LIGHT THE DARK
WE ARE ALL BLIND TO WHAT WE CANNOT SEE. SOMETIMES, AS HUMANS, WE MUST RAISE OUR VISION OVER WHAT IS VISIBLE. AFTER ALL, THAT IS WHAT MAKES US HUMAN. 

- LOSING SIGHT OF WHAT MATTERS
THROUGH YOUR EYES
Through your eyes,
I see a world I never dreamed.
Through your eyes,
I see the picture in its entirety.
Once missing pieces, like those from a puzzle,
you complete my vision.

A hand to hold,
and walk me through.
Blind faith in you,
I will never let go.
Across the street,
and down the stairs…
I take comfort,
in the love you share.

Through your eyes,
I see the future mend the past.
Through you eyes,
I see Jupiter shine in the sky at long last.
Once missing pieces like those from a puzzle,
you complete my vision,
and guide me through life’s marvelous illusions.

They say, the eyes are a pathway to the soul.
What do you see when you look in to mine?
Most take one step and flee…
Forever, never again to be seen.
INTRO
I was a star amongst the debris of the Universe.
Unlit, until the moment you came and set me afire.
I went shooting across this cosmos,
weaving past galaxies until I eventually broke up.
…Elements scattered amongst the debris,
which I once thought nothing of.
Yet I was not defeated…
Instead,
I waited for you to once again,
bring me back to life.

GROWING OLD
They say, I've been missing out.
I hold no regrets.
They say, I'm a different person
when I'm not at home.
I say... Hey! You're so right.
Somewhere along the way,
I lost myself.
Nowadays, I miss the good ole days.
‘Cause for the longest time,
I thought I was growing up.
…but it turns out; all I was doing was getting old.
THE ROCK OF YOU AND I
I didn't want them to see, what it was, I was going through. So I went to push away everyone that I could, but they were all, already gone.

And those who I couldn’t rid, suffered through unwarranted hurt and pain. All I was going through, made you a target of its destruction. With time, I could only hope... That all we held on to by a thread, would become the rock of you and I.

You let me, you let me, you let me down. Fallen to the ground, Yet I get back up... Only to stumble and fall. You let me, you let me, you let me down.

ON MY BACK
I've been pushed over, and trampled on. No! I am not getting up. I am fine where I am... With the footprints of the world tattooed on my back, like the tracks of the trains that didn’t stop. ...They just keep on, moving on.
AN EMPTY BED
Is there anything left to do?
All these thoughts,
they will the day
to turn to night.
I can see you still,
sleeping in our bed.
Even though now,
there’s no trace.
…The bed has long since,
been empty.

I remember not too long ago,
I started going blind,
and you had held me tight.
Now, the space grows…
A distance to which, I cannot see.
I want nothing more than to show you my love,
but with no way left in me,
I turn away to the hurt,
from which you try to heal.

Without a trace,
with only hollowed reminders.
No answers,
only fading hope
that one-day this bed,
will no longer be
void of you and I,
and the love for which we are.

If I could be, half the life you are.
I would be, the substance of our relativity.

US
We’re still laying road, on the road we’re on.
Weaving a path for this unwritten journey.
We cross rivers, we cross mountains…
Take rest in the valleys beneath the starlit sky
and set free our wishes in exchange for this dream,
that’s come to life.
YES I DO
I love you, I love you.
I love you... Yes I do.
I love you, I love you.
I love you... Yes I do.
In the sightless darkness of the night,
I love you, I love you.
I love you... Yes I do.

I love you, I love you,
I love you... Yes I do.
I love you, I love you,
I love you... Yes I do.
In the blinding brightness of the day,
I love you, I love you,
I love you... Yes I do.

EVOCATION
Into the darkness of night,
he hides within the fears of his fright.
Will the day break, bring light...
Or leave him in a complex darkness.
With hesitation, he finds himself,
awake in the ghostly hours of the morning.
Thoughts run like horses across a vast field.
The heart pounding... The mind evoked.
MY PIXELATED WORLD

Every step,  
that I take.  
I question,  
if there’s ground beneath.  

For the world just seems to manifest itself,  
two steps in front of me.  
No, you’ll never find me in a hurry,  
‘cause unlike you,  
I’ll never know what’s headed for me.  

The world stayed analog for me.  
No high definition views.  
No panoramic scenes for me to see,  
only pixelated imagery.  
Every moment of my life is a puzzle,  
to which I’m putting together the pieces I have,  
and making up the ones I don’t.  

I can see,  
passed the constant barrage  
of electro-magnetic pulses,  
that are pixelating all I view.  
…Defining moments in frames,  
within which I add up these dots,  
to complete my thoughts.  

You appear out of the speckled static.  
Magically manifesting your self in front of me.  
Can you give me a new clear view?  
I want to see everything as you do.  
Because even in the clear of day,  
when I look back,  
all that I see, is just a fading memory.
ALL YOU SEE
All you see.
All you see of yourself,
brings you misery.

But I see the rest of you.

The sound of your voice,
as you laugh.
The way you say my name,
in the evening as we lay at rest.
The look in your eyes,
as you come into focus.

...In the middle of the night,
when you stare into mine.
Your being is rife with beauty.

Highlighted in particular by the flaws,
which you wish to keep hidden.
...But there’s not a thing out of place.
Not a thing I’d want changed.

The way your warmth tends to,
and heals my soul.
You are immaculate,
and nothing but.

Yet all you see,
is the reflection
of ill- fated ideology,
transposed onto you.

And if I were to wander into your eyes,
would you mind?
For all I want to see,
is all you see,
of me.
THIS AVALANCHE
I hold the memories
of when this view,
was of baby blue skies
and a lush green valley.
Treetops so high down the mountainside,
they were tickling the clouds as they passed by.
The blue jays, orioles, and cardinals,
resting in the shade, watching on…
While in the park,
boys and girls would be hitting
home runs well into the late of night.

These things we take for granted,
that is until, the things we take for granted,
leave us…
Standing alone on the edge,
well past the yellow line.

This avalanche, started suddenly.
Down through the mountainside, light speed.
This avalanche, tore through the side of me.
White as far as I could see.
White as far as the eye could see.

There was no reason.
There was no going back.
All they knew was when it started.
All they know now is how it will end.
But no matter what they say,
I know my time isn't up.
No, I know, I am a long way from gone.
I may be weakened,
but she is my strength.
I may not know my way,
but he is my guiding light.

This avalanche, started suddenly.
Down through the valley… Without give.
This avalanche changed my world in one night.
Trapped me in and everyone else out.
Trapped me in and everyone else out.

Oh Sun, oh shine…
Let your light shine upon me.
Bring life to the darkness,
Bring warmth to the heart.
**RECYCLED NUMBERS**
Were you on your way back home?
Did my text not come through?
Darling, how I’ve aged...
In the years that have passed by,
since last we talked, since last I saw you.
A sudden, “Hello”, “Hi”, “My... Oh my.”
Quickly followed by a "What are you up to?"
"Not much at all, it’s been so long.”
Confusingly I reply.
...
“Did my text just get through to you?”
...
“Meet me on Lakeshore Boulevard...
Between the iced lake and the candied trees,
where once we would let go of realities stream,
and live in our bewildering dreams.”
...

**THE SICK KIDS**
Take me to where the children go...
Walking miles in hope to a drought-filled well.
Let me fill it to the brim with my tears...
Sadness from the joy in which they live without fears.
NOT LIKE YESTERDAY
There’s so much less to see,
when you can’t see at all…

I hold on to all the memories
of the way you looked.
In my eyes, in my eyes…
you haven’t aged a day,
from since we first met.
I hope all that I remember,
ever fades to black.

Have you ever had to change your life…
The very way that you’ve lived everyday?
…When you’ve never put your faith in someone else,
and suddenly found yourself helpless?

When your world’s turned upside down,
and everything you do is to no avail,
you surrender yourself and run for shelter.
So misunderstood in your reclusiveness.
Keep fighting… Keep fighting.
I keep fighting and keep hope next to me.
Keep hope.

BLIND TRUST
You hold my hand.
Guide to through.
I should put my trust in you,
but it is hard Darling,
when everything is out of view.

Every step,
that I take…
I question,
whether there’s ground beneath.
I’d trust in your eyes to see,
but for me even that’s hard to believe.
TIME IN OURS
You are beauty defined.
I am left confined
in this prison,
with a view
of only you.
For all that ails,
holds me barred.
I cannot see the day for night,
only the light for dark.
So I count the time in ours.
The time in which you are with me,
against the time in which you are not.
And of the time you are with me,
the moments in which I can see you and cannot.
For these are the time in ours,
from which I wait to be set free.
No pardon, no plea.
Just the beat of my heart,
steady only, within the time in ours.
GET ME THROUGH THE NIGHT
Love, don't let me go.
Love, don't let me go.
I'm afraid of what the night will bring.
Hope keep me, so I can see the morning dawn.

The setting sun leaves me hanging in wait…
Suspense for which I am held captive as prey.
If I could escape, I'd leave this night,
but I lay frightened, motionless within this paralysis.
As day disappears into the distance,
the mind wanders through futile attempts of resistance.

In the cold of the night, I'm drowning inside.
Searching through the darkness
for relief from the unending onslaught of these waves,
but all I am is overcome by the swell,
and taken away by an undertow, which I cannot quell.

When there's no sanctuary within the exile,
and there's no safety from what terrifies, out here in the wild.
Hold me close… Give me some refuge from the pain that burns me dry.

Out from the dead of the night,
we circle back, leaving behind our restlessness.
With every sunrise,
there's a hope that comes to life.
There's always light past the darkness,
let it be the reason to fight through the madness.

When the present can't be seen,
and memories have all but faded to gray.
Hold me close; give me some refuge from the darkness that surrounds.

That sun don't shine so bright,
when you're living through the dying of the light.
But as long as there's warmth, there's hope.
There's hope.
There's hope, that there'll come a day,
when the new sun will rise.

Let there be no more tomorrows.
No more tomorrows.
Only today.
io, JOVIAN SYSTEM
Out here, in the vacuum of space and time,
we’re spinning around an unborn sun,
waiting for the light to come.
Within, without, we circle back around.

Coldness settles in, leaving no sign of life,
like tundra weighed down by permafrost.
In the shadows of a distant starlit night,
there’s a spirit searching for its shell,
one which it long since let go,
while weathering the storm.

It’s not that I lost myself,
but more like I can no longer see myself,
in the distance between where I stand now,
and where I stood then.

As the distance, fades the night from grace.
This hot pursuit won’t let us cut to the chase.
So we dance the dance of rituals, evoking spirits,
to bring about alchemy between the elements.

Out here, in the vacuum of space and time,
we’re spinning around an unborn sun,
waiting for the light to come.
Waiting for the light to come.
**LET COME THE LIGHT**
Let come the light.
Let come the light.
Envelop me, overpower me, consume me.
Let come the light.
Let come the light.

When all that we believe in breaks away,
leaving us with a lie that’s held us down.
Look to the light to guide you through.
Look to the light to guide you through.

Old roads lead new paths.
To break free from belief,
I had to let go of the lie,
so that I could fly.

There’s a new light shining,
shining throughout the Universe.
A new day has risen,
and risen us from misery.

Let come the light.
Let come the light.
Generate me, operate me, destroy me.
Let come the light.
Let come the light.

**HOLD ON**
I know these words alone, don’t make it right.
The vows I’ve broke, leave us both divided between these lines.
But please hold on, I know it’s hard.
Remember when you’re looking in that rear view mirror,
objects are closer than they appear to be.
Hold on Love, Love hold on, on, on.
Hold on Love, Love hold on, on, on.
When distance is no longer relative to space and time.
Hold on Love, Love hold on, on, on.
Hold on Love, Love hold on, on, on.
BLIND FAITH
I've been down this street, 
many a times. 
I know it now 
like the back of my head. 
Yet in the reaches of my mind, 
there's a darkness 
that spreads like the night. 
I could once see, 
all the riches… 
all the beauty. 
But now, there are just memories 
I live to see. 
…To me, nothing has changed. 
From the darkness 
you appear, 
like a manifestation. 
I wonder, that if one day 
the distance between us will grow 
and you will fade from my sight. 
I put two fingers in front of my face, 
but can only see one. 
Is it a sign or am I too far gone? 
Morning comes, and with it a blinding light, 
which I am grateful for…As I am for the day.
WE’RE IN A PLACE RIGHT NOW

We’re in a place right now, caught in the distance of father and son.
I’m not perfect, far from it.
I’m like you, hotheaded and stubborn, and sometimes that’s all that holds me to you.
You know...
I always wanted you to be around more.

In your regrets,
I shape the life I want.
All that I wished I had when I was young,
are the things which I aim to give daily.
Money can buy riches, but not the time of day.

We’re in a place right now, that we can’t see a way out of.
It seems like it was just a matter of days ago,
we were sitting in the great room,
and talking about how fast life passes by.
In its whirlwind,
we tend to push away our regrets,
but they never go away,
just tend to compound in weight.

Too many of us,
spend too much time,
trying to reach for the stars.
In the process, we don’t see
how we end up fading,
in the eyes of our offspring.

We’re in a place right now, there’s a light, but it’s at a distance.
These wounds don’t heal,
but right now, I can’t help but be grateful.

There’s a light, so don’t give up.
Hold on, you’re not alone.
I’ll throw punches for you.
Don’t chain yourself down,
I’ll carry the weight of them all for you.


**SHELL**

When they're done with me.
When they're through.
I will be a shell, set adrift on a wave.
When they're done with me.
When they're through.
I will be a shell, beached, after the swell.

These hands shake, they always have.
I hold myself for stillness, but cannot escape.
Caged in a world of freedoms,
I become captive to its grip of me.

When they're done with me.
When they're through…
The tears will come, in waves as one.
When they're done with me.
When they're through.
I will be picked up, and taken back to the uneasy sea.

I'm just the shell of the man that I once was.
You picked me up, shook out the sand,
but left me confined in a space
in which I could no longer stand.

**GARDEN GNOME**

In the garden, I'd spend my sleepless nights. Gazing up.
I always believed, I was written in the stars.
Now, I'm part of this new God theory.
They're sequencing my future and my past,
so that they can make me…
**BETTER, FASTER, STRONGER,**
at long last.
NEEDLE & THREAD
I try to hide it, but I know it shows.
I can sense it with the look you’re giving me.
Should I pretend there’s nothing wrong?
...Though I know you’d much rather, I put my pride aside.

And though I feel like I’m falling apart,
you bring with you a threaded needle.
Say to me “Boy, I’m gonna sew you up.”

I can never be defeated,
I’m already broken.
Torn to bits…
all you can offer me,
is a needle and thread.
Say to me, “Boy, you have to sew yourself back up.”

These open wounds,
are fit for the killing.
I try and hide them,
under layers and layers.
Just so you don’t see
the pain that I’m in...
Unbearable.

So I let the callus form.
No longer was there blood,
from the needle’s prick.
No longer was there hurt,
From the threaded stitch.

These bouts of insomnia,
I’m just hoping for a KO.
So I pray, and I pray, and I pray,
for a sleep that never comes.
**REMEDY**
I'm buying every new hope that they are selling, but nothing seems to work. I'm searching the world, for a cure to heal these wounds… But all I'm left with is empty bottles, and worn out soles.

Is there anyone out there that can fix me? ...Give me faith, so that I can believe. Give me hope, so that I can receive. I want a cure, but will settle for a remedy.

Whether it be witchcraft or wizardry, I'll take all your potions and concoctions, just to see the reading on my telemetry. So won't you fix me with your chemistry and alchemy; So that I can once again see, the world as it were, before the sorcery.

**IN SEARCH OF... <A><T><G><C>**
I don't know where these tracks came from on my arms. They poke and pry, taking a little bit more every time, in their search for answers to the hurt. It's clear to see, I've forgotten yesterday. Who are you to me, when I don't know myself today. Vials of history, coded…Awaiting decryption. Undecipherable, undetected.
I LOVE YOU
I love you,
for all you do.
…The way you get us through.

I want you to know,
that I know the weight is greatest on you
and how you carry our love, on your shoulders,
through the thick and the thin…
Through all I have and have not been.

For knowing that the worst,
may yet still be, to be seen.

Over and over,
I love you,
for being the rock to which I hold on to,
as you patiently navigate our love…
Unrelentingly through the turbulence
of my struggles and complexities.

Over and over,
for all that you do.
…Though you shouldn’t have to,
you get us through.
I love you,
and the way you protect our love.
… Shielding it from the hurt.
I know when it’s hard on me,
it’s even harder for you.

The way you manage the day to day.
The way you see for the two of us.
The way you raise our son.

The weight is greatest on you.
For all you’ve done,
and thoughtlessly do.
For all you give,
and have given.…
I love you.
**EYESEE**
All I want is to see your face again.
Take these kaleidoscope eyes.
Let me see.
Let me see.
It has been so long,
so long.

Until the dawn…
Darkness,
turns to light.

With a new day…
Faith,
rings in with all that’s hoped.

With a new day…
Emotions,
leave us choked.

Were you always this beautiful?
I’m sorry Love,
I’ve never seen you as clearly,
as I do today.
As I do today.

**FIRES OF MY YOUTH**
I was a lost child,
playing with fire.
Never would have thought,
I’d burn the world down around me.
This train ride leaves a lot to be desired.
Time trapped thoughts of all those flames
from which embers rose to drift across the sky,
only to now fill the mind with unfounded fears.
HUNDRED PROOF

In sight, but so far out of reach.
I don’t know why this land had to be,
cut in two, dividing me from you.

The river was too wide,
so I built this dam.
Oh the tears of our love, stream like rovers.
we’ll make up for the dryness, in our time.
The climb was too treacherous and long,
so I built this bridge.
Oh the space that was left between us,
no longer too far for these whispers.
Love, I couldn’t live my life
with you out of reach.
No one can keep me from you.
Know they’ll try, but we are hundred proof.

Hundred proof... Close your eyes,
there’s no need to see.
Hundred proof... Let the world be,
let it be what it may.
Hundred proof... You’re all the matter,
that matters to me.

Ya, you’re the extra to my ordinary,
the simplicity that defies complexity.
My timeless reflections.
My ageless affection.
You are my everything.
...Endlessly stirring my soul.
THIS HOME
There’s a roof over our heads,
it does what it’s suppose to…
It keeps the rain out.
But these tears we’ve cried,
leave us flooded out.
We give more than we take.
It’s hard to divide,
what we’ve got.
…Something that can’t be put into words.
These walls bear the brunt of us.
…I’m surprised they haven’t crumbled
from these hands having thrown a punch or two.
We battle it out,
hurt doesn’t mean hate.
Love, we hold each other’s failures,
endure the worst of it,
so that we can be.

THANK YOU
Thank you,
for all you do for me.

Trapped in a blind man’s cage,
you keep on,
though it’s hard
from time to time,
to even breathe.

Thank you,
for all that you do.
YOU
Shine with me,
across the universe tonight.
No matter if I’m all washed away…
This condition is what makes life ok.
The way you bring happiness from misery.
You bring out the best in me.

So far we’ve come since then,
along this path that we’re laying down.
And though from time to time, we fall off;
we get right back on.
There’s no home like you and I.
…You see me through my days,
so don’t let me give up,
even when I want to.

RETRORIDGE
These days,
are a prelude to a kiss.
Death comes retrograde.
For now, I cannot sleep…
But I can see those days approaching,
faster than the speed of light.
When these eyes won’t stay open for anything,
know I’ll have no control over matter or mind.
New skin under old scars…
This ancient soul screams,
but you won’t hear a thing.
You won’t hear a sound.

**THE ODDS**
I won’t let it break me.
Held together with compassion,
perseverance and care.

I won’t let it break me.
We heal these wounds with warmth,
love, and laughter.

Though tears will fall.
Tears will fall.

When that day does come,
it’ll be the battle, I’ll miss most.
’cause even when we’re at odds,
we’re still battling together.

Everything that I read and hear,
tells me that I’m dying slowly.
All I want is to beat the odds,
in the lottery of life.

Mirror, mirror, on the wall…
Who is it that looks back at me?
…For I cannot see thy face.
CRYPTKEEPER
I needed to jump off a bridge,
to reach the edge of your cliff.
...Only for you to push me down,
into an empty crypt.

The writings on the walls,
my name and life... cheap,
like the etchings made on plated gold.

Oh Crypt keeper.
Oh Crypt keeper.
Won’t you make room for two?
‘Cause I don’t want to go in all alone.

Oh Crypt keeper.
Oh Crypt keeper.
Dig me a grave in the sky.
So that I can soar. High above.

I don’t want to be trapped underfoot.
In an act of slight of hand,
or worse even still,
left spoken in tongues.

I want to keep my eyes on you.
From a distance, watch your every move.
...And if, if you should ever,
need a hand...
Let me come back to life
and serve you.

Oh Crypt keeper.
Oh Crypt keeper.
Hold me as I go on my way.
Climbing a ladder to the unknown,
where a hundred and one doors await me.
...None to which I have the key for.

Oh Crypt keeper.
Oh Crypt keeper.
Bring me to my maker.
CAPTIVITY
Years in captivity,
dealing with the wounds
that no one else could see.
Oh how reality affected me mentally.
Leaving me to surrender to an army of me.
The fall was short, but the winter was without end.
The heart grew cold.

My heart reached its breaking point.
Time had come for me, to go free.
But like every time before,
my hands were tied
to my life of half-woven threads,
on the quilt of defeated dreams.

I lay defeated by the day.
Broken, my head in her lap.
She placed her hand on my head, and said...
I’ll will you together again.
FIGHT FOR ME
I'd fight a war for you …
Take the bullets.
Stand on broken knees, next to you.
Pump my fists in the air.
Write you a protest song.
We are a people of struggle.
We are a people of resistance.
For every step forward,
we take a lifetime’s worth back.
These inherited traits,
human conditions that seal our fate.
But I will never surrender…
No, I will never give up.
These battles that we fight,
only leave us stronger
than if we were to give up.
So as long as you need,
I'll stand by your side…
I will stand my ground.
There’s not a lot I can do,
but to be there for you.
I'll stand with my hands chained.
I'll take the beating for the rights of every man,
‘cause there’s much too much that’s wrong.
I’m not afraid of repudiations…
We are all just a people blessed to be.
When I am scared, weak, and afraid…
When I am no longer the man I once was,
and when these shoulders can no longer carry.
...When I am no longer able to stand up for myself,
and these limbs can no longer crawl…
When these eyes can no longer see,
who will fight for me?
Fight for me.
PUZZLE PIECES
This is the story of a man,
completely broken right through to his core.
This man struggles with the day from the moment that he wakes.
He forces himself to see past a sea of static that filters across his field of vision,
only to then have to create in his mind, the missing pieces of the seamlessly changing puzzle of reality,
all the while stabilizing the world as it shakes around him.

...And as if that weren’t enough,
the outside world throws him its own challenges, most of which, with time, he has mastered in his plight.
Yet there comes pain from the constant reminder of his struggle;
one that he himself tries to ignore, and discredit every moment of his life...
For his weakness, his frailty, is not one that he wants on show.

After struggling through and holding himself together as best as he could,
while standing on a commuter train platform, he looks down.
In his view, he doesn’t see the yellow platform line... Its paleness blends with the concrete,
which eventually falls off and on to the rail track floor.

He stares at it, as his mind begins to fill in a dense yellow, a foot back from the edge of the platform.
He stares at it, as he takes a step closer in his scuffed black size twelve shoes.
His mind plays through a slideshow carousel of all the missing pieces that he has created,
to find the one that fits.

Pieces that completed his child’s smile, pieces that completed the love he saw in his wife’s eyes.
It is those missing pieces that keep him a step back from going over the edge,
from all the reminders of a struggle he would much rather not have.
This broken heartbeat,  
can’t hold time.  
This broken heartbeat,  
breaks a much wanted sleep.

**COME ON ELISE**  
This body has been riddled through and through,  
with no answers to the when, where, why, or who.  
Just a heart that beats in a once hollowed-out shell,  
now filled with the warmth from a love that’s awoken next to…  
Morning after night, after nightmares and dreams.

I’m not the man I used to be.  
I can’t remember the man I once was.  
When I look at him, I see wonder.  
There was no world out of reach…  
No gravity to keep him grounded.

Come on Elise.  
Please, please…  
I need some resolve.  
These nights won’t let me go,  
and these days won’t let me know.

Come on Elise.  
Please, please…  
I need some reprieve.  
I don’t need a Presidential pardon,  
just for you to not give up on me.

Even when it weighs down on me,  
how could I ever give up on you…  
When you carry the hope of generations.

So I write away the pain…  
Covering blank canvasses with words,  
to mimic the spread of these inflictions.
A LIFE HELD HOSTAGE

It seems like for years now, we’ve been on the hunt to find a killer. One that works slowly, methodically, engraining themselves in every part of the psyche. But like that of a war against an enemy with no state, we cannot see the killer we seek. And though you send in the hounds, special agents and operatives, they all return with no avail. Yet we hold on to hope that justice will be served, and with that hope she carries on. Her life’s work put to the test in a race against time, she lures in the killer with fierce determination. She stands at the doorstep to an unknown world, which none have ever seen. What resides on the other side is a man held hostage by grave circumstance. Like scripture, she reads each line of broken DNA to find the killer, searching through patterns and libraries of data from around the world. Looking to find substance, the slightest bit of evidence… A partial fingerprint or shoeprint, but all she comes across are thousands of broken trails, so many that it’s even difficult to identify any resemblance of a human. But then she notices, in the depths of this labyrinth, hidden in plain sight, a killer’s misstep. She raises her evidence but to her peers she is walking a perilous line all by herself. Determined, she pushes on, in search to stop a killer, before the act. She confronts the killer, trying to seek an understanding of what it is, that possesses the mind to do such things. She questions every thought, and searches for answers hidden in responses. In a moment of silence, the killer becoming more and more erratic says to her, “In our immortality… We never question, and we take for granted. That is until we are made aware, of our mortal demise. Time defeats all… Some quicker than others.” In her final plea to a killer that has reversed roles… She says, “We are so close right now. We are so close.”
HER RETURN
I'd seen her onc before.
I was nine and quite ill.
The night brought raging fevers.
I saw her then, at that time
she was more of a silhouette.
In her hands, she was balancing the universe.
I remember that dream as clear as day.
...I often wonder if it was a death dream;
the final dream in which one dies.
Through the years, I never did see her again.
I often wondered, what was the purpose of her still presence,
in my dream and thoughts thereafter.

Then last week in the height of all my pain,
she came to me in a dream,
which was unfathomably vivid.
It was like I had left this physical reality.
A top a mountain, I stood in a house.
In front of me, glass panes from floor to ceiling,
that provided an immaculate view.
...Only broken by the sight of people,
trying to climb the mountainside.
Beside me, she stood.
No longer a silhouette, no longer in front of me.
A woman... An unknown woman, standing shoulder to shoulder.
Beauty unparalleled.

In her eyes, a fire.
On my face, sadness;
To which she spoke, "I'll destroy this earth for you."
She then turned to the world in front of us and with one look,
all was destroyed.
A raging firestorm spread across the land and sea within seconds.
She then proceeded to take my hand and walk me to the only unsealed window,
which she opened fully.
That is when we disappeared, and on the sill sat two birds.
...One of which flew off.
In flight, beneath her, the land began to replenish and once again become fertile.
Life began to return, as the bird flew through the sky,
she looked back at the other,
who sat still on the sill, and looked on in awe.
OUTRO
To you.
To you, I was a young poet.
To you, I was designate... The one who brought you to this tavern,
and the one who would take you home again.
To you, all the world was a stage, and on it, I was your sage.
To you, I was the one daring enough to walk the forest barefoot.
To you, life could not be, with or without me.
To you, my life was a symphony... Bittersweet.
To you, we would live forever.
To you.

POSSESSION
They say, it's a dangerous game we play.
...No rights for the wrongs that are left of our shame.
Possession of the physical is all in the light,
within the darkness is the metaphysical, which is compromised.

What you don't remember is from when you've let one in.
...We've all know that we're hardwired, but not many know they have “Wi-Fi”.
There are even fewer who know they have “Wi-Fi”, but don't know the passcode.
So from the many, there are only a few, and in this comes the riddle of who becomes whom.

Don't succumb to your diseases.
Fight strong.
Fight Strong.
Live long.
Four weathered soles, 
were all that you had to show, 
after walking four steps in my shoes. 

THAT DAY 
That day. 
That day I thought... 
I though that day broke me. 
It took me to a low, 
a place I had been, but never to this extent. 
I am realizing now, that it didn't break me. 
...Rather, what it did was, 
was break the shell within which I had been for so long. 
A shell that I had built around me, 
to protect myself from the fears I never should have had. 
Long ago, I started to dig a hole, 
but I was closer to making my own grave, 
than I was to reaching China. 
I was so afraid of where I was headed, 
that I wouldn't venture outside of norms. 
That day... 
That day, I didn't break, but the shell around me, 
shattered into pieces. 
That day, when I crawled out of that hole, 
and started to collect the pieces... 
I soon found that it was easier to shake off, 
whatever was still clinging on to me, 
than to pick up the debris of a defeated life. 

Within this fundamental change in my being and perspective, 
I found a new reality... 
One in which I am no longer limited, but become the seer of infinite possibilities. 
One in which, I no longer am my own hostage to what I can be, 
but defined by what I will achieve.
VACANCY
Shhhh... do you hear that?
Silence, only silence remains.

A new found clarity, an unknown calmness, a perplexed freedom.
Spirits which once housed themselves within, have left, and left behind a vacancy.

In the distance of time, and the proximity of space, there are no thoughts that haunt me.
For where once they came and roamed, and made home of a struggling mind...
Now resides a placid being, physically undone, mentally broken and spiritually delinquent.
Left is a hollowed out shell, cast like a spell by the waves.

The hurt, the pain, the sadness, have fallen away with the tears, and disappeared with the years.

I have no regrets, no complaints, of those who made me their home. I will be open to them, if they return, but for now, they have left....