

Abyss of Doom

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this is where my poems are going from now on. (i'm gonig to try to add some longer ones... when i dig them up from wherever im hiding them). i appreciate any criticism and comments people have!

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1 - my moon of sand

the wasteland of rotten emotion
the wretched soul that seeks
the promised spring
all speak of a crawling fire
devouring the sight of the
endless time.
the spasm of earth's disparity
found in long lost solitude
in the sands
of my desert moon.

2 - Unholy

No messengers of hope dare pierce the dreading night,
For wretched phantom miseries consume the unborn light.
Enveloped in obscurity, the trembling life condones,
The whispers of insanity, and fallen angels' moans.

Hell hath forgiven the callous fiends of rage,
Unseemly in the burning claws of undefeated age.
The flame infernal sleeps below the desecrated earth
As shadows of the scorned exiles begin to haunt in mirth.

3 - random

the ailing heart
which calls forth
a flame,
forever burning,
to quench the thirst
of a merciless shadow,
speaks.

the passionate prose
you serve my senses with
foresakes
the unforgiving, binding,
choking
grasp of reality,
to find me
resting
in unearthly light.

4 - the light in the dark room

Imposing upon the
blackened room,
the gale of sun's embrace
betrays the night.
too enthralled with
unknown meaning,
it reaches forth unto
the scattered life,
and mingles thought with sights unseen.
consumed in growing melody,
the sighs interred in
cowardice
escape, into the turmoil.
the breath of life
succumbs to endless
joy at sight of
unreasoning depth.
it too searches for allure
in sympathetic energy.
arising from the
creeping night,
the claustrophobic ghost
breathes into the
searching rays.
collapse,
followed by a soulfull
prayer
for chance to plea
a neighbouring soul.
the mouth of error
envelopes
the tearful rays.
ensued, the struggle
cries laments at shattered mirrors
that echoe untold lies.

5 - confusion in love

The sweetened chalice
of trepidation
sends its lingering, aromatic ribbons
faltering down my skin.
its momentary pauses,
seeping breath from my very lips,
send me into a maelstrom of sensory confusion.
the trembling air summoning me leaves
burgeoning scars of emptiness...
i gasp for the sweet poison has withered
away.
if but to crawl to
infinity, to find the cure
for this malady
this curse of the madman: love!