

QUOTE #1

In the mythical eye of the forest,
I wait to hear your voice
that will sail on this summer breeze,
melting the last cold winter ice
frozen on the honest river.

I wait for you to look at me with curiosity,
judge me not for the struggles
I've journeyed toward,
let me be recognized for who I am,
and I shall proceed forward
with the courage to overcome fear.

A FALLEN SKY

Don't ask me to feel
what I do not feel,
it only hurts to know,
that love could be so real.

In the beginning,
I was lost in the destruction
of my own mind,
in the attic,
seeking answers
I could not find.

Tired eyes,
shadows linger in my dreams,
haunted by demons,
nothing's ever what it seems.

A whole part of my life
has been lost,
buried underground,
there's nothing I can do,
to make this nightmare
come unbound.

Stale is the bread,
mold that taints the air,
life is just a game,

how would I have been,
if I knew you'd cared?

You don't know
how hard it is to be who I am;
an aching that burns,
never going away.

How can I see the light,
when grey
is the only day I can see?

As a boy,
I've been haunted
by the one I fear most,
and that fear...is me.

RIVER OF BLOOD

I give in to the sorrow
of my broken-down mind,
and grieve to the bitterness
that swells in my bones.

How do I find the immense
feelings of gratitude
he bestows upon me,
if my heart is cold,
like a winter's stone?

I've crossed this path
of loneliness many times,
I wonder who I'll see,
will the one who passes
the apple, when fallen
from the tree,
be the one looking,
looking for me?

Why do I deny
the mere pleasure of the fruit?

Stop!
Look at this game we play.

You rejected me,
giving in to your own
acceptance of greed,
the love I could have provided.
You denied my need.

A broken heart,
my shattered frame,
the hurt I've buried so deep inside,
what is love but a form of pain.

In your sleep,
I have tasted your breath,
it's not the same breath I remember.

Your kiss is sweet,
but the sweet taste of this kiss,
is the kiss of another.

You tried to be truthful,
I couldn't hold back the tears,
you drew the life from me,
now it flows down the river,
down the river of fear.

INVENTED VOICES

As the body withers,
and the mind slowly slips away,
I'm left sitting here,
in this white room,
padded to keep the noises out.

I still hear them,
sometimes they shout,
sometimes they whisper soft words,
they get into the web
of my own troubled mind.

What do they seek?
Why do they bother me so?

Temporary visits

from the outside world,
familiar faces become bare,
just traces of lines
of a once perfect picture.

They pump me full of drugs,
these white uniformed soldiers,
I catch myself drooling,
sometimes vomiting in my sleep.

When my body becomes numb,
when I'm huddled in the fetal position,
that's when the voices come.

These guardians who protect me
from doing harm, watch me,
I can see them looking at me,
I see the camera with the red dot eye;
I wonder what they see.

Voices in my head tell me things;
they say, if I don't obey,
I'll be punished.

Punished for what, exactly?

Family who once remembered me,
have now forgotten my face,
its better perhaps;
they'll be better off.

I do what the voices tell me,
maybe that's why I'm in this room,
padded and bound
to keep the strangers out.

Do I pose a threat to society?
The voices say so.

QUOTE #2

In our minds,
do we travel to unlimited dimensions?
Breaking the boundaries of silence,

or do we keep ourselves locked
into the possibilities of never knowing
what lies beyond?

ACCEPTANCE

I am who I am,

do not try to change me,
throw stones at me,
or put me down.

I'm not going to live my life
being your circus clown.

Accept me for what I am,
for I am a friend.

You don't have to agree
in all my sayings,
just accept me,
for I am the same.

I am total in all that you see.

I have my faults,
as you and others have your beliefs.

I have my guilt to carry me
and make me strong.

This is who I am,
and it's here that I belong.

Perfect I will never be,
that is impossible.

Allow me to grow,
like a flower,
painting this
splendid world with beauty.

Try not to drag me down,
or leave me feeling unhappy
about myself.

I'm not going to refrain from giving
or accepting passion.
Don't make me frown.

I am who I am,

I like the struggle
of being what I am,

and that would be me.

ILLCIT BEHAVIOUR

I try scattering the fragrance
of love,
he rejects my words of honesty.
Instead,
he spreads violence
throughout my veins,
leaving me to feel helpless inside.

I forgive him,
yet I cannot stand the fear
that holds me prisoner.

I only hope in the end,
my spirit will be set free.

DAYS OF MISERY

We trust in our eyes
to see what we want to see.

I pull at these chains
that slow me down,
watching each petal of rain
dance around me like Fred Astaire.

It's that time of season,
where the darkness of clouds moves in,
hiding the warmth of the yellow sun.

Streets are bleak.
People become cold and unkind.

It's one of those days
where my life is a symbol of misery.

It's one of those days
where everything around me
is empty and quiet.

Each leaf begins its journey,
changing from summer greens to copper fall,
leaving the trees to stand alone in silence.

Clouds become thicker,
leaving no room
for the light to break through.

December winds
take away the colors of life,
making the outside
look black and white.

It's one of those days,
where you have to
drag out each hour of your life,
hoping to gain some strength
before the madness sets in.

By the time I get home,
my body hungers to be alive again,
I light candles to bring radiance to the room,
I light incense sticks
to draw out the repugnance in me.

It's one of those days,
where you have to
find the light within,
and take away the days of misery.

CEREMONIAL GARDEN

On the sandy beaches of Waikiki,
waves weave in between my hungry toes.

I feel enlightened
to see the sun fainting

into the warm drifting waters of heaven,
washing away the stillness of day.

With feet standing in the ocean,
listening to the sonnet in the breeze,
the sound of the sea weakens me to serenity.

Closing my eyes,
I breathe in the scented air,
elevating my mind to a higher plain of thinking,
drifting off beyond imagination.

I dream of islands that float in from the sea.

I stand in these ceremonial gardens,
where my Hawaiian name was chosen for me.

I watch as the mist
that rests on the mountain's peak,
allows the waterfalls to flow with peace.

I listen to the lullabies of the rain
fall into the waters of heaven;
bringing out the winged dove
that flies like an angel,
in this righteous air.

Dim city lights,
I've placed a maile lei upon her stone,
songs fill the valley of spirits,
chanting words to seize this night.

As the tears from her eyes
fall onto my face,
I'm blessed to know
she's filled me, with such
in-tuned grace.



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