

Tension

I sit here gazing-
praying for the chance to move on.
My mirror smashed-
I reassembled, then-
My own blindness caused it to crack.
I know how to mend my soul yet-
My own desires overwhelmed my logic.
A momentary lapse of reason was all it took-
Now I await the name-
The call of another to decide-
To after my entire life with a single breath.
I am the cause of my anguish-
I and I alone chose temptation over factuality.
My life like a prism solemnly stands-
Feeble and unprotected amongst the blowing sand.
Once tall and proud now realizes it was all a lie-
Now another carpenter decides if I live-
Or if I die.

Wize Words

Set your wize words free
open your mind
Let education be
The soul of inspirority
Like the man that stands before you
Let his wize words embrace you
Like a dream you are having in your head
For education and wizdom go hand in hand.

The world is your wizdom. your mind
is your keeper of knowledge...
.. is your soul.
Let you become the one who stands before the rest,
or sits eagerly on the park bench.
To those who come to ponder
Open that book
Let your wize words free
open their minds
Let knowledge be free.

Reactions

For every life there is death
For every death there is sadness
For every sadness there is depression
For every depression there is hate
For every hate there is a fight
For every fight there is hurt
For every hurt there is confusion
For every confusion there is change
For every change there is a loss
For every loss there is death
For every death there is life



The Other World

**What is the place that everyone goes
that hides themselves in to their little dark place
that holds their true self.**

**Your true self is the person that people like to see
but most of hide this side of ourselves
because we are afraid of what will happen to us
when we start to act this way.**

**It may be different
but this is the way it is supposed to be.
If you fight this, it is hard to last in the world.**

**You will feel better and be more relaxed
and have a trouble freelif
for the time you are living.**

**It is not right for people
not to act this way.**

**Don't be afraid of your true self.
It will not harm you in any way,
you just have to let it come
out of it's a dark
and lonely place.**



The masters of life
know the way to eternity.

For they listen
to the voice within them,
the voice of wisdom
and
simplicity,
of the voice that reasons
beyond logic
and
knows
beyond knowledge.

That voice
is not just the
power
and
property of a few,
but has been given
to each
and
every one of us.

Those who find it
and pay attention to it
are the holders
of the maps
that takes them through life
and lead them to eternity.

To find
your own map
through life
you must first find
your true
inner self.

That is the master key
that leads the way
through the tangled mess
of locked doors
inside your mind
that
contain the maps
to
eternity.

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As I look back behind me
I see a face
It looks at me with affection
It's before I fell in to the horrible addiction
I feel fear
My eye drops a tear
At first it was fun
Now my life is done
I start to run
I trip and fall
I have no heartbeat at all
I look up at the sky and see a bright light
It's my higher power hovering over me
Like an angel in the night
I start to cry
I yell to him...
Please, please forgive me
I don't want to die
I know I'm gonna' die without a doubt
Then all of a sudden
He bails me out.
All I can hear are the words He chanted
I will never, ever again take him for granted.

**Wild*

*Radiance in full bloom
Field friendly and free
Short, slender, and simply unique.
Daisies and Dandelions
My stems stretch out to you.
Warm and friendly
My feelings grow in peace
The sun is my companion
The world is my soul
The water is my wisdom
And that is all that's true.
Field fires and feet frighten me
Pollution destroys me
I bring beauty to you
And treats to the butterflies that fly by
I bring Life!
I would like to see my world with out pollution
Without over population
A world without war
A world full of peace
I live among life
Violet.**

Tragic

The dark clouds covered the sun.

The thunder followed the lightning.

rain came down soaking my head

Day after Day the rain was doing it's job
of soaking the land

Great puddles came and washed away the land

The ocean came up grabbed the houses

Wind finished off the job of destroying the land

And there was nothing left standing in sight.

The Wolf

He runs through the forest with great agility,

He runs with the pack and they all follow him.

His coat is black and his eyes are red

He breaks through the trees and runs full out,

The rabbit has no chance against him now,

The wolf soon has another meal,

He lays down to rest,

He ran fast and hard for the past

two hours and he is tired,

The sun is low over the hills and

soon the full moon will rise,

The wolf will sing to the moon as it

Darkfall

A reign of shadows, a storm, a squall.

Daylight retreats night swallows all.

The raven crow swoops down and covers the earth,
This is the moment I've been dreading since birth.

When a veil of darkness conceals my eye's
and all that is perceived is my deceit and lies
long forgotten is my love for life.

My mistakes is all that is being looked upon this night.

It is too late now to right what I have wronged.

So now I am condemned to ball where I belong.

The wolf is strength, power and beauty.
sets higher in the sky.

Conflicting

A smile, a tear
a confused, conflicting fear,
My body yearning for a cure.
Happiness, Depression
I thought I learned my lesson.
Artificial happiness always's worked 'till the next morning.
Leaving me sad, hurt, wanting....
for you to return.

Forever more is what the little birdie told me.
I came home to find you lost,
staring into a barrel of a .22 caliber.

Conflicting decisions
Never know what I'm supposed to choose.
What they expect of me,
because they expect miracles.

Fallen Angel

*All I do is ponder why,
what I did to make you say good-bye
In class it is you that I think of.
Was that it? Is that your idea of love?
Maybe your kind but not mine.
To me it is more than just some line.
It doesn't seem fair what you have done to me.
You've filled me with sorrow loneliness and grief.
I would die for you if it would make you love me,
but I know this it a dream and never reality.
I would die in vain,
with nothing in my heart but your name.
You would not know why I died nor would you care.
I would go up to the heavens and wait for you there.
If you went to hell I'd be right behind you.
I'd make God send me out I'd do anything I had to.
I'd be a fallen angel condemned to hell,
but then we'd be together and I'd say for you I fell.*

Cable

She stands in the doorway staring, looking, degrading him. Her eyes filled with hate. Her cheeks flushed with hurt and irritation. He sits calmly without a flinch. She won't leave, she can't. A little sweat trickled above his brow, when she stormed to the back room. He changes the channel as if the answer to his question will be displayed on the big screen. Channel 2,4,11 and blank. She comes back in a new dress and her hair up, combed nicely. Her eyes makeup less with the slightest hint of redness. Looking past him through the window she walked over to the beat up old lazy chair filled with memories and kissed him on the forehead. Guilt, confusion, and space filled his eyes but only 'till she picked up the beat up plaided suitcase. He started to get up and stopped in midair. When she didn't look back after she closed the door. He looked in a circle around and found his remote. Sunk in his seat another inch then 2,4,11 and blank.

Angels

*Hell is a place where the riding angels fly.
When a loved one is gone their souls can never die.
She dances in the blood where the crying baby lie.
But the cold surface ate the baby, why?
Living in a world that doesn't even care.
I'd rather fly with the angles so delicate and fare.
Their eyes red with fire, their lips black with death,
Their long and flowing in the warm and human breath.
The angles are within us, the angles are around
but in the end they are the only ones to be found.*

Mattress

The mattress that my father laid his seven year old head on before he fell asleep.

The mattress on the bed that my sister passed out on the morning after her prom.

The mattress my lover and I slept on after a night of intense love making.

The mattress I flop down on every day after class.

The mattress I used to have slumber parties on.

The mattress I cried on the night my lover left me for another.

The mattress I ran to and hid under the day my Daddy died.

The mattress I gave my son.

The mattress he is flopping down on, sex making mysteries, heart breaking decision, problem solving answers. It is his turn now.

Maybe it's time to buy a new mattress.

Conversational Gaze

He is talking to me but I can't hear him. My eyes are on the man across the room nervously shaking his foot drink in hand half full blood shot eyes unshaven chin and unbuttoned shirt, tells me he has been here for a while.

I blink back to the little bald man who comes as tall as my chest , he's been holding a conversation with my breasts! Can you believe I laugh, not caring not noticing but eyeing a lady foolishly flirting with a younger man. Tight dress over her shapely thighs. I zone out of her laugh and back into my own. I look down and the little man that starts to glance in the direction I so blankly gaze at. I shake my head, apologize, and excuse myself. I walk to the back room grab my bag and coat. Close the front door behind me while laughing to myself...

He was talking to my breast!

Learned

We travel through life,
 Not a care in the world.
 Until something shows us the truth,
 that we aren't immortal.
 Never have been never will.
 And our lives are changed forever.
 We start to cherish every minute, every second,
 of every single day.
 We hold friends dearer,
 while pulling them nearer.
 We withdraw our grudges,
 thinking why waste the time.
 We become less serious,
 all but for a moment in time.
 For all to soon we forget the lesson that was taught,
 and fall back in the traps we create.
 I know this for a fact,
 for it has happened to me.
 Oh' how I wish this lesson could last,
 for I don't wish to relearn it,
 in such a painful way.
 I forgot this lesson,
 but am remembering now.
 As every thought of Jay,
 comes rushing back.
 I hope to live the way Jay taught me,
 for this will make life ever so funny.
 For now I will live,
 but one day at a time.
 Cherishing every little thing,
 Being sure not to forget a one

Ignorance

Take away the a, n, c, and leave the e.
 Beautiful America the land of the free.
 Bullcorn, we are all captives of our own minds.
 If racism were a book ignorance would be the bind.
 Without ignorance there would be no book.
 Why do we judge people for the way they look.
 Color, religion, preference,
 You can't make it in this world without perseverance.
 You claim that you are not prejudice but that's a lie.
 Don't you hate racist people, why?
 They don't know any better, they've been ignoring the fight.
 Twisting the evidence with all their might.
 To squeeze it into their distorted little minds.
 Putting it that way is very kind.
 Minorities have come along way, they think 'cause we've
 learned more
 My suggestion is unlearn, all this talk of hate is
 becoming a bore.

The Mask

My mask has become embedded into my skin.

No-one ever finds out no-one ever gets in.

The barrier, the front, the facade has become believable to

It's what everyone expects, wants and looks forward to see

A teenager with an attitude that I just don't care.

If only they knew the gifts I had to share.

My best friend and my lover do not know who I am.

I'm a lost little girl in a big grown up land.

I'm quick to retort in some smart ass kind of way.

but they all come and go not one has yet to stay.

Why I let no-one in is a mystery to me.

I don't want you to come in, take my gifts and then be quick to leave.

I never realized how believable it was.

until people asked why are you so sad and I replied "because."

I realized I am all alone except for my next of kin, because

my mask has become embedded into my skin.

By: Nicole French



THE DEVIOS TRICK

I WAS A HAPPY, GOOD LITTLE BOY.

I WAS WELL MANNERED, NOT SHY, NOT COY.

**WHEN I TURNED FOURTEEN THE WORLD WENT
DOWNHILL,**

**I WAS DENOUNCED AND REJECTED AGAINST
ALL MY WILL.**

**THE SIRENS THE LIGHT TO THE BACK OF THE
CAR,**

**MY LIFE WAS OVER I WAS SENT TO A PLACE
VERY FAR.**

NOW HERE I AM, STUCK IN THIS HELL,

SHOVELING STUFF WHAT A HORRIBLE SMELL.

**MY MOTHER TOLD ME, SO I THOUGHT IT WAS
TRUE.**

**IT WAS A BUNDLE OF LIES PUT TOGETHER
WITH GLUE.**

**SHE SAID I WOULD GO, JUST FOR A WHILE,
THE WONDERFUL IDEA JUST MADE ME SMILE.**

**WHEN I CAME HOME THE RESULT WAS LOSE,
I WAS FOOLED BY A TRICK, AN AWFUL RUSE.**

NOW HERE I AM STUCK IN THIS HELL,

SHOVELING STUFF WHAT A HORRIBLE SMELL.

My Life of Solitude

My life, like a prism solumbly stands,
alone and lonely in this harsh land.
No one to talk to, walk with or share with
my dying breath I will know. As I do now.
Knowing I am alone.

Maybe not. For some share
care about the beggar, the fugitive of care.
I try not to dream, it only causes pain,
My dreams, like torture for my lonely soul.

I reached happiness once
Now lost to a higher judge
I cried the cry of a soul now thought lost.
My loved ones, also those not loved but befriended
They all tried until a realization came, this heart could not be mended.

To love seemed foolish.
One might say childish after that.
My heart now broken I cast away like a weathered hat.

I turned to insanity
hate was once said.
It was hard, painful,
this heart now dead.

Time goes on.

The impossible game, though they might try
No one could tame.
My heart hurts with every reassurance of a new love bound.
I hoped this love would never be found.

Why not dread
the thought of love accompanying you to bed.
One day everything
must come to an end.

Years went on and love did I find
I had long since forgotten about that painful time.
My life reassembled from the shambles it once was
I hoped I would die before it too was lost.

No, I left for another land to correct my wrong path
I cried knowing that feeling again.
I hoped and prayed
To my dismay, once more. I must pay.

I can endure my own despair.
But not the hope of another.

Two loves lost
No more love and caressing.
You'd think this fool would learn the lesson
yet, yearning, burning, to reach.
The peak of the prism once more
all I have to do is open the door.

The Disturbance

There once was a great disturbance in King Arthur's kingdom. There was a great dragon named Paraboya, he was the greatest menace ever to reach King Arthur's kingdom. He had big silky scales, sharp pointy teeth, big diamond eyes, and he walked like a dog sneaking up on it's prey. Paraboya came twice a day to Arthur's kingdom, he picked out two people for supper every day, and he left without a scratch.

The king offered a great prize for the head of Paraboya. He sent away for a great sword fighter named Roy, he was big and buff, and had scars from past dragon fights. He had the head of every dragon he had ever come to face. He kept the grisly heads of the dragons and hung them up in a room.

The king offered Roy his daughter in marriage, as well as part of his kingdom. The King's daughter named Elizabeth was amazed with Roy. Roy was pleased with the King's offer and accepted with pleasure.

Roy set out on his journey to find the dragon and spy on him. When Roy found the dragon he was using trees as punching bags. While Paraboya was practising his moves Roy went into the dragon's cave and found a pile of bones stacked up in a corner. After he saw this he backed out of the cave slowly and went back to the kingdom and started to practice.

The next night Roy sat in his room wondering what the dragon does when he comes to the kingdom. Roy went back to Paraboya's cave and followed him back to the kingdom. Paraboya went to the door of the kingdom, and knocked a hole in the door and grabbed two people. Roy watched him and tried to get him away from the kingdom, yet he failed. Roy didn't want anybody to get hurt but he still wasn't ready to face this dragon. Arthur was in rage about the attack, but Roy told him " This kind of stuff takes time and patience." So Arthur marched off.

Roy went back to Paraboya's lair to study his moves again. Paraboya was finishing his dinner, and all Roy could do was lay down and watch him devour the people of Arthur's kingdom. Paraboya threw the bones with the others, and then started practicing his skills. Roy lay there and studied him, he couldn't believe how strong this dragon was. Roy was amazed by this Paraboya, he had never seen a dragon this good in battle. Roy backed out of Paraboya's sight and thought about it all day and all night.

The next morning Elizabeth came in screaming, "there has been another attack on the kingdom!" Roy ran out of his room and grabbed his sword, to his horror he saw blood everywhere. He followed the blood drips, but he was to late, Paraboya escaped. Roy was in no hurry to get back to the kingdom, where everybody was mad at him for not killing the dragon. When he got back to the kingdom people were yelling at him, even the king and Elizabeth even started to doubt him. Roy didn't let it bother him, and went to his room.

The next day Roy went to the dragon's cave, and didn't hesitate one moment before he threw a rock at Paraboya's head. Paraboya saw him and with his claws tried to smash him like a cockroach. Roy reacted by rolling out of the way, and with his sword stabbed Paraboya in the hand. Paraboya roared and tried to eat him, but Roy took his sword and cut Paraboya's lip. Paraboya took his hand that he had left and tried to smash him again, Roy tried to roll out of the way but he was to slow. Paraboya got his foot and picked him up over his head. Roy took his sword and cut Paraboya's finger off and Roy fell on top of his head. Roy dug his sword into Paraboya's head. Roy slid down his tail, and watched Paraboya fall down. Roy limped over to the dragon's head and raised his sword Paraboya was no more.

Roy limped back to the kingdom with Paraboya's head dragging behind. When he reached the kingdom everybody was cheering him. They carried him over to king Arthur who lived up to his promise and gave him his daughter and part of his kingdom. Elizabeth and Roy had a huge wedding and everybody was invited. Paraboya was the last dragon Roy ever slain, and the toughest. Roy and Elizabeth now live their lives not worrying about the past.

The Air That I Breathe

*As the people from the past sit in the moment of
Silence to learn the history of the unknown world and
I too sat in the black corner frightened.
Then all of a sudden the air that I breath and the wind blowing
From the east to the west and heard the voice from the past
Carpenter whispering in my ear Giving me the strength to stand and
Lead me to the narrow path toward the light
And with the faith I have in my soul
I stand and walked to the light of my life
And saw the work of a miracle and the goodness of my strength,
My Fear, and my love to stand by me with the love she gives me.
And now every breath I take I thank the lord that I got you here right
By my side and in my heart I will love you fpr.*

Memory

*Forget his name.
Forget his face.
Forget his kiss and warm embrace.
Forget this love that once was true.
Remember now he's with someone new.
Forget the love that once was shared.
Forget the fact that he once cared.
Forget the times you spent together.
Remember now he's gone forever.
Forget how close you two once were.
Remember now he's chosen her.
Forget his gentle teasing ways.
Forget the things he used to say.
Forget he made your dreams come true.
Remember now she loves him too.
Forget the chills when he said good-by.
Remember now how you cried.
Forget the way he spoke your name.
Remember now things aren't the same.
Forget the way he held your hand
Forget the sweet things if you can.
Forget the times that went so fast.
Remember now it's in the past.
Forget he said " I'll leave you, never"
Remember now he's gone forever*