

Some people think that clichés are all fun and games,
But they just drive me up a wall.
I avoid clichés like the plague--
Use one cliché and it's a slippery slope.
I'd give an arm and a leg to keep them away,
I wish that more would think outside the box.
I'm at wits end thinking about clichés,
They leave me bored to tears.

Help

Wrote a sonnet once. It was really hard.
Fourteen lines? Ten syllables? What the heck?
Shakespeare could do it; But he was the bard.
He could make anything rhyme—heck and... speck?

I, obviously, am not the bard Shakespeare.
That line wasn't even ten syllables.
What on earth rhymes with "Shakespeare?" I know!
Tear.
That is what I'm crying now. Typical.

One stanza to go: I can see the end!
But wait, what about the rhyming couplet?
This sonnet thing is not really my friend.
People will see this and ridicule it.

Two lines left; Hey, maybe I can do this!
Oh, great. What rhymes with "this?" Let's just say...
Swiss.

Thoughtful, Creamy, Tomato Juice

It's all fun and games till the zombies break loose,
cause we've set the table, we know what they favor:
our thoughtful, creamy, tomato juice.

"We're fine" some raisin lips, slip and seduce
while we grasp and we grab for anyone's savior.
It was all fun and games till the zombies broke loose.

Snow-like serene, split red from abuse.
Thanks to that awful, stupid, split second waver,
home splattered with thoughtful, creamy, tomato juice.

They wail with delight when they've found their produce,
not just the juice, but the chunks--those have the flavor.
This is *not* fun and games--the zombies broke loose

We've set our timer, it swings like a noose
as they graze the world--an electric shaver
with black gums gnawing on thoughtful, creamy, tomato juice.

Reality check, your lifesaver's no use.
This couldn't get graver, we all sit a quaver.
So long fun and games, the zombies broke loose.
Say goodbye to your thoughtful, creamy, tomato juice.

Century Cycle

Traveling along the road of bones
here you'll find no cobblestones.
The dull edge of a sultan's saber shows no favor,
to the woman in labor.
Upon the cracked gravestones,

was once the land of erected homes.
The will of God from Rome's
puppet, pulls the strings of all his neighbour,
It will remain a crimson reign.

The rabble revolted, they gathered like drones.
Rulers deposed. Scholars declare new milestones.
Submit and obey to the emplaced saviour;
it'll be too late when he's proclaimed traitor.
Over the horizon, below full moon; ascend new thrones
It will remain a crimson reign.

Sestina of a beast'n a knight

I will recount a kind of story
that of a knight and his glory.
If I can recall from memory
all the thoughts in a flurry.
I will reveal the great mystery
of what happened that night so stary.

As I said, a night so stary.
But you'd never guess that mystery,
because there was a great white flurry,
that clouded out all thought and memory.
And so that is the beginning of our story,
with the sun hidden with all its glory.

There the knight trudged land empty of glory.
He began to question--nothing but flurry?
And if his was but a short story?
Then a sight made his eyes go stary,
it was a sight not known by memory,
but a cave full of mystery.

But sadly, it was a deep dark mystery.
For in that cave away from flurry
was what made this here a stroy.
There was a beast not short of glory
that made one wish for the sky so stary.
They say it resides in no man's memory,

But that itself has a memory
that makes nothing a mystery.
One can't describe the glory
of its coat, only that it shines a stary
fright and is the size of a three story
building, and causes one's mind to flurry.

This the knight did fight in a flurry
of sword thrusts revealing his glory.
It will foerver be a mystery
how he pierced the beast's stary
hide, but it was this memory
that put an end to its life story.

And so the mystery knight and his glory
were put in a stary story, for in ther great
battle flurry, he too was lost from memory.

Rondeau – I Do Not Walk This Way Anymore

Upon skeletal branches the crows caw their refrain,
their cacophonous call heralding me into their domain.
Their ruckus overtakes my senses,
and when they take flight, my body tenses
until their flapping is just an echo again.

Wind whistles and whips along the lane,
and my attempt to take cover from its icy fingers is in vain.
There's nothing to shield me but weathered fences,
reminding me why I do not walk this way anymore.

Twilight beckons the night, yet the last light it retains
in its maw, causing shadows to carve images in my brain.
I always recall them when I've lost my defenses,
in my sleep my subconscious wrenches
the thoughts this path makes my mind entertain,
reminding me why I do not walk this way anymore.

Lake Tahoe

Never been a place like it and never will be.

The surroundings itself had the ability to transport one back in time without the need of a time machine.

All one simply had to do was look out the car window.

All around, stood tall untouched trees that have been living since before man discovered this sacred Beauty.

The Mountains ruled the sky with their tips decorated with white in the winter and throughout the heat of the summer the mountains shed their white coats to reveal a warm brown and lush green hue.

Just looking at them can make one wonder what kind of story the mountains have.

Who has traveled on them, who has lived, died and been born on those mountains.
So much history lay beneath the dirt.

Gazing downward, one can't miss the jewel of Lake Tahoe, the icing on the cake.

The Lake itself.

From a distance the lake could trick you into thinking that it's not a lake but a huge crater full of shining, burning sapphires of all different shades.

Though much to your dismay the sapphires are only illusions of the clear water.

When someone is brave enough to step into the freezing water,
they dive into its beauty, come back up and relish at the rest of scenery's perfection.

While in the water one can look around the perimeter and get an overwhelming sense of safety.
From the mountains combined with the water creates a place of complete serenity and peace.

If you listen closely you hear the wind and trees singing together in a choir of nature voices. Tahoe is a magical sanctuary that gives its visitors a moment to go back in time and bask in Nature's treasures.

A step forward
Down the road of unknown fortune
A step forward
Only to reminisce my past
All I have done for the present
I achieved with a simple task
A step forward

“Sad Observation”

I am a hipster, I do declare
I have a novel I've written here

Coffee and creamers, with coffee so hot
Glad it's sold single, and not by the pot

I sit in my chair as customers pass
I only look up to see someone's ass

I corner people as they sit right near
I act as I know all, as I have Google here

Sharing my stories I amaze those who hear
They really don't listen, nor do they care

I'm a hipster dammit, do not make fun
I wear my hat and my scarf undone

I know every subject so don't hesitate
I will share all I know until you debate

I tend to leave when college is out
I've met my match, as I'm always schooled out

I try not to conform, that's always the norm
Nothing else left, back to my dorm

Winter Wonderland

Snow twinkles all round us,
Like blankets covering the earth.
Everyone thinks it's beautiful,
The beginning of rebirth.

Yet, snow doesn't cover, it obscures,
It hides the truth within the ground.
Perhaps this is why we all like snow,
It lets us believe the world is sound.

We do not see the people suffering,
No one likes that ungodly sight.
It's easier to ignore and cover
Then attempt to make it right.

Like icy lakes of sorrow,
Snow has blended to look like earth.
How oft do we see others
And not care about their worth?

We cover pain with snow
By saying it's well deserved.
Their pain is simply consequences,
Not a story we've not heard.

Like smiles on those depressed,
Snow quite often is deceiving.
Yet, how many are quite happy,
To go on simply believing?

How many grab a shovel and,
Go out and uproot the the truth.
How many enjoy the snow,
Pretending innocence of youth?

It's easy to sit around the fire
With our chestnuts and hot chocolates,
And let the snow keep covering;
All is well, our charity never frets.

So, next chance you see the snow fall,
This question shall echo through,
Do you grab the plow and shovel?
Or enjoy the wonderland around you?

Marshland

The silent stream
 lies frozen stiff-
A crooning chorus
 choked cold.
The musk of marshes
 and stagnant mud
Enshrouds dull earth
 in loneliness.

Above beige blankets
 of mildew snow,
Star-lit leaves
 applaud pale life
That buries beneath
 the rotting moss
And sleepily sings
 of summer warmth

The hidden hum
 of frosted heaven
Softly suspends
 the layman's world.
Unmarked, unchained,
 unbound and free,
The tranquil place
 pervades in peace.

Hunger.
I crave junk food
Chips, fries, popcorn and sweets.
Satisfaction comes but I'm still
Hungry

When asked about love, what do I know?
My one teenage fling, caused quite a blow
to my being and belief that this "love" even lasts
or is necessary really for my current path.

When asked about friendship I know quite a lot,
I see dear those around me, and more I have sought
to join my joys and my sorrows; for us to take part
of such a simple sweet union that keeps safe our hearts.

What's the point of a lover when you are my pal?
We can still go to concerts and dress alike in the fall
when the air is crisp, and we are preparing
for the holiday season of cozy cheer-sharing.

We can post pictures of us, smiles real, captions smart
Picnics in the summer, discussing worldviews and art
When we stay up on the phone we keep the talk easy
We don't discuss feelings or anything cheesy

We are playful and careful our lips cannot touch
But if they were to, well, I won't protest much.

What I know about love is more than I thought
All this time together I've learned quite a lot.
When you give of yourself you'd never expect
that deep roots will grow if you stop being thick.

The Crow

The bronze eyes I call home.

I know the gaze well.

For every black feather made of silk

Falling from the power line where you sit.

After you glide away my heart aches.

Now I hear your morose caw.

You are gone and I miss you every day.