Contemporary Soul

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Figure of Love and Hate

Static minutes of fear
Appeal to my sixth sense

In a defeated voice –
Representative cheer,
Revival of promise
Evokes in me a dream
To scent oblivion
In the soul's direction
And remove the night stream
From clandestine vision.

Slow Climb

Lost Sigh lingers,
Tacit **Radical Chagrin** fingered.
Inevitably the potent *Boss Saloon* stragglers
Float through the **Glassy Mists** of a multiple creased
Pepper Drill,
Framing the **Frozen Heights** in a
Cryptic **Castle Take** on restitution and remorse.

Lifecraft

A vessel of haste
A summons in guile
A manner in taste

Supported the while
Unsteadily by name
Howsoever the wind
Always slotting the blame
For it will not rescind
A lesson in knowledge
May be slow to the mark
And a finnicky college
Moves lost quarry through the dark
Never garner the body
For it may not respond
Never sidestep the tqwdry
With their irascible bond
The foundations will tumble
With unshakable force
Clearing sundry and humble
In manifest due course

Capital Fear

The horizon looms
Like the wandering dooms
In the shipmen's sights,
The schooner's rooms

seal up like tombs
at the approaching lights.
The pirate's flag
Wil dip and sag
Throughout the assault,
But no mark to rag
Will show in wag
Through foray of fault.
The pity of
The wilting dove
Of pale-cheeked captive host
Is squandered love
And ribald shove
Along the naked coast.

Of Irregular Cheer

The swan wavers
Coasting on a true blue sheet.
The sun quavers
The background breeze favours
An oily seductive heat.
A b lack swan hovers
In the encroaching reeds –

A narrow cloudburst covers
The approach of lovers
That the meddling sun impedes.
A prismatic arc appears
Against a dewy sky,
The black swan peers
Astride melting fears
Like Duchess Swan Wight's relenting sigh.
The blue sheet surrenders
To the predictable ripple;
The hot shower renders
What an irresolute sun tenders
Through a cleaving nipple.
A scenic protrude
Of teardrops directed,
love's hungry food
That gripping lights include
A destiny unprotected.

More To Life

The beauty of justice
is found
in the light of a conscience

in the degeneration
of prejudice
and in the revelation
of the future.
The manifestation of hope
is sustained
by the joy of youth
the power
of victory
and the meaning
of strategy.
The science of discipline
affords
the license
of habit
the dimension
of peace
and the transparency
of love.

Lady Pixel

Child of the rocks,

Model of debris.
Woman in a box
Waiting to be free.
Twenty-first century fox
Seduced in the first degree.
Girls play safe on their own
And lose their grace on the well-oiled set machinery.
Cumulative locks
Weigh on the fee.
Scritinizing hawks
Ransom the key.
Innocent jerk gawks
At the spread on his knee
And savours the shocks
In the youthful game spree.
Girls play safe on their own
And lose their grace on the well-oiled set machinery
Since the virtual vox
Gave the babe eyes to see
She'll never give talks
On her "Original Me"
Nor be a sought-after crock
for crumpets and tea.

Girls play safe on their own
And lose their grace on the well-oiled set machinery

Thought Crystal

fluent oversight
in a sightless realm
where sense is intangible
and the realms are defined
by validated rationalizations

Trade of Thought

Post of high heaven's
Invenerable bed
Set in a maven's
Impenetrable stead
Mark of the biased
Rhetorical speech
Hatched of hints' gayest
Intractable reach
The light tread of hypocrisy
Heavier step of criticism

Drive ’round bureaucracy
Built on stark euphemism
So, send a lover to wretch
Or a trouble to infection
For the truth will soon stretch
In its literal reflection

Good Advice

Remember,
a little calculation
goes a long way
A little rough calculation
evens out a pace
A little distance
smoothes a wist
Prohibition Day
And, a long story
pays out in claims

Value System

proportion of life
situation of impact

along skewing lines
rehearsal of quid value
tension term residual

Principal

A
sense
of
humour
is
an
admission
of…

Order of the Siren

The story unravels
The rumour key travels
Collecting dust in the gravels
Since the Siren of Eden.
She fled in sheer eloquence
From meaning and consequence

Rather than choose ignorance
Misconstruing into the heathen.
The Siren emerged
And philosophies converged
And the waters purged
As Noah threw in his hand
Who lost his head
When the legend wed
Her true love, call him Fred,
In the desert sand.

He Plighted Her Troth

A nymph rose beseechingly
to the sizzling dawn
and her corresponding naiad sister
met her fate
sent upbraidingly from Neptune's hand
at that precise moment,
impressed in rainbow-tinted seafoam.
Neptune glanced in her direction
to draw her from oblivion
and insure her cooperative nature

as a conditioned liaison to the Oracle at Delphi.
Neptune was tired
of sitting at a disadvantage
in prophecy
with the other sibilant elemental leading representatives
who were in his parallel position.
He had decided it was time
for his world
to advance ahead of the past.
To do this,
he had opted to encourage
a virgin experience
among the young applicants for nobility
of the seductive depths of the liveng ocean basin;
a new marine play for the mobile rules of glorious inconsistency
in a sea of conformity.
In a final word, a name,
inclining grace incarnate,
Penelope.

A New Leaf

Corroborating
A lush review
Consumating
A native cue
The green life, barren
Of blossom or mead
Adroit in sharin’
Composed in need
A partner in crime
A brother in love
Wayfarers in time
In the annals above
Ah, the bliss of repentance
The click of change
A baleful sentence
On acts affirmed strange
Vivacity survives
Wrapped in dew swept in moondust
Individuality arrives
With intent and wayward runelust