

"The slow beating of her heart, the light sound of breathing, she lays asleep across your lap. Your hands run ever so softly through her short brown hair, a smile lingers on her lips." "A whimper heard in the distance, the knowing of your dog sitting outside. A light happy, fluttery feeling spreading all through your body. A smile sitting on your lips as well, just happy to be sitting with some one you love."

Engulfed by the sea, moving as free as the wind will allow, seeing fire speaking ice.

Moved by the wind, the sea and earth as the volcano erupts, tears fall from you're eyes, pain and sorrow seen through all, clouds can't cover all and blood flow through the spaces in the wall. People live through troubling times and this hope helps paint a picture in your head.

A breath of a flower, the tear of the sun, the smile of an angel and the sight of the sea.

Crying tears of love, tears of pain, sorrow and guilt, tears of fame and boredom. Surrounded by lakes of tears, never draining always filling, surrounded by love and hate, pain and smiles. The one thought to be on top is truly on the bottom, the one that looks in most pain deep

**inside smiles the brightness. Surrounded by light surrounded by dark
never knowing which way to go.**

**As the sun sets upon the sand, the wind whispers silently to the sea,
the birds chirp " good night" and a blanket of darkness covers the
earth, flowers close a upon the floor, the seat moves across the sky and
the cow jumps over the moon.**

**Covered in a blanket of darkness, unable to see but still able to speak.
A figure stands alone in a field of flowers, thinking, just thinking of
once what they said and what they once knew.**

**Sitting just listening, listening just sitting hear the bells from above
and the bells from below. Unable to move entranced by the sound,
souls escape through the eyes of life, escape to the sound but path lost
and soul escape.**

**Whirled around under the sea of life, trying to climb trying to see; the
stars as my guide useless tonight. As my body spins down, my brain
spirals up and out. Thoughts released and memories stop, dreams die.**

From the depths of the dark to the seas of light, a form stands all by itself. When you look closely all you can see is a single tear, on a cold dark face, no one will ever know who it is or was, but you can always see it just standing there in the middle.

Angel wings are all I see, my life my love where have you gone. To live without you is to die tomorrow, thou to die tomorrow is like never being born, my life my love what to do without you. Every night I sit and cry, wondering why, angel wings is all I see, my life my love, why are you gone what have I done are all things gone or just new seeds needing planting. I need some one to turn to angel my life my love.

A soul is like a flower always blooming; a flower is like water always changing, water is like love gentle and nurturing, then fierce and destructive. The sky all too cloudy to tell, the sun will not shine til the answer is murmured, tears will not be shed til the answer is answered, death will be thought until the very end.

**Walls have eyes and ears but no mouths
They keep secrets they hold fears
Hopes and dreams
Threats and pleas.**

Women plea while children shiver; dreams are dragged away and replaced with pain and misery. Fits are thrown all around, tears flow from eyes shut tight. Huddled in the corner, screams from all around, nowhere to turn, tears turn to blood.

There stood a girl under a Sakura tree, under the starry night, she thinks one thought, and she dreams one dream. The one for her, though the pages say different, her one is gone for now, but not forever. Where will they meet again, when will they see what each others eyes have to say?

The stars as my guide

Let the life of loved ones, find their way from the depths of hell and the heights of heaven, the sea of life and the land of forms, bring forth the ones we seek by all.

Stars as my guide.

The spring of snow, slowing, slipping away as replaced by seas of yellow and gold, clouds all around, drops of water falling off mushrooms of time, years around though no end in sight. Bumblebees crawl as children fly, no end in sight, just the thought of life and love. Popping up were your least expected, wonders beyond my mind, colors unforeseen. There you sit full of pride yellow with red, blue with silver, mixing around in a pool, always changing. New as the sunrise and fall, a baby's first cry and a Childs first petal. No amount of time is too

much, to see the truth in all, a dogs bark, a girls first and last love, a boys first win or the start of a new world. A world starts with the first breath; well it sadly ends with the last breath.

From the heights of pride to the deepest of scars, you prevail through all strong and true. Bravery helps your heart pick the best path; while your pride drags you down. "Roar," the sound of your voice, sends shivers through all, though the wondering wildebeests, tapping hooves soften the noise, all know who you are.

Bound to a seat, wide open windows blow stories softly through the air, Books of many open wide, pictures will be on the readers mind, little kids in hats and rings, flying pigs, sunsets with a rooster "Cock-a-doodle-doo", so much more then a mind can take.

Chattering voices fill the room not a single corner to sit and read in, the book gets larger as I search for a spot of silence. Seats of brass, floors of vines, wall of glass shatter as voices speak, all the eyes can see are colorful little pieces of paper flying through the air.

Cat's eyes glow in the mist of a dark storm, no one can be seen, but all can be heard, screams of pain and love.

Standing in the corners a single tear can be felt but where does it come from, not me, you think," no I'm not crying, why should I be crying?" You are the one though you don't know why you have all you want,

love happiness, family, friends, food and money, what else could there be in the world then that. You feel another tear this time not yours, it's from the missing part of your life, though you will never know what or who it is or was.

You feel a motion roaming upon your skin, what could it be? Spiders or fleas no way, water or tears, no I'm not wet and have yet to cry today. Could it be him, oh how much I do hope it's him. I will be able to sit and talk, lay and cuddle. Suddenly you feel movement on your toes of all places, as you turn around and look down there you see brilliant green orbs and in that moment you know it's him, your one true love, there for you and only you.

Love, what is it? Where can it be found? Who really has it? Can anyone or just a chosen few.

Crawling up and down your skin no idea what it is, sitting there just wondering what or who it could be. Closing your eyes from the world, keeping a smile upon your face for all to see and that will be your shining star.

Crying over tears, weeping willows weep, tears of heaven fall, twinkles from around, softly whisper words of compassion, wondering, what's at stake, lonely for the truth, lonely for something, someone, somewhere?

Those warm lips against my skin, feel like angel wings. An ever so soft whisper glides across my ear, eyes shut tight leaving, wanting in the other, eyes of pain will never been seen. Lying still, unable to move stood by the power of a single man, the way his touches can be so strong yet gentle and loving all at once. Leaving goose bumps where ever they are to wander, is this what love is, or is this all a dream in my mind? Do I feel those big warm arms wrapped around me or are they vines come to take me under, is that a kiss or a spider bite? Will I ever know, will I ever wake up and truly feel all this wondering? I may never know, not unless I awaken from the depths of hell and the heights of heaven. All it takes is just a little power to open ones eyes, but then all the pain they hold will leave and wound others.

Trees wrap around, taking me higher and higher into the sky, wonders beyond my mind Flying pigs and talking cats, doodling beans and dancing fish, peddling birds and singing clouds. What amazing things there truly are above the human eye, and I'm so very lucky to get to see them all, not just one, but all. Books that cook and shoes that saw, stones that race around a track so square, jump roping wires and seals that play the trombone. Eggs in a line and monkeys that play volleyball, there in the far I see a little boy, sitting eyes closed. I wonder who he is and why is he here?

Sleeping in the corner where hell can not reach my soul so clean. Dream those questionable thoughts, along the lines of good and bad, hell and heaven, angels and demons. How a soul can never truly be touched, less the boundaries be broken with ones true promising. To see and to know now and forever.

Circles so Square

Squares so Straight

What's come over everything?

The Right is wrong

The Wrong is Right

Black Rose a symbolic flower to who knows what

Drops of oil line the so-called streets, but where do they end

Is there a place out there where people are all that different, yet still the same

Oil and rose have a meaning; well they still make no sense at all

Will we ever find it or will we forget.

**Anyone anywhere, when, why, how can these answers ever be spoken
can they ever be found, how will, when will I ever know, do I have to
search or do I just have to wait and hope that he'll come find me soon.
Will it be a lifetime with an empty spot right beside me through all my
up's and down's, twist's and turn's.**

**Stuck in a dream not sure where the end is, one thing leads to another.
Never knowing whether it be reality or a dream, Am I speaking, seeing,
breathing, writing or just dreaming this all? What's the symbol telling
me one thing from another, why is this happening to me or is it
happening to everyone but me?**

Stop believing in Dreams

Stop Reality in Dreams

Stop Dreaming in Reality.

None of it's helping, well its setting everything straight. What's going on? Why can't anything stay straight anymore, Why must everything stay confusing all the time.

Darkness lights my path, but I have no clue to where it yet leads me, all my hopes, longings and dreams. Is there really a place that is meant for just me or is that also a dream? Will I always walk down the path of darkness or is there a path of light just around the next corner?

It's so cold around me, yet I'm burning with a fire so strong ... Am I an angel or a devil? Will light be my path or will have I been dealt a hand of darkness, I will never know, until one sacred thing comes in my life, the missing link to my heart and leads me down yet another path unknown to me and my destiny.

The wings of an angel, breath of a devil, dust of a pixie and thoughts of a sprite are all around me. No matter where I turn, it's such a peaceful beautiful feeling, sitting in a field under the early morning light, the air so light I feel like I could be in heaven.

Walking on layers of lives, speaking words beyond my time, a daisy blossoms and days turn to night. There's a point where all things are so smooth, yet everything seems to be so rough.

When you're sick he's there to comfort you, when he's got a big game and you know he'll lose you're still there to cheer him on. Instead of going out Saturday night you stay home and watch a movie together, even if you do go out it doesn't matter what you wear. No matter what's happening you're always there for him and he's always there for you. It doesn't matter where you are or what you wear, because you'll always have one another. At least that's what you said that night on a blistery night when you stood on the beach.

Are those wings I see in the distance, a glowing set of wings? Could they belong to someone I know or someone I want to know? Will I have wings just as wonderful to lift me up to the mystical aura that no one knows but all can still be in?

It's not like it seems once you get something you really want, it's all different. You beg, hope, dream about something but then when it happens the feeling's just not the same anymore. You may say something about destiny but really what is more than reality, you never see a glowing angel or a true love's life. You never see a devil or a victim of hate the way you see yourself. As you sit and write it's all just make believe dreams, none of it is real. The wind whispers, the rain kisses, the snow hugs. Only one thing can keep you warm and you will never know what it is.

A Sakura tree sits as still as I do under all its beauty and power. I sit with my eyes closed of the world around. Breathing in and out, like the steady beat of a drum. My heart just as still, I feel like I can fly to heaven and dive down to hell. A shapeless form I wait for faith, a blank surface to be written on. It's all still just a word in another world. A flower of golden yellow's and brilliant red, passion full peach, gentle snowy white leaves dance around the ground under the wonderfully warm sun while black clouds cry.

Does anyone truly see me, as a human or am I just a pond amidst another playing field. Am I an item, that people look at, but still just pass, will I or have I just been sitting in the farthest, darkest corner covered in dust. While everything else is so bright, cheery, happy and being sold. Will I always stay this way or will a lonely wondering soul be able to find and buy me. Will a day like that ever come or will I always just be a puppet that people see but never use.

Will you be able to unlock the door hidden deep down within the abyss of my watery soul? To find the true me, the one that no one knows, will I feel a light feeling or will darkness cover everything, does a light flicker off your wing or do my eyes deceive me like so many times before.

Shouting, yelling, singing there all thing's I'll do, be loud is what I like, but it's so hard when you must be quiet. Showing spirit is the way "go, go fight tonight" that's the way it is that's the way it will always stay. For ever and ever.

I've had no crush, I've had no love, and I've had nothing til I met you. Now I think, now I wonder, Can anything come from just talking? Will we ever see eye to eye. I hope you'll want to want, I think you are what I need. It's all too confusing, just writing down stuff and never having any of it come true. Am I talking to a wall or am I seeing through a mirror. Are those shooting stars or just tear drops, is that a hug or a twist of a dream. I'll always wonder, I'll always think, but I'll never know.

Good night you all, as tears slowly but surely fall from my eyes so bright. I whisper but no one hears. I'll go to the secret land of sanity; only to find it has moved on. I lay, just lay, that's all I do. Behind the sliver lining you'll see my true form, if you're truly true to one emotion just sitting on the sideline never moving never being seen or heard.

As tears fall from eyes so clear, a figure sits alone by a darkened field. Little Firefly wings flap around through the gusts of wind. As lights come from little silver and gold boxes, at the end of moons and suns. Voices are heard misted the pitter pat, pitter pat of rain, as a glow has formed around everything.

I though left was right and that you loved me. I wondered what was happening the whole time, my mind played games on me. Still I thought yellow roses were red and rain melted when sun melted. I thought everything was fine, but now I see I was all wrong nothing was or will be fine. Thou I still love to believe it will all turn out right in the end.

I never knew it, but there's something about you that I just can't figure out, its so annoying just sitting here trying to figure it all out,

why you, why you, you the one with a girlfriend, why me, why you, what's going on, do I take stuff the wrong way or is it true what my friends say, I don't know am I so confused I just really don't know what to think or what to do.. Someone please help me.

Why does it seem that all I do is wait to talk to you, but then when I talk it's not the same as I want it to be, what's going on here, why is this the way it is, please tell me so I know what is wrong or right just let me know, just let me know what is going on here forever, that's all I want it to know.

When will dreaming become reality, when will thoughts become motions, when will ideas become truths, when will love become life, when will anything happen? Please answer my thought oh mysterious figure standing outside my window of life. Though truly the only thing that can answer is my heart and then it can barely answer the whole question.