The poems within this collection are in essence, poems about love and the many shapes and forms it takes. There is so much to speak of on this one idea, and the variation of poems here in this book is dedicated to love itself, whether that love is with a lover, family, friends, beloved pets, or even the world.
ALL OR NOTHING
All the unwritten letters,
that were never wrote,
Live their lives out inside me,
and tickle my throat.
And kisses and smiles,
I just couldn't give,
remain dancing upon me,
caressing my lips.
As my heart's been a' beating,
like a guest at the door.
It's been knocking and I,
can't hold back anymore.
But the only way out,
is a thorn in my hand,
when you looked in my eyes,
this mystery began.
It's perfect? What's perfect?
If it's all or it's nothing.
Well, I'm done with these games,
and so tired of running.
All the bouquets of flowers,
I just couldn't receive,
they wilted on my doorstep,
their beauty unseen.
And inside a box,
meant for some pirate treasure,
in rainbow colored words,
there lay your love letter,
that you never wrote,
except perhaps in your mind,
closed under the lid,
for only me to find.

TO ME, LOVE IS NOT RED
There were stars, there were flowers,
there were blue crystal tears.
There was pain, there was glory,
and it lasted for years.
There was rain, there was glass,
it was broken, I see.
In the stars, in the gardens,
I forgot how to bleed.
But the heart can't forget,
anything it held dear.
There was pain, there was glory,
and yes, it's been years.
I've had flowers, the birds,
and my world came undone.
I turned my tail on you,
and the wolf, yes, she runs.
To me, what is love?
To me, love is not red.
Love was a crystal,
a light at the end.
So I follow these trails,
full of flowers and stars,
and I howl at the sky,
to wherever you are...
ENERGY TWIST
He was a sparkling boy,
too cute for the girls.
He was caught in the storm,
of some other space world.
A gay in the ghost shell,
said I’m not a boy,
I’m more like a thing,
like an it- or destroyed.
Not my body, no way,
and he walked out to see,
not crooked, but missing,
a certain soul piece...
She was a dazzling girl,
a tomboy to boot,
didn’t fit in the scene,
in her green army suit.
Not straight in the head,
but she knows where it’s at,
am I more of a dog?
Or am I more like a cat?
Said I’m not a girl,
not my body, no way.
But what in her hears?
Told her she had to stay?
Say if I’m not a girl,
he said I’m not a boy,
then what do we know,
of these things we exploit?
He said, I’ll be your girl,
but I can’t be a man,
and the man in the girl,
she said, I understand.
This is something to ponder,
its mystical, see?
And no one would know it,
if you’re bothered, don’t be.
-Kai
THE DAWN OF SPACE
Golden coins and sashes, in the pearly glow of pink, I was in the ground again, and I just couldn’t think. Sister love, so touching warm, I’ve never bent that heart, until the day that I forgot, and had a dream to start. Eden’s beauty reached for me, but I was reaching back, into rainbow icy tears, into a deeper crack. Purple earrings, gracious fur, the mystic of your eyes, I was underground again, and you were in disguise. Lovers’ romance, blissful red, I’ve never heard the such, until the day that I recalled, and in my soul, retouched, spaces’ beauty frightened me, and I just pulled away, into sun rays’ joyous arms, and into lights of day. Melon and a glass of tears, forbade my might to come, am I crooked in the spine, or crooked just to some? How am I to be again? When the cast was blue to blue. This is all that I can see, when I have turned to you. -Kai
PATIENCE I’VE NOT KNOWN
In spirit she stands,
with clasped, praying hands,
her soul’s in the center,
of them being together.
The presence of now,
as she makes a firm vow,
I will always know how,
and she takes a deep bow.
Alive I will be,
if he should ever need me,
and around I will come,
should he ever need some,
for love is a gift,
and she wholly uplifts,
her hands to the sky,
in a big battle cry.
I do believe,
even if I must sleep,
that if I’m to live,
I will give everything.
I will dream just to dream,
and the days reign supreme,
as she stands up with a peace,
she will never re-lease,
In spirit she waits,
in a long lived debate,
with her soul in the center,
of them being together.
-Kai

3 DAYS
One day, one, I feel inside,
the day you took me by a lie.
Today, today, forgive, forget,
but hearts have homes in me, I’ll bet.
The world was strange, because day two,
it was the day that I lost you.
If fate were fine, I’d take my shell,
and cast it off, no one could tell.
I’m nobody, on day of three,
the third, that we, just couldn’t be.
-Kai

HE GOT HIM
I can’t believe,
you can’t take in,
in such awe,
and he got him.
Not what I thought,
but that’s okay,
I’d rather have you,
than her, any day.
-Kai

FEELING LIKE
She is falling in love,
it’s too good to be true,
she is falling for him,
it’s him and not you.
She’s driving him crazy,
for what she can’t stand.
Does she feel like a woman?
Does he feel like a man?
-Kai
NO APOLOGIES
Never be sorry, for kindness or love.
Don’t ever be sorry, for that kind of stuff.
For even if you, were to be friends no more,
ever forget,
you once loved them before.
Be you enemies now, be the troubles you made,
and the one who's before you, was the one that betrayed.
You should never be sorry, even when what's done is done.
Never be sorry, for loving someone.

SHE SAYS GOODBYE
Hold my hand across the valley,
hold my hand across the sea,
set my heart a sail on water,
and then sail it back to me.
Hold my hand when I am speaking,
hear what last things to you, I say,
for what I spoke will always echo,
for you every single day.
Hold my hand inside the lighthouse,
for all those boats still lost at sea,
we will guide them back to safety,
like my heart sails back to me.
Hold my hand while I am leaving,
I will smile as I go,
you are a precious, precious creature,
I just wanted you to know.

LILA’S TRUE FEELINGS
Where the gasoline boils,
what emotions expel?
Are they native to heaven?
Or closer to hell?
I walk through the quicksand,
but only to find,
I find myself pained,
by what I can't define.
Is it hate? Is it love?
Is it all in between?
Is it black? Is it blood?
Is it purple or green?
The vines are just snakes now,
maybe they always were,
and the streets are just shadows,
I wove and conjured.
Your footprints are scars,
on the ground not for long,
but what did you think,
of these years we belonged?
Your grace was a secret,
but your words left a mark,
your darkness was there,
but even I had a heart.
Is it grief? Is it sorrow?
I don't know what I feel,
but whatever I'm feeling,
it has to be real...
AMBER MOON PRAYER

We are thieves on the moor,
we are amber and ice,
it's in the palm of my hand,
but I cannot decide.
You're resisting the wind,
yet you walk through its breath,
and got stripped of the stories,
and the secrets you kept.
So how gently I kiss,
every star in the sky,
and give love I held back,
early in this lifetime.
I toast to this moment,
and I ask you for help,
for I'm reaching inside,
and forgiving myself.
All the same, so were you,
you had things to release,
so we stood on the sand,
we stood facing our fear.
As the salt water dripped,
off the palm to your head,
you swore you would never,
cause such pain again.
With that amber in hand,
with these waters so blue,
what I heal in myself,
it will also heal you.
And what I can forgive,
of the shadows in me,
will show me the person,
that I wish to be.
This will show us the glimmer,
that hides in our hearts.
The beautiful truth,
that is under our scars.
ONLY IN THE WORDS OF LOVE
She was the only reason.
She had her eyes on the lights,
staring at the candles,
and she must’ve known whom she was talking about.
Him. He in all of his disappearing acts.
Punctuated.
Punctuated by moments,
of what you undoubtedly knew to be love.
But allow me to indulge,
in my suspicions of him.
As we turned so quickly,
and leaped so high.
She was the only reason.
The only reason he and you had made it this far.
Were you seeing illusions of saints?
Or ghosts of the holiest kind?
You were held above your scars,
held above your sorrow.
And you know she was the only reason.
The only reason,
that he even got to have you,
love you, be with you, live on for you.
We had gift after gift bestowed,
and I passed up mine.
But what has he in his head,
that I cannot let go of in mine?
But together,
you made it this far.
Too far to care.
Too far to blame.
Too kind to hate.
And when I find myself,
alone in my room of roses,
stopping in my tracks for I have seen,
the shadow of a saint on your wall,
I will always remember...
she must’ve known whom she was talking about.
WILL THEY SLEEP LIKE
YOU DID?
Wide eyes as the mouth that gapes,
that fell into your silver plate,
when he announced that you were real,
and there was nothing else to feel,
but joy that leached into a cry,
a hundred battles, in the sky,
a thousand times, you couldn't show,
the meaning of your life was cold.
And finally, you could just lie,
right on my breast, and say goodbye,
and finally sleep in someone's arms,
away from war, away from harm,
and sleep you did, it made me scared,
I woke you as I touched your hair.
But you just pushed, and dreamed again,
I wonder what was in your head,
when your eyes closed, your lips searched,
for something to appease the hurt.
You're my baby, but I hope,
you will have your very own.
And so he hung soft in the sky,
fleece and rays, so blond and bright,
a cloud, a drift, that keeps my ease,
quiet, shy and silently.
I never knew that blue would bleed,
forevermore into these seeds,
mother of a gentle cloud,
a man to be, a moon that's out,
no color fit the boy I draw,
the man before my eyes I saw,
for he had fallen, blessed to her,
and then the world revolved, un-der,
the same blue sky, the same sunsets,
another child, comes again.
-Kai
SHARING THE HONEY

Busy, busy, busy bees,
their all inside, disturbing peace.
Don’t want their worry, worry sick,
I think that it might be a trick.
‘Cause what they say, just isn’t true,
I’d like to see the real in you,
look into that mirror, and darn,
I can’t believe that awful harm,
I’ve done to you, I’ve done to me,
the things I’ve said, the times I bleed,
to carry on, no not today,
I see myself a different way.
So busy, busy, busy bees,
stop being there to de-stroy peace,
I know you’re better than you say,
it took courage to take pain,
but here we are again, at last,
your wings are tired, made of glass,
so let’s be something, someone else,
make the honey, be myself,
take the dive, and will to share,
the sweetness that is put in there!

-Kai
GIVING ALL OF OUR LOVE
From nowhere, we saw her,
from no place she came.
Dark like the shadows,
and simply untamed.
Some kind of creature,
we now know what kind,
came out of the darkness,
and into our lives.
We don’t know what hurt her,
we don’t know her past,
but we wanted to help her,
and she was aghast.
I don’t know of her troubles,
as she sits in the rain,
sometimes she makes us crazy,
but we love her the same.
Sometimes it’s so hard,
sometimes hard not to fight,
when she takes us for granted,
and goes in for the bite.
But I try to remember,
that she has a wound,
that hasn’t been healed yet,
was never removed.
It’s a frustrating matter,
but I know deep inside,
that she wouldn’t leave us,
and she hasn’t tried.
A mystery to us,
from wherever she came,
angry and bitter,
but she likes her new name.
And I try to remember,
that she has a wound,
and until it is healed,
this is all we can do.

WHEN I FINALLY FORGAVE MYSELF
I spoke a little softer,
I slept a little sounder.
I looked a little better,
my heart beat a little louder.
I felt a little kinder,
and I saw a little clearer,
I stepped a little lighter,
and I smiled at the mirror.
I listened a little better,
and I breathed a little deeper,
I stopped to rest more often,
and I went the extra meter.
I danced a little harder,
I felt a little stronger,
I sang a little sweeter,
and I hugged a little longer.
I reached a little further,
and I felt a little hotter,
I said thanks a bit more often,
and I walked a little prouder.
I looked a little closer,
I moved a little freer,
I smiled a little brighter,
and I lived with more a leisure.
I let go a bit more loosely,
I relaxed a little more,
I learned to love the people,
that I didn’t like before.
I spoke a little kinder,
I saw a little clearer,
I felt a bit more beautiful,
and I smiled in the mirror.
I gave myself unselfishly,
I forgave a little more,
much more than I had ever thought,
I could forgive before.
THE SUBSTITUTE TEACHER
We flew through our youth,
was it my fault or yours?
Just fighting to climb up,
our crazy, high horse.
To prove when we’re older,
we’re better you see,
that I’m loving you,
and you’re loving me.
I will help you, and hold you,
with all that I’ve got,
but starting today,
count the stars you have caught.
Willful and bleeding,
tell me all that kills you,
so if we die trying,
I will know what you knew.
What a gruesome lost whisper,
you told me that night,
since the last of her breathing,
before the big fight,
was here in my arms,
and a reason to stay,
now look what has happened,
when you went away.
The void that became,
no meaning, no blessing,
has turned this around,
into one giant lesson.
-Kai

LOVE IS GAIN
Summer nights, the heat of stars,
the white and gleaming silver bars,
that twinkle like they’re in those eyes,
the iris of a midnight sky.
So summer nights, don’t wait in fear,
of what may come in passing years.
Don’t think of such, we’re moving on,
a beach of sand, a golden awn.
Yet summer nights, we practiced greed,
for we don’t want to feel more needs.
I’d rather spill my crimson thoughts,
in rainbow tears, tied up in knots.
-Kai

MOONSTONE RING
A palm full of moonstone,
its presence is mine,
but mine only to share,
for the rest of my life.
I rest in the shadows,
in your calm, in your cool,
bare-skinned and naked,
and bursting with truth.
Under fronds, under leaves,
I feel stone on my skin,
I feel moonlight upon me,
and I’ll wear your ring.
The silver on my finger,
the feldspar, so you.
You could give me whatever,
but you chose the Moon.
Some girls will get starlight,
some boys get the Sun,
but you gave me this magic,
and you left me stunned.
I lay out on the Earth,
and I lay there with you,
skin against skin,
with my hand on the Moon.
ALMOND EYES WERE WATCHING HIM
Frilling dress, and satin cape,
eyes so dear, and almond-shape,
Celtic voice with graceful moves,
silken lips on handsome grooves.
She was there, in garden blooms,
yet she’s the killer in the room.
He will awaken like a bird,
like a dragon in the morn,
spread his arms like silky wings,
creating worlds and other things.
He is a star, the mighty king,
and to his ways we all shall cling,
like seahorses, or parasites,
we all will fall before his might,
except for almond eyes so dear,
who must believe we are not fear,
from paradox, he will break out,
giving life, to even now.
A cage for you, a cage for I,
another life, we can’t deny,
mighty monster, racing star,
the majesty of every war,
so to the death, we all shall fight,
and cling to hope, like parasites.
Will we be better, this time, right?
Not fall before his awesome might?
A shining eye of truth be tell,
before his rule, before we fell,
like angels to the muddy ground,
we gather where this love is found.
Into the caves we dig and dive,
it’s like we cannot stay alive,
we don’t know how, to get out,
we clung to words, trapped in our mouth.
If mystic pink would follow through,
goodbye, Goddess, goodbye you,
he says the wonder of the king,
was all we needed, everything,
and though he chased her from the land,
across the rock and glass and sand,
around the world, like every foe,
but he had the heart to let her go.
-Kai
THE PRINCESS’S TOMATOES
He promised you silver,
plus diamonds and gold.
I promised you seeds,
and a land you could sow.
He promised you platinum,
and dollars and coins.
I promised you water,
and honey and joy.
He promised you velvet,
and silks of the finest.
I promised you kisses,
the truest and kindest.
He swore on his stomach,
he would die to protect you.
But I gave my word,
I would live to respect you.
He promised you mountains,
the Sun and the skies.
But I promised you that,
on the grass we could lie.
For if you had the Moon,
and if you owned the Sun,
then what more could you want?
And then what is the fun?
He promised you fruits,
so exotic and sweet,
all I had was tomatoes,
and he had me beat.
He promised a wealthy,
and remarkable life,
yet all I could do,
was look into your eyes,
and say that I loved you,
more than anything else,
and confess that I need you,
yes, I need your help.
He can promise you rubies,
so blood red and bright,
but I have something better,
to hold in the light.

I have a tomato,
is it veggie or fruit?
I don’t really know,
but I’ve picked it for you.
And if you marry me,
then darling, I swear,
I’ll take you to the fields,
where the mountains are bare,
where the sky is wide open,
and the stars an all shine,
there I’ll scream to the world,
that this princess is mine.
And when you feel goosebumps,
within every pore,
I will give you my word,
yes, my darling, I’m yours.
And I’ll promise to love you,
through thick and through thin,
and this was never a promise,
you’ve gotten from him.
So I offer you this,
this scarlet red fruit,
and against his blood rubies,
do you see the truth?
Will you take this tomato?
Or take all his lies?
He promised you things,
but I give you my life.
A SHORT TIME ON EARTH
There was a bigger picture,
but with a smaller time frame.
He made a hasty disappearance.
But love flows,
and flows.
You were touched by two days,
and she by a month.
Lives changed,
the petals fell,
the rain cried,
the mud marked the earth.
Something grew.
Love flows,
and flows,
and flows.
That moment was his,
and yours.
Bit by bit,
you heal.
There was a bigger picture.
A lesson to be learned.
Love is there,
and love flows,
and flows,
and flows.
She cringed in pain.
Something new,
was being born.
Something fell open.
A door,
a window,
a heart perhaps.
It rained for days after,
for that is where you met him.
Blinded by the colored lights,
your eyes were opened.
She saw the bigger picture.
Love flows,
and flows,
and flows.

Fires burn forests down,
but it’s only a birth to becoming.
New life.
The clean, ashy dirt,
the tender seeds.
He was quick to go.
Fast to end.
But he left you with a gift,
that would out live us,
five hundred times over.
You learned how to open the door,
the window,
the heart.
There is a bigger picture,
and we are all in that portrait.
It is ours to claim,
to treasure.
He touched you both,
and that is what truly matters,
because love flows,
and flows,
and flows,
like rain into the ocean.
OLD SOULS
Eyes toward the gray skies,
clear raindrops on your face,
you seemed to be looking,
into some other place.
For our love and our goodness,
it was most certainly,
what made us both, us,
our immortality.
So if you are born,
come back how many times,
go through how many faces,
live out how many lives,
and if you don’t remember,
then I won’t forget,
but I’ll know when I feel you,
and when I’m sure of it.
If we are never ending,
then let it be so,
whether born in the summer,
or born to the snow.
What could make us remember?
What makes us remain?
Our love and our beauty,
was never in vain.
For deep in my heart,
I will hold what you said,
we will someday return,
and we will meet again.
I think that it’s true,
yes, I think I just might,
I will find you again,
I just feel it inside.
Our dangling threads,
that came loose and apart,
will still pull us together,
no matter how far.
And I think we are old souls,
I think this is true,
so how many lives,
have I spent with you?
A soulmate, a soulmate,
through so many lives,
and I will find you once more,
because love never dies.
OUT-RUNNING IT ALL
Lemon tea water, I caught just a glimpse,
lavender soap suds, and tinsel of mint.
Walking on jell-o, that might be fun.
Maybe soaking in coffee, right under the sun.
Tasting the rain, and my lip gloss, it's true,
from a kiss that I saved, just from me-
all for you!

CONFESSION
All I wanted was a moment,
to compose my racing heart,
but you touched me on the cheek,
and that's when I fell apart.
So I took a deep breath,
before I stepped on the line,
for you touched me so softly,
it should've been a crime.
You were only inches from me,
as I twirled inside my head,
we both laughed aloud earnestly,
and every doubt then fled.

HEY, AGAIN...
It's been a couple years now,
since I wrote a poem for you,
I know we've both been busy, so,
but what else can you do?
I'll admit that you've been on my mind,
these thoughts, they come and go.
You're really hard for a girl like me,
to just forget, ya' know?
No one's ever caught my eye,
it was you who caught it first.
It used to kill me all the time,
I thought I had been cursed.
But I think I still have feelings for,
you, and all we loved.
I'd like to think I'm over it,
but that's just not enough.
So here I am, exposed again,
my honest heart laid bare.
It's been a couple years now, but,
I'm still around the square.
CONNECTED
I need to know, just where you are,
and how you made me melt.
I have an icy, frozen heart,
So what is this I felt?
Your moves are ever-changing,
and your eyes, the wistful seas,
and I, the angry heartless queen,
I’m put down on my knees.
You stirred something, inside of me,
but nothing from the past.
You stirred something inside of me,
that I couldn’t really grasp.
Hands of hesitation hold,
I’m trembling on my throne,
You’re leaving something in my heart,
but no one else will know.
As queen, I stare beyond it now,
and I don’t have any words.
This is something I can’t fathom now,
and you, I don’t deserve.
I’ll roll these diamonds back to sea,
if that’s where they belong,
but you, my friend, you stole my heart,
and proved I had one all along.
THE EVERYTHING YOU ARE
Where to take off from, where should I begin?
Should I start with your kindness?
Your humor? Your whim?
Let’s start with, you’re beautiful, inside and out,
and there is so much, I could tell you about.
If love is a river, then you never end.
You’re a brother, my lover, and you’re my best friend.
You’re the brightest of lights, that I ever did see,
and the strongest of hearts, that’s how you got to me.
I can be complicated, but you understand,
you can put me at peace, with the touch of your hand.
And I’ve never seen eyes, that quite sparkle like yours,
they laugh in blue glitter, so secret, but sure.
You brought me back courage, and reasons to live,
and I hope I can love you, even better than this.

Your kiss is such grace, a sweet passion, soft touch, that I feel inside me, in my own skin and blood.
Your arms are the safest, when there, I can sigh, but I also enjoy it, when you are in mine.
You know how to get me, when I’m feeling sad, you know how to deal with me, when I’ve gotten mad.
You’re talented, wonderful, you’re wise and you’re smart, you think you’re so funny—but truly, you are!
I trust you, you’re careful, you’re honey, you’re sweet, you’re a dependable friend, and that’s not just to me.
You’re a really great person, what else can I say?
You’re everything, everything, you are my soulmate.
FORBIDDEN FRUITS
(The Crush)
Fresh, cold, delicious,
I made her suspicious,
standing in the straight line,
dipping in the cold lime.
Warm, fresh and too sweet,
strawberry, a nice beat,
grasping his cool hands,
eyes on where he stands.
Chilly and bright cool,
I jumped in an ice pool.
Night came in soft dust,
dark pink if you must,
fresh, cold, delicious,
my full mouth was suspicious.

AN ANGEL FELL IN LOVE WITH A ROSE
Her thorns and all the rosebuds,
that teased you in your sleep.
His face became an angel's,
and that dragged you in too deep.
Together, you saw the halo,
that shone above his head,
in a dream of milk and ivory,
a dust of blood and red.
You could falsify these feelings,
and say, "I love you not",
but the truth within my heart is,
you are the only truth I've got.

BEING
A crown of pearls,
a piece of silk.
A bit of rice,
on the empty hearth.
His strong hands,
hers warm eyes.
So lost in the joyful daze,
my, was I nervous!
But my, was there laughter.
As the sun set,
and the stars faded,
we fell into a conversation with no words.
TROUBLE
Lovely little tickle,
as pink as the rose,
forgive my indulgence,
a boop to your nose.
I couldn’t resist you,
believe me, I tried!
They’re calling you crazy,
but you’re what I like.
Tough words, but you’re tender,
at least around me,
you’re just cinnamon sugar,
and that’s how it should be.
A bright, beaming twinkle,
an explosive gold star,
you know that I love you,
whatever you are.
You’re the Captain, Commander,
whatever you say,
but I’ve seen you melt,
in that sweet little way.
All your little somethings,
those cute little quirks,
are annoying to some,
but to me, it’s a flirt.
What a boy full of mischief,
in trouble again,
and I just couldn’t get him,
get him out of my head.
THE WALK

They look at me with the gaze of insincerity.
But they wear masks.
Put on your coat and take a walk with me.
People hide.
They drink coffee by the parking lot.
They kiss and hope they won’t get caught.
So we stifle our laughter as we hide behind trees.
Let’s run like the river.
I feel your hand on my shoulder,
and I kinda’ like it.
Teardrops open us up into liquid roses.
I taste like vanilla.
Velvet clouds run canyons into the night sky,
it looks like an ocean sprinkled in broken glass.
People hide.
They kiss underneath the stars.
And dammit, I hope we don’t get caught.
So let’s lay outside of the limelight,
doused in the net of night.
I used to think I knew an angel when I saw one.
But I don’t think I ever saw one until I found you.
You rock the envelope of satisfied dreams in your fingers.
A couple walks ahead of us and we make faces behind their backs.
Let’s pretend we’re not in love.
People hide.
THE FIRST AND LAST LOVER
Perhaps the end of evil queens,
the start of the purest flowers.
Then dawned the age of something else,
in the springtime's gentle showers.
So what of he, with peach ice skin,
and eyes snow-silver white?
I don't know what he said to her,
but I think the mirror might.
For he with locks of chocolate silk,
and a tongue of heaven's words,
has eyes much deeper than the sea,
he walks on a string of pearls.
But this drew the darkness out of her,
he lead her toward the sky.
It ripped the ghosts out of her mouth,
and it's no wonder why.
His heart so free, so innocent,
all the love within his eyes,
that made what was ugly, beautiful,
and turned the wrong things right.
She reaches out a wary hand,
her fingers touch his face.
This could never be that man,
he never could be the same.
Bursting out like ocean flowers,
roses, snow and ice,
she looks into the sky of glass,
and stares into his eyes.
She reached through the reflections,
to the one she loved through it all.
“So I guess he was the fairest”,
smiled the mirror on the wall.
OUR DANCE
This is ours.
I see your eyelids lower,
and my tongue rolls over my teeth.
A language made up of insulting phrases,
arises in their minds.
But I don’t care.
This is ours.
I will always remember your illustrious dance steps,
a choreography of the shadows.
That tango on a whim.
You went under my skin so deep,
it left me bleeding out all of our favorite fragrances.
Skin, roses, cherries,
and imaginary vanilla.
We danced,
my cheek against yours.
This dream, this reverie,
this tropical storm in full blossom.
This is ours.
Crystal clear,
hidden in burgundy velvet,
golden vines, glittering chains.
Our dance steps tattooed the floor.
I breathe in,
dizzy, in all of the twisted,
little music notes.
You spun me around,
to the verge of oblivion.
And our moment together,
would forever be part of this place.
Our dance with each other,
would forever be in the history,
of the cosmos.
I feel their judgement,
on my back.
A thunder cloud of insulting phrases,
is waiting in their mouths.
But I don’t care.
This is ours.
KING AND QUEEN OF DARKNESS
Understanding dark beauty, well, take it from me. We had quite a long, and shadowed history. We faded in the light, when it came ‘round the bend, but what we hadn’t realized... is we really were friends! Overcome by the sun rays, we filtered away, from the black and the white, all the blue and the gray. Yet our bond was stronger, than any of that. Our love, our intentions, we could never take back. Though we still enjoy darkness, and shadows, it seems, we kept that alive, only in poetry.

NOBODY CAME
While I wait for you to come, I’ll watch the rising of the sun. I’ll see the birds begin to fly, across the softly painted sky. I feel the breeze begin to blow, just a bit to rock me so, lightly in the wooden swing, I sit alone and think of things. On this hill so green and vast, I wanted us to last and last, the day it grows, the sun it climbs, just like the deep green ivy vine. The sun it sets, I turn around, in orange and red, the grassy ground. And as I be there, staring out, into the stars, into the shrouds, these lazy dreams of pretty love, go spiraling into above. Then I sleep, to wake to day, I wait for you to come again, I watch the rising of the sun, and let my thoughts of love rerun.

YOU
Fireflies set into me, igniting my whole life, I was touched by everything, including all your strifes. You were standing in the way, when this girl had to go, and gave me nearly everything, that I needed to know. His smile glistened like dragonflies, his smile made me jerk, how is it you came to life? How does that really work? Tell me what I’m doing wrong, and meet me in the end, tell me how to fix myself, my dearest, oldest friend. He took my palm and made me look, my naked hand un-gloved, look and find your path in there, and tell me how your loved. He disappeared into the rain, the rain cast glitter far, like a diamond firework, he turned into a star. If no one would believe me, I should not have to care, but how do we obtain love? And most important— where? -Kai

KID IN THE RED
I’m not the mushy type, read it from my lips. I won’t be a stalker, and I’d never do the cliques. You are cool, don’t get me wrong, we could be so swell, but I would never promise, yet you would never tell. I’m not the best at this, and I don’t know where you lurk, but I’ll be around, because hey, this still could work. -Kai
LOVING A SOLDIER
And so I never would have met you,
had the enemy not spared,
your life that many years ago,
your body bruised and bare.
Solemn, somber, never moved,
except in your confession,
my waterfall of corn silk hair,
on your shoulders was my blessing.
We were locked inside a moment,
and I realized you were dear,
and the person that I used to be,
had everything to fear.
But then I never would have met you,
had the tide back then, upturned.
So I never would have loved you,
and I never would have learned.

SOMEBODY'S SOLDIER
A dark world goes empty,
and a war can be undone now.
It's time to go home, my love...

COMMANDER
The dappled ash of yester year,
I heard you count to ten,
say, the army is ‘afoot, yes, ma’am,
the dog has howled again.
I couldn’t, in my aching ears,
quite hear what you had said,
but the sky was black with smoke and ash,
the clouds were turning red.
With one salute, I turned around,
to face the world I left.
I can’t see it, through telescope,
but I know where we went wrong,
churning into smoke and ash,
now where do we belong?
In the hidden smoke of yester year,
I saw your strong salute,
a boy whom had lost everything,
and had nothing more to lose.
THE UNLOCKING OF THE HEART
In a swirling parable,
she touched everything in between.
Someone once told me,
you can only understand someone,
you love them without needing to understand.
Perhaps she cast away the idea,
and dropped it on the road behind.
Her eyebrows furrow,
he perplexes her so.
With a biography of disdain,
he remains a mysterious heart.
Could she cast away her judgements?
Embrace the story anew?
Resurrected just in time,
there is a new light.
She stared at the somethings in between,
the cracks of now and back then.
But the bubbles explode,
and we lose our masks.
He dances on the edge,
the edge of the beautiful,
the preposterous and the divine.
As the locks jangle heavily,
the door heaves open.
It is such a struggle to push,
but alas, my children,
it will open!
Should we fall to our knees,
let there never be shame between us.
Our love for each other,
is greater, stronger,
than any idle mistake we have ever made.
I see him crawl to the rooftops,
as she looks up from the forest path.
Something in her has changed.
Something in him, you and I.
What an epic myth of humanity to write of,
as she finally looked upon him with an open heart.
Her eyebrows still furrowed,
for he perplexes her still.
But she had to love him first,
before she could truly understand him.
But sometimes love never asks us-
Why?
It just wordlessly hands us the key.
But then the door heaves open,
the locks and heavy chains jingle.
The hinges moan in pain as the centuries of being closed,
is released from them.
But the light that emerges!
We have struggled to push that door.
It has been a long, hard, painful journey to get this door unlocked.
But alas, my children,
IT IS OPEN!