

Conscience.

**When
I hear them
bleat like
lambs,
denying their
guilt,
I believe in
punishment.
But,
when I see
photographs
with their
eyes
following me,
I have my
doubts.**

Wishes.

**One wishes
when one is
young
to be
older.**

**One wishes
when one is
older,
for the
past.**

**Someone
wishes for
change.**

**Someone
wishes for
love.**

**When one is
dead,
one wishes
there is no
immortality.**

Andean Flutes.

**Soaring
Condor like
on spirals of
air;
ascending
into the sun;
gliding
over Incan hills;
feeling
the music
transporting
you there.**

Knowledge.

I said
there were
TWO
Kinds of people,
Human and
Non-human.
When you
KNOW
The difference
THEN,
You can
Come back to
Me.

Legacies.

Now only llama tourists
visit
the golden shrines of
Atahualpa.
Whose dazzling
serpent-throne
Vegetates
in silent
abandonment,
While
Illustrious
Ramasean temples
And esoteric
moon pyramids
Mirror the splendour
of their time;
as today's morose
porcupine structures
rush skyward
reflecting the
present millennia.

The Winter Season

Blossoms waiting to ascend winter
Lie trapped
in the skeleton branches
Content
to recycle memories
In a daffodillian
spring,
As returning tinselled
windows
Scream in ecstasy
at Christmas,
While loneliness
eyes its prospects
In the camouflage
of the season.

Flowers.

As you tend the flowers
They blossom for you.

Attracted to their beauty,
You cut and display them.

If they bled like us,
Would you do they same?

Loneliness.

Laying its seed
deep
within
your heart,
just
WAITING
for the right
EMOTION
To feed on.
Then
S p r e a d I n g
Its
DISEASE.
Draining your
COLOURED
world,
turning it
black and white.
You become
an island,
amongst
a sea of
people.

My Favourite Poem.

I guessed
You'd ask me
My favourite poem.

So
I'll tell you that
it has no
home
In any book
You have
known
or any poet
whose fame has
grown.

I can only say
what I feel is
true.
My favourite poem
Is
YOU.

His Love.

I
have watched
HIM
Take possession of
her.
Like cancer
He
Has eaten
Out
her heart,
and replaced
it
with HIS
own
disease.

Power.

The Arabian insect shouting
power
attracts the inherent
Chinese butterfly.
Seeking to bracelet
the Mongolian dynasty,
whose tentacles stretch
into autumn,
While
their poisoned insanity
ships terror
to streets of
naked despair.
Defiled walls of
broken fingers
topple them
in the winter of
their scorpion
epoch,
cheating the butterfly
of its summer.

Sorry.

She
WAS
warned.

I
warned her.

A candle

CANNOT
Melt

an iceberg.