TRIPLE THE RAINBOWS
Creative art works for the Soul
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INTRODUCTION

We yearn to reach into the mind and soul to open you up to the colorful world around us. To complete our "rainbow series", we introduce to you, our third collection of detailed musings in the form of hand-drawn art, and contemplative poetry. May color open up your eyes, taking your focus away from the continuous battle of black-and-white, right and wrongs.

We are here to be creative beings!

THE BLANK

It was a blank stare,
that caught nothing else,
but reflections of endlessly,
seeing yourself,
mirror so imperfect,
for seeing your flaws,
that showed each effect,
without showing the cause,
so how will you know?
When you take a step back?
To reflect on your garden,
the seeds of the past,
cause how will you know,
if those flowers are dead?
When you fill in the blank,
and don't know what you've said,
see your face in the water,
in the stillness of creeks,
in your eyes is the answer,
for the ones dared to seek,
I've looked in my own eyes,
as I've looked in yours,
do you know what I see?
Do you know that I'm sure-
what humans call nothing,
not one thing, not there,
to know that we've seen it,
I can't really share,
to see it is one thing,
to breathe it, another,
beyond your own body,
a way to recover,
understanding the image,
set before your own eyes,
understanding the beauty,
behind so many lies,
is to forgive and forget,
is to come back to life,
is to still live like heaven,
even while we're alive,
because it's bitter, I know,
because we've all made mistakes,
but the future can forgive,
when we fill in the blank.
A PLAY ON BUGS
See the butterfly into the rocks,
in my electronic thunderstorm.
Caterpillar, take a walk with me,
and see what katydid...
-Arianna

THE OLD BUILDING
Lost again, in your aviary,
Are they birds?
Or are they fairies?
Set them free, for the door is gone,
there they go, traversing on.
-Arianna

COLOR THEORY
It was your theory,
in full bloom, full color.
You made a girl who thinks in lines,
who thinks in black and white,
see the world again,
be born again,
in the colors that were real.
-Arianna

EVERYONE’S GONE DREAMING
Everyone’s dreaming,
rewriting Shakespeare,
and challenging your words.
Fallen half-asleep,
but you still carry your sword.
Cut the cord,
I”m more than I imagined,
and you were more than you believed.
When I looked into the closet,
I saw the clutter wasn’t me.
No gravity to hold on to,
for sure we must be dreaming.
-Arianna
except from one certainly strange circumstance.

But do you know the end game?

As he tightens the laces
of his leather coat.

The ghost has excused me,
from every offense,

but I've had an insight,
set on bottles for midnight.

And I could pull the lever,

The ranger's not ready,
the garden's not weeded,
the soup isn't ready,

So don't launch that rocket,
the world isn't pretty.

Well, don't let them listen,

She said it's all smoke and mirrors,
in the shadow he's cooking,

for a mastermind hiding,

But the ghost has excused me,
and this I'll accept,

Don't launch that rocket,
but what about living?

 she pulled down his sunglasses,
and had a good laugh.

-Arianna
A WORD WITH THE STENCIL MAKER
The maker knows his stencils,
but did the stencils know their lines?
I was born out of a cosmic kiss,
that shattered space and time.
When there's a million bells and whistles,
and things to figure out,
you will never catch this wolf again,
with a pheasant in her mouth.
So the artist knows his pencils,
but did the pencils know their leads?
Well I was born out of a dying star,
that was falling over head.
There's a million nooks and crannies,
and holes to hide things in.
Girl, put your brain back online,
and sink back into your skin.
If the maker knows his stencils,
maybe I should trust his word,
for he would know a human,
from a rock, a tree, a bird.
If there's a million bits and pieces,
and parts to put back on,
screw those things back on real quick,
it shouldn't take so long.
If there's a million bells and whistles,
we have a load to figure out.
And you will never catch this wolf again,
with a pheasant in her mouth.
-Arianna
I threw the grappel hook I had,  
I aimed it at Cloud Nine.  
I said, "I'm not waiting anymore,  
there's nowhere you can hide."  
I hear their singing in my ears,  
I hear it on the wind,  
I can hear them on their cellphones,  
but I wait to hear my friend.  
If I had another hammer,  
I'd construct another ladder,  
I'd get halfway up the mountain,  
even if it doesn't matter.  
I'll be hiking up that skyline,  
I'm still lost in my own city,  
I will climb the clouds to somewhere,  
humming an old familiar ditty.  
Because I wonder where you've wandered,  
and is what they said, been true?  
Well, I watch the wind for answers,  
because I wait to hear from you.  
The cathedral's getting noisy,  
there's a fire in their minds,  
I hid my face behind my hair,  
and counted up to nine.  
A grappel hook, your ball and chain,  
a letter for my friend,  
I reach into the silence,  
listening for your voice again,  
The touch of your lips on my cheek,  
all this was lost in time,  
searching for the secret door,  
that would lead me to Cloud Nine.  
I hear the ticking of the gossip,  
in the tornado of the crowd.  
In the violence, in the hatred,  
of a land so upside down.  
And it goes and goes, I hear them,  
but I don't want to play this game,  
all the dice of good and evil,  
that have been rolling in your name.  
I hear them raging in my ears,  
I still hear them on the wind.  
And they stare into their cellphone screens,  
as I search for you, my friend...  
-Arianna
THE PLAN TO LURE HER IN
I stepped off of the golden sand,
I swam out of the sea,
the waves of yellow sunlight,
and a sky of honeybees.
I sent my ships off sailing,
with directions and a task.
I sent them to the city,
and told them to bring her back.
Lure her by the dreaming hook,
like a bracelet on her wrist.
Convince her that she still might care,
that her soul is dearly missed.
Missed among the silver nightshade,
the clouds and scallop shells,
the medicine of phoenixes,
and the coins of wishing wells.
I marched on feet of golden light,
and halted on the shores,
of an ancient sunlit desert,
with dimensions for its doors.
I called into that masterpiece,
as I reveled in the truth,
for the tiger woke at sundown,
and went out searching for you.
So we lured her back with crystals,
with her dreams and memories,
with a portrait of her lifetime—but
then she sensed his energy.
The scent of sunken treasure,
and the taste of burning sky,
a stranger grabbed her weary hand,
and something in her smiled.
He lured her back so honestly,
this strange stranger was a blessing,
his kindness reached through the winds of time,
and granted her a lesson.
It was my plan to lure her back,
but it ended even better,
destiny was already set,
before he even met her.
I marched into my world again,
and halted on its shores,
I stared into the passageways,
and I opened up its doors.
The tiger wakes at sundown,
and went out searching for you,
But instead she found an answer,
in his eyes so baby blue.
-Arianna
THE LAKE WAS HIS SHORT-CUT HOME
Albino snake of lithey-white,
blue diamonds were his eyes,
to trade his teeth for something else,
he’d be a butterfly,
charmer of the lethal snake,
and charmer of the seekers,
held a serpent in his hand,
and no one knew the secret,
but underneath that Winter wind,
the coolness of his breath,
keeper of the dragon bones,
he wonders a-bout death...
he skinned the wings from insects,
and lit the flights on fire,
the colors of the Marshskipper,
turned out to be desire,
Monarch-orange, and scale-green,
Swallowtail of copper rings,
fell into a flaming blue,
and brought such awful things,
but shook the tiny speckles,
from buttercups, and yellows,
the snake trick man was grieving,
but he was a gentle fellow,
twilight freckled aimlessly,
against the sea-foam sky,
while hissing from the vipers,
made the vesper in the night,
cobras, and the racers,
he had written them on pages,
to which he looked up sadly,
cause the Moon had past it’s phases,
so he no longer could sit there,
burning bugs, and training snakes,
seducer of the serpents,
he thought back to what he made,
he was attractive to the beings,
just a mystical subdue,
and yet he was in suffering,
and now I know the truth.
FREEDOM! SINGS A BOY
From drought came the dew, an unbearable grid,
that he's tried to drench, since being a kid,
with rain clouds of tears, provoke motion to state-
buying all his belongings too far from still late,
the impression of meekness, submissions defeat,
only listened to one, crawled to only one's feet,
violet iris in dying, withered out with the flood,
of the remarkable shooting, of garnet-black blood,
her raw voice, it roared, very female-scented,
as the spills to the floor, gushed out, permanented,
I say more over mercy, I say more over, cry,
why would no being brave it? There was a chance you may die,
he tapped the thick hammer, here do order, I serve,
now tell me dear child, how much are you worth?
I sent angels to shield him, and dragons of gold,
to protect his mistake, call to innocence, known,
come here my dear boy, give your story in full,
I must know the truth, are we half, or e-qual?
Proudly one-eyed in violet, the other in brown,
as he dug in his pocket for evidence, found,
a do, I am certain, to the same fate as she,
as the one I have murdered, may actually be me,
I has not done no harm, since that unsettled day,
one person, a difference, we shall not waste away,
put the glass gun away, the child's gaze glistened free,
I shall redo my heaven, and make prisoners see,
humble grants a-wait me, and but they, know what is wrong,
allow my return, to whom I can move on.
FIZZYPPOP POETRY

Searle Sapone, don't suppose you're still there?
Alaskan Gold summit, leads to my questionnaire,
a topaz bor-zoi, was mine for the taking,
fan the French manicure, but it's whose head who's shaking?
Him, by the shoulders, because I like your detergent,
Orpheus screamed, but it wasn't that urgent,
To be or not to be? Was that the original question?
I really don't like, what's in the self-help section!
If the world's gotta dance, well then, so shall I,
I never could twist, but I think I'd like to try,
if you've felt lonely for a man, never let him go,
like a soldier, to kill, never meant, nice and slow...
I think I finally realize, why we are forlorn,
the world is monopoly, for eating clone-corn,
"We're maniacs." Jade provided - I'm starting to think so,
reckless destroya, I've decided to go home,
I'm in the surround space, the surrounding space left,
a Pegasus's spell caster, didn't lend another address,
we'll never know where they all went, with Rageous as a name,
outrageous evolutionary manifestation - and yet, we're all the same,
didn't change a bit,
ever really did it,
kinda, sorta, quit,
in our stagnant wit,
as we sit,
so unlit,
we take the hit,
and wonder why,
we handled it.
I SAW HIM DARLIN’
Humming under breath tonight,
at the height of deep blue seas,
resurfacing her hidden heart,
for her angry eyes to see.
Be it out of turmoil,
this tornado in her brain,
there is something that her shadows,
cannot ride out, will not feign.
If someone’s blue-gray eyes could look,
upon the solid ground,
then that very off beat humming,
is a very soulful sound.
It might have been his lullaby,
a kiss without a glance,
standing in a wave of love,
before you had a chance.
Turn, turn your heel from a steady gaze,
well, should I rest my case?
I saw him darlin’, I swear I did,
but you let him walk away.
-Arianna
THE FEVER IS A-MAKING
End it now, goodbye and leave her,
all because I caught the fever.
Flashing lights from lightning bugs,
and glowing flecks from sparking plugs.
Chew these leaves to stop your fever,
once I go, you'll never leave her.
Sticky gel, cold medicine,
you burn alive to keep it in.
You fell ill, you take the pills,
that taste like love just never will.
That healing juice, that herbal fluid,
swallow it, I'll help you do it.
Green-silver leaves across your chest,
I spilled warm water on your breast..
The sticky green, a healing sap,
hear my fingers, hear them snap,
oh please wake up, and then just leave her,
this venom made a raging fever.
Fragile, you take an aching breath,
I'm haunted by your almost death.
Your forehead burns, you ill-eyed ghost,
and when you cry, I make the most,
of all your tears, your fever broken,
no one's moved, and no one's spoken.
But you will heal from this, your fever,
so take my heart, you'll never leave her.

-Arianna
ELEGANT NIGHTMARE

Clarity came in the body of you, the soul of a fox with a head full of blue. Eyes icy lime, told me to be on guard, you're a powerful monster that still has a heart. Draped in glass beads and a sapphire point, you were blood, flesh and spirit disguised as a boy. Paws, hands and legs with a dangerous dance, I failed yet to reach you, and I don't understand. A cat on the prowl, for a stick in the mud, green eyes of crystal revealing the blood, of a line turning ancient as the dirt on the Earth, in a cycle of Nature, its death and its birth. A glorious beast, who's out running his tears, his descent into darkness has awakened my fears. What is this one thinking? What is it he hides? From the light of the Sun and the Moon of the night?

-Arianna
FOR WHAT IS THE SAME
Even longer than this world you know,
is the sea that sleeps inside.
Across your forehead was the mark,
of a trembling divide.
In the hills chained down with blackberries,
on vines that drink the Sun,
we live in all its golden glory,
and you are not the only one.
But if fate is how you have it,
and you seek treasures from the past,
souvenirs in all their glittering,
these things, they never last.
To choke the clocks, to steal back time,
you lust for this unwinding.
Yet the grip of moonlight on your wrist,
is seducing and so blinding.
-Arianna
FROM THE CHEST NOT THE HEAD
Memories, just memories,
the best and worst to come,
stealing cause I have to,
and stealing cause it's fun,
living like an island,
but then I turn around,
she was in my arms,
but now she's in the ground,
wings were always symbols,
to set your soul on fire,
but when we shoot them down,
I wonder why we bothered,
memories, just memories,
the worst and best to come,
to make it out alive -
I've pondered on that one,
I think it's time to tell them,
in Tokyo, I rest,
life is more romantic,
when you live it from the chest.
HIS HAPPIEST BIRTHDAY SISTER
I don't want a gift, no don't give me that,
I don't need the clothes, and I grit for a hat,
I don't need a bite, no, nothing to eat,
I don't need no shoes, and I like my bare feet,
Father, I know, I know best for me,
but I don't want anything, not one thing, you see?
You must understand, I'm not like you think,
no toasting to me, not one little clink,
Mother don't do this, it's not for the best,
there's nothing I need, please don't manifest,
to have is a burden, to me, just a daunt,
Father, there's nothing, there's nothing I want,
Mother spoke with a grin, don't be so sure,
I know what you need, I know you need her,
a queer in my eye, with a baby-blue sky,
a baby! A baby! Oh what a surprise!
A LIFE TO LIVE
“Father, Father, Daddy, I need your opinion, am I just a fool? Am I just a minion?”
“Go ask Mother, I can’t say,”
His son went off, and on his way,
“Mother, Mother, Mama, what do you think? Am I ever-floating, or will this boat sink?”
“Go ask brother, I can’t say,”
Her son went off, and on his way,
“Brother, brother, bro, I need an answer, would I trip and fall, if I was a dancer?”
“Go ask sister I can’t say,”
“Sister, sissy, sis, I need your advice, what should I do for the rest of my life?”
“Go ask dearest, I can’t say,”
Her brother went off, and on his way,
“Dear, dear, dearest, am I good? Have I been, all that I could?”
“Go ask Johnny, I can’t say,”
Her love went off, and on his way,
“Son, son, Johnny, have I been clear? Have I done my best, these last past few years?”
“Father, Father, Daddy,” He said strong, “Why’d God put us here, to live on so long?”
“I, I, me, is that what I should do?! I think I will change! I will start anew!”
THE SPANIELS
THE BUTTERFLY
THE DEER AND THE FOX

We're interconnected, but what does that mean?
It's not what we do, and it's not what we've seen,
it's more of a feeling, more part of our life,
that springs from the well of emotion inside,
a Mother's true love, a love for her son,
a red-golden heart that the spaniels have spun,
a family's pride, in the way that they are,
connects them to something that isn't too far,
the hooves that beat dirt, are the hooves that touch ground,
this same kind of feeling - the deer, also found,
the same kind of wisdom, that makes us all one,
for that is the reason, the deer swiftly run,
remember yourself, and remember your life,
is more precious than anything, you could sac-ri-fice,
because the canines watch on, in the shadows of trees,
the foxes make clear, that the world, it must freeze,
and think on in that stillness, that quiet reflect,
to do an inspection, inside your own head,
he sits in the waiting, while life, it unfolds,
into a revealing, a moral, now told,
the Mother, the Father, the Child, he stares,
a blue sky and butterfly, is still being there.
BLUE BELLY BAY
The grudgeless spin,
‘round clocks we go,
merry-go-round,
running aimless,
ever hot with attitude,
nameless,
the feelingless turn,
trading watches for now,
carry harmlessly,
gold in supple,
was his eyes,
he was a were mouse,
with a Basset Hound gem,
as the root of all good,
because that’s what curiosity is-
a magical candy tree,
a honey-sweet honey bee,
a volcanic egg,
something said,
a twitter home waiting for love,
not the center of your gravity,
but is that really true?
If you knew,
what would you do?
If you were not the truth?

STICKER GUM
I’m a book with sticker gum,
hidden underneath the Sun,
this fragile heart, these shaky hands,
popped balloons, and broken fans,
my laugh is crooked, don’t tell me,
my tall-tale soul has wriggled free,
there’s a man, I can’t forget,
he crossed my mind, with great regret,
he’s always there, and striking me,
with what I could, will have to be,
so never mind this sticker coat,
I’ll be hiding, in my throat,
for when another, comes along,
to sing another, awesome song.

THE MATH DREAM
Beauty boys,
a club house grins,
a garden dropped,
from he, to him,
but why do dreams,
and blooms ignite,
to equal chickens?
Yeah, that’s right,
canary cages,
tiny food,
he puts on lip-stick,
in the mood,
of shaking heads,
because you’re dumb,
for saving ladders,
from the mud,
he looks into,
the compact mirror,
and laughs at you,
for being queer.
LADYBOY, REBEL GIRLS,
LION TRAINERS & THE EGGPLANT
Eggplant purple, bite the fruit,
he was drunken, by the juice,
gave me one, and gave him two,
but only by the means of blue,
wolves on cliffs, his puppy pride,
chose the one; his lovely bride,
folk of times, in days of past,
fashioned passion, to the glass,
be it this, her shuriken,
a metal-spike, and white ribb-ons,
stole his brain, and all it’s keys,
all this time, all memories,
to lug him back, and by the belt,
against his will, was how he felt,
drugged on coffee, gasoline,
gemstone-blue, and more it seems,
a gala force, a jades ‘n wine,
they’ve been gone, for a long time,
I’ll make you well, you’ll live again,
a mistress in the relevance,
of taking potions, taking her,
the secret things that we conjured,
I want to see where this will go,
to carry swords, and not ego,
my lovely dear, erudite print,
off the ice, his fervor glint,
he caused this war? Now is that true?
I have to take good care of you,
if colts revolt, if Belle was blue,
I’ll be at hand, and so will you,
go back to him, sweet Mother, Twelve-
I have to hurt, to heal myself?
Darkest black, sapphires, pelt,
we lugged him back, but by the belt,
and dragged him here, to study guise,
as he was searching, for new life,
medicine, and drugs, and blooms,
I never thought he’d come to you,
but here we are, camp-fire, burning,
I knew it was an early warning.
A-HEM
Cracking the code,
what did Eden leave here?
It is a drop of reality,/not a ticket to fear,
whom knew tears?
What of heaving,
did we already despise?
Could you come with respect,
before somebody dies,
sicking pink on the table,
domineer of the years,
a twinkle in eye,
over the constance of leers,
from his peers,
is it queer,
that we’d ever stop here,
I’m certain we’re colder,
in the brain – not the gears,
dreams that we reap,
can’t be taken to sleep,
when we’re not in the game,
and the ledge is too steep,
we keep going on,
and on, we are dreaming,
not awake to observe,
but the resistance is curbing,
we are cracking the code,
in this mode, we are written,
codes blank to blank,
sinking,
but all along, sank,
what did heaven leave us?
What of trust did she leave?
Common sense in the pain,
to a constant degree,
this is a drop of reality,/not a ticket to fear,
so what of this hearing,
can I relay to my ears?
DRAWBRIDGE FIRE
Perfection lies within us all,
and bound to it, I strive,
to keep the world in-universe,
to keep myself alive,
but know too much? It’s misery,
I’m tired and I’m worn,
tell me there is more to this,
how are we not forlorn?
Perfection lies within us all,
and if we mess, fall dead,
we want to be all we can be,
so we get courage-fed,
but don’t you see? This prophecy,
has landed in my mouth,
invaded every space and time,
deprived my house,
perfection lies within us all,
so when will it then surface?
Can you imagine flawless worlds?
I don’t want to be perfect.
"I WOULD BE REALLY SCARED"
If there was no such thing as time,
I would be really scared,
cause there'd be no time for living,
and our wounds wouldn't repair,
there'd be no time for doing,
there'd be no time for lunch,
there'd be no time for cooking,
oh what a hungry bunch!
No time for celebration,
no time to stop and think,
no time to make a move,
no time to even blink!
So if there was no thing as time,
I'd be paralyzed forever,
I'd never see the light of day,
is time just that darn clever?
So time is precious, have you heard?
Please take the time to know,
time is very valuable,
but oops! It's time to go!
RAGING ABOUT THE DOMINATION
Superstitions, transformations, future rhymes and clock discretion,
automatic phobias, tension spans, and hole-in-ones...
I'm not a dog, I'm not a fox, tell that to the open box,
 amphitheater popping nuts, you were wrong, you foolish klutz!
 Get a life - it's domination! Complication!
 Ugly perpetrating plush,
 feel it in the worldly rush,
 can you be a little meek? You were wrong, you stupid freak!
 I sit in chairs like I have known, table manners to the bone,
 off with this, and off with that! Faces should have seen my cat's!
 It wasn't just another day - my cat he screamed and ran away,
 for what you do not know is bliss?!
 Stupidity! It's what we've missed!!!
AQUAFALLS
Satisfaction, he goes down, in dizzy spots, onto the ground, purple sparkles, snapping pearls, head in spinning, vibrant twirls, pink balloons, and popping stars, swirling flowers, feather darts, tumbled back, away he flys, into the blackest, midnight sky, thirsty vines of lacy white, satin black, and blue so bright, winterish- a blizzard’s glitter, sweet could not become so bitter, open, close, and switch the blinds, calligraphy, and turning lines, light and dark, like blinking fast, but pleasure soon, is in the past, faint to sit up to the light, say morning saves you, from the night, I wonder who, I wonder what, will visit me, when I am not, to call a slumber, named a rest, as lying down, was effortless, softly falling to the dark, the velvet bottom, of this ark, no lonelier than being one, since feeling whole, had just begun, more cotton shadows, silky grays, starry dreams, my head conveys, in physical, a world away, for sleeping is another day.
TWO SIDES OF THE COIN
The face in the shadows is me,
the face in the dark is me,
the face with a spark is me,
the face that has breezed away,
it was there that they kissed,
it is here that I missed,
a very important timeline...
Remember the smoke? His arm was broke,
I was suspicious - but no one would look!
The food was delicious, and so was the campfire’s warmth...
We gave it our all, what we had lived for,
she took the call,
you played with her hair, and then played with her mind,
up in that head, right quite a mess, and now you are sewing,
she skated with you...
but her heart is broken, she’s split between two.
THE GLORY OF BIRDS
Buried in the sand,
withd from outer space,
brushed away the rubble,
to find a jeweled face,
you stared and then you saw,
what I could never see,
a trace of ruby blood,
beyond adversary,
so step into my palms,
oasis emerald green,
remember what you’ve been through,
and all you haven’t seen,
it’s more lurid than my scars,
more morbid than my heart,
more vulgar than my words,
or pieces of those parts,
inside the blue to heal,
into the quartz so clear,
there’s nothing hurtful there,
there’s nothing left to fear.
I wonder why she couldn't reach the most important part of her highness' fate, so let them be the treasures all I know, is that tonight, the sleeping, will be hard. The box of magic mystifies her box of healings, hearts crackled clearly in the palm, but would it even matter? It's what I learned: empathetic, wear me down, like lightning, but in water.

A little square of innocence for two moon stones tonight. I howled to the Moon this year. ice shard in the bite. gray, obsidian flowers, flashes of a neon blue flame, caught them in my hand again.

snowflakes dropping from the sky, from darkest Christmas hours, in my hands, in a spoon, in this silver ladle, it is cradled.

— the flight of creatures, magic, enlightened for eternity. they knew something I hadn't. Apache tears in ebony. Water-worn, but black as night. Hear the stars come through.

THE QUEEN'S TREASURES.
UNSATISFIED, HE CAME UP WITH
A STUMPER
A terrifying masterpiece,
has yet to now unfold,
a man who's on the battle field,
and set in Spanish gold,
like the earth could understand me,
like my feet could hit the ground,
like my mother's mother saw me,
like my brothers had been found,
like the wind was in my hair,
like my mother wasn't wounded,
like I didn't suck the blood,
from the bullet that intruded,
he's twirled in the satin,
of a royal picture frame,
should he escape it's breading,
well that would be for shame,
he's tangled in my melodies,
bedraggled in my stars,
a compass and a map,
wouldn't get him very far,
like I didn't see him running,
like I never rose to be,
a warrior of lady-earth,
a channeler of chi,
like the forest kept me closer,
like the water cleansed my soul,
like the spirits were offended,
by the violence of my goals,
A terrifying masterpiece,
has yet to now unfold,
the gentleman before me,
has the hands that I now hold,
like I never left my den,
and then stayed up the whole night,
like I never fell in love again,
but that could be alright.
THE FURIOUS INNER-CHILD
Do you want to see your face?
Do you want to feel disgrace?
Can you take a joke like that?
Hit the ball, but throw the bat?
Do you want to paint the piece,
call it art, but take the heat,
of finding out it wasn’t you,
if you did that, what would you do?
Do you want to use your name,
in this crazy, ancient game?
Call it quits, so you can stand,
be-hind bars, and safe from them?
Do you want to just pretend,
fight the dark, and never win?
Do you want to rush around,
ever, ever, to be found?
Advertise your passions, bright,
then cry your eyes out in the night—
say you are this thing, and then—
find out you will never win...
Do you want to use your goals,
just to dig another hole?
In your yard of nice debris,
where everyone can truly see,
what’s going on, what’s going down,
and what you’re putting in your mouth,
you say you’re free, you say you live,
you say you’re fine, and this is it,
complain a little, like it’s sweet,
a little chocolate, of defeat,
but do you want to know the rest?
How you look in other’s heads?
Do you want to know the truth?
Or stay inside, and be abused?
That is what, this life is like,
those dang adults, those other guys,
so no offense, it’s not just me,
that sits around in fantasies,
so go pretend, I’ll make-believe,
and while you wait, I think I’ll be.
NOTES FROM A LITTLE SISTER
One thing at a time, entry, so serious,
but also, so silly,
recognize his print, words differentiated us,
but form what’s in our mind, and spills out onto the piece of paper.
Thousands of years, I sculpted, created, taught, wrote, communicated,
this ability to portray – I am forever grateful.
It shakes from person to person, allows us to carry on elegantly,
the world could be gentle all over,
as I used to say, the root of all good is curiosity. We need to be that soft-hearted,
it is love that makes us so indescribable, just like the seasons, when balance takes time.
The world should have worked like nature, clocked by opposites coming and going.
We’d find that missing key, and come back to earth,
even if it was not the one we remembered it to be...
So turn back to speech,
it’s action, so expressive,
the attention, the opinion, the jokes;
I laugh my heart out!
Bring color, affordable manners, valuable connection-
it is too expensive to disgrace.
Besides, our eyes give too much away, reflecting what we are seeing, and what we are not.
Had you not looked into their eyes, you may never have asked...
To be loved by a creature, is an experience that cannot be replaced.
For the Artists...