Inside our Haunted Castle
Dark, mysterous, and ghoulish Poetry

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Welcome to our haunted castle, feel free to explore its many halls; from scary mysteries to stories of passionate vampires, this collection of shady poetry is poetry from the dark side! Read on if you dare...

BLACK LICORICE KISS
Between the trees,
the leaves and vines,
I felt the chill,
go up my spine.
You were here,
in bone and flesh,
you left your echo,
in my chest.
Behind the trees,
the thorns and flies,
I felt your lips,
kiss both my eyes.
You told me nonsense,
trapped my will,
and with your presence,
sent a chill,
that chattered cruelly,
up my spine,
like some unwanted,
Valentine.
Black and red,
are quite a mix,
like cherry flavored licorice.
Upon your tongue,
it was no dream,
into the shadows,
we both screamed.
In flavors like,
raspberry twist,
a kiss of pure,
black licorice.
You never guessed,
how flavorful,
it could be when,
still original.
Pull the ferns,
and peel them back,
to run the forests,
deep and black.
Find me here,
the shadows come,
behind the trees,
to where you run.
-Arianna
A BUCKET OF NIGHT
Paint the rooms a chunky black,
paint them where it hurts.
Paint it to the very ground,
where I can see the dirt.
Stagnant black, the gooey ooze,
the dark portrait of night,
stars that shine are illuminated,
by this evil light.
Colored smokey, ashy black,
remnants of the fires,
creep into the whites of eyes,
to hunt out bashful liars.
So paint the rooms a painful black,
and paint them where they bleed,
the veins of coal and dusty crows,
will sap them of white greed.
Raven furs and wolves of black,
will seep into our hearts,
to pump the truth right out their veins,
and make them inky darts.
Crazy spades of foolish black,
lean into my face,
now my eyes are crumbling,
with ink of outer space.
Dark as shadows we perceived,
that snow was made of light,
but we were wrong and shadows won,
it's really made of night,
so stars dance on, your bordered lines,
they'll always say what's true,
it takes the ropes of ashen black,
and rips the lies from you.
THE BAD ZOMBIE
He was bad to the bone, but his bones were not bad, as he stood six feet tall, with that structure he had.
As was ivory soft, was the bones that were good, but the heart deep inside, love was not what he could, but those bones kept him strong, if not all was alive, didn’t know that his bones, and his will coincide. So he looked in the mirror, and said to himself, if I’m any good here, it will be in my health. He was bad to the bone, but his bones were not bad, as he walked like a titan, with the scepter in hand, he was ivory salt, ‘cause his bones were that strong, and his will and his heart, he would take them along, used his power for good, used his strength to instill, ‘cause his bones were not bad, nor his heart or his will.

THE EVIL MAN
Wiser than the winter’s words, or any ice I’ve ever heard, frosty as the chill of snow, but twinkles with the letting go. Aglow with blue so magickly, I’ve barely been awake to see, the bluster of the cold, recalled, face down in snow before a wall. A man whom wasn’t very tall, but this is how he does it all. Weirder than the wisest words, that any boy has spoke or heard, and made me think that what I preach, is out of my and every reach. The knowledge of the letting go, of something in the deeper snows, but tell me why it’s but a boy, who tells me I will be destroyed, should I remain in evil ways, and ignorant to all whom stays. A warlock destined just to melt, so if you knew how dying felt, if you want to be again, say hello world, and hello friends…
WHAT IS DEATH
An A to Z guide of words that mean death,
the last of your dreaming and one last strained breath,
a trickle of blood and a swoon for your life,
a heart attack stroke, you were struck by the light.
Lack of occasion, a Monday split crisis,
a gray stone plaque poem and a single fake iris.
A smile of evil, a cold-hearted kill,
a man without love as the boy lost his will,
whatever death is, I hope it is never,
when life is gone, and is lost forever.

KILLED BY A BLACK UMBRELLA
Beware of walking in the rain,
for black umbrellas spin,
like googling black eyeballs,
making your bur-dens.

A PARTING RAP
Like a spider, like a weevil,
he lost good to being evil,
he strode up to a stranger,
instantly pulling in danger,
and the stranger smiled slyly,
looking at the evil wily,
and said let's make a deal,
if that's really how you feel.
I will trade you my demise,
for a piece of the whole sky,
'cause if that's really how you feel,
then you have yet a heart to heal.

IMMORTAL AGAINST WORDS
Hit her, she woke from a dream,
slash her, it made her scream,
dark her, she'll cough it out,
thwack her, it made her shout,
stun her, it made her cry,
bore her, it makes her sigh,
trick her, it made her mad,
evil, it made her bad,
tell her, it's where we met,
scare her, now she'll regret,
cower, she'll try to lead,
shoot her, now let her bleed,
but those words, she won't give in,
you can't hurt spirit, so I think she wins.
SWAMP BRAWL
I don't want to sweat,
I don't want to bet,
but I gotta ask you one more time,
if I lied,
would he die?
Make me cry,
make him bleed,
in the mud,
out of blood,
and did he die?
Why?
Broken sword,
broken gun,
golden sand,
silver sun.
If I lied,
would he die?
And if he died,
why?
Help me fast,
help me quick,
help me 'cause,
I'm gonna flip.
Would he die,
and if he died,
died if I lied,
but why?

HALLOWEEN NIGHT
Happy Halloween,
celebrate the dark,
revere the deadly snakes,
the monsters and the sharks.
Carve the vibrant fruits,
and light the candles hot,
remember why we live,
remember what we're not.
Magic will be ours,
when we celebrate our fears,
just shout it to the moon,
don't care about who hears.
It will make us braver,
yes, braver than before,
so Happy Halloween,
we can be so much more!

STANDING ON STONE
Step forward on stone,
one tiny stone,
hear nothing but silence,
a deafening groan,
blackness is everything,
for miles to come,
heartbeats are thick,
they consistently drum,
grey lined horizon,
so freakishly dark,
nothing for ages,
ot one simple mark,
a canvas of black,
is all that you see,
you cannot see land,
you cannot see me.
No twinkling stars,
not anything real,
nothing to have,
and nothing to steal.
Call to the darkness,
your voice it is gone,
no more red sunsets,
no lavender dawns,
nothing no more,
the colors disperse,
no more inked words,
at the end of this verse.

SABRE OF THE DARK
A darkness has risen, a shadow of me,
a stone-hearted mutant by the name of Sabre.
My sick side has crumbled, I'm broken in two,
my terrible talk just comes from the blue.
Misplaced my sorrow, for I believe,
I laugh at the tricks I bear under sleeve.
I am a devil, as spirit at that,
I am an omen, a hissing black cat,
vampire, werewolf, a snake from the sea,
a stone-hearted mutant, by the name of Sabre.
IT'S TIME TO STOP THEM
The vampire choir, when they open their mouths, it's a heavenly song, I just can't figure out.
Are they dark as this chocolate? Or vanilla whip-cream? So light that they floated, as distant sweet dreams, that escape as the Sun does, when we enter the night, a vampire choir, it just doesn't seem right.
Talon, her name, no she's not frozen too, she's just one of us, with a vampire's youth, singing her heart out, like she's made from chocolate, with a secret so golden, tucked away in a pocket.

REGRETS OF THE BLOODSUCKERS
"Love is what we made of it", the vampire said to me, blood dripping from his teeth, but from biting his tongue.
His blue-eyed brother looked at him, the moon sparkling in his eyes, bouncing off his skin.
"Of love, I once made something, warm as the Sun..."
"Soft as the breeze", the others agreed. They watched the Moon set, and I wished to free them somehow...

CHOCOLATE VAMPIRES
Say ladies good, and chocolate thin, it's kinda' evil, don't you think? Well maybe they will never get, the language that we use on them. But don't you think it's fair to say, unwrapping chocolate is okay, well think about it, rich and smooth, dark and daring we may choose. Or light and sweet, white chocolate too, we only wish we hadn't knew. What do you think? We lead them on? Or should we keep this secret song? 'Cause chocolate bare is chocolate thin, it's kinda evil, don't you think?
WE ALL NEED ROOM TO BREATHE
The scariest thing in the world came back, it’s waiting for night, when it can attack, it’s bloody and red, and frightfully frazzled, angrily stalking the people it dazzled, only once for a time, when it was of silk, silk to the touch, in her glass of milk, on the tip of it’s nose, in the rose of it’s cheeks, hot in the hatred of what it believed, it’s eyes were so burning, like embers you see, and it’s smile was stinging, but it wasn’t glee.
Where did she get it? So angry as is, did she dream to see it? Or was the dream his? The fear of that thing- that beautiful thing, that scary so scary, evil thing-a ma-jig, and she hid it from us, and she kept it inside, ’til it found it’s way back in the middle of night...

THE SCARIEST THING ON EARTH
Shadow puppets on the wall, in the window of the mall, shadow puppets dance and sing, the queen, the prince, the mighty king. When the lights go out, the music stops, the puppets pause, and then they drop. But when the stores are done and closed, the shadow puppets regained toes, they walked the tiles, dirty floors, every boutique, darkened store, past the mountain, out the door, into the wild to settle a score. “We are free!” they begin to scream, but you wake up, it was a dream. You turned around, in foolish dread, and standing right before your bed, you shook and then ripped out your hair, a joker doll was standing there.
I NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE
LITTLE LADY
Call it super creepy as the lights went out and then, the ball came crashing over without any condescend, the wineglasses were crystal, the chandeliers were floored, as something swept into the room and then went through the door. A boy was thrown onto his knees, his hands on splintered glass, looking up, the moonlight shone onto his bloodied hands. "No escape", came echoing into the sparkling space, a whisper in the silence put a dread upon his face. To the fear of fated freak, he grabbed his head and screamed, call it super creepy as the man revealed his scheme. He chased him down the staircase to the darkness of his doom, as the boy in silken dresses tried the knobs on every room. The stalker from the ball night, let him give you creepy chills, 'cause guess what? It's a secret, even now he hides it still. He's still out there in the dark, and is looking for that maiden, the boy who wore the ball dress and whose memories are fading, but somewhere in the back of minds he sees the blood on lace, and you can see it in his eyes when he looks out to space, he remembers everything, and so do I, be sure, 'cause I'm the one that hunted him and threw him to the floor.
EYES OF NIGHT WORLD
Darkened waters shake me up,
for I knew dark too well,
subconscious thoughts surround me here,
but it's too dark to tell.
Blackened waters make me sly,
and cunning is my thing,
do I dare to dream again,
now that my world is big.
Alive as midnight on the sea,
these eyes will serve me best,
in the dark of water's deep,
for I a truly blessed,
to bring about the wilderness,
of peace and fortune's light,
into nothingness of space,
where good is much too bright.
Speak no evil to me now,
that's not what darkness is,
psychics of the other worlds,
where do those people live?
In the realms I hear them cry,
a cheer of joyful love,
that comes from nowhere else,
but there-
that darkness up above...
ALIVE IS PIE
I've never baked a pie,
so un-delicious to,
take the hands of royalty,
and hate the likes of you.
I've never baked a pie,
meant to take you underhand,
that would put me in a tizzy,
being feared across the land.
Are black birds just too scary?
Are your superstitions stoked?
I didn't mean to fight you,
can you accept it was a joke?

LISTEN TO POE
What did he tell you,
door to floor,
you will regret this,
forevermore.
Punishment you suck with,
pride.
So let a raven be your guide,
as old as stories told weren't mine,
again, again, is this a sign?
That we should stop and hug the floor,
near raven bones, who is,
no more...

NO ESCAPING IT...
Down the corridors at night,
or in the sunshine, in the light,
down those halls and in my room,
deep and dark in shadowed gloom,
in my face and in my eyes,
down to Earth and in the sky,
in the water, in the air,
where I am, I know it's there.
I cannot hide, it follows me,
it's everywhere I want to be,
I don't cry, I run instead,
but I can't run, it's in my head,
it knows mistakes, lies I regret,
but it hasn't got me, no not yet...

YUCKY DUCKIES
Washing dishes, what a chore!
Washing dishes, what a bore!
Whirlpools of soapy suds,
spurt out a stream of ruddy birds,
that squawk and quack and sing away,
and dive into the sink and play,
those zombie geese will tell you good,
that chores are done for what they should,
scrub 'em dishes, it's not mere,
grubby duckies, here to cheer!
We do 'em 'cause it must be done,
don't waste away what could be fun.
A TANGO IN TRINITY
Her wooden chair,
her wooden chair,
it rests inside,
a tangled snare.
Her eyes are wide,
but then they close,
its just a dream,
I might suppose.
of the clamoring,
of his steel-toed boots,
across the stones and forest roots.
Those heels of black,
those evil grins,
a sticky web that
lovely spider spins.
Electric eyes,
and a haunting laugh,
the spicy poison,
of a shrieking cat.
Twirling circles,
around her heart,
so fabulous,
and so very dark.
But when she turns,
what will she miss?

A bright eyed joke,
and danger's kiss.
So there he goes,
and there he was,
a black lace Valentine,
of blood.
Soft like a flower,
dark and sweet,
a moon-lit face,
with silver teeth.
The secret space,
of those crimson eyes,
like a blossom catching
butterflies.
A tempting hand,
and a feather touch,
gives her a dizzy head,
and a twisted gut.
Is it just a dream?
Well she still can't say,
captured wide-eyed,
but not awake.
When into the room,
the third shimmers in,
some kind of rainbow,
with porcelain skin.
A holy ghost,
he might just be,
if his angel dust,
can make her sneeze.
For in his arms,
she has open eyes,
she dreams of stars,
and dragonflies.
When a sweet caress,
can shake her heart,
into the light,
into the dark,
a little tango,
it would seem,
a little dance,
gone in between.
Her eyes are wide,
then they flutter closed.
Its just a dream,
one might suppose...

-Arianna
DISORIENTATION WITH A TOUCH OF RADIANCE
You get a little dizzy from staying up all night, but the moment you pass over, is when it really bites. If you dream about not sleeping, what is it instead? Just another image, you've put into your head. So dim and blue and gray, a purple morning haze, turns into something special, an excruciating maze. If you don't know what I'm saying, mind you, it takes time, to understand the meaning, of why we stay alive. I had a reckless daydream, and yet I was asleep, I dreamt I'd never fallen, where I just couldn't keep, in the dim light lying, I went from there to here, in the darkness fading, and not one inch of fear. So on the bed in wonder, a wink I did not steal, but then my eyes came open, the sunshine - it was real.

I WAS TEASED AND HE PULLED ASIDE
THE GRAVEYARD VISITOR
Electric red, what is it like? You smashed the fruit, without the bite. Electric orange, the sun in snow, the awesome shock, the auburn glow. Electric yellow, it's so shot, across the sky, the way it drops. Electric green, on running shoes, and soon we'll see, electric blue. Electric pink, it makes me see, the brightest violet, on the scene. Electric white, it ends it all, a silver rain, to quiet squalls. Black is drab, and never hot, never catching, never caught. Not on fire, not to blaze, but it is black, that makes the maze. Electric not, just black and gray, it's only black, that's all to say.

But then he turned, with shades in coal, and told me this, black is a hole. I didn't know, but know it now, electric rainbows, showed me how, to accept fate, and take it smooth, with nothing white, to ever lose. Electric red, a dizzy blood, electric orange, a rusty mud Electric yellow, is the spot, electric green, is burning hot. Electric blue, a mirror hue, electric pink, is something new. Electric violet, ultra white, and all this black, is out of sight. He said this, black gets us deep, praise this blackness, for your sleep.

FEMALE ZOMBIE
She's awoken from eternity, and do you know why? I don't remember either, but in her daze she could fly. The coma was a week full, but days drag into long, sleepless like a skeleton, but with right comes a wrong. I couldn't say it here, and it didn't make me mad, 'cause look at all the dreams, that she wouldn't have had. You simply cannot do this, just leave her to the sights, of wondrous day-dreaming, in the middle of the night.
FOR KNOWLEDGE
Through the filter of my wineglass,
golden liquid in the branches,
I keep a strip of velvet in my clutch,
and the grapes go in the casket.
For the price of gold, a lady tells,
but it gets much worse than that,
the grains of rice still in the sleeve,
will awake the sleeping cat.
I stole my share, bargained it fair,
so fan yourself a flame,
fancy that, he’s a spinning top,
but that’s a boy without his brain.
I swirl that drink inside the glass,
but this beauty is just a picture,
for when the devil dives back in,
I can’t say I’ll even miss her.
I know too much, too much, it’s true,
and I’ll slip out again,
you and I have flags to stake,
and that’s the way it’s always been.

-Arianna

FLINT’S PARANOIA
Covered in rose-colored, blood-colored red,
scarlet fantasia and cherry-gold lead.
She dropped a time bomb in somebody’s timeline,
and shook up the gods- and even this poem I’m rhyming.
Chocolate-brown eyes, and a scientist’s face,
he left the world without being erased.
He was cursed, she was cursed, I was cursed- we were all cursed!
And maybe, just maybe, none of us was the first.
But she blotted him, dotted him, out in red ink,
Inadvertently, solemnly, and guilty, I think.
He blew up in roses, in raspberry milk,
in stars of white chocolate and strawberry silk.
She dropped the big one, it was her final cast,
and it wasn’t the first one, but I’m thinking the last.
I think that we’re haunted, or is it just me?
We were already cursed, my friend-
don’t you agree?

-Arianna
ANYTHING FOR LOVE
My dear, I'll break your window,
with a crystal in the night.
A silver one, just like the moon,
and I'll gift it with flight,
to shatter glass onto the floor,
on the rugs from eastern lands,
and throw back the velvet curtains,
with a flick of bewitched hands.

My love is so theatrical,
I'm in a mask meant for the ball,
in feathers and black glitter,
I am sprinting through your hall.
Darling, what a moment!
I'm a puppet off his strings,
But it's you, whom is my puppeteer,
it's you that makes me sing.
And so I'll break your window,
with a rose I've cast above.
It will shatter from it's satin shell,
and transform into a dove,
whom will break your fragile window pane,
with tips of beating wings,
and the glass becomes a sea spray,
as it explodes, glistening.
All across the antique carpets,
and into romantic dreams,
you'll see glass and petals everywhere,
and sense you're almost free.
To let the love inside of you,
resurface in my arms,
love is how we'll heal ourselves,
so enter into my heart.

-Arianna
PLAYING WITH GHOSTS
I like it black,
in silken threads.
Give me a kiss,
in blood-stain red.
I call the ghosts,
at night as planned,
they come to eat,
out of my hands.
And sip the witches’
midnight brew,
the pumpkin spice,
and moonbeam stew
I like it dark,
long before bed,
I like misty nights,
and spiderwebs.
I am a daughter,
of the night,
I’m silver, dark,
and cold, all right.
Stepping through,
these doors, not scared,
I’m barefoot on,
the creaky stairs.
The haunted halls,
don’t chill my spine,
comfort is here,
so deep inside.
The phantoms float,
through every room,
and who they are,
I wish I knew.
Because I have tea,
with all the dead,
and just like dolls,
we play pretend.
But I like it dark,
I like the night,
my shadow dreams,
my ghostly kites.
The fog, the veils,
it filters through,
revealing us,
this frightful truth.
It’s dark and gray,
but I’m not alone.
Dark and cold,
but it feels like home.

-Arianna
DEAR BOY
Safe inside the shadowed fist,
   I hear an angel sleep.
This haunts my lonely nightmares,
and accents my brooding dreams.
   I am folding up a letter,
that I mean to send to you,
   but as silent as the sirens,
oh this shadow, how it grew.
I am lead now, in the moment,
   but I will not go out as fog,
my heart belongs to sable cloaks,
   and the shadows of black dogs.
But I still cannot ignore this,
   all these lyrics from the past,
I need to meet you face to face,
   and we need to do it fast.
You're not safe inside this shadowed fist,
or safe within your walls.
They've hidden all the broken glass,
   and I'm not there at all.
I am taking out my calling card,
   I'm a night bird in the light,
retired to my writing desk,
   and burned out from the fight.
I'm tied up in black silk ribbons,
   but my love will untie me,
I am watching, feeling dizzy,
   I see doubles, I see threes-
in the swirling winds of hurricanes,
   the sparkling metal air,
the wind is hitting hard on me,
   and pulling through my hair.
But I hear it in the underground,
   it screams beneath the streets,
as the boots with confidential steps,
   are keeping with the beat.
I need to steal some precious time,
   I'm waiting on my watch,
I'm counting up my chandeliers,
   and each piece I forgot.
I feel you inside that angry fist,
   and I must give you a choice,
I may have taken ink to you,
   but you still have a voice.
I am looking, feeling dizzy,
   as I trod these city streets,
for safe inside a hollow fist,
   the forgotten child sleeps.
-Arianna
GRANDE ESCAPE
All the little black spiders,
the lace on my hands,
chandeliers that were shaking,
like the ghosts had a plan.
All the black little spiders,
in their quicksilver webs,
all the echoes of shoes,
in their ambient steps.
You had some show of hands,
and a play not thought through,
but that's how it began,
and it ended with you.
So the theater curtains,
and what those things hid,
he got smoked out that night,
by a cheap magic trick.
And once I was free,
I then put on the hat,
I smiled to myself,
and I never looked back.
-Arianna

THE ZOMBIE KING'S WIFE
In a puddle of water,
saw reflected her face,
what would she be,
at the end of the day?
In that muddy refract,
saw reflected her life,
and came to know this,
she would be a dark wife,
to the king of the forest,
the hallowed out woods,
the king of the night,
and that wasn't good.
But she saw him not evil,
no, king of the ghouls,
king of the zombies,
to who that he rules,
in a pothole of rain,
saw reflected her soul,
to whom she belongs,
she now had a role,
to the king in the satin,
the ruler of shade,
she found her true love,
in the darkest of days.

NO BOUNDARIES
The veils are thin, for us tonight,
there are windows for the poltergeist.
The swirling fog, the misty clouds,
 a jack-o-lantern in the shrouds.
The veils are thin, for them tonight,
 I see the spirits, pale and white.
They flit, dance, and bless and curse,
they kiss the air on planet Earth.
The veils are thin, so thin tonight,
it brings the phantoms into sight.
They float, they twirl, they laugh and play,
as the autumn solstice fades away.
-Arianna
COME ALONG FELLAS

There was a code of great madness, a turn in our graves,
it’s why I love zombies and don’t make them slaves.
With a turn in the dirt, it put ash in the air,
it warmed up the souls that have bones, but no hair.
And into each silence, a candle was snuffed,
but lethal are shadows, undone in the bluff,
broken, we burn so, but want you to know,
I’m pumping the blood of hearts that must flow.
But zombies don’t need that, and do you know why?
I am immortal and I shall not die.
But into the clutches and into the hands,
zombies are living in these bone-brewing lands.
No more a traitor and no more a man,
no more I’m dying and no more I can,
we can’t live in sunlight, but I’ll bring us cheer,
when it strikes the darkness, and kills all our fear.
So come along fellas, we’ve got more to see,
we have so much to do, and people to be...
MURDER OF THE STALKER
The chauffeur’s in the car,
I have one foot in the cab,
he was looking out the window,
and the door man is back stabbed.
The maid laid out the tea,
and I spilled my cup again,
she faints along the staircase,
oh, what terrors he does send.
The butler breaks the ice,
but my mouth was never open,
the guests become aware,
this was not what I was hoping.
The chandelier is rocking,
I have one hand to the sky,
and the whole thing’s coming down,
don’t tell me someone’s died.
So the driver’s in the front,
I have one foot in the cab,
I feel a presence near me,
and my shoulder is then grabbed.
I’m a very busy person,
I have places to bestow,
murder of the stalker,
this is something you should know.
So the gunman is behind me,
I had one foot in the car,
but he fired at my left,
and the proof is this white scar.
We moved into an anguish,
when we dressed up to become,
the people that we weren’t,
and I become that one—
the chauffeur’s in the seat,
I have one heart left to lose,
I feel a presence near me,
and now I have to choose....
WELCOME ZOMBIE WORLD

When I am gone, and almost dead,
there's chaos going through my head.

When I am alive, I want to live.
I want to live, I want to die.
I stand alone, then I move on.
I slip out into the sun.

When I am dead, I am dead.
I am dead, I am dead.
I stand alone, then I move on.
I slip out into the sun.

When I am alive, I want to live.
I want to live, I want to die.
I stand alone, then I move on.
I slip out into the sun.

When I am dead, I am dead.
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VAMPIRE AGAIN
In darkness awaited,
so fresh and frustrated,
I haggled those apples,
and now I don't have them.
But somebody knew me,
and somebody saw me.
In Christmas I wilted,
to be silver-hilted,
to wield the remark,
of the sultriest dark,
like a frog in the throat,
like a snow-coated goat,
oh, vampire love me,
I know you still haunt me,
and I will be loved,
when I don't have enough.
Sweet blood, did you say?
When I walked your way,
but don't flatter me back,
with your love heart attacks,
don't you know it's not nice,
to play fire and spice,
when the going is good,
and you give good advice.

BLOOD RED PENDANT
I smell blood,
it's me, don't ask.
And, why was I,
scared at the past?
A pendant red,
so clear like blood,
so bright as rain,
and thick as mud.
To usher out,
more good than bad,
I asked forgiveness,
I had had,
an inkling of,
a feeling short,
emotion I,
had to divert.
But what he says,
is simply so,
he smelled blood,
and I should know.

VAMPIRE QUEEN
She tore into the paper walls,
she lingered where it mattered.
I saw them slip away before,
they had to see her shadow.
Ancient as the walls she lives,
and who knows, maybe longer,
she would hunt forever if,
a drop would make her stronger.
She hides behind the paper walls,
vampire fangs still shining,
waiting for the moment,
waiting for the perfect timing.
Gentle as the butterflies,
but rough as stormy seas,
a heart that's bleeding arrogance,
to quench a crushing need.
Eyes as deep as chocolate,
running golden through the night,
she lingers in her velvet chair,
near candles, near the light.
Cast over in the lanterns,
as her shadow stains the wall,
her legs are crossed, she's waiting,
so we ran screaming through the hall.

-Arianna
HAUNTED HOUSE
The broken glass windows,
are shattered and still,
the eaves smell of rotting,
and the curtains have spilled,
out the dust and the spiders,
their webs and the mold,
across old velvet sofas,
whose stories weren't told.
And the big china lamp,
with a crack in it's side,
is on the edge of the table,
away from the light.
And the vase full of ghosts,
is just a phantom bouquet,
in a cold, silent house,
with it's shadows displayed.
Every floor board, it's walls,
it screams out every time,
a footprint lands on it,
it shouts in the night.
And the stairway that winds,
toward the dark second floor,
has a story itself,
but it will speak no more.
The air is so musty,
and cool up above,
as you tread past the nails,
where the portraits once hung.
Not a memory left,
in a frame on the wall,
and nothing in the midst,
of that dark, silent hall.
Peer into each bedroom,
and see what's still there,
a bed, maybe dresser,
but mostly it's bare.
The wind curls the curtains,
from a crack in the frame,
as the wind whistles in,
saying somebody's name.
And again, the floor groans,
it moans and it begs,
you not to step in here,
not ever again.
Then the closet door swings,
just a bit to the left,
you can't help yourself,
and you stifle your breath,
and then run through the dark,
looking hard for the door,
but you reach for the knob-
that will open no more...

-Arianna
HERE'S A RIDDLE
I can't make more of me,
but I'm less than you think,
I'm an egg in hot water,
a feather in ink,
I stain and I scar,
but I know better than this,
I shoot at the target,
but I usually miss.
I'm lost in the art world,
I'm fragile, but fair,
I burned all my cook books,
I sleep everywhere.
I sit near your neck,
like a scarf in the way,
I could talk trash with you,
but perhaps not today.
I was pierced by the sunlight,
I really can't dance,
I'm a thorn in the hip
of your pair of good pants.
I've a tongue like a matchstick,
I'm a bee out of hive,
I'm so mysterious,
I might not be alive.
I taste like cotton candy,
I've raged in your ear,
and just when you think you've seen me,
I will disappear.
I'm black and I'm blue,
but I'm better than that,
I'm not your initials,
but I'm inside your hat.
Partway a pearl, half the gears in a clock,
I'm a cup of Tabasco,
so watch out, I'm hot!
I've hung in the rafters,
strung like an old fish,
you'd like to forget me,
but you only wish.
I can't make more of me,
but I'm more than you know,
and I'll cry like a baby,
when I watch you go.
You paste me to paper,
and I swear when you do,
you'll start to regret it,
and probably blame you.
This is a riddle,
please give this a try,
take a guess, tell me-
WHAT AM I?
-Arianna
THE MAD SCIENTIST AND
THE MAD SCIENTIST

Never mental, never was,
everyone has been and does,
wants the plank of no man's boat,
never swam and doesn't float.
Every passion hit the wall,
broke your nose and then the fall,
split your skull with no way out,
will you ever start to doubt?

You're not crazy, get that straight,
being mad is not your fate,
because never mental, never was,
was just your lack of faith and trust.
Here's the stat, you're only words,
without a meaning, it's a curse.

So shut your mouth when devils cry,
'cause you just think you're so damn sly,
nothing ever, fools me,
here's to your cup of easy tea,
life is hard, but I am free,
happy in "insanity".

But not the kind you held so high,
above your cartoon lion prides,
I mean genius like you don't,
not to brag and not to boast.
But if I'm truly crazy here,
and you're just whispers in their ears,
not to hold my brain as salt,
when salt was gold,
and you were out.

I grasped my trophy, true to see,
that I was polar honesty,
and now I write with several hands,
that come with doubles of my plans.
So here's to never mental brains,
with so much more than you can gain,
from being just an order, dissed,
into madness, being this...
AMNESIAC

I am blood, flesh and soul,
and I don’t remember this place at all.
But I feel like I’ve been here before.
I see broken peppermint candies and stop signs,
and you remind me of ferns, sticks and leather.
But that doesn’t mean I remember you.
You tell me about my favorite ice cream flavors.
You say I had an owl and a girls only tree house.
You mention I like snow and ice skating.
You recall my common annoyances.
You tell me absolutely everything—
but no sir,
I don’t remember you.
Yet I almost feel like I’ve been here before.
I’m cold with rejection,
I run hard, I play hard, but I hurt softly.
I believe in holy light, but I have neon in my blood.
You’re insistent, persistent,
but maybe you’re just a crazy old man,
bringing balloons and fried chicken into my white room.
Teary-eyed, sincere.
I can’t confirm you, but I can’t deny you anyhow.
And damn it, I do like ice cream.
But I don’t know who you are,
and you don’t know me.
I say, “Uh-Uh” and “No way,“
but that only leaves you smiling fondly.
But you just don’t ring a bell,
and the only ones ringing are the ones in my ears.
But here I am,
and maybe you’re just a crazy old man, but...
I feel like I’ve seen your face before.

-Arianna
THE ROUND TABLE MOMENT
It's a round table moment, a family reunion, “What happened here?” caws the bird of communion. There is a chorus of laughs, cackle this, cackle that, Raw, raw, raw, muah, ha, ha! Now I see that! Every tree that was taken, out from under these feet, crippled hands of four fingers, and ebon- black beaks, they greet and they clutter, the air with such noise, until Grandfather Raven silences rejoice. He says, “Now settle down, have a moment of peace, and I’ll tell yo the story of who took these trees.” And in the great quiet of rustling leaves, not one big black caw was set to the breeze. It was desolate morning, unbelievably vast, when Grandfather Raven opened his mouth at last. 
Click, click, click, clack, like a chainsaw went chipping, obvious music to the total assuming, in the deep empty woods, where there were no humans, only crows telling stories, about when they were there. A round table moment, with no dimwits to spare, only tales to now share, between beings so smart, we forget they were watching our every stone heart, and they gossip of us, and it isn’t good, so I think we should watch what we do in the woods, because someone is seeing, and someone is telling, because even the moles know what they are smelling, a footprint’s a footprint, but did you know birds, have been talking for eons, in their own kind of words, about some kind of monster, with a click, click, click, clack, that came to this forest, and might soon be back.
FIEND'S BLOSSOM
There is beauty in fear,
like never before,
as we open the book,
and walk through magic doors.
As we splinter the mirror,
and jump in dimensions,
and kiss poison apples,
witness resurrection.
There is beauty in fear,
as we take our own life,
the life of the ego,
and all of it's strife.
There is wonder in ponder,
in question us all
as I ask about death,
and he turns to the wall,
to decode an old scroll,
to recite an old text,
and I await for the end,
on the edge for what's next.
But he says I am dark,
and it's certainly true,
but he tells me much more,
there is evil in you.
There is lightning and storm clouds,
and demons and blood,
well, of course there is blood,
but he told me don't judge,
and he gave me his hand,
and he held it so soft,
there is something I grieve,
and you must know at once.
There is beauty in fear,
there is fear, my good dear,
and nothing can stop it,
not even these tears.
In my head was a blossom,
so black and so cruel,
so poisonous, ugly,
so cold and so grueled.
But a dawning white rain,
a beaming gold rise,
a sunset of diamonds,
and a pair of shocked eyes,
told me this wasn't bad,
it is just the beginning,
of a long, painful path,
that I just hadn't been healing.
There will always be darkness... And there will always be light. And I believe there will be a balance when we finally learn to respect both for how “intelligent” they are.