love for her lives long,
Though it fades in and out.
I smell the vanilla from her hair,
And I can almost taste it.
My life lives true now,
As I feel the mad rush of blood to my head,
I fall.
In love.
Once more.
Now I can live again.

Stuart Logan

Falling

A sancrosanct decadence,
further than the maturities of the little ones.
I watch them run about,
Carefree,
Oblivious to the post apocalyptic Hell around them.
Tears fall,
I walk past them,
They only add to my anger.
Purity and malevolence within the one soul.
However charred and blackened.
Freely, I wander, waiting and hoping for change.
I want a new life,
One where I am immune to the Cupid's virus.
That once spread across my heart,
Like a sickening shadow,
casting an eclipse over rational emotion.
Nothing has changed,
Yet all is different.
I see with new eyes.
I am free but falling.
Falling from whatever grace I obtained many a year ago.
So now I understand that my life holds a different purpose,
To what I expected,
Yet I cannot make the transition,
It is too late.
I observe the golden moon,
Like a ring falling down a drain.
The diamond glints from the little light under the preternatural darkness.
I fall,
But I know I shall land safely.
And new thought will spur me through the sacriligious night.

'We all can fall from grace. But the only difference is who lands safely.'

S, Logan-10/9/08

Stuart Logan

Final Night Alone

Resting in your arms,
I sleep fondly.
Nothing about us is traditional.
Miles apart, separated by sea,
tempted by closeness,
Who to choose?

The salty ocean spray or the savannah heatwave of Africa.
The earth bursts upon for me, but two arise.
I am torn.
I am reborn.
I die.

Love is a beast no-one can tame.
Life is a cruel master.

But in a single choice, this may be,

My final night alone.

Stuart Logan

Honest

Blackest Night and Midnight moon,
I know that I will see you soon.
Riding the sky on bended knee,
I wait and wait but still can't see.

Glitter ink and Canvas sight,
I hold my own 'til that very night.
When you reach my door and you hear me,
I know you're there and open to see.

I catch the glimpse and catch my breath,
My heart stops beating, I feel like death.
For here she stands before my eyes,
The beauty who knows none of lies.

She bends so close and in my ear,
Whispers what only I can hear.
'Im yours.' she says on that darkest night,
We watch TV 'til the first daylight.

She asks why I still havent tried,
To edge closer and closer to her warm side.
I look at her and she makes me smile,
I say 'I would never push nor run a mile.'

And on that day in the breaking morn,
Dissolves the burning heartbreak's scorn.
For here she lay next to me,
I Know all I need and feel so free.

'Never lie to a lover. They know you well enough to see right through your lies.'
S, Logan-10/9/08

Stuart Logan

I Can'T Be There

When you weep a thousand tears,
I can't be there.

When you hold a thousand fears,
I can't be there.

When you burn from candle flame,
I can't be there.

My life will never be the same,
Coz I can't be there.

When you feel your heart breaking,
Mine is as well,
When you shiver in the summer,
And not a dropp of rain has fell.

Just know I think of you,
In the cold, darkest midnight.
I'll be there in spirit,
When you get the shadowed fright.

When you cry out aloud,
I can't be there.
When you feel the coming clouds,
I can't be there.
While the black rose in your heart blooms,
I can't be there.
While the heartbreakk, it still swoons,
I can't be there.

I fantasise a kiss,
Among the icy wind.
At the peak of a grassy hill,
I feel reality's sting.

I feel my heart break,
Just as yours does too.
Head spinning, mouth dry,
I've got a deadly flu.

When the stars above glitter,

I'll think of you.
While the moon still shimmers,
I'll think of you.
While the trees whisper your name,
I'll think of you.
My life will never be the same,
But I'll still think of you.

'Some people want to be somewhere. But everyone wants to be with someone.'
S, Logan-10/9/08

Stuart Logan

I Only Feel Alive

Sleeping in the car,
Lover by my idle side.
Sunset in the far,
Not worried about the ride.

Open hearts, both reeling,
For eternity we strive.
She asks me how I'm feeling,
I say 'I only feel alive.'

Stresses left behind us,
Champagne love on ice.
Not as romantic to take the bus,
It's just us, and it feels nice.

Fear has never touched our minds,
And love fills both our hearts.
The metal gears, in the car, they grind,
I ignore all my smarts.

Open hearts, both reeling,
For eternity we strive.
She asks me how I'm feeling,
I say 'I only feel alive.'

Driving down the highway,
Only a few clicks left to go.
I want her so very badly now,
But we said we'd take it slow.

Open hearts, both reeling,
For eternity we strive.
She asks me how I'm feeling,
I say 'I only feel alive.'

Driving on the night black road,
A car swerves in our lane.
All I see is our car fold,
Like cardboard in the rain.

Open hearts, both reeling,
For eternity we strive.
I ask her how she's feeling,
'Not for long, but still alive.'

I carry her from the totaled car,
And lay her head upon my lap.
The distance she is now away, so far,
Blood dripping like a tap.

I lay upon the twilight road,
Tears and blood mixing on my cheeks.
I see the pearly gates of white and gold,
No longer caring if my eyes now leak.

Open heart, still reeling,
To eternity we arrive.
She asks me how I'm feeling,
I say 'I only feel alive.'

Stuart Logan

Icicle Heart

The satin heart beats with frenzied fire,
That melts away the pain.
The molded set of mirth and mire,
The dampened eternal rain.

The vaccum slice within my soul,
May still be yet to heal.
But in my heart there is a hole,
That makes my life surreal.

Strange, how her smile cam warm my heart,
Beyond her exalting gaze.
When we are many miles apart,
This feeling I shall raise.

But I feel new love for the oldest faith,
and the freindship baring anew.
I looked up at the cavernous wraith,
And saw the Icicle Heart had grew.

'An Icicle on the roof of a cave, has a time to fall. But if the cave is large enough, and the floor warm enough, it may melt into water purer than a fountain of youth.' Philosophies of the Broken Hearted.

Stuart Logan

Immaculate Remedies.

The white light floats,
Above my head.
Sitting like,
A spool of thread.

Bloody tears,
And darkened lies.
I sit and watch,
The werelight skies.

I hear the call,
Of the forlorn lost.
The lover weeps,
At the forgotten cost.

My tears do not fall,
And yet the porch still splatters dark.
And the heart inside,
Has left her mark.

But a thousand miles,
We are apart.
No save, no load,
And no restart.

So I fall on grass,
Like an autumn leaf.
My heart now sits,
In a blackened sheath.

So my lost lover,
Please hear my cry.
That I cast towards,
The twilight sky.

We are apart,
But not by soul.
We'll meet again,
When we live once more.

Stuart Logan

Imprinting Stare

I sit upon the earthen floor,
Staring up at my first vision.
My true emotion revealed.
But as I Imprint,
I am torn away.
My delicate eyes burnt beyond the purpose of pain.

I am the butterfly,
waiting to pervade the shell of my cocoon.
I am the spider,
Waiting with omnipotent patience,
To drink my fill.
I am the serpent,
Cursed with the destiny to slide among the lowest beings.

But most of all,
I am Human,
Blessed with emotion, Cursed with Heartache,
I learn, live and love.
I am Man.
And I shall arise again.

Stuart Logan

Lake Of Lost Tears

Under the milky twilight,
Where the flowers cease to bloom.
A woman weeps, so lonely,
basked by the glowing moon.

She remembers how it happened,
In the lake before her eyes.
How her love led to his death,
Combined with lust and lies.

He argued with her daily,
And on the day that he just snapped.
He entered a dangerous world,
Of the likes which remain unmapped.

Anger flooded through his eyes,
Fear quickly flowed through hers.
He struck her upon her pallid cheek,
She felt her love disperse.

His eyes seemed to turn grey,
As he knew what he had done.
He knew that love was pointless like this,
The woman sat there, stunned.

He slowly turned around,
And walked from her hateful eyes.
He had become what he never admired,
Himself, he now despised.

So on the thirteenth day,
On a friday afternoon.
He jumped from the towering rocks,
And plunged down to his doom.

But on the very next day,
Under the glowing moon.
The woman saw his corpse lay there,
She knew she'd join him soon.

'Come my friend. Bask in the tears of loneliness. You may find they soothe better than any lover.'

S, Logan-9/10/08

Philosophies of the Broken (A book of quotes so heal the heartbroken.)

Stuart Logan

Life Of Variety

Red for love,
And burning strong.
Black for Hate,
It burns so long.

Blue for sadness,
Inside my soul.
Crimson blood,
For heartbreaks toll.

White for pure,
From any of the wise.
Gold for Careless,
I couldn't be demised.

Silver lining,
Just for you.
I did what said,
You wanted me to.

Holding candle,
And burning flame.
Extinguished,
By the pouring Rain.

Red for love,
And burning strong.
Black for Hate,
It burns so long.

'Life. Like anything else, It varies.'

S, Logan-10/9/08

Stuart Logan

Lost Love

A rose sits in the sand,
reflecting off the waves.
Left there by a man,
Whom, his love, could not be saved.
The boat was overturned,
And he had to watch her drown.
For if had ever moved,
He surely would go down.

The man looked at his ring,
Vowed never to take it off.
For it should always remind him,
Of what most would always scoff.
A tear dropped in the sand,
As the rose was overwhelmed.
By the rising tide that moved,
Like the tide hitting the boat's helm.

Petals floated to sea,
As the lonely man, he wept.
Every day, he took a rose,
To the sea and it kept.
So hear the ghostly cry,
Of the man that long has died.
For still, he lays that single red rose,
And every day, he cried.

'It is too easy to drown. But it is harder to watch a lover drown and do nothing.'

S, Logan-10/9/08

Stuart Logan

Lost Religion

The black god, invisible in the night,
holding a golden knife,
and a diamond shield.

The silver rod, Dazzling in the light,
protects heartbreak and strife,
Standing in a dreaming field.

Daylight dreaming, purest retreat,
Strikes with a onyx whip,
Held by a topaz handle.

Silvernights seeming, stricken by defeat,
As fear begins to nip,
Burning by flame of candle.

Stuart Logan

Memory Of Confusion

Torn between a rock and a hard place,
I lay in my bed,
Wondering.
Pondering.
Thinking.
I am torn,
Stretched between the gravity of two twinkling stars,
Tearing me apart.
I cannot decide,
Who is for me,
When one option is so clear,
That it dazzles me,
Making me blind to both choices.
I am.
Who I am.
And Who I am,
Is love, compassion and empathy,
Yet I am envy, spite and wrath.
I am Sin, I am virtue.
I am Pride, I am Modesty.
I am Demon, I am Saint.
I am Devil, I am God.

They are women.
They torture inadvertantly.
They confuse unvoluntarily.
they are the very complexity of life itself,
Which is why it is so hard to decide.
Which one to love.

Stuart Logan

Mi 'Angel (My Angel)

Falling like the scattered souls of tender leaves,
She walks away from me.
I yearn to reach out,
Yet I was the man who sent her away.
I am fool and lover.
The echoes of the long distant sigh.
My Angel with her back to me.
Shows no wings.
She fell from grace long ago,
On the day I cast her away.
Death knows not what I wish of it,
He does not stand tall on a vile green steed.
Death is a robber.
Come in the night and shadows to steal away that which we cherish.
And I would welcome his clammy hand to touch my cheek.
Should I fall, I would fall knowing she would be,
With a man better than I.
I can bait the hook with ease,
But my conscience drives me to throw my catches back.
They have a life to live.
I will not be the one to make them stop living it.
Mi 'Angel.
You came to me.
Now it is best you leave.
For I am no man for an Angel.
I am too far down the path of the Demon.
To ever let my love free.
I love you.
But in the end.
It is not enough.

Stuart Logan

Midnight Kiss

I drive for what feels like,
an eternity of a solid black river.
The line pass us by,
Like a repetitious carrion,
That lays still, yet moving,
On the surface of a highway.

I still drive,
You are asleep next to me,
I wonder to wake you,
But decide of not,
For you look far too peaceful.
Like a sleeping angel in the sunset.

Your golden hair shimmers in the glow,
Of the setting sun's basking glory,
I smile,
I know My luck.
yet luck I have not,
Since we robbed that service station.
And left with a grand,
hidden beneath the back seat.

I know I will run forever,
I know that You can be free,
With my one simple sacrifice,
You can walk the line of life,
And find another man,
Who loves you as I.

Red and blue eagles,
Soar overhead,
Watching,
Like a vulture circling,
an inevitable death.

A tiger of lights,
with a wailing roar,
races up to the rear.

I look to the side and see the gaping chasm,
And wonder if I should.

I decide not,
For I cannot protect your fragile body,
Within the slumber.
A Tiger races up ahead,
And taps the side of the car,
I lose control,
And I barely attempt to regain.

I let the car drift off the road,
away from the gorge.
And at the last second,
I leap across and protect you,
And with your final conscious obscenity,
we hit a tree.

I feel my heart slow,
And as I notice your stilll beating heart,
And your lungs,
Still breathing life.

I smile.

And die.

With a final kiss.

At midnight.

'Any idiot can die for what they believe in. But true bravery is living for it.'

S, Logan 10/9/08

Stuart Logan

Midnight Moonlight

The moon, it now hangs freely,
Like a crystal ball among the trees.
I stand, waist deep in water,
Too much longer and I will freeze.
I stare at Lunar Brilliance,
A Sign of who I am.
I watch the moonlight goddess,
Watched since the dawn of man.

It's twin sits under the ripples,
Inside the clarity of the lake.
I know soon I must leave,
For the best of everyone's sake.
But the Moonlight draws me in,
Further into my dreams.
Reality seems to crumble,
Falling apart at the seams.

I step that little bit closer,
To the moon within the sea.
A stray from the branching lake,
I only want to be free.
I swim into the ocean,
And slip beyond the light.
I swim underneath the waves,
And feel as if in flight.

Now I see my destiny,
It lay beyond this life.
Like the Eclipsing crystal water,
I never will know strife.
I let my body fall,
Further under the Moon.
I can finally see the one I want,
My love, I shall see you soon.

'Never let your head sink below the waters of depression. If you want to die.
Die with your head in the clouds.'

S, Logan-10/9/08

Stuart Logan

Missing You

Her hazel eyes sparkle with life,
Her brown hair, soft like silk.
I drink in her appearance,
So smooth like mother's milk.
Her hands holding mine so soft,
Never felt so free.
But every love must be lost,
Maybe it was never meant to be.

All I know is that I am missing her,
Her beautiful lips, her smile.
All I know is that I still need her,
Her heart, her soul, the whole while.

I never knew her before that time,
Nor do I remember the way.
Her vaguest charms drew me to her,
On that blessed, sacred, beautiful day.
My heart broke with such painful loss,
When she told me that she'd miss me.
Now I hope, once again,
That I'll meet her again, And I'll see.

I still know that I always miss her,
No matter how hard I try to forget.
She is always there, In the back of my mind,
Like a stone in a ring, there she has set.

'Man has been blessed with ability to forget. But it is not always well timed. We can still remember that which hurts us the most.'

Philosophies of the Broken (A book of quotes to heal the heartbroken.)

Stuart Logan

Multi-Weaved Cloak

Similes of magnitudes unknown,
And metaphors of unannounced imagination,
Both hide the truth,
Like a night sky hiding the sun.
Congregation of a sinner's pulpit,
Synagogue of evil and bloodlust.
Cries of the night,
Boundless within the mountain scream,
Stars fall soundlessly,
With an aura of the sacriligious benevolence.

Stuart Logan

My Wish

My wish is,
To hold her.
To tease her.
To keep her safe.
To hold her at night.
To protect her.

My wish is to Love her.

But never before has any of my wishes come true.

Stuart Logan

Oakwood Dreaming

I sit upon my mount,
A horse,
Blacker than the midnight itself.
Eyes a magnificent brown,
A duo of topaz,
Staring determinedly at the goal.

I run.
We run.
Through the fields.
Through the trees.
Past the beaches.
We run.
Forever.

Stuart Logan

Passion Of Fury

Embers of isolation,
Finally fading to charcoal,
And allowing the beast to approach.
Swift and silent,
She moves with the fluidity of a feline.
But her eyes glow with the passion,
Of all the fires of Hell.
Her face is mischevious,
As I know mine is.
Her smile is flirtatious,
As I know mine is.
And I see the fire in her heart.
And it unleashed the wild animal within me.
The kiss lasts forever.

Stuart Logan

Pressure Of Freedom

Open, vast caverns,
Feel like home,
My lonesome voice echoing off the stony verbal mirrors.
I call the name,
Of the one person I wish to share such a life with,
But do not want them to feel as isolated as I wish to be.
I step outside, and the sun burns me.
The sky blinds me.
The earth crumbles and dies beneath my feet.
So I step back, and I fall.
My home is no longer a home anymore.
It is a family.
A family born in true freedom.

Stuart Logan

Quotes For Life

'Blood is not the only thing we expose when we are hurt.'

'Darkness cannot be outrun. But it can be fought.'

'Fear is only our first reaction to the unknown.'

'Destiny is what we choose to do with ourselves when we have nothing.'

'Memories are just a thought of what has happened. Imagination is what we wish happened.'

'No-one can read minds. If there is anyone, they should be arrested for invasion of privacy.'

'Purity is a state of mind. Not a state of heart.'

'Hitler had the right ideas. Just the wrong methods.'

'Never be a modest ruler. When you call yourself 'dictator for life', you may as well write your own epitaph.'

'Love is what you experience AFTER heartbreak.'

'Death awaits all. But some may be able to outrun it. Just not forever.'

'Some people don't understand why the verdict comes after the trial.'

'Sometimes it feels just as good to have our wishes expressed, rather than fulfilled.'

'When you meet a 'blast from the past' they nearly always blow you away.'

'Heartbreak is the only emotion, aside from love, that feels eternal and infinite but still can be a lie.'

'Rewards can be emotional, financial or they can be payback fro the past.'

Stuart Logan

Rose Tonic

Smell of sweetness,
Without a bite.
It's scent reminds me,
Of turkish delight.

soothes my mind,
And calms my heart.
You cannot pick this up,
In any old mart.

Made from roses,
Red and white.
Smells so sweet,
To hold back spite.

Stays in my mind,
The rose's daughter.
The smell divine,
The scent of Rosewater.

'Only the men who are adept with emotion can recall the scent of something as sweet as a rose.'

S, Logan-10/9/08

Stuart Logan

Scorched

A small black heart,
Dead and forgotten,
It lies without a beat.

It's been burnt with dragonfire,
Scorched and defeated,
The ashes fall at my feet.

The cold winter comes,
And freezes my soul,
With the bitter and cold wind of July.

But a new fire melts it away,
As my heart is reborn,
And now I feel I can fly.

New heart is born,
Old is destroyed,
And lay at my feet in the mud.

Slwoly, it beats,
Pumpin new life,
Pumping that rich, red blood.

Warm and alive,
With passion and hope,
As I try every way to get better.

With a soul, light and free,
And a mind of eternity,
With my falls as light as a feather.

So what once was so scorched,
By the fire of the tease,
That left my old heart so broken.

I wander anew,
Down the road of my life,
With a fire proof heart, never frozen.

'No matter how cold your heart is. Someone warm enough will always melt it.'

Philosophies of the Broken (A book of quotes to heal the heartbroken.)

S, Logan-10/9/08

Stuart Logan

Sea And Lightning

The sea lays below,
reflecting the outrage of the stormy skies,
that are beginning to make the sea quail in fear.
But the lightning sees himself,
In that mirror.
And is quelled.
And bolt meets sea,
Sending sparks of passion,
All over.
They at last unite,
And heartbreak, fear and anger never touch the now peaceful skies,
Ever again.

Stuart Logan

Shadow On The Water

The Black Swan sighs,
As it glides across the inky water,
Like ice.

The night falls and envelops the swan in darkness,
Yet it does not worry it.
For it has only known the dark.

Shimmering stars, reflected upon the twilight mirror,
And the crescent moon hangs above,
And smiles.

The midnight blood swiftly trails,
across the silhouetted water,
Like a crimson tear across a cheek.

And the Black Swan sighs.

Stuart Logan

Solid Gold

Darkest hair and intense eyes,
Silky smooth and devil's guise.
She knows not what she means to me,
Like a horse feels to run so free.

Sweetest breath and golden heart,
Her straightest teeth without a part.
Shining bright and deadly wit,
My soul I know, still it sits.

Lost in love but holds no spite,
Within the echoed lovely night.
Her sacrosanct beauty has me sold,
This girl I love is solid gold.

'Love is when you can find the relation between the one you admire and everything else you admire.'

Will we ever know? (A book of quotes and poems for those who believe in love.)

S, Logan 10/9/08

Stuart Logan

The Bitter Morn

A subtle breeze blows here,
Where the early winter morn does bite.
The bitter snows far away,
yet the chill of the arctic still harps.

My eyes water and the frost sits motionless,
And the early morning sun, to no avail,
Casts it's futile heat,
That shall never reach this porch.

The hail of the harsh winter snows,
Are many and few in between.
And so few can ignore it,
And walk ahead sans the sting of the cold.

A subtle breeze blows here,
Where the early winter morn does bite.
The bitter snows far away,
yet the chill of the arctic still harps.

Stuart Logan

The Bonfire

We stand on the beach,
Ahead blazes a bonfire,
And smoke spirals up towards the heavens,
Like an omnipotent god,
Straining to break his last mortal coil to reach his family.

Here I lay,
With her by my side,
As a black cat slinks by,
We sit and pat him.
Our superstition is the reason we do not fear.

We lay again,
And stare into each others eyes,
Love is only freedom.

We kiss.
And I never want to part.
But very few can stay for so long.

So we part.
We listen to the ocean,
And the seagulls squawk,
The only things, other than the steady tide,
To break the silence.
We do not speak.
We simply just,
Love.

Stuart Logan

The Golden Night

The twilight summer stars glitter above,
as they swing around the earth.
The sacred moon hangs over me,
and quietly casts a spell of heatwaves and light in the dark.
The sun hides, yet the heat remains,
The porch light flickers,
As hundreds of tiny moths ram into it.
The dartboard hangs from the partially decaying wall,
With a picture within the frame,
Of Osama bin laden.

I sit and watch the night pass by,
Without a single twitch of the eyes,
to signal fatigue.
I stay awake all night,
and watch the summer twilight,
Until the daytime rolls around again.

Stuart Logan

The Letter

Dear Mind,

I currently write to you in a state of infatuation.

I feel like I am about to burst,

and I throb with suspense.

I am still waiting for the answer that any actions taken should have already answered.

I ask you to please remind me that not all is as it seems,

and you send your logic and intellect to guide me on my path, and stop me from straying.

From,

Heart.

Dear Heart,

I write to you in a state of caution.

You may have felt what seems omnipotent, but my intellect will have no persuasion on you while you fell this way.

You must simply guide yourself, and I may attempt occasional insights that will redetermine your opinions upon your infatuation.

I beg of you to keep your sanity and not to wander from your path, and I sincerely hope that these words alone will prevent that.

From,

Mind.

Dear Mind,

I write to you in a state of intoxication,

Why am I in such a state?

For my infatuation turned to obsession, and eventually into heartbreak.

Your kind and intelligent words failed to make me see sense,

But I appreciate them, all the same.

From,

Heart.

Dear Heart,

I write to you in a state of sorrow,

Your broken emotions bring me to tears, for they may heal, but will still scar, and I lie not.

This is short letter and I plead for you not to take this too hurtfully.

But you will see sense eventually, and will love again, but I beg for you to live for it first.

From,
Mind.

Dear Body,
I write to you in a state of unexplicable bliss and yet sadness.
I write to explain what has caused us to part ways.
Previously, the letters you read between heart and mind tell you much fo the story.
But unfortunately, Heart did not heed Mind's warning and may have forced you to die of your own will.
I regret this deeply and hope that you will forgive Heart just as I have.

From,
Soul.

Stuart Logan

The Stalker

She walks through the night,
Waiting, Waiting.
No end in sight,
Teeth grating, Teeth grating.

Fear touching her mind,
Caressing, Caressing.
The night makes her feel blind.
Distressing, Distressing.

At the end of the road,
A man waits, A man waits.
His hunger now flows,
It's too late, It's too late.

She now starts to run,
Panic, Panic.
She just wants the sun.
In her manic, In her manic.

The man now grabs her,
Teeth bared, Teeth bared.
Fear left her body,
She glared, She glared.

Fangs pierce her neck,
Blood flowing, Blood flowing.
On the road, see red flecks,
Heart slowing, Heart slowing.

Her eyes look but are blind,
Death coming, Death coming.
She only hears the sound,
Of the Vampire running, Vampire running.

Stuart Logan

The Talons In The Night

Crying out with a vengeful roar,
He tears arm from muscle,
Like the hand of fate.

He is the strength of a thousand,
No better than the rest,
Slayer of sea serpents,
And Killer of beasts.

Drawn in by the temptation of the water,
Brought to the love and attention of deceit and lies.
Wearing an ill gotten crown,
And lamenting the loss of a dragon and blade.
But celebrating the reception of the new era.

He is Ripper, Slasher, Tearer, Gouger.
He is the teeth in the Darkness.
he is the Talons in the Night.

He Is Beowulf.

(Inspired by the movie Beowulf,2007.)

Stuart Logan

The True God

Many wonder of Buddhism.

Christianity.

Paganism.

But many seem to assume that we have no control of our own destiny.

The reason we cannot see the future as we do the past,

Is that it is unwritten.

It is a blank page on the chapters of fate.

A scroll yet remaining a virgin to the ink.

Untouched and whole.

Awaiting a profile.

A being.

A character,

To pervert the sacred parchment of the unforeseen.

So if you must ask who the True God is,

and wonder who fulfills our destinies,

And who is the laywright of our fate.

Know this.

It is Man.

We are the true gods.

We are the only one who can control life.

We are furthermore omniscient than ants, lions, or hyenas.

If we were ants, we would be awed by the presence of man.

Seemingly invulnerable.

Larger than life.

And able to blot out our existence with a small step.

We are man. We are gods.

We are the playwrights of Fate.

Stuart Logan

Thirteen Sons

In the victored mountains high,
Among the wild ashen oaks.
Three demon men plan evil deeds,
Under twilight cloaks.

The looming ocean crashes swift,
As the mist doth reach the storm.
The thunder hammers endlessly,
Far beyond an ungodly norm.

But a caring, wise old man, so free,
Meditates abyysal pyre.
Doth occur, he hears the plan,
That sets his rage to fire.

So the man does draw an arrow,
And aim it clear and true.
To embed thyself in a demon's eye,
Death reaches the other two.

Cut-short screams echo thy sea,
As the Devils only kin.
Find mortal death in an Elder branch,
Hoping the end of all such sin.

But in the strongest Ashen oaks,
Of which the Old man would never know.
Ten more of the deadly demon of Sin,
Shall let their vengeance flow.

Stuart Logan

Tremble

Bats fly over the ember horizon,
Blind yet seeing.
But fear still lives amongst them.
Shadows of souls floating upon invisible rails.
Smooth and silent motions.
I look up and know that night will come soon.
And the bravest man will tremble beneath me.

Stuart Logan

Tremors

I sit on the bed,
And watch her eyes,
Watch me.
Ready to move at the slightest sign,
Of how I feel.
I move,
She hesitates.
I pin her,
Her eyes sparkle,
Like a topaz,
Stained by the earth,
To a hazel brown.
She kisses me.
And pulls away.
But I'm wanting her more.
So I kiss her back.
For what feels like eternity.
And I feel her body quake,
In tremors of a ignited passion.
It won't be long.
Before I can release the flame.
And let the fire overwhelm us.

Stuart Logan

True Farewell

I see my lies,
A dark image of truth.
I watch the stars,
As I lay on the roof.

With you by my side,
Nothing I need.
Yet my heart is pounding,
So much blood I could bleed.

But now I am here,
As you run by the train.
Requiem of love,
Founded in the rain.

I cry silent tears,
As you now fall to your knees.
You know how I feel,
And what the dove sees.

I wish I could jump,
From the guillotine track.
And kiss you again,
And never look back.

But I am no superman,
Nor spider nor bat.
So I let my heart break,
In a black acid vat.

I now wave goodbye,
While tears course down your cheeks.
I wait for the platforms end,
While hours turn into weeks.

So I now am far away,
But now too strong to cry.
I wish I could have love,
But I'll do with an Honest Goodbye.

'If you can say goodbye to who you love. That is how you know you truly love them.'

Philosophies of the Broken (A book of quotes to heal the heartbroken.)

S, Logan-10/9/08

Stuart Logan

Trust Me

A Holden dusty ute,
Drives down the pitch black road.
The subtle engine mute,
Above the stones he strode.

A man with inky hair,
And his Golden eyed girlfriend.
Sit within the silent stare,
Hearts are on the mend.

She asks him to slow the car,
She still wants to be.
Racing to the horizon, so far.
He just says 'Trust me.'

The ute goes fast,
Deadly speed.
It won't last,
She'll never be freed.

She starts to fret,
The lines rush by.
But if she speaks,
He'll really fly.

She asks him to slow the car,
She still wants to be.
Racing to the horizon, so far.
He just says 'Trust me.'

The car hits two hundred,
And tyres scream.
When he hits the truck,
Life is just a dream.

She lay dead,
In the mans hands.
He swears revenge,
On all the lands.

But then he knows,
The fault was his.
The Jet black ute,
Lay in a ditch.

His face goes vague,
He kicks the truck,
The Truckie grabs a bat,
'You've pushed your luck! '

As the bat hits the mans blank face,
The stars seem to get close.
The man lay bleeding in a ditch,
And picks a blood red rose.

He crawls back to the girl, now dead,
And lay it by her cheek.
He dies next to her cold neck,
As his eyes start to leak.

Stuart Logan

Velvet Burn

Red, like the blood of many years,
Upon the floor.
Blue, like the Ocean of many tears,
That will fall.
Black, like the night sky above,
Of floating starry skies.
White, like the Pallid moon,
A silver lunar ball.

Gold, Like the fiery sun that burns,
A trail across the sky.
Green, Like the growing grass,
To the wind it does defy.
Brown, Like the tree's own bark,
That, from it's lips, tells no lies.
Velvet Burn from a rope of love,
How I wish that she were mine.

'Any rope can burn you. Even if it is as soft as velvet.'

S, Logan-10/9/08

Stuart Logan

Wish Fulfilled

I've had a wish fulfilled,
But all I want is more.
Forever I've been knocking,
upon my angel's door.

I've tasted her lips so soft,
And smelt her hair, so divine.
Essence of vanilla,
Her taste sweeter than the rarest wine.

Cupid gave me a blessing,
Rather than the usual curse.
But still I ask for one more wish,
To express my heart in verse.

I've had a wish fulfilled,
But all I want is more.
Forever I've been knocking,
upon my angel's door.

Stuart Logan