

JESS

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*Poetry of
Unrequited,
Indelible Love*

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For JH (aka Half-Stream).

The one person to whom I most mean it
when I say: **I want you to be happy.**

Sometimes I wonder...

Are you the lover of another life of mine, existing along another timeline, in another dimension?

Are you what may have been had I taken a different fork in the road?

An echo of love's forgotten eternity?

A reverberation of a reverie from a spacetime I won't visit in this lifetime, but have traced over countless times before, ringing in unforgettable memory of a transcendent state of being?

A state that transcended the seeming linearity of time's progression, to bring you back as 'a friend,' when we both know in our bones, in our unspeakable essence, that our binds go well beyond friendship, into the very depths of the forever kindled core?

All the things I've dreamed of saying to you... imagining how you'd react, how you'd laugh, how you'd tease me and, in your immense pride, never reveal to me any of those feelings which my words evoke.

Chalk this up, perhaps, to ego, but it's hard for me to imagine that you wouldn't have been made better having heard what I've wished to say.

May you read these words, written from shortly after having met you through to almost five years hence, and, love me, hate me, judge me, condemn and cast me from your heart and mind as an 'obsessive (what is true love but a form of obsession?),' yet feel *something*; even the smallest fraction of the endearing force I felt coming from you.

And if, while reading certain poems herein spurred by the pain of colossal unrequited affection for you, your impulse is to raise your hands up in self-defense, please try to think of these poems as being less about you and more about ***what you made me feel***.

Introduction

To truly know a thing without experiencing it is impossible. And so it is that I know the greatest of things because of you, including the words 'love,' 'adoration,' 'endearing' and 'indelible,' and the highest purpose of existence: to unearth and cultivate the interconnective spiritual tissue that, in its perfectly inseparable totality, defines God.

I've written countless pages, contemplating divinity throughout, but it's the pages impressed by *you* that hold the greatest force of divinity for me, for they're the richest in love, that which God most is, the force of all inspiration and creation.

I can't speak for others, but for me there's a permanence to falling in love, like it's locked in and can't be touched, regardless of the state or even the lack of the relationship between the lover and she whom I so dearly loved, now forever tied to my heart, entirely intermeshed: JESS.

She's forever on a pedestal; a symbol and sense of subsuming desire.

Whether or not she deserves to be there, raised up on the highest of pedestals, isn't the point. The point is that she revealed the pedestal, and the fact that having something, *anything*, set atop it that evokes that desire and holy reverence is the purpose of existence. That the pedestal is real, that it exists, is more important than what's atop it.

Thus, it's not about her, the physical embodiment of subsuming desire, it's about *what she embodies*. At the same time the nature of that force is such that it's impossible for me to conceive of another embodiment, and my greatest fear is that nothing shall embody that all-consuming force for me again, much less that its expressions shall be reciprocated.

Foreword:

Phantom Strings

You've been made into something otherworldly in my mind. Mere reflections of memories of what you made me feel are more tangible to me than anything that I'll ever touch, excepting our daily interchange on the pure spiritual plane underlying the readily perceived material realm. Formless images are projected through my heart, stitched to my sinews, circulating through the rotting romanticism of my ever afflicted nature. Inextricable phantom strings perpetually menace me with their melancholy tune, resounding within the vortex where consciousness conspires with Spirit, invoking and continually reawakening a primordial beast bound to a heart that cannot forget the one time that it felt fullness, that fleeting phase I gripped to so tightly, so desperately, knowing full well that it was destined to slip through my fingers, stuffing it into that most expansive of all places, locking it where every artefact of the soaring-most sentiments of life are locked, housed in the one place that could hold them, only to be snatched away by a demonic angel, demonstrating the harsh existential fact that everything most good may be made into the most evil by the callous caprice of circumstance; by the vanquishing judgment of the ethereal agent who cut me in two by deciding what must be preserved, and what must be sacrificed to the flattening fear precipitating that perverse preservation.

There you lay on the periphery of my memory, awaiting another invitation into my softest, surest, most vulnerable depths by the duped defender of the indefensible whom ushers you through along with any and all allusions to the bottomless feelings of which you're forever inseparable. You may believe that you are a mother, a wife, one who strives to insulate others against the depredations of a past that poured into you every ounce of empathy for the abused and neglected, except for me, but you are much more; made into every literary paramour by a heaving heart honing manifesting mind, into every subtle nuance of sensitivity, into every impression of longing and loss which daily wash over me, sometimes leveling me like a tidal wave, sometimes buoying me above the cold, suffocating sea of society, but always there, churning, turning, the cyclone storming in my heart, evoking in me equal parts desire for landfall, so the storm may break, and for the cyclone to be ceaseless, never again leaving me listless, drifting, afraid of drowning again, as in the decades that predated and preordained you, pulling you to me through its forever fomenting, irrevocable force, ad infinitum.

“Obey me, or be cut off completely!” screams the tyrant within the housewife, the marauder within the mother, the kraken concealed in softness, the magnificent ego monster whom consumes love and spits out lovelessness, who deceived a heart poisoned by unspoken promises. If home is where the heart is, you're the home I'm not allowed to live in.

Dedication Poem:
Rock of Renew

*The great expanse
Could not be known
Until filled to the fullest
Until every inch was shone*

*Personality perfected
Embodied endearment came
Bursting into my infinite
Setting every niche aflame*

*Then just as fast she fled
Secretly relishing her power
Running with eternal treasure
"Give me back my timeless hour!"*

*Yet, the goddess isn't cruel
She's but playing her part
Showing me my own map
Before tearing it apart*

*Now the expanse has been revealed
Pieces pulled, poked and prodded
Ready to be glued back together
Assuming an infinity's allotted*

*So sit back and enjoy
Endless reverie of you
The bitterness is breaking
Upon love's rock of renew*

Besides the previous dedication poem,
the poems herein are presented in the order in
which they were written, excerpted from three
independent projects, in order to give you a sense
of the unruliness of the assailed, romantic heart
unappeased by the satiating of its timeless needs.

Your Eyes

*Shades of amber, shadows of green
Delighting with desires yet unseen
Sorrow reflected, joy unsealed
Everything within them heart revealed*

*Knock me back, pull me in
Kicking, screaming powerless pin
Mind enraptured, body numb
Looking lassoed, under thumb*

*Kissing caressing coursing elation
Bowed but unburdened my prostration
Killing, capitulating kindly brutality
Caving but saving, denying reality*

*Anything to stay in the ecstasy of now
To preserve the sensation to which I bow
Once empty chambers pumping, filled
Once barren lands luscious, tilled and milled*

*Fruitful forever but never I know
Absorbed but ejected by heavenly glow
Gladness and madness, weakness in knees
When into your eyes my longing heart sees*

Ceaseless Storm

*Emotions' typhoon lashes at my battered shores
Spun by fears and desires that I'll forever ride
Propelled one way, then the course is reversed
I cannot dispel the storm, nor cast it aside*

*Violently tossed about, calm quiet center sought
Finally finding my way in, I cannot dwell for long
For I'm unable to let go of the heartstrings
Upon which this pain is plucked into its song*

*As the storm turns, I'm resentful of this need
Then: Worry not, it'll come when it's meant to be
For I'm fine paying the prerequisites of growth
And then: This storm shall surely capsize me!*

*I don't care if she speaks to me or not
For her attention I don't need
Yet her presence overwhelms me
Self-assurances I cannot heed*

*She's just a silly girl
Unworthy of such concern
Yet she dominates my thoughts
Unable to douse the burn of yearn*

*For it's only when she's near
That I know how empty I am inside
Dying of thirst, she's the river rushing by
Whilst out of its reach, to her bank I'm tied*

*I need this distance to close or broaden
This miniscule leap mustn't remain
Erasure from heart and mind or merging
My greatest joy and most burdensome bane*

*I may tell myself that all is well
And in the forever tranquil center it is true
But my particular form lives in the raging storm
Unmoored, the battering desires do accrue*

*Let go of your sense of need
So the master teacher said
For it's the illusion of need that pains you
Yet I'll need them 'til I'm dead*

What You Are to Me

You are everything to me, and nothing to me

You are everything that I've ever wanted

You are nothing that I can ever have

You are the substance of my dreams

You are the immaterial of my reality

You are the visions of my nights

You are the blindness of my days

You are the ever present torturer

You are the ever absent lover

You are the sky, the moon, the stars

You are the galaxy-swallowing black hole

You are the heartening hope of dawn

You are the suffocating solitude of dusk

You are totality
You are annihilation

You are everything that is
And will always be everything that isn't

The Cavern

*I continue to feel the need to apologize
For all my demonstrations of needing you
For all the countless ways I cross the line
For all my futile incursions into the territory
Of the one you love the most*

*It's the ever aching void in my heart
Your torchlight cast across its space
Revealing the feeling of its every cubic inch
Of every measure of its cavernous expanse*

*But in the painful pounding of that ache
You serve also as the sentry
Scouting the vast joy that may be known
Were that space, and myself, to be filled*

*For you are the ever-present reminder
Of why life is so well worth living
For were I not to ache so deeply
I would be unable to fill so fully*

Forever

*You have nothing left to prove to me
There's nothing to be earned
No maintenance that need be performed*

*There's nothing that you can do or say
That can ever take this sense away*

*You're entrenched
A part of my heart
Inseparable
Unextractable*

*I am yours
On your side for life
In any way that I can be
In any time or space you need me*

*Your defender
Your fanatic
Your friend
Forever*

Quickly, From the Heart

My heart is so full right now, let me just say:

Knowing you as I do

The beauty within and without of you

The trauma that's made you so strong

All the right that you've made from wrong

The pain you've purged into my love's song

My blues passionately burned away with red

The way you've transformed my hopeless head

The bounty bestowed with all that you've said

Finally knowing that I'll never be better off dead

Please allow me to say unto you

You've enlarged my being through and through

And no matter what you henceforth say or do

I've known the best of humanity by knowing you

So if you say you love him and he's the one for you

By the transitive property I can only love him too

And while no man could truly deserve a girl like you

He'll be the richest man alive when you say "I do"

Sleight of Hand

Cold disregard

Dismissals

Power games

Boundary lines

Talk of awkwardness

Pretense of the one way street

You've done more damage than anyone

Yet I'm not allowed to blame you

I'm not even allowed to feel these things

Without feeling more to blame

Without feeling even smaller

Without feeling even worse about myself

This is why I can't be around you

Why I'm forced to despise you as much as I love you

You, the one that has made me venomous

Made me so acutely aware of my internal bleeding

Forever forcing me to feel the flow increase

For any attempt to stem it is crossing the line

*So it pools and festers and poisons and sickens
Spewing forth from the blackening inner acrimony
All so that the supposedly sweet and innocent*

*Can maintain her faultless cover
Can retain her considerate, soft sense of self
Pretending her sleight of hand was no hand at all*

Thin Line Between

What I've wanted to say to you, but can't:

*You don't value my love and friendship
Because I give them freely
You need not earn nor pay for them
They belonged to you from the beginning
And so they are taken for granted
For, regardless of their intrinsic value
They have no subjective value*

The cold cruelty of the psyche

*So while I feel immensely blessed
That I work most nights
With someone whom I'm naturally akin
And love to the depths of my being*

*At the same time I want to mock you in retribution for this pain:
I'm so nice and sweet and adorable and everybody loves me blah blah*

A part of me wants to scream:

You don't know true pain, and you'll never understand mine!

*Yes, you've suffered stresses, abuses and disadvantages
But try being alienated from your body, and thus your very existence
Try never being a whole person, the self you were born to be
Try never being complete and comfortable enough to truly connect to anyone
Doomed to roam a meager, unfulfilled existence with no one and nothing
You cannot know it, so don't patronize me with your pretend sympathy!*

Then the love surges back up and takes over, and I think:

*What fool gets to know you and doesn't love you?!
I'd venture to say that anyone that spends any real time with you
Falls in love with you to some degree
And my degree is desperate, so long has my heart swum in yours
Lost between its serene seas and turbulent open ocean*

*It may well drown, now that it's been cast off
While looking for a life raft to cling to... another love*

Then the resentment surges back in:

*So tired of being the weak one
So tired of being the needy one*

*Of always needing something from you
And you never needing anything from me
And you being so calm about it
Whatever, never a big deal, just another night at work*

*Whilst I sit and twist in agony and bleed and bleed and bleed
Endlessly bleeding without exsanguination
When the one you need needs nothing from you*

Ever...

*The blood trickles from the wound, pools and refills
Just waiting to be cut and bled out again
Over and over and over*

Forever cut and coursing blood, the desperately immortal vampire

*Do you not see that you breed such resentment wherever you go?
Making man forever want to lash out in hollowed-out, unfulfilled pain?
Nothing but bloodied egos and hacked-up hearts heaped in your wake
You should consider not going out – consider sparing us this pain*

Then, in the next moment, that bleeding heart glows, and I know:

*If someone has a problem with you
It's most likely that they are the source of the problem
That is how amazing you are – how good – how unspeakably grand*

Then you tease me in a subtly condescending way again, and I think:

*I feel really, really bad for your ex
For I know much about how he feels
How it's not just about how great you are
But about how he, how we, are made to feel*

Miniscule mockeries, unworthy of love

*Is this supposed to just be accepted?
It cannot be – it is unacceptable
Left to tremble like a tiny speck of nothing
Quivering in fear, waiting to be crushed again*

*So of course there's anger
An inability to accept this position
A reflex to lash out in retribution, by all of us*

This is what you do to me, and all whom you ensnare

*Yet I'm not allowed to think this, much less say it
You produce the feelings, but only I must bear them
Bound to their burdensome mass, sinking ever lower
For to act upon them makes me the one in the wrong*

*So here you have me caught
The cruel trapper torturing its captured prey*

I even love the way you sneeze...

*That sound alone makes my heart ache
Makes my entire being want to reach out for you*

*What a tragic position:
Always needing to be close, yet proximity provoking pain*

*I know, it's impossible to care, right?
One cannot care too much, else be sunken by it
One cannot care when one is fulfilled and tied to another
One can only care so much for the tormented lives less lived*

The hunter's full and happy life

The prey caught, left to rot

The pains of loving and hating people like you

The privileged, fully-loved few

Leather Notebook

*To speak of a soft spot
Of adoration
Of moments of elation
Of fantastical flights of fancy
Of always and forever wanting more
Of simultaneous strength and weakness*

Is to speak of her

*The spell has been cast
My heart, and thus all of me, is at her command
She bewitched me without trying
And she seldom abuses her power over me
Which only increases that power
Reducing all reason to resist and resent it

Only making it grow ever less impeded

My heart thuds at the thought of her
And those thoughts are constant*

Fantasies spring forth from my depths:

*They separate, and she just needs someone to be with her
To lay with and comfort her, feeling no need to go further
She is in trouble, and I fly to her aid in a heartbeat
She just needs someone to sit and listen while she sheds her pain
Absorbing it, it makes me both blue and red
Blue in empathetic pain, suffering some of her suffering
Red in loving passion at the sharing of her heart filling mine
Her break-up and love of culinary arts, and my coming into means
Whisks us away on a worldwide tour of gastronomical delights*

*There is no one I would rather share such pleasures with
No one whose face I would rather see light up
Upon ingesting all the world has to offer
No one whom I'd rather hear insightfully translate
The significance of our shared experiences*

*The way she sits upon a mountain of past pains
The way she shares them with me, trusts me with them
The overwhelming enchantment of her conducting her truth into my core
The vulnerability and humility despite her endless appeal*

*The truth of her troubled formation
Only makes her more beautifully real to me
Only makes me adore her more for what she's overcome*

*In her courageous course of coming to thrive
To become this strong, determined, immensely good person
To become the complete, well-balanced young woman that she is*

*She is intoxicating
I want more
I need more
I need to be drunk with drinks of her*

*I am a flame
She is my fuel*

*My body, my brain, my mind
They are but here to support my heart
To be the tools of its expression
To build bridges to other hearts, especially hers*

*The physical and mental passages between one another
Until there is no 'one another'*

*Until the divisions, the bridges, dissolve and drop away
Until our sense of separation is drowned
In the churning waters of the world
Until our love is the safety net
Allowing us to hang freely from the precipice*

I love her

*She that gifted me this blank book
Whose pages I paint with words
As they spill forth ceaselessly from my chest*

That is all I care about

*My love for her
The smell of this leather notebook
And its pages I pen with my truth*

Fight or Flight

*A big part of me, sometimes I think the stronger part of me
Wants nothing more than to rebel against you
To fight back against the pain, even lash out
To inflict some of the knife-to-the-heart you've inflicted*

*But then there's the other part of me
The part of me that has thus far prevailed
The part that melts in your presence
That cries: she deserves no such ill will!*

*She is and deserves only the best
Her power is not aimed against you
Her power is your own heart
Bouncing off impossibility, crushingly crashing back*

So, fight, flight or pathetically crack and crumble?!
*I want nothing more than to be around you
Yet I cannot be around you, it's killing me
I must find the means to run from this oppression*

*So that I may finally flee towards someone free
To make me feel for them what I feel for you
Someone able to send the love back to me anew
And make me feel as whole as you do hollow*

Fork in the Road

*I feel sorry for all of those that have experienced none of her
That haven't shared the joy of hearing her laugh
That haven't felt the swelling pang of seeing her cry
That haven't been beguiled by her endless charm*

*I've had the great honor of accompanying her upon this road
As we roll headlong into the unknown future
As we move towards the inevitable fork of our departure*

*She conquered me long ago as I traveled beside her
Wanting nothing more than to be glued to her hip
To be as close to her as possible
As she regaled me with stories of stormlands left behind
Of impediments she's scaled along the road
Seeing the bright, warm, sunny lands calling to her ahead
Lands that can only be made more vibrant by her arrival
Lands that she's sure to find, for she's a champion*

*And I cannot help but wonder as I ride beside her
Whether or not the one sitting on her other side
Holding the hand I wish I held*

*Is deserving of continuing with her after the road forks...
Is worthy of living with her there
Is worthy of sharing her tears and laughter
Is worthy of being endlessly held above pains by her powers
As they build a life together in the warm sunshine of her future*

*And I cannot help but wonder as I approach the fork
How many others there are like me
The other poor, wretched, maimed and masticated
The carcasses strewn along the road behind her
Run over, licking their wounds beside the road
Waiting for another to come along that won't quite measure up*

*Beware all those that may ride beside her in the future!
That may be drawn in after the fork in the road!
She is certain to conquer you as well!
Bewitch you whilst barely lifting a finger!
You won't know it until it's too late!
Until you're under her spell, bound to her service!*

*Slip away while you still have a chance!
Else end up like me, the pitiful conqueree!
Forever trying to forget the fork in the road!*

Parallels

*An ever expanding balloon that can't be popped
An ocean's swirling, seemingly bottomless depths
A bird lifted effortlessly aloft on a current of wind
The warmth of the morning sunshine on my face
The most perfectly pristine of mountaintop vistas
The first cool drink of water of one dying of thirst
A wrongly imprisoned man finally being vindicated
Toes dug into the sand, sun setting over shimmering sea*

My heart when we are together, doing ANYTHING

Unicorn

Why is it that when you fall in love

That's all you can think?

That's all you can feel?

It subsumes you

Becomes you

Suddenly I can't imagine being with anyone else

Building a life around anyone else

I want to share everything with her

I have a funny thought

A clever idea

A joyous revelation

She has to know

I would tell her all if I could... but I can't

And I would never wish her pain

Even if I had the power to break them up

Their pain would be too great

And she's so good that she could never leave him

*Even if she wanted to
Her life is already built around him
That fortress cannot, should not, be torn down*

*So I am cursed by Cupid's arrow
Hunting a unicorn where only horses exist!*

Existential Thief

Embedded within my heart

Unextractable jubilant terror

The source of all my feeling

Existential thief, steadiness stealing

How much space is in here?

How to fit someone else in what's already filled?

How to search for what's already been found?

How to speak the name of love without making her sound?

Outshone

*I'm incapable of getting you out of my head
Heart ember hot, craving body burning red*

*In my dreams our long-engulfing embrace
Hands touch and trace, fingers interlace*

*Every ounce of my being cries out for you
Overtaken, this force I can't subdue*

*Racing round my mind when I close my eyes
Full, outshining moon of my star-quenched skies*

Safe Harbor

*The salted siren sets to sea, leaving her homeland's wreckage behind
seeing so many caught there, unable to escape the triangle
seeing so many crash upon its rocks and unkept, splintered docks
her heart wrenching whenever she thinks of those still there
how much more she can do, should do, might she one day return
might she play the role of dousing and treating the painful burns
freeing its wailing, shackled citizens of their victimizing years*

*So long running from the plundering pirate of privations past
he tracks her from station to station, unable to let her go
for the siren knows the seductive songs of enchantment
her tentacles so easily clutching, capturing the hearts of men
pulling them in for love, they find nothing but impending doom
they hear her but she's not there, only the rock to which she was tied
only there for the night, sailing on, compelled by a force to find
a means to mend her vessel and leave all risk of future wreckage behind*

*For a stretch she sails with the wandering, wavering cartographer
seemingly aimless but never lost, endlessly seeking while sinking
perpetually patching his battered hull, bailing water over his bow*

*cracked compass and misshapen rudder rendering him ever disoriented
necessitating his constant course correction, scanning for fixed horizon
and yet his innate seamanship and promise propel him forward
sensing within himself the potential of profound possibility
pieced together from priceless artifacts that he endlessly unearths
pulled from the wondrous lands he daily leaves in his wake
but never forgotten in heart or mind, like the siren with whom he sails
she that reminds him why he sails, for the boundless love of open ocean
for finding the best way to navigate and map man's explorations
for the fleeting ecstasy that she, like the sea, stirs in his deepest depths*

*When he's most disoriented, his wooden ship plows into her iron bow
lovingly, she tows him through some of his most troubled waters
she maintains the bind, often burdened by his unsteady bearing
continuously thrown off balance by his tirelessly bucking fate
eventually obliged to jettison him and his taxingly tiresome tow
mast cracked by craze, futilely he pursues, firing shots over her bow
like the pirate, terrified of losing her loving guidance forever
afraid of navigating without his north star, knowing not near from far*

*Disappearing into the fog, she cannot know what becomes of them
it is not her fate to be bound by the stormlands, the pirates, the seekers
it is her fate to play a part in theirs, preventing their tanking for a time*

*before paining them with her presence lost in pursuit of her safe harbor
then, one day, she finds it... a harbor naturally sheltered from wind and wave
and its harbormaster, assuming the stalwart stance of un-caving character*

*He needs nothing for, even when he loves, it is a temperate love
his head never flying over his heels, never lost to wonder or wander
his work and play never falling prey to risky, reckless abandon
ships never wrecking upon his rock, never sinking in his port
by his makeup he commands a harbor no instability may thwart*

*For he too has seen what may be lost to the ravages of the roiling sea
to the complete loss of control of its capricious contrivances
to the tortured lament of sons forced to live with irreparable wreckage
without what its unforgiving, unruly heart crashes and consumes
with what has made him both stout and scarred by the storm's lashings
a bit unforgiving himself, damning those that set upon the open ocean
while their dependents stay at home, hoping for their uncertain return
wishing they may one day decide to permanently moor just offshore
cease ceaselessly reembarking to wantonly wax upon the savage sea*

*"My children and future cannot rest within the wreckage of my homeland
or upon the uncertain storms and colliding currents of the open ocean
for I cannot forever abide by their ravages and shall surely someday capsized*

*I cannot bring my brood into such a perilously pounding existence
but must save them and, indeed, everyone I can tow free from calamity
from the heart-breaking catastrophes of often disastrously foiled fate*

*Here, with this solid man that lovingly tends to my vessel
making his home upon sturdy, never eroding, unfailing foundations
loving without need, at a calm, cool distance, not imbedded in my bow
never needing me to tow him, or to vainly maintain his vessel*

*Here with him, in his still, predictably cool waters
and his harbor locked to the comfortingly constant land
the land that sits in the same place every day
a land free from the careless customs of the ceaselessly self-shackled
a land naturally shielded from the invasive assaults of plundering pirates
a land which the wavering wanderer sails by uncharted, taking for granted*

*Here my future, our future, shall be forged
for, like the rocky land to which it shall be locked
that future too cannot be washed away
nor gobbled up by the savagely scathing, capsizing sea*

*Henceforth I am freed from the turbulent waters from which I ran
to abide by the fate formed by how, where and why my crafting began.”*

Goodbye, Have a Good Weekend

*Locked within my heart and mind
Not a moment without you may I find*

*In your presence, wanting to pull you near
Forever denied your presence what I most fear*

*“Goodbye, have a good weekend” only endurable
Knowing your promised return renders me curable*

*I need not seek you, and yet daily you’re found
Cannot force you out, to my innards you’re bound*

*Perpetual pleasure, persistent pain
Peace-pervading torment sans refrain*

*Where is she now? What is she doing?
The moment she steps away for good I’ll forever be ruing*

*How to say “I love you completely” to one already claimed?
How not to envy he for whom you’ll soon be renamed?*

*Haunted by thoughts of what the two of you together possess
Lacking such perfectly self-assured union my ongoing distress*

*Yet, rather this untiring torment than lose the hope you lend
Limitless passion incited, spilling-forth without end*

*Deep inside you've awoken me my magnificent muse
Want to defend and champion you, yet you must refuse*

*For I am not the first suitor to come crawling to your door
Not the first heart you were born to dash across the floor*

*You're not to be blamed, you play your part with grace
Your ever throbbing mark, that which I'd never erase*

*So grateful to the fates for leading you to me
To keep me afloat in my capsizing sea*

*You are the best person I've ever had the privilege to know
Nothing I wouldn't do for you, to the depths of hell I'd go*

*I want to find my way for you more than for myself
Proof that my love is true, that you're my spiritual wealth*

*So when we say "goodbye, have a good weekend" for the final time
Know that I treasure the endless assault of your love's cruel crime*

Just Lay Here

Let us just lay here

There is no time

I have no thirst

I hunger for nothing

You are my sustenance

I want nothing more in the world

My arm across your shoulders

Your head pressed against my chest

Your hand in my hand

This is the whole world

Right here, right now

There is nothing outside this room

There is nothing outside this bed

We float along an ethereal plane

Everything else is wiped away

We imagined it all

In our shared dreaming

There is only this

Only this...

Reality redefined

In this dimensional shift

In this sublimity

Pressed together

Like pieces of parchment

In the one and only book

We shall forever read

The never ending story

Let me never read 'The End'

Just keep breathing...

Bottomless Depths

Have you any sense of the depth of my feeling for you?

The endless chasm at the bottom of the sea of sentiment

Do you not see that I am never merely sitting in a room with you?

How your presence is never only external, but is internal first and foremost?

How you own me, and how I need to be owned by you?

How this makes me your most powerful ally, as the inestimably profound

pain I draw through you empowers me for you in equally potent turn?

Have you some sense of the immensity of this power?

This indestructibly consuming, domineering, indomitable force?

Of course you do, though it can never be said

It's a secret so loud I hear it in my eardrums as my heart beats it unspoken

Please be gentle, as you never go gently away into the morning light

Your steps away are the pounding pangs of my heart, the ache walking

step in step with your blithely unfeeling departure

Love. What a feeble word for this force I feel, but can never control

If only my mind could capture and wield this force

If only they would work in league, rather than being my schism

*Rather than my reason ripping me away from my romance, entirely
unappreciated by you during my ultimately frigid dive into this chasm
That which I value the most, you don't value at all; you watch it drown*

How tragic, to dive to such depths seeking everything, finding only a void

Hooked

I'm not interested in the hookup

I'm interested in being hooked

Keep the sensory without the sentiment

Keep the act of love without the love

Keep the impersonal, dissolute debauchery

Keep the carnal without the affectionate caress

They are corruptions; perversions of perfection

Give me romance

The budding rose

The heart's soaring cathedral

Spirit's song sung through shared sensation

Shatter my world

Send me into upheaval

Turn me upside down

Wrap me inside out

I want to be swallowed up in you

Enveloped by you

*I tire of the water's surface
Of what can be seen
I must dive beneath that
Then swallow all of it, all of you, up
Absorbing everything about you
Ballooning my breast until I float aloft*

*Make me realize the purpose of my being
In the completion cast from your gaze
In the heart-levitating gaiety of your laugh
In your endlessly endearing dorky gestures
In the electricity conducted when you tell your tales
When you speak of your life before I knew that I needed to be in it
In all the inextricably intertwined qualities of the net you've caught me in*

*I want to be bound-up by this net
I want to trace every fiber of every thread
I want to be suffused with your sorrow
I want to bask in your bottomless joy
I want to see in every color of your spectrum*

*Keep your freedoms
I wish to be your captive*

I am the worm that longs for your hook

The Romantic's Conundrum

*I blame you for my pain
For you could have taken it away at any time*

*Instead you stayed with him
He that may bottomlessly embrace you*

*That may hold you whenever he wishes
Knowing not how horribly I long
To spend but one night bound up in you*

It would add years to my life

Therein lies the great tragedy of being:

*Those that would receive the most from the thing
Are the least likely to receive it
Learning that it only becomes available to them
When they no longer need it*

The romantic's conundrum

Eternal Spring

*Come sit beside me
You dare not leave
Not if what is best
Dare not be left behind!*

*You remind me of why I'm alive
Every time you relate anything
Any detail of your life
Is an electrical current coursing through me*

*The way you brighten and laugh
And tell the excited story with your hands
Hands me a softer, fuller breath
Expanding not just my lungs, but myself*

*Your generous, jubilant voice
Your every spoken word fills me with love
Even restricted to a word we call 'friendship'
A designation that cannot capture truth*

*Even knowing you'll never be mine
For true love is always unconditional
Thus, there is no condition
To our drinking from the same cup*

*To the cup being filled until overflowing
For I worry not when, uncontrolled, it spills
As this vessel scoops from the eternal spring
That which shall forever be refilled*

Magnificent Madness

Expansion and contraction

Fulfillment and deflation

Mind narrowing

Heart broadening

I know now why they say “madly in love”

You drive me mad

My greatest gift

My obsessive curse

The brightest rays of hope

The darkest recesses of dejection

How to carry on as if it’s just another day?

When carried above the clouds?

When diving to these depths?

Until verging upon drowning, gasping for air?

Waiting, breathless, for the only one that can resuscitate me?

When simultaneously shot into ecstatic inseparability

And the absolute agony of our separation?

Everything in the world is okay because of you

Everything is in upheaval because of you

Thank you for being my insanity!

You've taught me that sanity is overrated

Unburied

*She sees me in ways that you don't
Not because you can't, but because you won't
Fears of festering wounds you need to scar over*

*My qualities pick at scabs not yet healed
I see terror in your eyes reflecting demons revealed
What you want left in the past I pull into the present*

*This is part of my 'accidental' purpose with you
Exposure reversing the flight you dare not renew
Better to meet it head on than to bury the trauma*

*Just as you've dug up a love for life in me long dead
A sickness of inner death by long dwindling hope bred
Great therapy of reciprocity recalling reverential symbiosis*

*So while the road has been rocky, so the progressive path goes
Spinning 'round the other in surging cyclonic passionate throes
We have not been set beside one-another at random, my dear*

*Run, we may hide, the doubting, irresolute mind
But only the sacred heart's eye sees through to the find
The folly and illusion of limitation balanced by providence*

Man Eater

She needs no physical weapon

Her weapon is his own heart

It's mightier than the pen or the sword

It is, she knows, the mightiest weapon of all

It makes the beautiful, endearing woman

The most dangerous, destructive thing on Earth

So long as she may clutch and capture his heart

He is powerless, pathetic, under her command

She has him right where she wants him

And though she pretends she cares about him

In truth, it is her love of power that she cares for most

All those that wield power lust after it

Even those that seem sweet and saintly

This is but their front; a false façade of prevailing pretense

A hypnotically slithering snake in the grass concealing its fangs

A sweet smelling flower hiding poisonous thorns beneath its petals

A spider set to paralyze and cocoon its victims, keeping them fresh

*How attractive I am, how alluring my aroma, how hidden my web
She has set him up for his approaching annihilation*

And she knows it

And she loves it

Though she is far too ruled by her pride to ever admit it

He sees it in the little tells she gives off

*When the corners of her mouth turn up any time he admits his pain
The eagerness with which she says all that which she knows hurts him*

When she slips and admits feelings of appreciation or even affection

Then immediately retracts and conceals those feelings

When she refuses to reach out or show concern

But, seeing he's writhing, leaves him to ache alone

Knowing she can last forever as he squirms in agony

Waiting with painless patience for him to crawl to her

Laughing within at another victim driven to his knees

She says she is only protecting herself

But this is a lie; a cover-up of her cold, cruel psyche

So easily does she speak of 'setting boundaries'

Viciously uncaring of how it feels

To be on the wrong side of her boundary line

*So condescending; so damaging; another puncture
She's smiling on the inside*

*And he sees it on her face
He sees her love of power reflected in his pain*

*All the rest is simply affect and her self-image
She wants to believe that she is good and caring
She wants to see herself in this pure white light
But when reflected it's clear it was always the black light of power
Always concealing anything that might reveal and relinquish any of it
Always trying to convince herself that this light shines with righteousness
Yet ever swooning knowing that she can crush him whenever she wishes*

*For secretly she's long known she'll tear him apart
That it's all a matter of time and opportunity
After she gets her needs met
After she is positioned for promotion
All her flanking, fronting pieces in place
She will checkmate him and move on*

*She will tear his heart from his chest
Shred and then eat it in front of him
And there's nothing he can do
For to say anything, to retaliate, makes him look wrong*

*If he pretends he doesn't care, he will break
If he acknowledges he cares, she has more power
If he speaks up and says something, she will play dumb
She will make sure everyone knows that he is the fool
So she presents friendship, closeness, then nothing
Waiting until she's all the way inside his exposed chest
Lodged where she can do the most damage
Waiting for him to need as much from her as possible
Then silence; dropped like a bad habit
As if it was nothing, shrugging him off her shoulders
Dusting him off her boots like yesterday's dirt
Annihilated, the victim of unacknowledged power trips*

*And yet he cannot say this
He has to pretend like he's fine
He has to move on, get over it, she's gone
That's it, the maddeningly miserable silent end
The pretend love and friendship revealed for what it is*

*The love of pretending friendship to get inside his heart
So that it will be all the easier to control and dismantle him
To use and abuse him like a puppet on violently pulled heartstrings
So that she may reap the rewards of his love while lending little in return*

"What, me? The innocent one? How dare you?!

*How dare you retaliate for my tearing your heart from your chest?!
How dare you feel angry and bitter at suffering so much at my hands?!
How dare you get mad at me for refusing to call and see if you're OK?!
How dare you expect that of me, to walk the talk of friendship?!
Do you not know that it's all easy, empty words?! All a manipulation?!
Have I not made that clear from what I've betrayed to this point?!
Just get over it; I got what I wanted: your heart in my crushing grip
More proof that I have this power over men; revenge against he that hurt me
It's over, I'm gone, you little vanquished speck of nothing," her eyes glistening*

But how to live without the heart?

*How to be around the one that eats it in front of him?
Secretly hoping he loses control, so she can grin within again
The ego-stroking smile of the conquering neo-feminist siren
Loving to lure the next victim in for death by heartbreak
Avenging the patriarchal past, punishing men for their past misdeeds
Stabbing her hand through his breast, tearing out his heart*

*Reveling in the sweet gushing blood as she bites down
As she sinks her teeth into it with ferocious, horrifying glee
His blood dripping down her chin as he is bound, forced to watch*

*"Make a move, I dare you," she thinks
"Any move will only make you look all the weaker
Make you feel all the smaller inside
Everyone watches, awaiting your futile, feeble reaction
Trapped, your struggle only makes you bleed more heavily"
The siren sings her self-serving song
The snake coils round his feet, set to strike
The flower emits its alluring aroma, concealing its thorns
The spider spins its sticky web, preparing to paralyze its prey*

*"Your heart is on my platter," she thinks
"I cut pieces from it at will
I eat you up until you are next to nothing
You are but the crumbs I play with on my plate
The paltry pieces remaining after eating you near to nonexistence"*

Fortress in Flames

*I burned the bridge
Between your fortress and mine
Because I did not want to cross it bearing arms
Because I did not want to see you cross it
And remind me of the consuming blaze*

*For my fortress is in flames
And I want to retaliate
I want to at least singe your walls*

*But I cannot
Because your fortress protects
The most beautiful thing in the world
And it was my time within it
And being banished from it
That led to the torch being lit
And dropped within my walls*

*But perhaps bridges must be burned
In order to build new ones*

*Perhaps you must first see your fortress in ashes
Before being driven to build a better, stronger one
To better guard the helplessly sacred within*

*Else abandon all fortresses
And wander the land
With open, exposed faith*

*Seeing that all is sacred
That nothing may be truly possessed
And is only fully appreciated when turned to ash*

Subject of Psyche

Shaken foundation
Fractured formation
Neglected cultivation
Opportunity deprivation
A desperately steadfast focus
Of resolutely forward orientation

An adolescent lack of control
An ego demanding to be whole
An overwhelming sense of pride
A deep-rooted insecurity to hide
A need to repel all threats to her will
A hunger for power she cannot fill

Never again may control be denied
May anything other than psyche be her guide
Her psychological need breeding a psychological master
Subtly pulling strings to avert potential disaster
A refusal to ever again play the victimized part
Turning the secret victimization of others into an art

*Paired with a warm, vulnerable heart to conceal
To psychological wounds that just won't heal
Another tear-inducing layer to peel
Too much doubt and fragility to feel
Thereby seeking shielding, balancing mate
One as secure as predestined, iron-clad fate*

*Buttressing the emotional instability of her making
Of empathetic nature versus nurtured taking
Of abusive, manipulative men that can't be trusted
Rendering a loving friend's reflection shattered and rusted
A refusal to recognize the potential buried within
His resentful adoration wears their natural tether thin*

*The cycle of abuse cruelly advancing
A witchcraft brewed by endearment entrancing
"It's all about protecting yourself!" her call
So she keeps him feeling helplessly small
Insulting boundaries, cruel condescending fall
Heart splatters into fanatically guarded, cold separating wall*

The Pedestal

*Placing you on such a high pedestal
Adoring your every movement
Every look, every sound, every precious nuance
I was flabbergasted to find
But a man set beside you

I'd expected a demigod*

Beneath the Mole Hills

When I'm tired and stressed, I take it out on you

When I'm symptomatic, I project my pain

When my ego is bruised, I look to bruise yours

When my love is unrequited, I am screaming inside

Pains combine and mount, the mole making a mountain of its hills

It rises upon my shoulders, the weight so great I fear I may buckle

But then...

Time passes, and the mole is mollified

And the mountain it has made falls away

My ego lets go, and the true Self emerges

All that is left is the love I feel for you deep within

This is how I know...

It is a spiritual epiphany

It is the revelation of my true Self

It is the cleansing of the illusory, artificial and egotistic

This is how I know that the love is the only real truth

*The only thing that lasts, that is permanent, that will always be
The foundation of rock at the base of the mole's muddy mountain*

*The everlasting upon which all the impermanent assemblages are made
The perennial that won't be washed away by flooding seasonal sentiment*

Love is evocation of spiritual Self... of God

The Little Prince teaches us:

*It is only with the heart that one may truly see
It is only with the heart that one may know the truth
Who they really are and what must and cannot cease to be... love*

Love is all there is

The rest are but false façades and extensions of ego

*Especially the depth of love I feel for you...
Through it emerges knowledge of self... validation of existence*

*So my true Self forgives my egotistic semblance of self
And I vow to live within the one true Self of love
For as much of my existence as my ego will allow
Practicing its sacred art without foolishly-forced conditions*

Wine Upon the Altar

I spent all this time in this suffering, egotistic strife!

*Unsettled, unstable, flying from one sentimental extreme to the next
Loving her while hating her, resenting her power while worshipping it
In an endless state of self-berating, self-destructing, battering dissonance
Why does she value me so little? Never need or support me? Discard me?*

Then, one day, the power of wine!

'In Vino Veritas,' the wise ancients said

In wine, there is truth

We more readily sense truth under its soothing spell

The nerves washed away

The pain dissolved

And I thought: Why?

Why the endless battle?

Why revile the sense that she got the best of me?

Took what she wanted, then tossed me aside?

Why do I feel so much pain in her having all of the power?

Imbibing the ancient truth serum, I heard: Stop fighting. Let her have the power!

Better that power be in her hands than most!

*Yes, she has sucked the air from my ego to inflate her own, but that's on her
My need for the power, for control, for reinforcing my ego, is my pain's source!
Better to relinquish the power than futilely, stressfully fight without end!*

*She wins! Let her win. Peace lies in letting go of egotistic warfare!
At the altar of the goddess I kneel, cleansing my need for power
I feel the strain of it lift off my shoulders as I cease my resistance
Letting go, I feel the epiphany: the ego's impositions impose pain!*

*I now see that the greatest power, peace and freedom
Is to cease resisting and relinquish the power, finding freedom from ego
I shall no longer reflect upon how I compare to egotistic visions of others
I shall be in the moment, take love as it comes, and never try to control it!*

*Love can only be used to hurt you when you buy into the battle!
Thus, I give its command over to those that naturally wield it!
For we are who and what we love, not who and what loves us in return!
For the more I silence and starve my ego, the more I hear and feel my truest Self*

I love her and those like her, that reveal the way within – that is the truth!

That love defines me more than anything! Not the power, ever!

And though I wish that love to be returned, this is no longer a need

I don't need it returned to know what I am, and what I am not: the ego!

Spare me, great goddess, my unconditional loving loyalty is yours!

Take my power, and empower me to be your champion for life!

I shall not struggle with you for control, for I now know its cost

No control. No power. No ego. My heart smiles at the thought!

In My Veins

I've wanted other women

Many other women

But it's different with you

You're in my very veins

I'd drown the whole world

If you and I were the only ones to stay afloat

You've carved out a piece of my heart for yourself

You reside there, permanently

Any chance of being with anyone

That has any chance of making me feel this

Feel any significant measure of what you do

Makes all the pain worth it

What You Eat

*I don't remember it as a moment
But as a gradually consuming force*

*Bite by flavorful bite
A most sumptuous meal*

*But while I ate my fill of you
You chewed me up and spit me out*

*Once so spicy, salty, sweet, savory
Now but a sour taste in my mouth*

You are what you eat

Dust to a Mountain

*Words fall as feebly upon the page as time upon eternity
in wanting to capture what you evoke, still*

*Some mysterious, eternal part of me feels no passage of time,
only your passage from my sight*

*You, the merciless muse, the all-consuming phantasm
that haunts my every waking hour*

Thoughts of you, undefined, like whispers in a swallowing haze

*In mind's eye you're but an outline, but within you're
more solid than a sword sealed in an anvil*

*My aching, wrenching heart rises daily just to be cut down
by its rapture, your fingerprints left behind*

I'm entirely powerless to purge your ever-looming, dominating presence

*And my thoughts of him... he that unwittingly luxuriates
in the greatest treasure man may know*

Just a simple, sweet young man, or so he seemed to me

Yet such a conquering colossus, effectually bigger than I've ever been

*So green with envy I'm lost in a jungle
carpeted with every hue of verdant growth*

Every night he shares your bed, every day you share my head

*Every moment with you was a levity of being,
the weight of the world dropped away*

*With you all must compare, and yet all can be
but dust at the foot of a mountain*

How can I love again when I know what love can be, even unrequited?

*Were it reciprocated the terror of its vulnerability,
of any potential of its loss, would be more than I could bear*

*How can he bear it? He must feel so little to
confidently carry any shred of such possibility*

*It would assuredly spell my end, for just losing our time together,
what we once meagerly called 'friendship,' tore me to pieces*

*To have you, then not... it would be obliteration,
complete dissolution, no pieces left to piece back together*

Saved by being denied the only thing I've ever really needed

Heartstrings

There's not the smallest part of you that I didn't fall in love with

Not a single shared sentence of your past you imprinted upon my being

Not a single experienced joy or pain, obstacle or its overcoming

Not a single quirk, nor any of those characteristics the foolish call 'flaws'

Each one a separate string sewn through my heart muscle

An enmeshed weave gaining tensile strength with each new thread

An inextricable fabric interwoven into the walls of my heart

Together possessing the potential to pull me any way you choose

There they stay, should you decide to pull them again someday

My heartstrings, you have them wrapped around your little finger

Suburban Bliss

I've always said that I don't want the conventional life

House in the suburbs

Dog in the backyard

Two kids upstairs

Two cars in the garage

Soccer practice

Saving for trips and retirement

Then I met you

Now I'm in for it all

The Dream of You

The dream of you

*The dream of the realm you take me to
Sustains and guides me sleep and wake*

Takes me resolutely by the hand

*Whispering: all that matters is this transport
The journey inward, while facing out*

The memory not so much of you

*But the landless, sea-less, mater-less realm
That you so easily, naturally took me to*

Every time I sat by your side

Listened to your voice

Vicariously absorbed your pleasure and pain

*A journey which someone else may someday take up with me
But neither the realm, nor the course, were known before you*

They were obscured, concealed by darkness

*And thus, every time I sense the transport draw near
Every time I catch a whiff upon the breeze blown from there*

You are there with me

*Within every guide, powering every conveyance
Inseparable from the realm of which I was once ignorant*

Before you revealed it to me

In my heart, in my dreams, in your presence

Eternal Truth

Love of loves, never to pass away

Subject not to anything which any may betray

Invulnerable to every force, withstanding any fray

True and everlasting, come anything that may

Bones and body brittle, heart heed not decay

For what is true is ever true, forever here to stay

Nesting Bird

What is it that doesn't die?

That lives within, all wings to fly

That flew away years before

Yet nests inside forever more

That makes no sense, un-returning

Yet always beckons, rejoins in yearning

That painfully proved the purpose of being

Barring itself and simultaneously freeing

Enough time has passed, please take flight

Cage flung open, become the night

Crack my chest, the ejecting breach

Chasm unending, beyond my reach

Now inseparable from the essence of all

Forever resounding clarion call

Invisible safety net of unfathomable fall

Caught in a current I can scarcely recall

By the Root

*Too deeply rooted in heart
Too difficult to restart
The future bound-up in the past
Stalling starts that cannot last*

*Subsuming sentiments sometimes subside
The suffocating overgrowth somehow defied
But unless the root is entirely extracted
The future will be but the past protracted*

*I beg you, dig down deep and tear her out!
Put this pathetic wallowing weakness to rout!
Ruminating upon thoughts evoking the ache
Sickly-sweet addictive cycle I cannot break*

*Beseeking for a displacement of her position
That ever so futile, faithless mission
A presence I'm seemingly powerless to purge
A mind mired in endlessly immutable merge*

*Angelic force: dislodge her, set me free!
For your divinity I'm presently blind to see!
Dig beneath my blindness, pull up the root
Salvation of a future by its past made moot*

Empty Vessel

*An artist living without a muse
Has no purpose at all*

*A throbbing empty vessel
Caring not if it is filled*

*An ethereal sunrise
Shone upon closed eyes*

*A bustling city street
Making no noise at all*

*A frigid winter night
Leaving the jacket at home*

*A happily aimless day of wander
Wistfully groping for an aim*

*The spring of eternal life
In a land of immortals*

*The most delicious dish
Served to one without a tongue*

*Give me back my agony
Someone to agonize over*

*For I'd far rather be overcome
Than feel nothing at all*

Light of the Seventh Circle

*These people whom I pass, they have no notion of their good fortune
to have bodies capable of gratifying their desires
to exist in vessels able to deliver them their yearnings
to not have lives consisting entirely of coping with unnaturality
to not forever long for loves and fulfillments their physiology can't deliver
to not be forced to avoid people to prevent passing along such pain*

*Yet, even as a twisted, hollowed-out, fractional shell of self
even living outside of organic, inherited reality
beneath all depths of deconstructed depravity
in the cracks of compromised unnatural condition
trapped within a ceaselessly shackled body and bombarded brain
shaking from the monstrous stresses of endless enervation
entombed within an existence filled fully with unfulfillment
prematurely greyed and disconnected from life for decades
daily clawed at by the beastliness of bottomless burden*

Even then I knew I loved you

*Like it was the only truth
the one thing that mattered*

*the one legitimate life raft in this endless ocean of mirages
the one thing of true substance I could grip onto for once dear life*

*Like it was the only real thing in my unreality
the only anchored thing
the only sustaining thing
the only thing that kept my head above water
the only way I could continue to draw breath while sinking*

*There's no way you could know it
there's no knowing the Seventh Circle of Hell
without having existed in it with me
which I would never wish upon anyone*

Especially you

*the only one I've ever really known and loved
for as long as my memory serves me*

*There's no way for you to know it
without knowing the alienation of self
the perpetual pain of endless disturbance and deprivation
of never being in the present moment
when the body is forever holding up an unnaturally taxing weight
when its own elements have been turned against itself*

*preventing its dependent mind from ever being in the now
so as to render what was biologically born into deviant, frail form
separated from touch, affection, love, fulfillment... from everything
for so many years that there's no longer a memory of them
nothing but this overwhelming sense of what it would feel like
of how it would be to actually hold and be with someone like you
my heart almost explodes with thoughts of embracing you as I wish
with thoughts of what I am forever forced to hunger for in vain*

But what I need you to know:

You enraptured my heart, keeping it stimulated, beating

*Aching in longing and sorrowful love
a longing endlessly lingering in impossibility
a sorrow of not being able to show you my truest form*

*a love lost the moment it was known to that evacuated, once full form
the form from before the beast set its claws in me, burrowing into my being
nesting in my corrupted temple it forever strains, debases, defiles*

Before I needed you to help me bear this weight

*An angel of loving life forestalling despairing doom and death
pulling the sinking, suffering victim back above the water line*

*tethered between the fleetingly glimpsed realm of his real nature
and the Seventh Circle into which he long ago slipped and stuck
mired in the inextricable muck of steadily manufactured madness*

You cannot know this

where I've been and what you've done for me

But I need you to know... just you

*So I write these words, preserving the loving agony
in the hopes that the love will one day prevail
and that you, or another one so deeply loved
may someday know who I truly am
and help bring me back to what I so long ago lost*

Love. Life. True Self.

*Everything that is best
that makes the suffering worthwhile
so long as some hope of ascending from the Seven Circles survives*

Bird of the Barren Branch

*A vibrant, most beautiful bird
Alights upon a brown, barren branch in winter
The tree's leaves having fallen away long ago*

*Dazed, I'd been scanning the tree's dormant form
Waiting for life, for some awakening elicitation
My wish granted, an overwhelming wonder*

*It sings to me, sensing how long I've yearned for its melodious song
The sight, the sound, they propel me over the branches, into the clouds
Soaring, I'm soon overtaken by dread, knowing ascension demands descent*

*Terror takes over, for I sense that the bird shall soon depart
Some other victim shall silently call it away with his pained projections
For this bird feeds upon need, pecking on ephemeral moments*

*It is vulnerability embodied, a devilish angel
I feel it grin within as it flies away, splitting me in two
One of these two it takes in its clutches, helplessly limp*

*I may never get it back, that which it birthed and betrayed
The branch now looks far more barren than it had before
The void now laid more aching, openly exposed than ever*

*Would it not have been better that it'd never been drawn to the barren branch?
Would it not have been better that I'd been deaf to its resonant, seizing song?
How did I warrant this rush, the heart-warming expansion and utter deflation?*

*Before it arrived the void was tolerable, for I'd become accustomed to it
Now I know its every inch, aggrieved by the echoes of enchanting treachery
A cavernous hole in my breast left by the bird I'll forever cherish and resent*

*Come back! I fear your song may slip away forever!
I can barely hear it now... into oblivion it fades... So be it then!
Callous over the walls of my cavern, seal the entry, make the ache dull again!*

Gravity

Total darkness

Cold

Dank

Shivering

Frightened

No direction

No up or down

Where am I?

How did I get here?

How do I get out?

How long have I wandered here?

Without a sense of direction?

Without hope?

Lost in cold, cruel isolation?

Slowly freezing to death...

What's that?!

A light?!

Far off... tiny... barely perceptible

But even from here I can tell it's bright

It's brilliant...

Now I'm moving

But I can't feel my legs... they're numb

Yet my aching heart suddenly feels fuller

And the light grows with each mounting moment...

It's brighter and filled with color!

Am I moving towards it, or it towards me?!

Perhaps I am pulling it...

No, it's pulling me!

I can see it clearly now... feel its warmth!

Its luminous colors are casting away the darkness!

Its beauty surrounds me!

It's drawing me in... effortlessly

There is no energy being expended by me, or by it

Thank God, for I think I have lost the strength to walk!

So long have I been broken in this bleakness, I can barely budge

Closer and closer it pulls me

As if along an invisible track

Its gravity is incredibly powerful!

So powerful it pulls me from the black hole...

...from the consuming force so great it seemed nothing could escape!

Its brilliance burns away the darkness, the dejection, the despair

It's sunlight upon my frigid face, reinvigorating me with long lost life!

Finally I see direction... I feel hope, passion, purpose, love...

Thank God for the light!

Thank God for you

Sacred Stone

Oh so beautifully precious sacred stone

Made most magnificent by perpetual polishing

So long have I held you close at hand

Loved and traced your every curve

Adoringly inspected all facets of your form

That to me, you are the only stone

But you were only borrowed

Mined from someone else's claim

He came one day and said 'enough is enough'

I want back the riches I invested with you for a time

Thank you for your returned interest! Goodbye!

And so you were lost to me forever

Wandering sad and alone I looked for you

The incomparable stone compared to every stone I see

I pluck them up uncounted, unpolished

I discard them all in dissatisfied dismay

Hoping just to catch a glimpse of you as he carries you about

But you remain lost to me forever

I shall never be rich again

You shall forever be the wealth that I lost

The invaluable granting my life its greatest value

The only precious stone of your kind

Glimmering with a luster none can match

Then came the walk that changed the very way I see

Looking for you I wasn't paying attention to my steps

I tripped and fell into a mine I pass by every day

Dazed, I slowly came to and opened my eyes

My God! I exclaimed. These glorious stones that surround!

So gorgeous! So sacred! So special!

Look at that one! Never have I beheld such breathtaking beauty!

Thank you for the message, great Spirit!

Your invaluable precious riches surround!

Now I see them! I wasn't really looking before!

Chisel in hand, I'm empowered with new perspective!

So many worth taking the place of one once undiscovered, unpolished!

There can never be a best, nor a final sacred stone!

Particulars of Endearment

- ♥ *How you pronounce your g's*
- ♥ *How you talk with your hands when you become excited, which is often*
- ♥ *Your bewitchingly gorgeous eyes – I want to get lost in them!*
- ♥ *How certain colors of attire (that one beanie especially) make those eyes*
- ♥ *explode with even more vibrancy – you looked so stunning that day!*
- ♥ *The way you look when sun-scathed, the tan revealing hidden freckles*
- ♥ *How you looked when you glanced up at me in the staff room on our last night working together – “Damn she’s beautiful,” I thought to myself*
- ♥ *The overwhelming draw I felt when I gave you that last hug goodbye – your natural smell and the scent of your hair – innate compatibility*

- ♥ *The adorable way you puff your cheeks and roll your eyes when you're holding back expressions of affection*
- ♥ *How I know the true definition of 'adorable' because of you – I adore you*
- ♥ *How you say you have to have pajamas on whenever you're at home*
- ♥ *The way you reenacted the perfectly warm, comforting embrace of the cuddle in winter cold – a fond memory of you that still tugs at my heart*
- ♥ *How you say "you're something else" and "you're an idiot" – you'd never admit it, but I know that these are your way of secretly saying "I love you"*
- ♥ *How little you take for granted, knowing how vulnerably invaluable are the gifts of life*
- ♥ *How bad you are at accepting compliments – this list is too much for you already, isn't it? I'm just getting warmed up...*
- ♥ *The way you doubt yourself, humbly bouncing back and forth between confidence and ongoing, overly-critical reflection and self-examination*

- ♥ *How you don't realize that your being 'awkward' is entirely endearing*
- ♥ *How unbelievably mature and well-rounded you are for your age*
- ♥ *How you almost always say and do the right thing, possessing judgment far beyond your years*
- ♥ *How many things are 'your favorite' – I only implied otherwise once out of particularly resenting your power over me that day*
- ♥ *How badly you want a dog, the fact that they're so lovable seemingly tearing you up – I feel the same way!*
- ♥ *How much of a total brat you look like in the child photo you submitted*
- ♥ *How loud I make you laugh – you fear you'll wake everyone, becoming embarrassed*
- ♥ *How you have the awareness and resolve in your mid-twenties to take a year off of drinking following a very considerate analysis*
- ♥ *How much you enjoy culinary creation, sharing food as an act of love – for almost everyone*
- ♥ *How excited you are to have and decorate your own home, making it truly yours*

- ♥ *The way you express your bond with family and friends, especially your grandma – may she rest in peace!*
- ♥ *How you want to help others with your life, willing to absorb their pain*
- ♥ *The perspective you've pulled from your past, turning past pains (accident, family struggles, etc.) into strength and a highly developed capacity to empathize with and show compassion for others' pains*
- ♥ *How you exude that empathy, becoming the joy and anguish of those around you*
- ♥ *How your intelligence combines with that great compassion and empathy, making you a true force for good – a future shield against suffering*
- ♥ *How I can see your heart melt on your face when something touching happens*
- ♥ *How you use books and films for cathartic release – I just want to hold you when you cry!*
- ♥ *How pridefully stubborn you are, in the best possible way – the high standard, earn everything, nothing has ever been handed to*

you way

- ♥ *How gracious and modest you are, ever good to others and shying away from crude content*
- ♥ *Your work ethic – you'll never fall short for lack of effort, that much is for certain!*
- ♥ *How much satisfaction you receive from being productive, even playing at it as a kid*
- ♥ *How determined you are to give your future kids the stability and advantages you were denied*
- ♥ *How you make me feel so much I melt with weakness around you, ever prone to 'cross the line'*
- ♥ *How pure my feelings are for you – in a world soiled with constant corruption, the incorruptibly clean*
- ♥ *How patient you've been with me and my mood swings – my greatest antidepressant (I've run out of time to prove it, but that's not really me)*
- ♥ *How badly I want you to know that real me, the one free of the afflictions that continually consume me, undermining every moment of my life*

- ♥ *How I scream on the inside when you're near – please, be right next to me or else far, far away!*
- ♥ *How dedicated you are to your man and relationship – no threats are permissible – how lucky can one guy be?!*
- ♥ *How complete a package you are, exceedingly well balanced and leaving nothing to be desired – though it's true, I love that you don't believe it!*
- ♥ *How much I identify with the pain of your ex – losing you would be unbearably devastating*
- ♥ *How certain I am that you are one of the best people I have ever known, or ever will know!*
- ♥ *How much you've confided in me – my heart remembers it all, even if my mind doesn't – you share with others too, it's true, but I ignore this!*
- ♥ *How stout and steadfast my position is in your corner! Despite all the pain and sense of being undervalued by you...*

You are a part of my heart now, inextricably intertwined

I know many of these poems were harsh

*Yet my ego and anger are always temporary,
and the love is always there!*

No matter what I'll always be here for you, for absolutely anything!

Petrified Tree

When the sacred-most seed fell upon my soil

I barely noticed

My land was barren, neglected

Aching from a waste of space

When the seed sprouted

the land took to life

All was fertilized by its growth

As the taproot descended deep within

vitality spread across the grounds

Easily the root dropped to the deepest depths

Discreetly, quietly binding itself to the land

clinging to every particle of earth

wrapping itself around every rock

And up rose the most magnificent of trees

*And the land praised it
knowing it as everything it needed
as everything the land promised itself*

*Birds sung of its hope and providence
As its blossoms bore the brightest fruit
that never ripened
staying hard, high and out of reach
mocking the hungry below
un-plucked, unbitten
forbidden, yet continuing to grow
refusing to fall to the earth*

*Too late, for the roots of this tree are engulfing
spreading so wide, descending so deep
that they devour the land
becoming inseparable from it
rebuffing all attempted extrication*

*And there it remains
pridefully petrified*

*Entirely enmeshed with the earth
Never to be burned
Its fruit never to be eaten*

*It is the land
the land belongs to it*

*Any subsequent seed to fall
can never deliver its roots deep enough
nor cast its leaves high enough
to ever generate new fruit here*

So the land starves

*The birds sing of empty stomachs
of abandoned nests*

*The land forever longs for the tree to fall
as they cling to one another with equal force*

Honored Guest

*Swimming in my breast with thunderous silence
Perfectly self-assured and imperishable
Refusing to follow ruling or precedence
Marriage and childbirth be damned*

*Hounding happily, then tearing at the tenderest flesh
Salvation and damnation lustily in league
Bubbling over, then sinking all the way down*

Just memories, memories...

*But remembered more by heart than mind
So to be perfectly preserved, as if by magic spell
Try to breach them with reason, I dare you!
Prepare to retreat from this sanctum, singed*

*It's as the subtle rhythms of pumping life
Of chambers that once welcomed the anointer
Endless hide and seek with the sanctum's servants
Lost to be found, only phantoms and echoes
Past pains and elations, forever renewed*

Where are you, great honored guest?!

*The only one that freely explored the sanctum
Enlivening, illuminating now frail and darkened flesh
Haunting the halls by which we know we're alive*

Oxygen

I'll forever hold a flame for you

Forever

For this flame be the same as every flame borne by every breast

Fanned by the same oxygenated inspirations blowing life into life

Life in its totality, delivered across the expanses of existence

Whether self-importantly stamped as 'civilized' or not

Tending to burn brighter when not, as uncorralled wild fire

Not trapped by machine, production or profit, but burning for itself

Perfectly impartial, flames singing and surging up from intrinsic eternity

Heating our halls, setting itself upon dream and dread alike

Firing every order's exhortations, carried upon torches towards every hope

It is this flame that I carry for you, that which warms all things

Forever burning and brightening, billowing and bursting forth

Everything once dark, filled with the glow of your long stolen flame

*Time cannot extinguish it, as it burned before time
It shall burn into eternity, through every resetting of the clocks
Through every wisp of it passed into every hosting heart
At the very moment of divine manifestation of new life
At the very moment when the Holy Ghost parts the curtain
Dropping the robes of apparition, born into flesh once more*

*This same flame, one flame, carried since before it could be felt
Before it could be folded into the bellows of vitalized being
It is this flame that I carry for you, can you not see?!
My forever dream, flickering in red and blue ephemera
Endlessly recast reminiscence, the divided rapture of two*

Be my oxygen once more, when once I took full breaths!

The Sharpest Knife

*It cuts through almost everything, stopping in but the one thing, revealing
the apparently impenetrably solid to be soft, and spread away at will:*

The judgments and expectations of others

That the personal is unprofessional at work

The existence of preexisting, conflicting relations

The looming wedding, the plans for family

The age difference, surpassing a decade

The socioeconomic circumstances of class

The psychological games played around it

The cutting misery of its unrequited wishes

All the words and worries and tactics it whittled into its block

Everything that everyone said and did to try to dull and deflect it

All of the arrogant antagonizations condescended as if absolute

The knife cut straight through them as it would warm butter,

*revealing what's claimed to matter more than it to be
immaterial illusions; preventative preconceptions proven pretend.*

*It made mincemeat of everything said to oppose
its will, dicing them up as if they were barely there.*

*This knife that just as readily passed through my chest,
stuck and stayed, forever lodged in the one
sanctified place that captured and set it in stone.*

Everlasting Invocations

*Of what bursting agony and effulgence is this?
Of what anguish does the miring muse impart?
Of what immortal makings do you elicit?
Of what effortless command of my aching heart?*

*How is it that your love forever lingers?
Heeding not time nor distance between
How have you subsumed the eternal seed?
Keeping my fecund cultivations forever green*

*Of what divinity of nature are you imbued?
Of what litany of language do you endow?
From what species of sentiment were you born?
To your everlasting invocations must I bow*

*To what teeming waters do you lead me?
To what mystical lands of everlasting longing?
By what pain of separation do you surround?
To what endless need is your belonging?*

*Why do you bring me here each day?
What is it that you need for me to do?
Of what mountain am I steadily making?
From the mounting matter made of you*

*When shall you let go of me, my love?
Though it seems that it's I that tie to you
For how may our cords be so tightly bound?
By but each of the knot passing through*

Presence

*I need not your body
I need not your words
I need only your presence*

*It touches me without reaching
It sings to me without speaking
It fills my vessel without pouring
It wraps around me without moving
Warming me with the friction of our shared space*

*All of me is filled when you're here
There's no room for anyone, anything else
I seek nothing else, for the vacuum is sealed
There's nowhere left to enter, no entry point
No pores, no gaps, no spaces remain*

*Everything slows down, then stops

Here, with you, I sense no passage of time
The clocks have ceased from ticking*

*Timelessness is love itself
It is divinity itself
That which cannot subside
For it is the only truth
The only thing that's real
So that when you come to know it
You know reality for the first time
You know that it is what's real
And that all else is unreal*

All else is but the shadow cast by truth

*I've known all of this in my heart
And it cannot forget it
For it is the only thing that's in it
The only thing of substance
The reality to which all illusion clings*

*And all the minds, and all the logic, and all the laws
All that prevails within the universe of appearances
Condemn me for knowing and being unable to forget
And yet the one truth forever remains, perfectly defiant*

The one reality, radiantly empowered by your presence

You could forget every detail of it

Yet still know it completely

For what is known is not form

What is remembered is beyond particulars

Forever are the echoes of its everlasting essence

It tells me all truth when you tell me your truth

And it cannot die

For even when it fades from the mind

It forever dwells within the source itself

Always in its complete, unconquerable form

A volcano lodged against my sternum

Erupting whenever you draw near

Ablaze

*You know exactly how I feel about you, without my saying another word
Because the feeling is always the same, even as its catalysts are limitless
It's the magic, the force of creation, the foundation upon which all is built
It's the lost and found within us all, the one original forever reinvented
It's as old as time itself, and visited upon every space of existence*

*And yet it visits each of us, every time, as if it's perfectly new
As if we're finding something that's never been found before
Made unique through every manner in which we're made unique
Forever recycling the kindling, rekindling the fiery purpose of life
The burning bounty of being brought up from the Big Self within
The gifts gifted to each self tugging on their intertwining with the Self
The perpetually rewinding reminiscence of Self's incarnation of selves
Witchcraft, the casted spells of Spirit, the incantation of inseparability*

*That's what I tap into when you open myself up to Myself
Just thinking of you, of what you made me feel, the echoes of eternity
What else is there without that upon which everything is built?!
Only towering edifices absent foundations, awaiting crumble and collapse*

*I harness The Force through you, like a ray passing through a magnifying glass
Focusing the brilliant intensity of my beaming heart, so to set myself ablaze*

Freedom in Captivity

No freedom compares

To being your captive

The Empress

*In the deep, sacred hollow
Into which the holy I follow
Your fadeless footsteps lead all the way in*

*Where I forever fear I shall find
Your reign to be one of a kind
Where love ends and shall never begin*

*There, where I shake and I ache
Forever dying of a thirst I can't slake
Broken by a battle I'm unequipped to win*

*Did she save me or doom me?
Build me up or consume me?
No clarity in this tumultuous din*

*Where you come to me in my dreams
Quietly tearing me apart at the seams
Ripped awake to sew myself together again*

*The night before, a pure terror
Breast breached by my heart bearer
Flattening me into the feeble and thin*

*Last night, a heavenly vision
Finally, a finality to our division
Side by side as the most natural of kin*

*Pulled this way and that
By you, you most adorable brat
Longing for the hitched, a foolhardy sin*

*And yet, my heart can't let go
Regardless of what I'm told I need know
My mind as powerless as always it's been*

*Please, send someone to force her out!
Whom I shall surely curse, scream and shout
Dethrone the Empress whom rules from within*

Dream of Nothing

Again, the dreams...

*The tormenting power of the periphery, far and near enough to hurt
The embodiment of love and longing orbiting the outside, out of reach
The negative space set between the aching void and its fulfillment
The chasm separating the hollowed-out man of vacated breast...
And the one who unfeelingly holds his extracted organ of feeling*

*We're in a classroom this time, but the lessons are entirely inscrutable
She's on the other side of the room, studying the incomprehensible
She giggles with glee as she bats my bloody heart around on her desk*

*Everyone can talk to her but me
Everyone praises her within earshot of me
Their words are like knives in my open wound
A wound that not even time has hopes to heal*

*I want to scream to the class: "Let me tell you how this feels!"
It feels like the greatest force of gravity honed in on my heart
And pulled me in close, then closer, before letting me go*

Like I was on the verge of breaching the bounty, then released

*And here, on the torturous crux of completion
Within sight of everything that every heart desires
I'm trapped, unable to breach, or to summon escape velocity*

*The vacuum of existence perpetually pulls me to her, her to me
Sucking in the only thing that can equalize the pressure
Only to meet a polarity push in proximity, keeping her near, yet far
So the pressure remains unabated, endlessly pulling on my loose threads*

*They say that idle hands are the Devil's plaything
But it's the inability to forget the fullness that his demons most adore
They reminisce with me in my sleep, dancing in the vacuum
For the black hole of the imploding heart is the Devil's favorite toy
And hers... she loves watching her power at play, feeding the demons
She whispers something to my classmates, and through the grapevine
the whisper comes to me: "She's leaving class because of you. She's
leaving because your love has crossed over her boundary lines."*

Then, standing, she points at me and shares the day's lesson:

"It's all or nothing with love. And he's the nothing."

Field of Dreams

If I could have one wish

It's as simple as can be

*I'd spend one night with the
only woman I've ever loved*

One night wrapped around her

Her wrapped around me

*My face buried in
her curly brown hair*

*Smelling her
sublimely sweet funk*

*Entirely beholden to
her every satisfaction*

*The fullness of me made
in the fulfillment of her*

*The perfectly entangled
interweave between she and me*

Until there is no she or me

Just one night... one night...

That's my Field of Dreams

*My one wish... find my spirit, bring it back
for one night with her, then I'll dissolve into the divine*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR, BY THE AUTHOR

Born in the redwoods of coastal Northern California in the blue collar town of Fort Bragg, my early years were trouble-free times of active, youthful exuberance. I was very much a rural kid, playing sports with friends, catching critters, exploring the forest, shooting bb guns, swimming in the river and ocean and eating blackberries off the bush until my hands were stained purplish-black and my stomach ached. At the age of six my father was transferred to the rapidly urbanizing town of Santa Rosa, CA, in the heart of the Sonoma County Wine Country, an hour north of San Francisco. There, I gradually transformed into a video gamer with a strong creative streak. In my adolescence I concocted elaborate games for friends that captured their attention for hours on end, often during school hours. Some of these games were centered around toys, but the more popular were produced on paper, which I called “paper games.”

As I matured I came to the same conclusion that most young, observant people come to: money is the root of freedom, for freedom is *purchased*, not freely given. I knew that I had to do everything possible to accrue as much cash as possible, so that I could do what and be who I pleased. This culturally-pervasive mindset continued through most of college, during which I attended the University of California at Santa Barbara and studied Business Economics, entering the real estate business post-graduation. I was highly motivated by the orthodox ambitions inculcated into western youth by way of our aristocratically-hailing conservative culture and, through them, decidedly driven to pursue what most consider the hallmarks of ‘success:’ a lucrative career, the

socioeconomic rank and all the trappings. This was before I realized the subjectivity of 'success,' and the fact that the greater form is that which Einstein alluded to: "Try not to become a person of success but, rather, try to become a person of *value*."

Thus, I'd begun developing doubts during my last couple collegiate years that following the traditional path was what I was meant to do; that it was the best use of my abilities. Upon inspection, and in tracing the full causality, I realized that this path produces parasitism and suffering. The more you're said to 'make,' the more you *take*. Nothing materializes from nothing, and capitalism unbalanced by socialistic principles and equity sharing is less about freedom and hard work than exploiting disadvantage.

My heart and conscience thereby began to coalesce around the greater concept of success: defining it in terms of the *creation* rather than the *extraction* of value. Later, as my spiritual awareness grew and I began to sense that 'listening to your heart' is more than mere fleeting emotion, but a tapping into a truer, fuller form of universal Self, my earlier doubts began to crystalize along with my ideology and convictions, and everything changed for me.

Though I continued to struggle with some serious health issues at the time, much of which continues to plague me, on another level I came into myself and began to harness a deep sense of purpose. I realized that I'm meant to translate the spiritual messages I receive which, combined with my intellectual inspection of the world, have led me to some profound conclusions about the nature of existence and the greedy heart of western culture compromising our collective potential. My innate creativity found a grander outlet in conjunction with my naturally-philosophical mindset, and I began seeking the underlying nature of

reality, formulating my own ideologies and envisioning the type of societal systems that might someday steer humankind away from a 'greed is good' attitude that necessarily short-sells total quality of life on Earth.

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