

JEREMY LITSTER

T Y T H E A
I N E M P R K

TINY THEME PARK
Jeremy Litster

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DEAL ME BACK IN

I never said I quit the game
Deal me in, mate, keep yourself tame.
I only left to get myself a drink, mate.
Not gone for good, why would you think that?
Somehow, with the worst hand possible
I hope to win. Is that plausible?
I'm not sure I remember the rules
I still think I can win, does that make me a fool?

WAKE, FATE

Be awake

Ignore the time on the wall

Arise, fate

Take heed, take half, take pause

Wonder then

Marvel at the mortal's puny will

Scissor snip

Bid the human heart be still

Tool in hand

That's all you really are, Fate

No more time

Humankind, unlike you, to be used, must wait

THE PROLIFIC MAN

I once knew a man so prolific
That outside his work there was nothing specific.
All his work, never done
Masterpieces, only some
But the quantity was oh, so terrific.

AN UNDESIRABLE PART (LET CHARACTERS DIE)

A rich man once paid a few workers to go
To build him a home of beauty
The workers were happy to do so
The vision, the work, the crew's be

At once the hard labor began
Following a brilliant architect's blueprint
A perfectly balanced, intricate plan
Months later, the house, presented with grins

The rich man was happy, except for one part
The part made him sad, he demanded it changed
So they did, despite the design's heart
And when the home fell, the man thought, "How strange."

THE TOOLS IN THE HANDS OF GOD

Does the rusty hammer ever wonder
If it's too old to bend
Anything more than a flimsy copper wire?

Or does the potter's clay ever seeth
That it's still a lump on the wheel
And want to already be glazed and fired?

Does the blanket ever wish
That it could give more warmth
To the sorrowful and the tired?

I know the tools of God around me
Often wonder if they're worthy
Yet the tools, by each other, are admired.

SLEEP

Have you ever tired of sleeping?

I'm sure you probably have.

I know I have.

But right now, I don't think

I would deny the chance to nap.

UNLIKELY RISE

One day, God willed the Earth to stop spinning
"Let's leave the fate of man to chance," He said
Humankind lucked out, and we had our beginning
All a fantasy, of course, all pretend

The point is this, I say to myself,
However unlikely it is that you could rise
Rise as the sun did on God's cosmic shelf
Rise we do, and with bittersweet joy my heart cries

MWAHAHAHAHAHAHA

Passion brings maniacal laughter

It's as simple as that.

Let me have my simple pleasures, man!

(Geez, look at this guy,

Never laughed like a maniac in his life!)

LAMENTATION FOR MY FRIEND

Lamentation for my friend
Suffering demons to his debt
I have learned the dance, I think.
He has not learned yet.

And the temptress of our pasts
Can either of us forget?
Will he fail or triumph?
Tortured by regret.

"Demons, I have met,"
He confides to only me
"My heart cast in weak mold,
Turn it into gold
With precious gems all set

I fear I will fail
Torn from my dedication
With no small reward
But souls cast through the dark
Dreams come to an end."

I see things from other sides
Though I am the one who hides
I know just how strong he is
And in him resides

A will stronger than my own
And if I resist the shines
Quiet, kind, contentment
In one who loves me

"For now, let me try,"
I hold up his staggering form,
"I have seen your flaws,
subjects and your laws
Please don't believe your lie

That you lost your chance
All those years ago
You have so much in
You so just begin
Stopping wondering why."

SOME DREAMS, MATE!

I'm writing this poem from inside my dream

It's not a very nice dream

I'm being interrogated by a fish.

So I woke up from that disaster

And found the fish waiting for me in the real world

With its tape recorder ready

[untitled]

It often occurs to me
How many limits there be
Time and space
Our biggest constraints
Thought I'd say that again, heehee.

I once went to a class somewhere
And there was a crude joker there
And from the mouth of that clown
Came words so profound
They remain an ideal for prayer

COMMISSIONS

Reality offered me one too many commissions

But I can't ask anyone if I can drop some

I don't know who I'd ask for permission

One job after another after another

Too many grand sights for my field of creative vision

SUPERVILLAIN

I was trying to push a supervillain out of my house

I had to hold the door closed

I thought it wouldn't hurt to slack for a second

Now the villain is trying on all my clothes

Now I have to start all over

I suppose.

LET ME DO THIS RIGHT

Let me do this right
I've done all I can
I don't know how many shards I am
I fear the work isn't good enough
But you can guide me with your love
Help me do this right

Let me do this well
My efforts are laid out
Inspired by the lovely town
I want to do it justice
Bring me an era of solace
Help me do this right

Let me be a greater being
I want to meet my potential
Though I find it hard to see it all
I often wonder over my worth
And yet I have been brought forth
Help me be a greater being

CURIOUS

Who has my music tonight?
I'd like it back but if you want
You can keep it.
(Doodle doo dee doo)
Happy flowers driving by then
Drive me to going again.
Wandering wonder wondering
Where what why then
Play pretend.
I am curious
About what makes
The angles wrong.
I am furious
I try to sing
The angel's song.
Fly a kite,
Wrong and write,
Makes me curious.
Where is the game tonight?
(Let's go outside)
I'll be there
Where the flowers are.
Life so whack
Time is whack
That's how I know that
Top, bottom, sideways hats
That don't even match my shoes.
I am curious
What goes on behind your eyes.
Not so furious
About what I can't control.
Wrote a book

And it's full
Of things that make me curious.

FINISH LINE

When from this life I've departed
I hope not to be broken hearted
I want the chance
To sing and dance
To finish everything I started

THE BATTERY THAT NEVER DIES

There's a battery that never dies
It's right behind your eyes
At least, that's where it lives.

The hardware grows old
The body covered in mold
But what makes you You still is

TINY THEME PARK

I want to make a tiny theme park
As if I owned a film studio
With posters for all the films
I would have liked to do

Where people could buy cool toys
Based on things I wrote, they love
And nobody in any of the lines
Would ever push or shove

And visitors are inspired by the wonders galore
And want to create something themselves
Is that vanity, or ambition,
Or a wish that will keep my health?

NOTORIOUS

When I drive and walk
I'm notorious for getting lost
Getting lost means not being
When you are meant to be
With no way to get there

When I live a life
It's notoriously full of strife
And I want to already be
Where I'm meant to be
And with all that, I know not where

When I'm reminded of my failures
It notoriously melts my heart
It ought not to be so
My eventual success is guaranteed
But for now, I'm lost, and to stay that way I don't dare

PROPHECIES FULFILLED

I told you of an unlikely rise,
It so happens that it happened.
A chain with links that vary in size
Has thus begun to be forged.

The repair man I called for the drain
Is even now breaking down my home
To build a palace worthy of fame
At the cost of my walls of memories.

UNTOUCHABLE

"Walking along the shore
To the door
Turn the handle to see what's in store
Don't got no body,
At least that's the lore
Push my hand right into your brain
Tickle your nerves with a chemical there
'Till you go insane
No sir, I can't forget you
I'm going revenging
Take you with me
Won't you wish me
My excuses are flimsy
My spirit lusts for vengeance
Humans are weak, sir,
That's all I've known since. . .
Every man
Has a weakness I understand
Simple glands
Down to Hell
I'll hold your hand."

Words of the adversary
All, all so visionary
So incredibly oblique
And his tactics were unique
In the last century
So
I'm the lord of this vessel
Get out you filthy devil

Spirits come near

Lend them your ear

"Don't you listen to all that distraction
Start your abstraction
Look outside yourself and get lost then
And you put yourself
On your shelf
Find your purpose in helping your rivals
Devil's protest but still
You ignore them
Since your soul starts feeling free
Good to be
What I see
No eyes on me
No praise, no schisms
Anxiety
From ultra realism
I'm a spirit, I have no real body
Impacts of your works
Are in good company."

THE STRENGTH

Have I the strength
To give up my ambition for love?
Doubt I do yet.
Fulfilling every commission is dumb
So when my hopes come to an end
And into a grave I am shoved
Give me the strength
To give up my ambition for love.

Have I the strength
To trust the will of one unseen?
Obviously not yet.
I want validation from human beings
So when nobody praises what I create
And I can't see the worth of which it's been
Give me the strength
To trust the will of one unseen.

Have I the strength
To let my rivals win?
I'm slightly better here then.
Every chance to, but success has been thin
So when my rivals are victorious again
And pride forces low or high my chin
Give me the strength
To let my rivals win.

BEST WORKPLACE

I went to work today, sis!
At the most bestest of workplaces
Where the bosses are nice
Forgiving mistakes, giving advice
Too bad little things can waste this.

THE QUEST

Adventurers went out one day on a quest
A quest to save the world from some evil force
They faced lava and glaciers and all the rest
Across chasms, fighting sorcerers, until, at last, the doors
They were prepared to fight an emperor of night
But their calling was small, only this:
Give company to a man who'd lost his sight
And each adventurer decided it was worth it.

PRACTICING CREATION

How strange it is

We love playing with tiny model realities

Maybe it's just practice.

LAYERED REALITIES

I am grateful for imagination
That allows us to see
As clearly as the world before us
Those things which are unseen

CHICKENS

Lock me up with the chickens
I'm just about a match for their intellect
No clue what's going on
When there's something obvious to detect

Raise me up with the poets
I have ambition to be as great
But spare me the torture it takes to know wit
Just let me inspire the goddess of Fate

Teach me with the enlightened
I wish for understanding
Here I am, still frightened
That I'll see that the world is demanding

JOURNEY

We're climbing mountains in the dark
While we're seeking out our art
I'm thawing my tears
Soon nothing will remain
I wish that you will keep your will
'Cause this mountain's just a hill
Two steps from the top
Or else give up your fame

Wondrous visions, caught in a death trance
Remember the one who convinced me to swing dance
Though that quest is over, was sentenced to death
It's painted in murals that live in my head
Whether your calling is falling off cliff sides
Or playing with clock hands and shifting our lifetimes
At present we're human, potentially great
One step in the journey this is, so just wait.

No wonder why stories are told
They put our lives in clean molds
They model our pains,
Ambitions and our nature
We find a lonely soul in love
A wooden bird changed to a real dove
They're things that we are
And we see them in our future

There is a future locked in a vision
Ready with thunder, set with ambition
Go on to the hope times, and I'll meet you there
As soon as this dragon lies dead in its lair
Earthly as starlight, godly as war crimes

Oxymoron things are judged in the end times
As soon as I meet you I hope to know how
To see past and future together as now

Every deadly blizzard
A million flying glass shards
I'd face them all if you would hold my hand.
I hope wholesome laughter
Lasts past the last chapter
Of every single story in the land
Knowing mountains tremble
Broken down by angels
The majesty I gaze upon destroyed
Then the beauty rises
New land, new surprises
It makes the old world look like just a toy

Wondrous visions, caught in a death trance
Remember the one who convinced me to swing dance
Though that quest is over, was sentenced to death
It's painted in murals that live in my head
Whether your calling is falling off cliff sides
Or playing with clock hands and shifting our lifetimes
At present we're human, potentially great
One step in the journey this is, so just wait.

MUSICIAN'S PRAYER

How long shall I sing to the wall?
How long shall I rely on pity?
When will you carry my voice
To the people of each city?

Teach me humility in my craft
Teach me to be content
The unwritten song cannot call itself froth without aid
And nor can I at present

Give me what I need, correct when I went wrong
This craft is more than yours or mine
Teach me to say "Thy will be done"
And "the glory be thine."

WHOOPSIE!

Whoopsie, I accidentally stepped into yesterday.

I guess that happens sometimes.

Give me a moment, I'll be back momentarily

SCREAM TIME

Let me tell you about the worst possible day
In the absolute worst possible way
It all started when I had to call Mars a liar
So I got there with a trampoline to get higher
And a llama expert on social media
Is disproving all my alphabetized encyclopedias
And my guitar came unstrung
And my pants zipper got hung
On a lamppost flanking the freeway
And my cheese grater broke
And I was chased by a bloke
Who said I had debts I'd yet to repay
And my LEGO sets fell off
The shelf and all of them shattered
And my lunch was a mess,
My potato got splattered
All over the town
So some guy came down
He was a kitchenware hater
And well, that's what happened
To my cheese grater.
But I haven't even told you
About the worst part
For years and years
I've had a thought to impart
And it would have become
A great work of art
And now, 'cause of all this
I'll never ever get to start.

THE FINISHING

They say starting is the hardest part
That's true, but something is often overlooked:
Finishing a project is just as much a hassle
But I prefer it to leaving the thing uncooked
Forever.

EXCUSE ME, WAITER?

"Excuse me, waiter,
Could you bring me a new challenge?
This one got cold before I could finish it."

"But sir, it's store policy:
I can't have the chef make a new challenge
Until you've finished this one.
Besides, finishing it now will be
Challenging enough, eh?"

MONOTONY

Monotony has advantages, I grant you.

Tedium is an efficient way to get things done

It's productive, sure, but still

There's not much to say when I write home.

GO ON

My pencil is dull
My well is dried up
No energy of soul
Exhaustion interrupts

I've run out of gas
My knife has no edge
Longing and rejection of past
I still get out of bed

With pages left to write
And thirsts yet to quench
Miles left to go
And food to prepare:

I go on.

HOUSE OF CARDS

I expected this house of cards to fall,
So I have to keep on building.
Oh, nothing, my stamina's now in shards, that's all,
But I still have to finish this stupid thing.

It would have been easier if it fell early on
Or if I'd never opened up the pack of cards.
Might as well see it well before it's gone,
Now the only path is upwards.

DEEP THOUGHTS

I DO actually have deep thoughts

Like, "What's that smell?"

Or, "Humans have feet."

What do you mean, "That's not what I meant?"

SISTER-STRANGER

I feel the blades of freezing knives
Pushing into my ears
The one who wields them is a stranger here
A stranger who believes she is a sister
And thus is armed and deadly to our lives.

LOVE AND RAIN

Rain gives life to every plant
Though too much destroys it all
Just as love puts mankind in a trance

The rain comes from heaven above
Come to think of it, so does love
I bet God wishes He could show it ALL
But even with what we have, we stand enthralled

BREAK TIME

I figured that when I was done, I'd move on
I need a break, so that's not happening
But before long
The next journey will be beginning

ROAD TRIP

I'm putting together a road map

Going from east to west.

There's just one problem:

I want to go north when I ought to go west

I go south when I should have gone west

I go west, and I want to be **THERE ALREADY**

Then when I'm done going west,

I realize I'm back at the start, in the east

The world is round, it's a never ending quest.

TERROR

Fears exist between spooky and disturbing

Terror exists between desire and reality

Tears are drawn from terror returning

And relief resists fear when it ceases to be

SHIFTING

I've shifted into a new medium
A new reality to cope with
Where the atmosphere is made of helium
And I think I have to be a trope smith

I'VE GOT THE MADNESS

I've got the madness

The madness warned against in the rules

Bend the universe in my thoughts

Only to have reality disappoint

I was warned about the things I can't control

I tried and failed to listen

WHO CARES?

There's scarce a soul on Earth who cares
In the ways I'd like them to
Yet it's been proved to me through
Means as visible as clean air
Someone above the Earth
Knows what this is worth
And this is what He wants me to do

SHALL I TEACH?

What will others learn from me?

If they learn anything, shall it be from what I teach?

Learning is the waterfall, and teaching the rain

Surely they refill each. . .

Other?

SERVICE IS MAGIC

There's a bond between souls
When they choose out of selflessness
To use their God-given genius
To pierce the hearts of others.

A statue of an unsung tragic hero
Built by faceless artists in tears:
A community of rivals, all love shown
This is the meaning of our orders.

HEART HOTEL

I heard of a bellhop at Heart Hotel
When I was there he wished me well
And told me an ancient, heartbreaking tale
Of those whose stay was eternal

There weren't that many, if truth be told
Contrary to the beliefs of the poets of old
Most of them had lovers who rolled
Right out of bed and into a coffin

But many more there are just waiting for someone
They met at the hotel to come back on vacation
That's why there are few, most give up and are done
And their stay is forever, at Heart Hotel

SPOOKED

It's October, you know what that means!
It's the tenth month, right up to Halloween
When the uncanny are turned goofy
And everything gets a little spooky
There is wisdom here to glean:

Skies turned purple, shadows distorted
Cartoony colors, candies rewarded
It's all a bit nostalgic
The point here is this:
As kids, our resilience and love are hoarded.

THE SCRIPT

Sometimes I wish life was scripted
'Cause right now I can't see
Where all these plot threads are going.
If my life had a script, it would be simpler.
If life had a script, romance would clean its OWN room.
If my life had a script, it might also have a soundtrack.
That would be pretty cool, I think.

IN RELATION

A thing is given selfness by the things it is not

As much as my what it is

As much as it is given place

By its position based on others

As much as its movement is described

By anything else in space

I wonder if people are the same way.

IT'S OXYMORON'S WORLD

Consider how often

Reality is governed by Oxymoron

We seek unity in grammar by way of a comma

We seek acceptance by perpetuating drama

We justify ourselves by furthering our path in the dark

When offered a journey back to the light, we refuse to embark.

That's stupid.

GLACIAL TIDES

Glacial tides at near sonic speeds
Threaten us here in the desert
Frosty avalanche of molten fear
That I now understand the hurt

Tear me out of this name
Let me shout in my shame
Will the loud cease just the same
For safety, I'd give you my fame

Turn the whole world to glass
To see the old world from my comfort
At least speak truth, no story told
So you can buy an expensive shirt

I wish I could share these glacial tides
Many have offered, but none reside
Help me, God, who cannot hide
Comfort this glacial monument of mine

FUNNINESS LAWS: A LIE

There should be a law against things being too funny
In order to keep my lungs always running
From a joke that will try
To make die
Without humor, our world would be lovely and sunny

FURY

Have you ever cleaned an automatic sliding door?

It's not fun.

Until you realize how to turn the sensor off

After you're done.

DIFFICULT MEDIUMS

I've written a poem for the illiterate
A painting for the blind
A song for the deaf
Sculpted something that can only be used
By someone who's whole life is legitimate
Why has the vehicle with no desire for fuel
Chosen to go around the whole world?
What, does he think he's being considerate?

CHARTING CHARITY'S COURSE

Charity charted its course

And vowed to reach it in time:

So it started the walk.

When it couldn't walk another step,

It shook and started running.

When it couldn't run another mile,

It grew wings and started flying.

When It couldn't fly another sky,

It held its breath and crossed into space.

And when it finally reached the center of the universe,

It smiled and let itself burn in the warmth of glory.

STUPID BOOK (MY JOURNAL)

Look at how stupid this book is!

The first ten pages have been torn out

The character's ages are inconsistent

And get this:

The last few hundred pages are completely blank!

(Or maybe they're getting filled out right now.)

AIRLOCK

Went to space just for the weekend
Got a lot of work to get done
Thought I might enjoy it out here
This should be fun
Thought I could see the sights now
While I still got the chance
My tank is running out of oxygen
No time for romance

Airlocks opening around us
Just don't drift because
Another day of waiting out in space won't kill ya'
Why'd I come here? Oh, I did it for the thrills, duh!

AT THE PALACE GATES

Mortar of mundanity, bricks of boredom
Never were a threat to sanity at all
Hold up the golden palace gate

I miss the gate most of all
Corrupted by hatred, but still
It's made of treasures of mind

I miss that palace, bricks, mortar, and all
But I won't give up the chalice I have now
I'd rather keep both, just so you know.
But you can't dwell in memories and move forward, too.

BOX OF TRUTH AND YOUTH

We're back at the boxes:

One pink and blue, the other dismal gray.

I stand in line for the colorful one,

While most stand by the other today.

Some in line with me look ashamed

And decide to switch lines.

"But what's inside is the same for both!"

I say and wonder what I'll find.

"I used to get it from there,"

Someone argues me from the other line,

"Until I realized it wasn't always there,

So now I'm here and I don't whine."

"It isn't always THERE, either,"

I say back.

MEANT TO WAIT

I wish I could say it was meant to be
But I don't know that
What I want is in a dogfight with uncertainty
And I'm blind to the results
Scale model biplanes are all I can know
I guess I'm meant to wait.

I DIDN'T SIGN UP FOR THIS

I signed up for a lot
But this isn't one of them.
Mental torture brought on by fate
I guess I should have anticipated
My old enemy would find me
Everywhere I go. . .

Math. . .

WRONG THING

Some days I can't seem to do the right thing
I'm sure I'd think that even if I was
The kindest human you had ever seen
What's the reason? Perhaps it is because
Something tells me I ought to do better
On one hand it's honor, the other pride
I can still appreciate the weather
Even though I told myself that I lied
What would a perfect me do in this life?
Would he have done what I've done when I'm done?
Would I number my possessions in lines
Of selfishness for myself and no one
Or could I now make a change this evening
A sacrifice for what I'm believing?

BLUE ROOM

Welcome to the blue room

I hope you can get some

Good ideas from

All this awesomeness

WOULD

Would you want every _____ To have the same story?
To have the same beliefs?
To explore the same ideas?
To present the same opinions?
To look exactly the same?

I'm trying to find something in that blank
That can make me answer yes.

ENDLESS DISAPPOINTMENT

Here goes another poem
I bet it's a good one
Once you get to the end-
Wait, this doesn't even HAVE one?
That's disappointing.
Maybe try rereading it,
Maybe it'll be different next time.

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Two versions of me side by side
Can you spot the difference?
You can? Great!
. . . What is it? I genuinely don't know.

I can tell that this one has
A lack of subtlety and is on the fence
About many convictions
I really like just the other to show.

ON THE BOOKSHELF

"I'm so glad I'm on the top,"
Said the book on the highest shelf,
"It proves that I'm better
More hard working, more perfect."

"You only say that because you're up there!"
Argues to book at the bottom,
"If you really were the best,
You'd give up that spot for a book like me!"

Then a third book spoke out,
"Hey, we're all where we are
It has nothing to do with quality
Our arrangement is purely organizational!"

"If we weren't all good books,
Our owner wouldn't have bought us!"
Said the third, and all the others said,
"That's easy for YOU to say!"

HOW TO HONOR

I wasn't there
I never met them
I never walked those paths
A I am commanded to honor it.

I wish to obey
I wish to understand
I wish to do what I can
And I don't know how to do it.

I ask for understanding
I ask for perfect guidance
I ask for confirmation of truths
And I hope to be answered.

ROUTINE

I think the colors are lining up
All nice and neat
And if they're not, I have to act
Before I die from creative heat
Align it into productivity
To build a companion on this lonely street

UNDERSTANDING

Is understanding the only army that can stand against ignorance?

Or only a battalion in Humility's Freedom Fighters?

Or maybe it's not even a military force

Maybe it's the butler in the mansions of Salvation.

LASTING CHANGE

No amount of wealth will last forever
Quenching lust is a pointless endeavor
Power and influence, shoddy at best
Fame and fortune as worthless as the rest
No kingdom lasts for all eternity
Just like achievements based on vanity
Not even artists survive this last purge
The last song unwritten, and painting burned
Then memory faded and then all lost
The last believer burned in holocaust
With this destruction, one might ask what lasts?
There is one thing we have kept from our pasts
I change myself, and that change inherits
The bonds between all us human spirits.

WINTER'S 'ROUND THE BEND

Winter's 'round the bend
And it comes with agendas
To make us pretenders
'That we're five eons younger
Flashy flakes and fancy cakes
And trees though the windows
My sanity's been froze
I'm starting to run out of warm clothes

Winter's 'round the bend
Flakes falling from the past
Dressing up like 1920
First and the last
Winter's 'round the bend
'The anniversary
Of all of this stuff
Comes back in all its glory

Winter's 'round the bend
And the air's breathing my lungs now
'Then skips right to hometowns
And takes my mind right with them
Promisings of future things
In clouds of nostalgia
I said so, I told ya'
'These memories took one strong hold, huh!?

Winter's 'round the bend
We shrugged and now we're cursed
I thought cold was average
Now it's ten degrees worse
Winter's 'round the bend

I find it hard to cope
With the cold at this great height
I might just say nope

Winter's 'round the bend
Yeah, I did stuff long ago
Got nothing to show
But all these silly poems
Wouldn't trade for platinum grade
High quality coat racks
See all of my snow tracks
From boots made out of pure remembrance

Winter's 'round the bend
I wrap this up by saying
Never take for granted
'Times when music is playing
Winter's 'round the bend
And it'll be back next year
Make sure to make memories
So if comes back in tears

RESOURCES

I've turned over my resources
With faith I'll be compensated
So far the difference of cost
And reward are less than anticipated

But I trust, or at least I try
And all I really need is what you have
To give me since we said goodbye
Still, I find I'm running out of resources.

A THOUSAND PAINTED WINDOWS

A thousand painted windows line the halls
And at the very end is an unpainted one.
Bloody wars on walls and martyrs or revered ones
Are painted in increasing violence and degradation.
And out the one window is the truth.
A painting of which would pretend
To be worth a sunload of gems.
I beg you to open that one real window
And breath in some real air,
That your vision ceases to be impaired.

MY WALKING STICK

That was my walking stick
Made of pure discipline
Now those gosh darn snowflakes
Are using it as a cue stick
And they didn't even win.

VALUE ASSIGNMENT

I've assigned this piano value
Because I associated it with progress
Which is completely unfounded
Because it's actually worth much less.

EXCHANGE AT A PROFIT

God takes our nothing
And changes it to something
And we both profit.

DIVINE AID

Does the tree need to plead for divine aid

Just to grow without the sun?

Do the electrons need to ask permission

Before they move into a new energy level?

Do I need to beg for help

To do what God's already asked me to do?

Apparently yes.

UP PAST CURFEW

I'm up past curfew
Not that I have one
But I like the discipline
It takes to have one

ACCEPT IT

I cannot accept that progress is standing still

I cannot accept that hope is dry

And I will refuse right until

The evidence can make me die

THE SCHOOLMASTER

A schoolmaster once saw a need
Of his students to succeed
In all their ways for all their days
And happiness be guaranteed

But only mockery followed
And in the end he was owed
A great reward on his plate
For the seeds of effort he sowed.

NATURAL LIGHT

Say natural light can emanate from me
And please remove all these LEDs.
I wish to see continuous returns
From bank vault memories that have burned.
I've got a chance now to spawn
A much greater tale now.
It's contingent upon
This, my chance to fail.
I'm terrified,
But you've yet to lie.
Teach me how the story goes.

I'm seeking surgeons for my spirit
And I hope I'll be alright,
Or else my aged years inherit
Chopped off wings I used to fly.
Must stay awake.
This light is fake.
Doctor, when will this pain go away?
I feel cold.
My freedom sold.
And now I'm older,
And now regret my sacrifice
Of natural light.

I walked a path, I walked it every day,
And now it's worth more than I had paid,
And now I have a chance to walk again,
And I don't have to replace my friends.
I am scared I will lose
All these chances to time.
I can see it's been proved

Death is the only one time rhyme.
Sometimes I wish to meet
Those with whom I'm complete.
Teach me how the story goes.

I'm seeking surgeons for my spirit
And I hope I'll be alright,
Or else my aged years inherit
Chopped off wings I used to fly.
Must stay awake.
This light is fake.
Doctor, when will this pain go away?
I feel cold.
My freedom sold.
And now I'm older,
And now regret my sacrifice
Of natural light.

SIMPLE GLORIOUS MOMENTS

For a few simple glorious moments
The author let the characters show their growth
The continuous challenge bows down
To the names who know their oath
Their arc, their spark and heart
Set in these pink cherry tree leaves
The arc may see another setback
But the audience can be sure
The road to becoming is paved
And the characters have seen the door

WRONG IMPRESSIONS

I don't know what gave you that impression.
No, I do, it was me accidentally.
It was the wrong one, sorry.
I'd better fix it before the words
I never meant to write
Become words etched in granite,
But trying to erase the paper only hardens the lines.
So I guess I'll have to tell more
Of the story before.

RISING GENERATION (THE TEACHER)

I can believe you're incredible
I think you ought to know
Your potential
See you light and wake
For goodness sake

I doubt I'll see the end of time
And that's just fine
Though you might be
The one who sees for me
At the pinnacle
Of life upon this rock and in the stars
Where we are

My calling
Is enthralling
Though I've never been the lord of lands
I stand by the door
To make sure
History is placed safely in your hands

I've seen the dance
It makes me want
To start the song over again
We're dancing on a broken record
But you have the chance
To end this cycle

There are parts of us bent
On perpetual confinement
This isn't what I meant
When I said

"Concentric circles of refinement"

So I'm putting on this stupid show
Make sure you check the mirror
Before the window

With all that said
I wish you all the best
And hope you'll be the one
The catalyst of change
Like a quasar
To your friends and generation
And Earth's salvation

RECIPE

I can never get this dish right
I always add too much or too little
Of this or that.
Will you help me get this write?
I want this to mean something.
Thanks.

YOU'VE DOOMED ME

You doomed me to pop this blue balloon
If this stupid thing breaks my tooth I'll sue
That's what I'll do and let me tell you
I too hate balloons.

INFINITE MUSIC

Somewhere out there
Is a vinyl record of infinite duration
That plays an emulation
Of the silence of terror
I've listened to it my whole life
And somewhere on that disc
Are musical moments greater than this
Though I've yet to see the light
I could give up and settle down
But why would I do that?
The silence gives me the chance to wear all these hats!
And when the music finally plays, I'll go to town.

THE GURM TWINS

Good ole' Solomon Gurm
Worked for an imaginary accounting firm
All day and all night
He slaved to make the bank books right
And look how much money he's earned!
His parents say it doesn't matter
The accounting firm's not real
They just couldn't be gladder
For all the real-world skills he's learned!

Now poor Cecil Gurm wasn't so good
Ne never combed his hair like he should
He must have been dropped on his head
Financially, he's already dead
And he's living out in the woods.
He's not like us in the real world
He thinks he has to make it better
Some flag of artistry is unfurled
But I think if I could be him, I would.

MY CHARACTER ARC

Write me back into the right story, please
'Cause I don't think this one is it
I know what it's like to feel the coming arc
But that fire of becoming's been reduced to a spark
And I can't remember how the fire was lit

Write me into a new web of characters
Iconic as the last, I beg you
I wasn't written to be a solo protagonist!
Annoying but funny side character is my gist
But now I'm in the wrong story
And I have no idea what to do.

DAYS

There are odd days when it excites me
And even days when it doesn't
There are odd days when it's like my family
And days when I wish it were cousin't
Odd days, I can't stop
Even days, I can't start
Odd days, I talk about it
Even days, it's locked in my heart
"What is it," You say?
I'll tell you, but you'll have to wait for an odd day.

WHEELBARROW

Will this wheelbarrow ever get to the top?

Will it get there before I die?

I don't know, but I'm sure

That if I don't try

It'll never even start rolling.

STOP BEING RIGHT

Stop

Being right, I won't believe you

How

Can you ignore my work and life

If

I was forced to choose I don't

Know

If I could preach what I practice

What

Could you hope to gain in this endeavor

But

Stable and secure existence

Never

Making anything worthwhile

Still

You have got one up on me

There's the future

Go engage her

And I'll sit here with my sacred harp.

While you flourish

I can nourish

Only myself with these works of art.

We'll starve to death this night

'Cause I'll only ever eat what I write

Burn music for my light

So I'm begging you, just stop being right.

I am putting my world view on the line

So I'm begging you, please stop being right.

"Get

Out of bed, I can't believe you"
That's
what I'm forced to tell myself.
This
Is a stupid question but
Why
Do I have to fill this shelf?
No
I refuse to undo what I've chosen
I'll
Write 'till the day I die.
That said
That day might be closer than we realize
Since
Those I've taught have almost grown.

Diction Daughter
I have taught her
(And I'll keep doing so 'till I'm done)
How to gather
Those who've scattered
And to roll the nations into one.

I'm striving in your sight
I imagine that striving comes to light
One day after these frights.
So I'm begging you, just stop being right
This will be my last gamble of the night
And I'm betting that you'll stop being right

FASTER

You told me it would pass quickly
Here we are, an eternity later.
When can I be released from this calling
And get to meet my maker?

But there are still things I want to do
And obviously you still have some skills for me to master
So my calling goes on
I just wish it would go on a little faster.

ENEMY SOLDIER

Let's take your best friend's spirit
And put it in the body of the enemy soldier
Let's put you wife's in there, too
Now would you kill him, play with them, or hold her?
While we're adding spirits, let's add your old roommate, Frank
One sister who's younger and one brother who's older
Let's put you in there too, why don't we?
See that gun there against your shoulder?
Now let's put everyone back where they belong.
He's still an enemy, but your world just got a lot worlder.

UNFINISHED GODDESS STATUE

Dear unfinished goddess statue,
Look how far you've come
Since I handed away the chisel
At your request

Dear unfinished goddess statue,
It's all hard, you know
Seeing you become by the hand of another
At your request

Dear unfinished goddess statue,
Where you are is deserved glory
Stunning gaze is nearly finished
At your request

Dear unfinished goddess statue,
You work of art, so close to life
I wish to be there at your perfection but only
At your request

YOU LOOK TIRED

There are days that I see you
And I see you look tired
It makes me realize
My self pity is a liar
Because the best I can do
Is like you on a highwire.

THOU HAST MISSED ME

Sometimes I swear I can hear you
Destroying the years through
Your service and charm
I've been concerned that my limits
Can make me look timid
It's cause for alarm

You say it's all just a prologue to the tale
That is part of the legends love regales
And those limits will save our lives
Until. . .

While I'm here I know I am right
Still winter's wrath is misty
Unlike Hades's wife I can't tell
Whether thou hast missed me

So though everyone's in
This ballpit of fun sin
I cannot engage
You have my life on a long leash
There's not much I can't reach
And we're still on stage

I can see that this prologue's almost out
Timeskip years all destroyed without a doubt
All that's left now is flashbacks with
A bit. . .

I've seen legends form in the air
When falling stars are wished on
You're arrival's taking so long

Soon all these years will be gone