

# **FREE WITHIN POETRY**

**By (Doty, Hughes, Perry, Rahman, & Zaidi)**

**AN ANTHOLOGY OF FREE & BLANK VERSE POEMS  
WRITTEN BY DISTINGUISHED POETS**

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## **Biographies**

### **Alma Zaidi**

Alma Zaidi is a native of Pakistan, a beautiful country in Asia. Her interest in poetry has been waxing and waning for the last four decades. The first breakthrough that she got was when she took part in a poetry competition when in college. However, her true passion took a back seat to her career as a science student and teacher for the last thirty odd years. Still, Alma's thoughts and musings went into the form of a private diary. Just three years back, Alma joined Facebook; and got the chance to reveal her poetic instincts to the world. She has made like-minded friends through the internet, who appreciate her work. Alma is honored to do a poetry anthology with four other poets. Read more about Alma and her works on facebook @ <https://www.facebook.com/alma.zaidi>

### **Jessica Hughes**

Jessica was born in the upper part of South Carolina and currently resides in Charlotte, NC. She is the only child to a single parent, so she became creative early in life. However, her creative ability didn't stop in her childhood but grew and has continued to grow well into adulthood. She discovered through her writing that she could express her inner most feelings with the stroke of a pen. Jessica continues to muse, creating beautiful poetry in her leisure moments. She has published five books of poetry; these books are available @ Lulu.com. Jessica has been indulging in the art of poetry for over seven years. Read more about Jessica and her works @ <https://www.lipsofmind.blogspot.com>. You can find her on facebook as well, @ <https://www.facebook.com/jh.poetry>

### **Amenhotep Perry**

( Artist name: Cruz OmegaSoul aka OmegaSoul ) is an American writer and singer. Hailing from Washington DC, he has spent his years growing up in both the inner city of Baltimore and the rural towns of Virginia. With his African heritage always as an inspiration his sole purpose in creating art is to expose the secrets of the inner self, bring truth to the jaded contemporary art, and shed light on darkness. Writing since 2002 his vocal art can be found on [Cruzomegasoul.bandcamp.com](http://Cruzomegasoul.bandcamp.com) and his book is in the works for mid 2013. You can also find Cruz on facebook @ <https://www.facebook.com/Casanova.Azul>

## **Biographies Continued...**

### **Stephanie Doty**

Stephanie Doty, a 64 year old woman currently residing in Jacksonville, Florida. Stephanie has recently experienced an epiphany that she refers to as her Awakening. This occurred from experiences, reading the writing of other poets whose work resonated deeply within her heart. Since, Stephanie is aware that she was not aching and/or longing to meet anyone, she realized she should use the opportunity to do significant self-reflection. To learn more about Stephanie visit her blog @ <http://www.lifecompatibilities.blogspot.com> . You can read more of her work on facebook @ <https://www.facebook.com/crabby1der>

### **Fazal Rahman P K.**

Fazal was born in a village called Valambur in Malappuram District of Kerala, the southern most State in India, in the year 1960. Did my Post-graduation from the University of Calicut in English Language and Literature. Presently employed in a public sector undertaking. He is married, with two kids. He writes in English and Malayalam. Read more about Fazal and his works on facebook @ <https://www.facebook.com/pkfrahman>

## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

**We give our deepest appreciation to our readers.**

**"For a poem is incomplete without a good read."**

**You are the ones who yearn to be satisfied by authentic poetry. Thank you to our friends, family, bloggers and fellow poets. You are the ones who give us that extra encouragement to push forward in our poetical endeavors. And although this ebook is free, donations are welcomed. Any revenue/donation will be given to the American Red Cross. Org**

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(((((((( Question Of Love ))))))))

By Alma Zaidi

When footsteps fall behind and slow down,  
Your shadow inseparable does not move on,  
If loyal to you and deep in love shall retreat,  
won't leave you behind ever in loss or pain,  
In these vast lands of humans, where ever,  
A true love exists, all become stories, ballads,  
An everlasting fairy tales, of love and sacrifice,  
Wonder why couples break up and deceive,  
That sacred link, of divine decree, so holy,  
Its best to unwind the ties and set free the  
other, when ones' heart derails the mind  
Its all a question of love, it never was before  
it went stale, constructed without a foundation,  
Else too much expected of the other, then  
Fried on the pan of egos, spiced with power play,  
Wonder why can't there be a meter a gauge ,  
That would measure all friction and measure all  
Love, the only reason for a happy, prosperous life,  
True love therefore, only exists in figments of mind



## PLATONIC

Day of the depraved:  
As the doors close behind  
multitudes moving out,  
the aged god would limp out  
to deserted streets.  
With inner eyes of the blind  
he would bless the poet:

That loneliness I endured  
during days of creation-  
now it's all yours.  
Behold them  
on mountain peaks,  
in dense dark new moon,  
in flickering sight of  
blinding lightning.  
Be their shadow on  
mad days of routines.  
Scribe them  
in sweat and blood,  
in death and rebirth.

In lives never ordained  
it's not in prophecies,  
but in ship-wrecking uncertainties  
I keep treasures for you.

by Fazal Rahman

"I am hypocrite"

By Cruz Amor Poeta

I've spent years promoting freedom, love and revolution  
Only to end up adding to the pollution  
trash on the streets, irrelevant  
as my betrayal of self is evident  
find me searching for help, government  
and in stealth... using and abusing  
Because with a growing family food I am losing, stamps  
But unlike lady and the tramp, this is not the crime  
As I lay here sublime  
The true victim is that of the mind  
Wounded as I hop to kins, where john is available  
But unlike the restroom thats made for it  
I CANT TAKE THIS SHIT!!!!  
Anything for the dollar, almost anything for money  
Though instead of borrowing from a buddy  
I take up a study  
Darkness looming, death assuming, while self is fuming  
What have I done?  
Are these lessons to teach my son?  
I am hypocrite.....  
Staring in the mirror of shame  
treating my health as a game  
Stuck, recovering  
Baby on the way, whilst hope dwindles at bay  
And I, have just, become, slave  
I know my mother weeps in her grave  
And I? On my knees pray  
Forgiveness....  
I stand for morals  
Though the things I've done wrong are plural  
I lay here willing, as they inject  
Amphetamine full of disrespect  
As if in war, they draw blood  
365 to drag my pride thru mud  
Dear God  
I've slacked on my religion, stacked on my sinning  
And even so, I ask you save me  
Return the pride you once gave me  
As the pain subsides, the symptoms hide  
I listen as I'm given lies  
visions of why I hypo-cried  
I am hypocrite  
Though it can be argued good reason  
To my soul its treason  
I might as well have did crack  
Dipped back, sipped similac and watched how my veins react

Instead of a heroine, needing heroine  
Or maybe a drug mule, sticking my nose in, weeding out the goods,  
becoming a mary Jane: A Peter Parker stalker flaw falter  
Driving my hearts veins insane  
This will be the last time, and unlike the last rhyme  
instead of a drug reference, I refer you to my last dime  
Food for the blind  
I am hypocrite  
Surrounded by those of the same that can't admit it  
Forgiveness....

##### A Palate To Taste #####  
by Alma Zaidi

Blessed is my lentil soup and boiled rice recipe,  
With a good helping of spiced potatoes and green,  
When you eat your fill, you wonder your culinary skills,  
Then look forward to create something new, mouth watering,  
Blessed are the spices the flavors of flora and fauna, all  
To relish and pacify your hunger and that sense of taste,  
The touch of a morsel to your palate feels divine ,provided  
Every last part of the recipe is followed right, Yet I'd tell you,  
No matter how much I try, never it tastes as good as my mother's,  
Intelligence counts,.....Yet wisdom and experience is divine.

"The Greatest women I ever had, and the one I never did"  
By Cruz Omega Poeta

The first was spiritually sexy  
I loved when she'd lay her head next to me  
lust was her talent as well as poetic words  
she and I would become in moments, lustful verbs  
tempting was her body, seductive was her mind  
caring was her spirit, but a secret I would find  
A problem in her love, handicapping  
Us, we, I thought souls were graphing  
The difference in infatuation  
I was not her one nation....  
She wanted others  
Multiple lovers  
I contained her not  
Absent was my plot  
So ghost I went and missing her?  
Not much time spent.....

The second was a mirror image of the self  
her voice indeed made me melt  
love from her I felt  
songs for her I'd belt  
Distance was the problem dealt  
with a phone call she sufficed  
everything about her was nice  
Traveled landscapes  
With her, reality escaped  
I spent my mind like money  
She was heartwarming and funny  
love was what she whispered  
At this moment I miss her.....  
No justice in the girl I never kissed  
I dismiss the relevance  
I erase the evidence  
But from words I knew she was passionate  
No love from her  
Denial from that I concur  
We never were, but in my mind we were  
I proposed a proposal  
my heart at disposal  
but i was too late  
she found her soulmate  
at least her babies father  
So bothering her why would I bother  
to her wedding I was invited

Like my proposal, I denied it  
I'd rather wallow in the thought  
rather see no visual of me in awe  
I knew and still know that I'm the better choice  
Because I respect her, I silence my voice  
I wish her eternal happiness  
For the moment I wallow in this sappy shit  
I'll await my time again  
I know it shall return, I am love's friend  
By Omega Soul

## Infinite Possibilities –

I fell asleep last night, imagining a dancing moon  
joyfully playing peek-a-boo with the twinkling stars  
no lingering heart-filled sorrow nor any plaintive tune  
would any longer haunt me or that would ever mar  
the glorious freedom I felt within my reverie  
nary any doubt that the time had at last arrived  
to celebrate life's wonder knowing at last I'm free  
bidding adieu to heartache, feeling glad to be alive  
2012 made her final bow and I was so relieved  
looking forward to the new year unbound by expectation  
as I became detached, I now look forward and believe  
in living life with gratitude, not riddled by hesitation  
about the coming year and endless possibilities  
to fill my heart with love and all the good I'll know  
as I let go of the past and its painful memories  
my light shines brightly now from its inner glow

Awakening Spirit Poetry  
Stephanie Doty

\*\*\*\*\* That Last Sun-set \*\*\*\*\*

By Alma Zaidi

Sitting by the window sill,  
Watching the last Sun go down,  
The last one of this year's end,  
Reciprocate, recall at moment's end,  
What are the after math's of times,  
Times to remember, times to forget,  
Times to cherish, times to recline,  
Times to rewind, erase, delete,  
Times to redefine, rehabilitate, unwind,  
That sinking Sun snatches it all away,  
A chance to live in that year and mediate,  
Re-assess, Re-dress, minimize the mistakes,  
Sad, the Sun sets, leaving all the rest,  
For better for worse, into the Next,  
Each year that goes, ends in snow,  
Leaving the heart frozen and cold,  
Leaving the mind another year old,  
Each year grows on you, what you sow,  
The crops of which from the year before,  
Reap it or leave it to rot, is all your choice,  
You turn and delve into a bowl of hot soup,  
Gently palliating the tastes of time,  
Each so nourishing to your soul and mind



"Keep my eyes"

By Cruz Omega Poeta

Stolen like the heart of thine was that attention of mine  
blind thru sheer shine of what I was to find....

Keep my eyes, use them to lose him  
keep him lost in the womb of his mother, leave him lost there under  
where I should find him, free from the guilt of this world  
In love with the only honest girl...  
My wife...

Keep my eyes, leave me blind to the truth  
that his world is about to be, distraught  
strangled at a level only few had saw  
Win, lose then draw

Keep my eyes, avert me from the shame  
Contort my theories, asserting without strain  
Because he is the only reason,  
I'd ever commit treason  
My Son.....

Did I Not

Did my eyes not love  
tulips in the garden  
brainstorming on rainy nights  
wiped the teardrop dry  
that was I

Did my eyes not love  
imbued smiles of autumn  
hazy--dazed dusk in quiet  
riddled arms of pleasure  
that was you

Did my eyes not love  
counter-clockwise, racing for you  
you turned around  
there I stood  
a devoted statue of motion

Did my eyes not love  
beautifully spawned music  
chirping from lungs  
a breath of fresh honey suckle  
where we nosed and flew  
among indigo butterflies  
Did I not...

Lipsofmind Poetry  
By Jessica Hughes

3<3<3<3 Most Wanted Love <3 <3 <3 <3

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By Alma Zaidi

Loyalty of virtues in emotions,  
This is what you call is LOVE,  
Loyalty calls for a crystal clear self,  
Virtues of love and affection sacred,  
Emotions your only means to express,  
Lack of any one feeling fails your love,  
It grows with faith, belief and support,  
Bridged with strong pillars from either side,  
One way traffic serves a futile vibe,  
Gains just pains and wasted strife,  
Love by virtues not just emotions,  
That's the most sought after,  
That's the most trust worthy,  
That's the most wanted, true Love.  
Rest are all emotions to create commotion,  
Attract a momentary attraction then fade away,  
The lasting virtues pay silently, fulfilling your lives,  
Both in unison or in a humble sacrifice, love thrives.

## BLOOD OF THE POET

Behind the poet is a failed son  
Who, chasing wild dreams, forgets filial bond

Numbers do come\*, but with no parental nod.  
The muse is no family friend till you court success.

Rude is fatherly ways with a dreamy brat,  
and mother's heart, soft so-ever, it takes the brunt.

Times would change, and with it, tastes,  
dreams would change, soft shades going harsh.

At war with a world you wanted to change:  
an outsider at home, never at peace with any.

Saddest times for her, seeing two cold poles apart:  
father and son- pillars of her life.

Now, years going decades, you look behind,  
your veins calm as slime, you, the ultimate 'normal'

You see her pains, all too late,  
though tombstones do not cry loud

You feel her pain, all too clear  
though umbilical cord doesn't remain

It runs your veins, her life blood,  
your way back home, your only home

Every verse you write is in pain  
a retribution, a homage

Behind every poem there is an image:  
a sobbing mother, a storm of blessings.

\*("I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."- Alexander Pope.)

by Fazal Raham

Her heart.....I am fall.....  
by Cruz Amor Poeta

I broke her heart by loving her  
He broke it by shoving her  
chosen to be the angel  
the love she gave was strangled.....

I was forever the fall  
to fall for and be of God  
I claimed hearts like cancer  
A memory...a grandeur.....

Heart of hers that bled like me  
Of what atrocity  
How dare she deny the only good thing I had  
she returned to the ground, like her dad  
no longer in flight  
not much longer can she fight  
Believe I loved....Be...just leave..

When I was perfect like the fall weather  
when I fell for a girl named heather  
when I was beyond return  
when I took everything I earned  
when I was better than now  
I truly have found....  
no peace.....

She died, her black heart was the cause  
wait... pause.... her heart was clogged  
I know her definition  
I bred and branded that participation  
self suicide...  
that broken heart broke her pride....

Best time to visit her grave is in the fall  
Every year I come to...every year I become too  
Her grave and a slave  
both are parts of I  
A man so I fear to cry  
I loved... Her heart...I am fall

By: OmegaSoul

Alone at Peace --

my dream's not new, but my plan for now  
is simplicity of living in its finest hour  
life lessons of my journey gave me know-how  
to adopt this way of life to fully empower

me from others who won't follow through  
when I suggest living in pure simplicity  
responses appear a shared point of view  
but daily life's demands seem akin to tyranny

that others won't accept, preferring to go  
I'll not forsake my dream to live this way  
at least in their absence, I now fully know  
it's time to actualize my plan alone today

Awakening Spirit

Stephanie Doty

## DEATH OF SHAHREZAD

I was just five years old  
when grandma died.  
She had kept company for me  
in thousand and one nights.  
My own Shahrezad,  
who prepared for me  
that magic carpet,  
who took me in my dreams  
to my prince's palace  
along the starlit, skies streets  
of seven-colored rain bows,  
who kept treasures in store  
for me in secret chambers  
guarded by geniis,  
who found my place on  
jewel-bedecked thrones  
before mermaids dancing  
under night's sapphire blue lights  
in lands of deep seas,  
who teased them not to envy  
her little princess.

My son was of the same age  
when my ma died,  
she had already given him  
Aladin and Zindbad as companions.  
'Don't you caste your evil eyes  
on my Badarul Muneer' ; she forbade  
those maids in the magic castle  
with a spell-knot.

Now, as I lay smelling  
fresh earth of my eternal roof  
not angels, but grandma questions me:  
my child, all those tales I gave you  
have been wasted!  
In my ears I hear  
sobs of my son's unborn kids:

by Fazal Raham

## Full Capacity

By Stephanie Doty

if taught as young women just to be pretty and sweet  
this may leave some girls feeling caged like a bird  
this dictum may be a lesson that is no small feat  
if forced in the background this is totally absurd  
we have voices that reason and brains we can use  
to do other than be the best of whom we are  
wastes our capacity to participate -- not just amuse  
as we speak for justice in front of the bar  
standing side-by-side with our male counterparts  
represents a society that speaks for everyone  
this isn't a matter of solely living from the heart  
but is measured with reason for both daughter and son  
there's no question of subservience when balanced by equality  
when everyone does his or her best, guided by passion  
there's no better way than to live without reciprocity  
not regarding visible women as some trend or fashion  
taking the lead when necessary or following when we must  
examples of choices for women not simply met with derision  
we don't have a womb to live in a cage, we're meant to earn trust  
as we join and engage to make any well-represented decision



##### Each a Package #####

By Alma Zaidi

Packed in separate boxes, all lined up on the shelves,  
Each of us living in our separate worlds, outwardly showing  
labels for sale, all colorful, enticing to the buyer's eye,  
The products we sell has yet to reveal, for it is safe in seal,  
All protected and hidden from the pondering minds, will it be safe  
to buy? Though all instructions wrote quite clear, and guaranteed fine,  
Still why? It takes a while to humble the mind and recline,  
While the buyer tests and tries, and makes up his or her mind,  
The package within the covers, unexplored, undisturbed, lies  
It's so sure of itself, that it will work wonders if it finds a keen eye,  
  
One who can foresee, its potentials fine, it lays in wait for its possessor,  
If sought and brought out of its cage, each package delivers fine,  
But there upon the last shelf unseen often is a package neglected,  
One fine evening a customer came a formidable one, who caught  
his eye upon the package, aside all instructions that had rusted,  
Something in him believed it will deliver his purpose well, what if it  
had been neglected and left to soil upon the shelf, it wasn't a bad  
bargain after all, for the product within was well protected and all,  
With skillful hands and knowledgeable mind it ran and explored its  
contents, within it he found the likes of his own, all ready to open  
and explore, a manual ready to put to the processor, a machine  
left unused, disengaged, once polished, re-assembled, connected  
Its powers are wondrous, unimaginable, productive unlimited,  
It's true every package has its worth, until it finds its worthy owner,  
With love, care and protection a small package delivers a big mind.

WAITING FOR AN AUTUMNAL KISS.

You could have been here with me.  
As I sit brooding on the shores of time,  
looking into the heart of the unknown,  
you could have been here with me.

As I lay resurrected first  
in the mid-wife's arms,  
my mother, still in exhaustion,  
kissed me, the kiss of life.  
As I lisped first, calling her first,  
she kissed me, the kiss of initiation.

As she lay dead, unhappy that  
her brood were still fledglings,  
I kissed her, my first kiss of loss.

As I did her, my first crush, proud  
in the fields, she kissed me in secret;  
my first kiss of passion.  
As she bade farewell, wedded to another;  
I kissed her tears, my kiss of heart-break.

As I held your arms in wed-lock  
I kissed you, your eyes closed in submission,  
you were me, in a kiss of finding each other.  
As we quarreled, parted ways,  
I kissed your cold finger tips,  
my first kiss of denial.

And now past my spring  
wherein you bloomed  
in lovely kids and blissful home  
I sit on forlorn shores of gloom,  
I long for one more kiss.  
I know you won't ever come back.  
Yet, honey, I want you back.  
You could have been here with me  
to give me that autumnal kiss,  
the kiss of death.  
Kiss me to my death, my love.

by Fazal Rahman

## Breathe In Peace

we haven't any need to be part of anyone's storm  
raging like uncontrolled, wind-tossed waves of the sea  
instead, we simply close our eyes, rejecting their norm  
and breathe in peace, like the ebb and flow we see  
we move steadily amidst the confusion and noise  
as unbridled furor continues swirling all around  
remaining distant yet a part, seemingly annoys those  
who come undone as though they're bound  
to navigate storm-tossed seas as their only way  
to cross emotional waves -- not in keeping  
with gentility of spirit that we believe may  
keep us on course without endlessly weeping  
we move like gently rhythmic waves of the sea  
showing us how to move steadily with grace  
not coming undone within a crazed reality  
but joining together, sliding smoothly into place

## Awakening Spirit Poetry

By Stephanie Doty

## Music Man

Groove the sax that shapes the world  
Musical man dance forward like La Di Da...  
Azure clouds in the rolling sun  
We adhere, my ear crawls near  
Shall I gather the notes, cradle their scent  
My heaven sent musician  
A ghost of blissful ecstasy – rock on  
I'm caught in a charm. You are pinned up rhapsody  
Baby.... Baby... my sweet love  
I'll blow in and out, exhale and teach you  
all that astounds as we go round... and around  
I am you... fitting – non-flinching  
Like the flicker that burns tonight  
Sky kisses when I miss you  
Dear\_ Dear\_ let the smooth wine flow in our  
Chaste dreams-swimming, swimming...  
For you float, flute in me  
The music trembling under our relaxing thunder  
Non-other shapes the world quite like you

Lipsofmind Poetry

By Jessica Hughes

"I Miss You"

By Cruz Omega Poeta

I lost touch, my senses are indifferent  
though my ears listen, my heart quickens  
when your name is spoken  
I and eye are one, though no vision

Lines of coke I sniff to ease the pain  
measured with the distance of blue lines on crisp notebook paper, shame  
everything seems familiar, I loom  
But whom will I trust to move this freed doom

My arms, unable to embrace  
my fingers unable to trace  
and my mind, cant remember your face....  
and yet, I miss u

My melodies distract me from your call  
My phone, out of minutes  
and yet, my time is wasted..often  
to many nails in my coffin  
nail salon theories, to many nails and I'm coughing  
the liquid of your blood is toxic

I could speak for years of how my tears and fears are nowhere near  
and how the ache in my heart is always here  
I'd rather lies, because truth hurts  
and watched from afar, a selected few, to whom u, a true flirt

I miss u, and u know it  
as often as the day changes  
as quick as moments past  
for as long as the years remain  
awaiting your return

Time doesn't heal this wound"

By Cruz Omega Poeta

When half is taken from hole  
Apple of the eyes x romanticism  
Oh, heart of coal...  
Care to listen

It grinds deep, soul ravaging  
lost is the elixir that subsides  
the pain.....capturing  
yet hides

The veins in the blood of the broken are filled with emptiness  
tempted to reminisce and blow a silent kiss to the ambiance  
Exes are hexes  
A constant reminder of the world and its axis

heartache brother of heartbreak, daughter that heart makes  
Farther the heart's stakes  
and I state:

"I testify I love like a king lives; prosperous and excessive  
cater to the needs of which the soul feeds  
and I would hope to clone breed  
I give every inch, my queen is my key to heaven  
steps to which I love her....seven  
but none would ever take it  
and honest, I would never fake it  
such a love I own, bred for baby making..."

Lonesome isn't a bother when pain is the offer

Must find a cure soon  
Time doesn't heal this wound

22222222 The Constellation 2222222222  
by Alma Zaidi

Last night as I stood and watched,  
The dome above our earth,  
It was pretty dark, but well lit up,  
With a zillion twinkling lights,  
There was such a show of dazzle, as if,  
Little fairies carrying torches of twilight,

There upon the dome of the heavens,  
The Constellations, told a hundred stories,  
Of Myths and legends, from far and wide,  
As you sit and gaze from upon your roof top,  
In the silence of the early summers night,  
The sweet smell of Champa and chambeli,  
On a star lit night, what more to appease  
A broken heart, or a twisted life.

Balanced Fare--

She now celebrates the wonder of her being alive  
gazing around, there's beauty in all that she breathes  
although there was a time she doubted she'd ever survive  
when she learned the truth instead of the lie she believed  
another could give her something she thought she lacked  
if he only shined light in her darkest, bleakest hour  
she was drowning in an ocean -- both deep and black  
believing her emotional waves would surely devour  
any belief that she deserved to know true happiness  
she'd caused only pain as she weathered each storm  
living in unbridled freedom was a lesson she missed  
instead living life, feeling hopelessly lost and forlorn  
but, in time, she learned all she could desire  
existed within the love and beauty of her heart  
serene peace and tranquility served to inspire  
loving herself first was where she must start  
forgiving the past, letting go of her mistakes  
held the key to her need to make her feel whole  
balance in life was a leap of faith she would take  
learning to accept responsibility for living her role  
as her own partner in life before she was ready



to accept another who felt glad to be alive without need  
building his life on a foundation both firm and steady  
he's not looking for any substitute to simply feed  
a wayward need to believe he alone could fulfill  
his partner's life – while ignoring his own  
she rejected these demands; he said she was shrill  
if she didn't do as he said, she'd wind up alone  
but, she was no longer scared or lost in the past  
she understood her reality that he was not the one  
with whom she could forge a love that would last  
as she awakens each day, feeling the warmth of a sun  
burning from the eternal light glowing within her  
she feels only gratitude for the love she now shares  
she finally accepts the truth that began to recur  
serving those in real need fulfills her daily fare

Awakening Spirit Poetry

By Stephanie Doty

## Visiting Hours

A sleepy man bows under baby blue paw prints.  
His sprinkled hair on his stricken head recalls  
in hindsight her graceful strut.  
Dress me, bathe me, and care for me-  
His rough skin patched with cotton bandages.  
He listens. He hears the sweet pea of echoes  
in the hallway.  
She is here. The smell of her oil sheen staining,  
glossing his nail beds.  
In the ticking, breathing wake up call of  
defining moments , their tendrils cross like  
dewy rain drops.  
She paces back and forth.  
Her lids packed with pink fatigue,  
but, her silence is strong.  
I am good and strong as her homemade  
pound cake. I have life like her lemon tea.  
Though , my room sounds of a sluggish choo-choo train,  
she doesn't mind. My love sits quietly, rest on  
my fading chest. We endure together.  
If I could tell her so... Would it touch her  
broken heart? Would she stay after hours?  
I hear her heels of a thousand wishes click off  
into the manila hallway.  
And I fall back to sleep.

Lipsofmind Poetry  
By Jessica Hughes

“Growing Weary”

How dare I grow old with no experience  
how dare I claim love with no occupant  
how dare my tears dry  
and if in metaphors how dare my fears cry  
As if in an unwanted place, streaming down an unwanted face  
How dare my muscles ache at a young age  
How dare my skin resemble a young slave  
In the eyes of them who said it  
stereotypes of good credit

I grow weary of the struggling days  
I grow tired of the red eyes ways  
fast food experience, but I keep bailing  
college smart but I keep failing  
Tired of the loveless life, let me explain  
Tired of not loving to my fullest extent, living life mundane  
Jaded from bus running and ink blotches  
Done in by old shoes and lifting boxes

Let my hand settle from ashy  
Let the haters ask me  
Who am I beyond the mask, beyond the tired soul  
Blessed and so to GOD I ask, where I should go  
Let my eyes rest from the strain  
Let actions retire from the game

And to the sky, my mother in bliss  
Something I want to attain, so I wish  
She gave me talent, how dare I let it sit  
Simply just tired of this shit....

By:OmegaSoul

## Haunting Illusion

like silken threads we weave  
into the tapestries of our life  
reality of truth does not deceive  
as lies that cut like a knife

when pain threatens to overwhelm  
memories of love that seemed so strong  
but, there was no captain at the helm  
to warn us of any siren's song

whose message was insincere  
with crooning used as a ruse  
mesmerized, we'd never hear  
or believe what we could lose

swept along, not ever knowing  
the charade taking place  
instead our love was growing  
anointing us with grace

we seemed to forget the key  
of discerning fact from fiction  
accepting illusion as reality  
suffering love as an affliction

causing us to suffer without reason  
as the siren crooned her haunting tune  
it seemed this love was out of season  
not luminescent like any moon

shining as a memorable moment  
nothing akin to mutual bliss  
we're left within our torment  
loveless, sans shared happiness

Awakening Spirit Poetry  
By Stephanie Doty

@@@@@ True Self @@@@@@  
by Alma Zaidi

Let me analyze myself, let me explore me within,  
All outward appearances enhanced, beautified,  
That true me lies all hidden enshrouded under,  
Layers of wraps of flesh and blood, all the same,  
Where is that person I seek all along inside me?  
Then all tired and lost, thought of resting a while,  
Closed those eyes, suddenly realized opening!  
A thousand eyes inside my mind, full and bright,  
As the secrets opened by and by, there appeared,  
A person whom I failed to recognize, perplexed,  
There stood before me a question mark huge,  
It threw a volley of questions, that hit me like a fire,  
Never ever knew why? Or know it all pretty well why?  
This person inside had so much to offer, so much to yield,  
That person outside refused to realize, it never let it speak,  
It never let it sparkle, all its potentials to lead a happy life,  
Obsessed by all around her to appease, she forgot,  
Curtains upon curtains she hid herself inside, many a times,  
She had felt the entrapped self twist and turn, writhing in pain,  
Trying tirelessly to break through, giving a never ending headache,  
Entrapped in them shrouds of that outer self, all cries for help died out,  
It had calmed down, aged, tired, forlorn, tortured, shunned in cage,  
But then one fine night, it stole out silently, to express itself,  
Then each night it wrote a different story, of dreams and of self,  
Now there seemed to be a balance on either side of her self.

## She Is Adored

When the dirt stirred and transformed her skin,  
she was precious beauty in the makings.  
She titles Mother Earth, dipping her tresses  
in pure water-- follicles curling around,  
for she is dedicated to the duties that are  
bound to be. The nurturer, wiping tears away.  
The giver, whom works more, but receives less pay.  
Still, her graceful strength ensues like a melodious flow.  
Her heart is captured in gold. Her soul renews the old.  
And the love she continuously blooms like the rose in June.  
People often wonder how much sunshine can be  
born to a woman admists the rain.  
Therefore, she understands her commands as she reflect  
good upon herself: man, relatives and friends.  
She is the Queen of the Nile; the neighbor next door.  
May we all be thankful in her presence for she is adored.

Lipsofmind Poetry  
By Jessica Hughes

## Rhythmic Energies

as confluent energies serve to invigorate me  
a dissonance of energies wears me to a frazzle  
my believing now begins with an inner symphony  
felt, not heard, beyond any thought of razzle dazzle  
my inner passion fuels my growing imagination  
not within any confines or limits set for me  
an unbridled surge leaves me no hesitation  
to flow within the music meant solely for me  
carrying me and my feelings into infinity  
the freedom and liberation of my spirit within  
provide me with acceptance of my intrinsic ability  
to imagine a stairway to the stars for me to ascend  
to dance upon the moon before I gently float away  
on milky white clouds, drifting in my rhapsodic reverie  
meaningless, empty words will never begin to convey  
my desire to live in this swirl of energy flowing through me

By Stephanie Doty  
Awakening Spirit Poetry

## Still I Find...

I still find it in unspoken words only a soul can speak,  
the pitter patter of baby steps and rainy days,  
my daydreaming of my dreams to come true,  
the longest breaths between you and me.  
And still I find it within a lovers arm,  
family conversations whether strange or norm,  
moonlit walks by the beach, a friendly day at the park,  
listening to the spirit and song of a child,  
soothing music on a Saturday afternoon or  
sitting in a small diner eating my favorite soul food.  
I still find it between the written lyrics of poetry.  
We share a sacred harmony under lock and key.  
I find the most pleasure in life's simple things.  
Like nature's rustling leafs; birds chirping in the sun.  
It makes me want to listen in the mist of a storm;  
It can be a noisy calm. It can be as that which  
causes a river of Godly creation to flourish.  
Even when my vision is blurred and my way appears  
disturbed, I hold beauty dearer to my heart.

Lipsofmind Poetry

By Jessica Hughes



VOLCANOES CREATE A SAGE.

Ever since it erupted in his son  
as a fatal genetic disease  
my neighbor has gone mute.

His only daughter, tender of age,  
died of of the same  
a couple of years back.

For days he woke up, sweating  
in visions of crumbling bridges.  
His son, not yet to his teens,  
held his arms.

As the bank people decided  
his homestead is not his any more,  
his wife learned a new art:  
the art of laughing and laughing.

Now, as the boy lay  
shrouded in white,  
he went mute as a rock.

Now I know how  
volcanoes create a sage.

by Fazal Rahman

## Simple Solitude

it seemed each day could not end or start  
until I received your call, and heard your voice  
I began feeling a new something in my heart  
earlier doubt about love left me with no choice  
I didn't know (since it had never occurred to me)  
or would I believe it necessary to ever recommend  
understanding love is never simple but can be fantasy  
leaving nothing but a broken heart behind to mend  
some time ago I'd vowed to steer clear  
of any relationship – not because I just didn't care  
something I'd heard made me gaze into a mirror  
when I did, I saw nothing but pain and sorrow there  
besides, I'd grown weary of what passed as romance  
those who couldn't talk -- like they simply weren't there  
a ridiculous endeavor -- a romp nothing like a dance  
that kind of love between couples I didn't want to share  
either they couldn't or wouldn't – I simply lost hope  
I grew bored and listless, rarely feeling any keen desire  
being involved seemed nothing but a ludicrous joke  
without energy or passion, there was no fuel for a fire  
then you came along and began chatting with me  
my mind and intelligence nothing you'd ever known  
still, I was reluctant, wanting no part of mediocrity  
as if it was something I believed I'd outgrown  
but what we discussed soon captured my attention  
my desire for no relationship flew out the door  
it happened so fast I didn't heed my own intention  
as we continued talking, I just wanted more  
you told me you loved me – I had no reason to doubt  
your sincere truthfulness seemed evident to me  
I stopped protecting my heart, leaving me without  
walls or my suit of armor that no one could see  
in time I felt a depth of love I'd never known before  
sharing my feelings freely, never doubting your word  
like with conversation, I only kept wanting more  
never believing what you said was nothing but absurd  
but, in time I noticed your attention was scattered  
you hardly bothered talking or spending time with me  
I couldn't imagine that I just no longer mattered  
that there was no more us of this “romantic reverie”  
I wondered if it was true your heart was with another  
your behavior made me question you about this  
but you acted like I was only trying to smother  
you with my insecurity – you only began to dismiss  
my concerns as my problem (and mine alone)  
as though you had no part in anything taking place  
I began to feel as though I could never atone

for dragging you through the mud, simply losing face  
what a tragic disappointment my love too soon became  
had I listened to my inner voice I'd never gone ahead  
now that it's over and what I know of what remains  
affirms my preference for simple solitude instead

Awakening Spirit Poetry  
By Stephanie Doty

## The Final Love

Love is to live an eternal death.  
The solemn weep of lily fields in the heart of winter.  
Your withered ruby red kisses that suffocate my oxygen.  
Yet, a broken heart still bleeds; a closed mouth sighs to the sky.  
Expectations have vanished in the midnight stream. I scream forever.  
Less pain and hurt in empty cups that collect dust in my memories.  
I reverence in the prolonged burial; the space where my candle was blown away.  
If such a word causes the weak to be strong and the strong to become weak,  
than I am a vessel ebbing in the ocean's deepest water.  
I am both the moon and sun shedding light alone.  
So my truth lies in love's resistance to overpower my tragic spirit.  
As its seed dies within itself, added to the ground, unearthed like a fallen star,  
I shall never see a flower bloom in thine eye anymore.  
Tear it down, until it builds on the sandy shores.  
May it be the last song for the record. The dance we have yet to dance.  
Then you must ask why, without a precious treasure to hold I shall give it to you.  
Love was meant for the naïve and brave in a trusting destiny.  
However, fate has dealt with me in the most vulnerable betrayal.  
It will eventually pry into those bleeding souls.  
There shall be not a lick in a spring fountain to drink.  
The harlot shall quietly take their sweet slumber.  
Love will vanish in the blink of dawn, casting a shadow upon their walls.  
Open up! Open your heart, you unknowing silhouettes of fire.  
Soon the ashes will burn like the joker's wicked laughter.  
To see the sorrow run upon your shattered faces...  
Then and only then shall love live an eternal death.

Lipsofmind Poetry  
By Jessica Hughes

## THE OLDMAN STILL WALKS MY DREAMS

Abed, staring vacant  
into engrossing dark night.  
Rhythm of heartbeats.  
Of drops from old bath tap.  
Tud, drip, tud, drip...  
I move into shadow lands  
of an enervated slumber.  
It's been ages, it seems.

Waiting outside the surgical  
to perform it urgent,  
as the door closed behind,  
there hangs a moment  
as heavy as the universe.  
Muffled sighs, choked sobs-  
I alone still see the last look-  
a father to his other, his son.  
I alone do see it invisible:

that blue bird, unheard wings  
passing out of closed doors  
through the narrow corridor.  
It lingers before me  
with never told stories.  
I don't need proof to out  
as a doctor, out with bowed head,  
to spell out, inciting that  
terrible common yell.

A soft hand on my forehead,  
a soft sound, familiar, yet strange,  
"Sleep becalmed, my son!"  
I ask him, "Dad, why me?  
I never obeyed you.!"  
"You fool! You were me.  
I never obeyed anyone!"  
He was never so soft.

(The last stanza of the poem is greatly influenced  
by George Herbert's poem "The Collar")  
by Fazal Rahman

An Insight  
By Alma Zaidi

Fear not your deficiencies, face them right,  
Fear not your inefficiencies, trace them right,  
You cannot ever satisfy, all around you, nor  
You can ever be contented, for nothing is enough  
For you ever, black, white or gray there's always,  
One more choice, one better than the other, why not?  
The grass is always greener on the other side,  
Silver and gold or even King Solomon's treasures,  
Is there any wealth that can buy contentment,  
True fact is that contentment is stagnation,  
Only it shall lead you to death, into oblivion  
Fear not your deficiencies, face them right,  
Fear not your inefficiencies, trace them right,  
Make all out effort for a change, avoid stagnation,  
For there is a constant dynamicity, in every particle,  
The reason the Universe is existing, stagnate one,  
The whole balance shall collapse, with you perishes,  
All that is called 'life,' Universe and all inside.

Forevermore\_\_

in the past, I believed in your love  
once upon a time and happily ever after  
a world of unicorns and a pot of gold

reality shone its brilliant light into my world  
I felt heartache soon followed by tears  
believing I would never love or be loved again

because I was not beautiful or woman enough  
to hold the unbridled feeling of joyful bliss  
or would feel being cherished heart and soul

longing for peaceful surcease to my sorrow  
ending life seemed the only redemption  
to bring quiet relief to stop the pain

sitting silently in reflection, feeling the pulse  
of the most harmonious music within my heart  
as it flowed through my limbs, lifting me

the heavens seemed to open to wonder all around  
colors with deeper hues -- life teemed with love  
that is the essence of who I am -- right here and now

I live, choosing happiness to define my days  
the glow of inner beauty and love flow through me  
I remember – love is now and forevermore

Awakening Spirit Poetry  
By Stephanie Doty

"Philosophy by a lonesome King"

By Cruz Amor Poeta

I am broken like the sunset in afternoon  
Tamed but wild like the heat in June  
Specifically eclectic, mildly and mostly energetic  
Just as the eyes see me , I am  
Sinking into the ground I stand, Quicksand  
Blazed by the thought, Regretful  
Stunned by the choice, special

Misplaced by the voice of talent  
Disgraced by those I'm mad at....  
Me myself and I  
A man, so no choice of mine to cry

Serenity is the frame of a fantasy picture  
Imagination is the truth, but most don't get her  
Insanity is the cure to sane souls that bore  
Divinity is the curse of which lonely souls disperse  
Death is a whore, taking in many  
Truly she has had plenty

No longer will the lies I've shared stand still  
No longer will my stories be of ill will  
I will awake with epiphanies  
Diamond gem words, expensive like Tiffany's  
Positive words are often slim  
So contradiction in your world I shall start, begin

Love is what is defined as.....  
Missing phases at the end of the sentence so

you'll never find it  
Complicated and spineless  
courageous and timeless

The truth is a believed lie by majority  
A lie is a believed truth by an individual  
Such things spark immaturity  
And you believe? Therefore Spiritual?

By: OmegaSoul



## DROWNED FISHERMAN

The drowned fisherman  
has a way back  
on the tip of the waves.  
It reaches back  
not his home  
but his woman's heart.  
In wee hours of the night  
she could still listen to it.  
In waves that die out bubbling,  
his luminous eyes  
would wink at her alone.  
Sea gulls would still wrangle  
with someone at the zenith of the sea  
burning by day.

Sound of bike across sand beach.  
A dagger between eye brows-  
the micro-finance man.  
Hiding behind the hut,  
her sobs would merge with waves.

He might be there like Jonas  
at the zenith of the blue:  
A benevolent sea beast  
would carry him in womb.  
A rebirth without corporeal decay.  
In a spring day  
as the tree of life sprouts and blooms  
when the moon mix with shade  
this ever-serene whale  
would deliver him unto land.  
His urchins fighting waves  
would still wake up into  
his midnight calls.

by Fazal Rahman

## Seashore

Her callous shell, broken unto a thousand layers,  
one after the other , they part the precious pearls,  
flowing by the bay, stringing her further out to sea.  
She clinches her clammy hand as the waves crash  
against the cliff of high tides; the sharpened rocks  
doing more damage to her mind, body and soul.  
Each clash was different from the last. Like dolphins dive  
long, rough, short and soft departures into blue saltwater...  
She sulks her mended wound onto shore borders.  
Here, she kept pulling herself together, telling her  
spirit there was a safe cove to hold it all inside.  
Until the broken spirit slid onto a seagull's back, drifting  
off the edge into a useless day of fresh, breezy sky.  
Still, she returns to paradise, settling within  
a typhoon lagoon of a million teardrops.  
All she ever needed was embedded in her soul's rushing water.  
Where destiny told her of true pain and healing as she laid her  
torn jewels down by the seashore.

Lipsofmind Poetry  
By Jessica Hughes

"In Search Of Self...Eygptian King Pt.1"

By Cruz Amor Poeta

I laid in the sand and reminisced of a time better than now  
when I was greater in thought than in recent times/ where spirit was mind  
Gold was my norm, tamed and tainted with heat/ and at my hands lay my feet  
Centuries behold the moments  
Mammoth-like, my legacy frozen  
And if I had thoughts to be chosen  
I would lose them  
No riches of wealth, enemies hidden in stealth  
Hearts of stone I was made to melt  
Religion of self  
The practice of conscious hell  
Fire breathing heathens where I fell  
Ghost of a shell  
Relative of he who spoke real well  
All of these attribute to how the King had felt  
Royalty killed by absence of loyalty  
A heir to the throne the mirror had sworn to me  
A child of prophecy would be born to me  
No more I see

## Meditative Paradise

Meditation presses my mind  
Dreams align with the galaxy  
Hearts floating free of negativity  
Gently, sleeping in my realm  
Where a harmonious journey sails  
Humming hymns in Buddha's well  
Tranquility roams, yesterday is more calm  
than tomorrow... As I rotate in today  
Cares kiss the sky with star quality.  
I'm in a spiritual gaze. A refreshing and  
sweet blaze of invitation.  
Like a body soaked outside the storm,  
Like broken glass returned to the norm.  
Like orgasmic remnants breathing as one.  
I resurface as soothing tenderness. I feel  
one glow, one peace, one soul wrapped  
inside a tangible world.  
Still, focus brings me less hate,  
Still, focus puts love in its place  
Self esteem and enlightenment is vivid  
Darkness fails as light is lifted  
My Zion of biological healing  
Solace is mine.

Lipsofmind Poetry  
By Jessica Hughes

## AVALANCHES

There are unexpected snow-slides:  
just like a breath-taking isle  
simply vanishing into the sea  
in mysterious moves of planet earth;  
like an iceberg emerging so suddenly  
in a safe ship route.

The golden hue of camaraderie,  
the sun-beams of ideologies  
transcending time and nations  
was cut asunder into continents  
of tensions between boarders  
through straits of blood.

The one who was companion  
during days of oppression,  
who begot anger out of embers  
was to go down into rotten swamps  
of rusted times of no worth.

The sandal cool of friendship  
made immaculate as if in a smithy,  
helping hand in grief and pain  
changed season into indolent silence  
of summer nights of unstirring leaves.

In which unintelligible moment  
of earth-moves could a hot stream  
turn into an avalanche?

Though mysterious,  
some season changes would lie  
frozen within inner heart.

by Fazal Rahman

\*\*\*\*\* Matchless She \*\*\*\*\*

By Alma Zaidi

Alone in the domain of her abode,  
She rules her own Universe, true,  
She is in command of her self right,  
She makes her own rules and decisions,  
She acts in every precision, wise,  
None can damage her integrity here,  
None can penetrate her sacred self,  
Or harm or rebuke her true spirit, for  
She guards and protects her charges,  
She loves and moulds their personalities,  
She is an artist who creates wonders,  
She is a teacher who nurtures youth,  
Creates and carves with such precision,  
That blends and flavors all spices,  
To create a balanced personality,  
She masters her task never leaves it undone,  
For she is the one matchless human that,  
Lives and rules, the human race, most  
Adorned is she for she is, the reason I am.

DREAM GRANNY - A DEDICATION.

As I lay awake on the cot  
in the corner of the hut  
where it leaked in least,  
listening to rain's symphony  
beating the thatched roof,  
my granny's feather-touch pat  
fondling my baby-cheeks,  
I saw them, my unseen elfish pals,  
swinging on the tip of her rainbow tales,  
criss-crossing my dreams.  
They would walk me my days  
as starved child of a hungry home.

As I sat idling in the shade  
of the ancient mango tree  
sprawling outside home,  
leaning on to her fragile form  
looking at the burning sun  
beating the village lanes,  
her familiar odor exuding love,  
I saw them, my proud ancestors,  
reaching out to me in her thin voice,  
brightening my inner vision.  
They would walk me my years  
as unhappy youth of a betrayed land.

Now, I have no rainbows  
to hang my seraphim dreams on,  
nor such lullaby-soft voice  
to invoke ancestral spirits.  
Starved am I, but not hungry,  
unhappy am I, but not for the country.  
As thunderstorm conspires with downpour  
I still search for a wrinkled yet  
cloud-soft hand to pat me.  
As I tread heavy steps out to the sun,  
I still hear it soft: sweetheart,  
tread calm, the dust is full of them.

by Fazal Rahman

## Remorseful Things

The last resort was at  
the ledge,  
twiddling its thumbs,  
singing a hum while the  
cars raced underneath.  
Honking horns, shouts and  
thumbs raised in the midday  
traffic. And then I saw  
you walk towards the  
pass over as if it was a  
Christian holiday.  
Your brown saddles, dusty  
with grime, a forlorn smile;  
it appeared you had  
been a distance.

I stepped back from my  
fascinating reach.  
And together we inched from  
the botanical concrete.  
Someone thought of us today.  
In the kerf of the moon.  
As hot smells of sex blow inside the  
fervid sun. Until love flowers  
friendships and grow  
into one.

Was it us my dear?  
The remorseful traces that  
left your safe and  
sanctimonious heart flushing  
with red hot fever.  
And caused you to gallop  
like a horse to join Like a weaver in and out  
of harmony...  
Less I be the angel in  
our dreams...  
Less I be the demon that  
we scream ...  
Than we must share the  
pleasure and pain.  
For this I tell you are  
remorseful things.

Lipsofmind Poetry  
By Jessica Hughes



## **THE FACES BEHIND THE WORDS**

**Stephanie**



**Amenhotep**



**Fazal**



**Jessica**



**Alma**

