A Collection of Melodramatic Poems and Ridiculously Short Stories

By:

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The Melodramatic Poems

Mental Vacancy

Oh, the infinite cries of my heart.

My ever yearning heart.

Here I lay consumed with wonder

Of the wonders of your complex mind.

Oh, to dance with you the same way thoughts dance

Along the precipice of your consciousness...

Or slip with ease into the uncontrolled realm

Of your subconscious.

To undress your mind of reason

And carefully structured mental analysis.

To witness the liberation of your dreams

Freely roaming...

I can think of no better place to be.

For your mind is a fortress against the lies

Your actions could convey...

It holds a contract with your soul

Demanding truth and honesty.

To lay in your arms is a fleeting desire.

The tender words you offer may sate me a while.

But to occupy your mind...

To tread down your path of mental consciousness

And into your heart...

There is no greater place to be.

Close

Close.

So close.

The inhalation of your sweet aroma

Causes my salivary glands to react.

My mouth is flooded with moisture

In anticipation

Of your taste.

Your eyes capture the oceans

That separate us in their rushing shade

Of blue.

And yet my arms can barely reach out

Just enough to touch you.

In a roaring crowd of millions

Your voice rings loud and clear.

I stare at you.

You stare at me.

A wall of glass separates us.

We are close.

Just close...

But not nearly close enough.

Träume

Dreams

Like tears from heaven

Wash away my worries

Caressing my skin in an effort

To ease the tension reality thrusts upon me.

Dreams

Like a mighty refuge

Offering protection from the routine attacks

Of daily obligations.

A dream is a lover who derives desire

From making your body tremble

With pleasure.

A dream consummates the union

Between your mind and heart.

It is the child conceived between

Your desires and thoughts.

A dream costs nothing and everything.

It gives you a door

Leading to worlds

You've never explored.

A dream provides you with an escape plan

A way out of the confines

Of your hum-drum life.

It asks but one thing in return:

To be followed

Never forgotten.

And for all dreams give us

We take from them thoughtlessly

Often never returning the favor.

Dead Poetry

I seek comfort in the immortal promises

Of the fallen.

Endlessly swooning over the dead's

Declarations of love.

The eternal silence of death

Cannot quiet the excitement of passion.

With each page's turn

I lose my soul to a corpse.

I'd make a grave a home

If it promised nearness

To such an enchanting prince of word play.

Each line read cremates the significance

Of any and all possible lovers.

You hold my heart in your ancient decomposed hand.

Speechless

Thoughts

Like meteors penetrating the atmosphere

Plummet through my mind.

These mental images flickering through my head

Project on my heart

Illuminating it with soundless moving pictures

Like an old 35mm

Casting reflections of saved memories

On a sheet pinned to an old basement wall.

The words needed to give life

To these restless thoughts

Float above me in zero gravity airspace.

With outstretched arms

I put every bit of effort into seizing the words.

They tease by lightly brushing against my hand

And float away

Perfectly evading my hopeful grasp.

Yearnings

Hopelessly.

I find myself hopelessly enslaved by your charm.

The very light you radiate

Awakens the dormant parts of my soul.

And yet that same garish light

Blinds me from reality and reason.

Intrigue brought me closer...

The mystery enveloped me whole

Overwhelming my senses...

Dulling them without shame.

I am a woman possessed by a desire

That I know will never be fulfilled.

The masochist inside of me begs for more.

I tantalize myself with false hope.

You have perfected the art of murder

Smiling as you carve my heart out

With your sharp wit...

Tearing my body apart with your touch.

Casual and meaningless.

Detrimental and agonizing.

My days fall victim to self loathing.

My nights violently thrash in desperate longing.

I am a slave to my deepest yearnings.

But aren't we all?

You

I tried to capture your essence in poetry.

The words fell dead before they even had a chance to live.

You are too sacred a subject to be touched.

Your complexity cannot be summarized

With cheap phrases.

Your unpredictable nature

Is not something that can be written.

The sensation that overwhelms me

When our eyes meet

Cannot be felt through paper.

Your voice cannot be scribed

Without sheet music.

For it is a song sweeter than the tune of a lark

Richer than a chorus of angels.

Simple metaphors do not justify your grace.

You are not a muse to inspire work

As much as you are a work of art

By the hands of the gods

Waiting to be appreciated.

Revered.

Enjoyed.

Kayla

Oh, you angel.

You sad, sullen angel.

The envy of precious gems.

Chiseled from the crystallized hearts of the gods.

Priceless in your worth.

Oblivious to your value.

Your luminous smile casts insecurity upon the sun, who

Feeling inadequate, retreats daily

And leaves the moon to suffer the devastating jealousy

Of your beauty.

The sadness in your eyes

Provokes the tears of heaven.

Your heart's agony causes down pours.

Though you are wingless now

Your dreams to fly will not be unfulfilled.

Though you are blinded by the darkness that shrouds you

I will help you see.

These days you are cold as stone.

I will help rekindle the fires of your soul

And return your inner warmth.

If ever you should lose your mind

I will devote my time to finding it.

And if your heart goes astray

I will lead it back home.

Ridiculously Short Stories

Reflections

It was one of those nights where everything felt stretched. Time, thoughts, reason…existence itself.

She had been staring at her reflection in the large, ornate, Victorian mirror for what felt like hours. She had reached a place of mind where temporal matters could not touch; therefore how long she had actually been in front of the mirror was a mystery even to herself.

She did not know what decision led her there, only that it was exactly where she needed to be.

It was hard for her to accept the image she saw. Spending decades on the inside looking out made this new perspective foreign and strange.

She had wandered aimlessly through time photographing the people she passed with her eyes before storing the images in the vault of her mind; returning occasionally to indulgently analyze and cherish the details in each one.

Never had she given fleeting thought to what she looked like in the eyes of others. In truth, how she appeared in reality was irrelevant to her. She believed the beauty of our perspective is that we cannot see ourselves, and so we are allowed to create anyone we want to be. In her mind, her exterior was a physical manifestation of her complex and frenzied interior. The fantasy of her looking the way she imagined comforted her.

Each smirk conveyed her wit and every subtle movement captured her unpredictability. Through her eyes you could peer into her soul; witnessing her most brutal internal wars and ardent desires.

So she hoped, anyway.

But alas, a momentary glance in a mirror revealed that was not so.

“How could I, such an exquisite creature within, be bound to travel the path of existence in such a dull vessel? It is cruel to trap such fervent, wondrous beings in such devastatingly ordinary forms. How will anyone ever know my greatness?” She said to the mirror.

“Your body is but a fortress guarding the treasure of your soul. Some will approach to admire its magnificent walls. Others will disregard the structure altogether, focusing solely on what lies within. Only the valiant will pursue the conquering of both.” The reflection replied.

Freedom Swim

We sat in silence for a while mesmerized by the Cornish sunset casting its dimming luminance on the still waters. Our drenched gowns cascaded over the rocks we sat on. She passed me a damp cigarette; an award for my bold decision to shun fate.

An intimate night of shameless revelry. I had freed myself from the burdening clutches of obligated love and forced matrimony. She was my devoted accomplice, ready for anything and aware of nothing. The moment doubt seized me and an escape was in sight, she was by my side fleeing the scene. A debriefing was unnecessary. It was an instinctive physical response. Where one of us goes, the other must follow. Even into to the fires of hell itself. Our fates were tied by a platonic bond stronger than that which any lover could provide.

I don’t remember when I stopped loving Jeremy. In truth, I am not certain I actually ever started. My father saw his family as a powerful asset. Our union was convenient; a cleverly disguised business venture.

I was not planning on leaving him. I did not plan to be a runaway bride. I don’t regret leaving him. If there should be any regrets, it is that I did not do it sooner. In my final moments of solitude leading up to the public agreement that would end my life, I felt crippled with doubt. Then fear, closely followed by paranoia. A decision had to be made: do I surrender my life to control and conformity? Do I throw away my dreams, passions, expectations-the very burning flame of my existence-just to assist my parents in expanding their already successful financial empire? Was my personal sacrifice worth their gain? And all for money. Cold, hard, unpredictable, disloyal, catalytic money.

And so there I was. A rebel; a renegade. A disappointment, in a state of bliss I had never experienced in my 27 years of life. My dip in the crisp foreign waters refreshed my heart, soul, body, mind, and spirit. As I emerged from the enchanting waters, I felt new; reborn into a life that was rightfully mine. I earned my freedom, like a prisoner of war fighting the oppressive force that bound them. Until my dying breath, I fought.

The most important person in the world was by my side. A mixture of salty sea air and liberation overwhelmed my atmosphere. Somewhere in the world, someone was losing the fight for control over their life. Somewhere, someone was succumbing to the demands of an authoritarian figure. Somewhere, someone was digging the grave for their dying spirit.

But not me.

Everything seemed more bearable now. A giant weight had been lifted off my frail and once heavy laden shoulders. Evading the sharp judgments my family would surely throw my way was nothing. The 12 hour flight back to New York City the next morning seemed strangely exciting.

I was anxious to start living the life I had always wanted.

I had total control. No one could stop me. I could breathe again.

Dream Come True

If Hollywood is the city where dreams come to die, New York City is where they come to life. Every corner of that city contains magic. The air is thick with endless possibility. Opportunity is accessible at the simple (and often not-so-simple) hailing down of a cab.

If it is inspiration you seek, look no further. The tireless city lights illuminate your soul, casting shadows on brick walls that reveal your passions, hopes, wishes.

It is a place that lacks a moment of stillness. A single breath is full of energy; raw life pulses through the heart of the city.

New York City has a way of making your dreams a reality in such an unbelievable way, it is easy to question whether you are treading carefully in a land of fantasy.

I experienced such an event one unpredictable December night in Soho.

It was a business trip unlike any other.

After the film premiere, I retreated into solitude. With such a frenzied life style as mine, a few moments alone was essential to survival. With solitude comes introspection. With introspection comes inner peace. Tranquility is as necessary as air; without it there would

be no way to survive the suffocating demands of life.

It had been a while since my last visit to New York City. Nearly a year, which in my line of work is shocking. There are always press events, screenings, photo shoots that require frequent travel to the city. I suppose because of how drastically my client roster had decreased, there were not very

many opportunities to come to New York anymore.

Following personal tradition, I made my way to the city's East Village area to get a few drinks and a dessert at my favorite restaurant. It was a corner Italian place, right next door to a prestigious hotel. The atmosphere was always very quaint and strangely comforting. Passing through the threshold was like walking through the heart of time itself. Nothing about the place ever changed. It had been a year since my last visit. Yet walking in felt as though I was just there moments before and back tracked to see if I had accidentally left something at my table.

There I was, drinking from a glass of imported Italian red wine, losing my soul to the exotic voices pouring through the restaurant's speakers; those sweet foreign songs that crooned the lovers and consoled the lonely.

It was a perfect painting of self indulgence. Describing the pleasures of nostalgic solitude is futile. No matter how artfully I arrange my words, you will never come close to grasping understanding until you experience it yourself.

And then she appeared.

Entering through the doors with simple grace, unknowingly destroying my understanding of the universe with each step. Completely ordinary in everyway. Small stature. Pale blue eyes. Hair that seemed to weightlessly fall on her shoulders like chocolate mousse, in thick ringlets. She wasn't strikingly beautiful. She was not the type of person who demands attention as she enters a room. There was nothing extraordinary about her.

Except that I had seen her before.

In a dream.

I couldn't recall specific incidents, but I knew for certain she had danced her way into my subconscious a few times. She always wore the same outfit; black pea coat, blue jeans, grey boots. The same outfit she wore in the restaurant that day. I had never spoke to her in my dreams. In fact, her presence was never very significant to the dream. She was merely a recurring object against the ever changing oddness of my dream world.

And there she was, two tables away from me; having escaped the land of fantasy to tread boldly in reality. I couldn't tear my gaze away from her. I needed to take in every bit of detail to analyze later. My eyes were starving for more. I was just about to swallow her whole when her eyes caught my stare.

There was no escape.

I was instantly immobilized.

Before I could even jump start my brain into functioning properly, she stood up from her table and walked towards me.

I was completely expecting to have a heart attack before she reached my table.

By some sort of medical miracle, I did not.

“Do you mind if I sit with you?” She asked, gently. Her voice was smooth with pleasing deep rich tones. “I don’t enjoy eating alone and I’ve obviously caught your attention, so why not?”

I stared at her for a moment, utterly dumbfounded by her forwardness and how enticing I had suddenly found her. I could feel the blood in my face run hot.

“Absolutely, sure.” I finally sputtered out while awkwardly motioning to the seat in front of me.

Her eyes fell disapprovingly on the chair. Her lips twisted into a devious smirk as she sat in the empty spot directly next to me. Her eyes never left mine as she made herself comfortable.

What is happening? Who are you? I thought to myself. I was beginning to feel a rush of paranoia, though I had no real reason to. Being in her presence made me feel exposed. Those ocean washed eyes could easily drill through any fortress I reinforced. She could pick apart my thoughts and find the most incriminating reflection to use against me. My whole life was spent fighting to protect my innermost feelings, beliefs, and conjured mental images. I struggled to control what others knew about me. And now I was unprotected. Face to face with a dream vacationing in the realm of reality.

“Where are you from?” She asked, breaking the silence and casually waging war. I was now forced to choose my words carefully in a futile attempt to guard myself. We would go about this game until she finally found a way to infiltrate and leave me flat on my back, gasping for air in the battlefield of my mind.

Much to my surprise, this is not how the night unfolded.

An awkward and uneasy start led to a very lengthy and interesting conversation about ourselves over several glasses of wine and an arrangement of half eaten desserts. The conversation lasted so long that we were asked to leave the restaurant, as it was time for them to close. But even then our night did not end.

We walked along the wintry New York City streets exchanging dreams and plans for the future. It was a kind of moment shared between two people that felt too sacred to share. Even the exchange of irrelevant information felt special and was somehow revered.

We walked and talked and laughed until the sun awakened and relieved the stars and moon of their duties. Our time together ended on a bride in Central Park with no promises to stay in touch, no passionate romantic kisses, and no declarations of any kind.

“If we are meant to see each other again, we will. The universe will make it so with or

without our efforts.” Those were the last words I heard her say.

And just as she walked into my life, without a warning or a dramatic entrance, she exited. With simple grace; unknowingly destroying my understanding of the universe with each step.