

A close-up photograph of a small, vibrant yellow flower with a dark stem and green leaves, growing out of a crack in a grey concrete sidewalk. The background is blurred, showing more of the sidewalk and some dark foliage. Two white diagonal lines are overlaid on the image: one in the top right corner and one in the bottom left corner.

*HOPE IS
IRRESISTIBLE*

Where the sorrow
subsides.

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I found you deep in my stomach, swirling in a sea of cosmic cells.

Hope, the seed from the fruit of life.

(HALF)EMPTY/FULL

A Wounded heart, dying in decompression.

A heart that beats, formed by the cells of God.

This loneliness covers me like a crypt.

A quiet sanctuary for the seeker of stillness.

Blood on my hands and guilt through my bones.

A lesson learned in the guise of judgmental tones.

Tears run like a river of lost moments, damming me into distress.

Tears that rip and free the waves of elation, washing all over me.

Death.

Life.

A bitter end to a dying wounded bird.

Who soared higher than all the others in the sky.

BEAT THE DRUM

Sitting on the edge, of a dream within a dream.

Tangles my mind like cobwebs.

Strings my heart to the moon.

Walk with me a while.

Dehydrate the sorrow away.

As we move closer to the sun.

Touch my fingertips where tiny dragons dance.

Careful like sweet kisses upon the one you love.

Softly, but holding back such passion.

Crawl inside and count the stars.

Each beat of this heart is for you.

RELISH

I still have the taste of you on my lips.

Consumed in passion.

Chapped in reason.

Digesting the sorrow for a day.

As the bones of us melt in my stomach.

And we start the dance once again.

OFFER

Inside my hands, gold and diamonds sparkle.

Their shine fades in your eyes.

Reduced to lead and coal.

Out of my tongue sweet words trickle.

Caught up with cotton candy sincerity.

Such bitter tastes to your ears.

I offer my heart, the most valued treasure.

And all you see is an organ of despair.

Sounding such sombre music.

With its dying rasps.

Yet still you owe me nothing in return.

SPANK

Roll me around your tongue like a toffee.

Kiss me quick.

Suck me like coffee.

Nothing out there looks the same.

All you need do is call my name.

Put me on. Twist the cap.

Make me shiver, take it back.

Black out the sky, turn me upside down.

Pull me in, then make me frown.

One little shake before you me kill me.

All the stars you send to thrill me.

Strip it off, lay it out.

Grab a hold and make me shout.

FLUORESCENT FUTURE

4am as the world whispers me awake.

All is calm, and the night travels in my veins still.

I slept the day away.

Rubbing the tiredness and memories from my eyes.

Half a world away, yet right where I started.

Right where I belong.

The veil is yet to be lifted from my shaded stay.

Talking to me still from the past in a language I slightly recognise.

Talks of entangled vines and harkening songs.

The red land beneath my feet.

Sticking to me like sand on wet skin.

Rub away these English oaks. This chitter of festivity.

Don't lead me blind with your patriotic stories.

Colour me sunlit gold and let me sleep.

Crying into the night.

Drifting away on the tide.

AUSPICES

Candied appled smiles that dapple this heart.

Pulling the pieces back from the deep lagoon.

Resetting them like a Picasso in reverse.

Hope is irresistible, dancing on my fingertips like butterflies.

After years suffering those gloomy caterpillars.

Fresh Artic water rushes my soul.

Cleansing all that had rotten within.

Funnel down this love into me, fill me up with the golden light.

Can you see the truth in this statement?

A tinnitus ting-sha in my eyes as I consult the i-Ching.

This heartache is wavering.

Threatening to collapse while strength begins to blossom in the cracks.

Cotton candy turns over this dusty broken soul.

Lighting tiny lamps in my heart for love to follow.

STICKY

Soft words like snow in my ear.

Slither into my soul.

Fill me up like honey.

Hold me like a precious treasure.

Keep me safe.

Scrub away those unloves.

The scabs of hurt that taste so bitter.

Count my eyelashes in time to my heartbeat.

Wait for it to skip.

Count me down.

Preserved now forever in your tarred soul.

Stuck like chewing gum to the underside of your heart.

CORROSIVE

Great opportunity.

Swim to me like you're in an aquarium.

Smell this sweet delirium.

Candy tongued and sarcastic.

This mountain flower pick-able state.

Didn't you notice?

My store front vulnerability.

Flashing neon signs: 'Kiss me'.

Corrosively dipped and iron willed.

All in disguise.

Like cyanide sweet nothings on your pillow, talk, and swallow me down.

Wash away those ugly thoughts and humiliation.

Rain. Rain. Rain. (Back again?) This smells like tomorrow.

A SILENT CHORUS

Inside the hollow, deep within.

Inside this heart that stutters.

Rests a reason, surrounded in a rhyme.

Thought lost for all time.

Yet dwelling quietly, silently; covered in light.

Awaiting the day sweet rains wash over it.

Like saliva on a tongue. Throbbing with such intent.

To lick away all malcontent, and chorus and ring the new dawn.

HOW A DREAM LOOKS

This dream will always elude me.

Fly from my hands like a thousand whispering ghosts.

Like catching sunlight in jars, spinning gold from your tongue.

All simple thoughts defeat me.

Reduced to shivers and sighs.

I'm awash with thoughts of you.

Your body moving on this earth, somewhere; but never here.

To collect the lights in your eyes, to drink your tears.

To slip inside your soul and coil up in your cells.

This is what dreams are for.

Beat the dream, bang the drum.

Mould the life I grip to and yet yearn to wash away.

I drift into our future, rooted in the past.

My elephant graveyard of memories quivers.

Terraformed into something pleasant; something conquered by you.

I cast my sorrow into the sun, allowing it to evaporate.

And drink from the pools of this planet. Sleep in the shade of your low hanging leaves and dream the tales of yet to be.

HURRIED HOME

This galaxy that divides us, keeping me from you.
Like a tooth wrapped in twigs, eager to seize you once more.
Distance and time stopping my heart like lidocaine.
Pulsating in a static fury.
Tragedy beyond my grasp.
So, I travel, I move towards you.
Travelling such light years and eye blinks.
Coming home to you.
Burning the bridge behind so I need never dwell beneath.
Banishing the trolls from my skin.
Wiping away magic that bound me there.
I see you standing, silhouetted against my soul.
Arms and heart open. Promising such comfort.
Ready to envelop me into your world.
I cast no shadow in your light, for we are one.
Keeping me safe in the house of marble, with pillars of time.
I feel your skin and pluck the bones from your heart.
Building me a home like a nesting bird.
Erasing the pain and migratory thoughts.
Staying with you till the end of time.

ZEPHYR THROUGH MY SOUL

Eyes stutter as bones collapse. Black ink escapes me.

I sky dive in colours, shaking these sins off my back.

Feeling the warmth from within, as the light enters my skull.

Flow.

Dropping down into the ocean, where I swim to the iridescent floor.

Swallowing topaz and truths, shining in the deep.

The world tips over and I take root, strands around me taking me up to the light.

Shooting comets across my eyes.

Trying to remember where it began.

Climbing higher this tree of life, offering my hand to you, to meet me on its branches.

Like the sweet smell of the rain, I sense your nearness.

Wrapped in the roots that bind us and strengthen our resolve.

The incense of the Garden of Eden drowns you, calling us higher.

Smouldering in my soul.

Shaking off the earthen soil of the selfish.

The tangle that bound me before, I cut away with Isaac's blade.

Sharp and ready, made from glass.

Cutting the vines that grew so ferociously within me.

Rooting my soul here with you once more.

Lifting me to freedom.

SWEETNESS FOLLOWS

Jasmine lips and honey eyes.

Dance on my flesh like miniature dragonflies.

Growing roses in my heart.

The ivy of my mind to twist into.

Licking your skin and tasting the ocean.

Chasing your wave and finding sand in my shoe.

You.

Blue and free like the sky that pulls over my eyelids.

Whispering into my skull, the tantric movement of tomorrow.

Taking me off to another land.

Where your skeleton slips into my skin each day.

And crystal tears carve a path right through me.

Amber shivers and slumbered eyes, welcoming these dreams.

Tiptoeing through the water lilies of your world.

Hovering like the hummingbird of your heart.

Beat and hum.

RADIANCE

Waking up again, with feathers in my mouth.

Gold dust on my hands.

You in my eyes.

Letting you sleep, to dream; though of what, I do not dare to ask.

I shake the starlight from my eyelids, push my earthly bones up.

Breaking the day and the silence.

A smile from you cracks the egg of happiness within me.

Sliding through my blood.

A behaviour that is hard to understand.

In a breath you are there, next to me.

A kiss that makes me know there is a God.

I quiet the neural oscillation; such rhythm leaves me weak.

Leaves me wanting.

Picking up the pieces one by one.

The puzzle finished and making sense.

Unified in starry manifestations. A brightness that intensifies.

To pure radiance.

Bringing me back home.

ELLE VA BIEN

They jostled onto the train that had arrived with a clanking commotion at the station. The vaulted tiled ceiling of the underground station swirled with the sound of metal, tannoy announcements and tourist hubbub. The train had emptied somewhat, spilling out its human cargo which shuffled towards the luminous sortie signs, the basic words even foreigners understood. Ingrained from childhood French lessons and the trappings of travel. They were able to get seats as the train pulled away and snaked into the belly of the city, passing tunnels and bones of the long forgotten.

The seats were as hard as wood, worn down from millions of asses thankful of somewhere to rest for the short journeys between stations. They were heading down towards Saint-Marcel and thankful too to be getting away from the crush and pull of the touristy hotspots. They watched the other passengers engrossed in smart phones, conversations and anxieties of potentially going the wrong direction. Passengers on life's train of happenstance.

Opposite them sat a lady, listening to her headphones and glancing off into the train. Looking, but searching for nothing. Her brown hair fell around her face, framing her like a motionless portrait typical of those seen meters above in the many museums dotting the city. She sat motionless, listening to her music as the train swayed and hummed down the line. The only movement was a collection of tears that suddenly began to build and breach, trickling down her face. They watched as she tilted her head down, blinking away the collection of tears and emotions that had appeared. One of the jabbed the other in the side, bringing attention to the scene before them in case it was not being seen or felt for the degree that it was. He reached inside his pocket and took out a tissue, hoping it was clean. The crinkles indicated it had been with him all day but looked devoid of anything unpleasant.

He reached across and gently touched her arm. She looked up, surprised. "Are you okay?" he asked, hoping his eyes spoke to a level beyond the language required. She nodded and mumbled words of appreciation, taking the tissue and dabbing her eyes. A small smile appearing at the corner of her mouth, her eyes shaking away an embarrassment that wasn't necessary.

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She looked above her finding the line map, a tiny yellow light indicated they were at Bastille. The train usually emptied a lot here and she glanced around seeing those exiting and ones awaiting to board. Her hand found the phone in her pocket and she skipped the track on her music. Her mind was suddenly taken elsewhere as her heart skipped and beat, and the chaos around her ebbed away. It had never been 'their song', but it was always one that had reminded her of them. The lyrics so seemingly fitting for what they had, what had burrowed inside of her and warmed her soul. She did not notice the two guys sit down opposite her, the limited space between where their knees nearly met. She was off elsewhere, hearing laughter and smelling them on her bedsheets.

The train jerked, and though she stayed in her memory, it shifted along with the train. It had all crumbled, corroded only yesterday. Smashed liked a teetering teacup on the edge of a kitchen counter. She could understand things not working right now, she could even acknowledge the arguing. But those had been usual relationship problems. To be told you were no longer needed, that you were no longer welcome in their life. That was what had hurt. She could deal with the packing up of possession and the moving on. Going into work the next day as routine propelled her forward. But she could not take the hurt that had ignited within, perhaps lying dormant for the inevitable. That she was never the one, she could no longer make them happy. All that she

had to offer, came up short. All those reasons she had told herself why she was inadequate rang out to be real in a horrible realisation of truth, a view she had shielded her eyes from like looking at the sun. It had swallowed her, submerged her in a grey that clung to her like oil.

Putting on her work clothes, combing her brown hair. Seeing the day instead of cowering in her bed like she wanted. The feeling of detachment and lack lay upon her, making her feel that no one really cared for her in this world. If she turned up to work or not; nothing really mattered in a way. The tears welled and broke forth, streaming down her cheek in a warm river. She had forgotten she was on the metro. Her mother would have been ashamed to see her show such emotion in public, but she did not realise. Too consumed in grief and self-pity that she found herself deep beneath the streets of Paris on a Metro train that ran all day, every day. Until she felt something nudge her arm softly, yet foreign. She looked up surprised to see a small tissue and concerned smiles greet her. She nodded a thanks and was able to cough up "Merci, je vais bien," and she smiled slightly, knowing it was true.

The grey was still within her, but in that moment a tiny part had turned to white.

Hope can ignite in the dark heart of the desperate. If covered in a cloak of forgiveness.

RECOVERING THE RICHES

Sold my bones for gold, to buy you back from death.

To resurrect our love. The Lazarus that is dormant in us.

This Faustian pact will lead to regret years from now.

But I had to.

Breathing life into our love, feeling for the pulse. Gluing the pieces back together.

I drain my blood and fill my skin with sand.

So, you no longer haemorrhage anymore.

You're a wash with hate and the afterbirth of our arguing.

Cast out this demon, the one that had rooted within me.

Between us.

Forever tapping at your brain.

I'll hue the rocks from the mountain, moving it aside while you drift into recovery.

Laying you on the sea of flowers I've plucked from every stem in the world.

Resurrecting your devotion.

Mouth to mouth.

Licking the emotions that drip onto your skin.

Covering you in diamonds and saccharin.

The artificial sweetener till you seep out the sugar once more.

My doubts and anger are hanging now for the crows, crucified in the Gomorrah of my heart.

All that's left is hope, the perpetual motion machine within me.

Emeralding your spirit, polishing your previous golden soul.

CRUSHED CHALK TO DIAMOND DUST

They did not see; our crucifixion wasn't televised.

The day you broke down and held my hand.

Swimming in chalk, dusting it off our clothes.

Feeling so low and desperate.

The soft surrender of hopelessness.

But we did not die, we did not fade into white.

A burst of control and all the things they'll never know.

Our resurrection, in colour and flesh and bone.

Just a matter of time now until they paint our picture.

Hang it on the wall where the wolves devour other hearts.

Stronger, from here on out.

THE OTHER SHORE

Scraping it off my soul.

Place the razor, safely first.

Wring out the black. Lighten. Flow. Relax.

Cough. Once, twice. Let the black smoke drift away.

The light is where you shall bathe.

Imprints and sins dig deep like barnacles and sand crabs.

Burrowing for survival.

Yet the Buddhist in me does not wish to kill them.

Shake them off, strip them away. Let the mud and toxic blood defuse.

Transfuse and melt beyond tomorrow.

Scrubbing my halo.

Dusting off my wings.

Bring my happy back again. In beautiful Technicolor.

A cocktail of antibiotics, hope and acknowledgement accompany my humble pie.

The mirror facing, soul searching reason for change.

And Change we must.

The traveling, motioning blurring fight for tomorrow.

The face of you, as I swim to the ocean floor.

LEMONADE

Like I wouldn't know you're the reason.

Before you, there was such terrain.

Speak your name, quietly with religious respect.

Licking you like I would a sweet prayer before bedtime.

Tasting your wonder on my tongue.

Excuse me if this makes you uncomfortable, you just don't know the marvel you've become.

I box your words like chocolates.

Closing the doors in my soul and opening the windows.

Slipping into your loveliness. That day, the day the avalanche came.

That's who you are.

Dipped in brilliance. Making me walk like a cat.

So happy to show me.

Dress you up like a store front window. Make me bow.

Bringing my smile back again.

Take me there.

LEAVE IT TO MEMORIES

Hold on to me, I have seen things that you will never see.
I have seen things that you'll never believe.
Hold on while it hurts. Close your eyes and take my hand.
Shiver out the safety of the ground.
Come with me out of this world.
Where the sweetness will follow you. Distant and warm.
Distance is worn, like a threadbare rug.
The stains of time under foot.
Hold on and try not to breathe.
They hypnotised us into defence. Into regret.
Forty steps to the eighth parallel, one jump into beyond.
Do you believe me now, do you believe yet?
There's nothing up these sleeves. Only the ability to dream.
Spinning Egypt and Atlantis in my hand, spinning you a quieter night.
A peaceful day.
The photograph of us that will never fade and shows us only in reverse.
Clearer, like ebb tides and dragonflies.
Where the sorrow subsides.

CARTOON CRAZY

No one knows how the thoughts spin inside.

The jumbled sweet confectionery of ideas.

You want to seep my colour away. Press me into your own imaginings.

Avoid my seriousization if you must, but this well is deep.

These limbs can buck, bend and break; yet I can contort to what you wish.

I bleed too you know. A Fact you sometimes forget.

I can be the most spineless to prop up your happiness.

Kissing your feet while you wash your hands clean.

But my screen will flicker to life, the roar of sound and fury.

My cartoon crazy, running back and forth with renewed energy.

Spilling more ink while you try to erase me.

SLIPPING ON STARS

Lost in words, sweet syllables and lullabies.

Knowing too well the winners write the rule books.

Always first in the end, then onto the beginning. Re-structuring my world away.

April night, waiting for the moon to sleep.

Had enough fights to make sure the bruises will never fade. Leaving it all behind.

Choking on solar flares, breathing in a new tomorrow.

The stakes never higher, you chased me from pole to pole, frozen in your righteousness.

Your need to be right and your tries that bind. Trying to be me, trying to be something different.

But I wipe this away and breathe in the galactic air.

Allowing cosmosis to take me deep within you, and all your little galaxies.

The Pisces in me is rising, questioning my reasons to stay; as always.

But the chrysalis of us has flared and I'm strolling now in your starry garden.

Letting us rest upon my shoulders.

Slipping on stars and sliding into deeper space.

Orbiting you, questioning Copernicus.

Blinded once more by your light.

SLIPPING INTO SOMETHING

Trying to escape and trying to remain.

Stuck in flux.

The flightless bird high up in the sky, surprised by its own surroundings.

My home was my own gallows, my seat of self-destruction.

To break free, to dissolve into tiny shards of metallic light.

Longing for change.

You called me forth, humming the chorus of love.

Magnetised in your splendour.

And now, you un-cork the bottled time and let it flow.

They deluge over me, icy cold that stings like sharp realizations.

Time, and you, are precious; and I won't waste either.

Live, seek and love.

Folding in your convalescent wings.

Watching it all through glass.

TWISTING THE TWINE

I sit on the string of this, above the chasm.
Watching the wind.
Watching the emotions.
The vastness between us and the closeness in my cells.
Each blink and heartbeat vibrate on this wire.
With no safety net.
With no one there to catch us if we fall.
Only our arms outstretched together, in the loving embrace of the plummet.
But we walk.
We tiptoe. On the egg shelled stained thread of love.
Ever closer to Eden and the tree in my mind.
We've loved and lost, then loved again.
Around in the circle of our souls.
Blinded by bitterness and the sting of the self-righteous.
But now the fog of war has lifted.
The spoils are swept away as we welcome the tangerine sky of dawn.
Bringing in the light that burns our eyes, after so long in the dark.
Hold me, don't ever leave me. Love me on this tightrope forever.

FREEDOM IS A PRIVILEGE

Did you remember, or were you hoping to forget?

Underneath this skin, brown and coarse like the worked route.

That strange fruit.

Was red and wet.

What were you hoping for, a different kind of history?

One without me. Without such pity.

Look back in disgust if you must.

But these strong roots have grown from that toil.

Of being in a place that we should never have been.

Never being seen.

If we spin the past and tip it over.

Reverse the world and replace colour with white.

How would you have felt with the blood on your shoulders?

And not on your hands, as you sleep at night.

Under this skin, of white and of brown.

In the bones that register no preference for colour.

That break on impact, and hearts that hurt all the same.

And as this world grows again much darker, and fear and hate find new friends.

Extend your hands and reach for any colour palm.

And fight once again for freedom.

ARBORETUM OF THE MIND

Those words they buried.
The thorny ones with discontent.
Maligned manners from blackened hearts.
They rotted in my mind.
In that grey earthy soil.
Those tears they watered.
Digging down deep to the black pit of my soul.
Like potatoes which found the light.
Deep in the dark such acorns of defiance sprouted.
Filling my bones with vines and life.
So now I prune, and potter.
I bask in the shade of a cooling tree.
That borne within me; my arboretum of solitude.
My tree of life with bark as tough as nails.
And leaves that never turn, despite the season.
Or the early winter you threaten.

A SILENT CHORUS

Inside the hollow, deep within.

Inside this heart that stutters.

Rests a reason, surrounding in a rhyme.

Thought lost for all time.

Yet dwelling quietly, silently; covered in light.

Awaiting the day sweet rains wash over it.

Like saliva on a tongue. Throbbing with such intent.

To lick away all malcontent, and chorus and ring the new dawn.

CONTRACT & CONSTRUCT

That reason we all had for being there.
Through shared DNA and the tears of Jesus.
Waiting for the smoke to clear and the dust to settle.
Yet deep inside a fire burns.
Turning all to ashes and cleansing from within.
Who do you ask forgiveness of?
As you hand across a world that is riddled with pain.
What did you blame as you clung to indifference?
When the world darkened as black as the night.
But do not drown in this consequence.
Or be blown away in this havoc.
It may be borrowed time, but it is ours to own.
And the rest is still unwritten.

A CALLING

This life is a blend of black and grey.
I've come here now to take you away.
And hold your hand, in the face of sorrow
You're wrong to say that, please just go.
There are things here that you will never know.
I always have, the hope of tomorrow.
But tomorrow is now out of your hands.
The pain will come, you won't understand.
When your heart and soul, will be nevermore.
That's why I grasped her hand so tight.
We fled right there out into the night.
And she took me away, to unseen shores.

PERSISTENCE OF THE UNFORGETTING

Sunken deep like forgotten wrecks.
A hate that broods, contorts and flex.
This grudge is old and just like oil.
Black with time, and within me coils.
Staining my soul with its heartless rind.
Unforgotten, despite the passage of time.
But time has come to break the bond.
That swirling hole, that stagnant pond.
I will no longer give food to the beast.
It is to the wolves I throw this feast.
A stinking blood drool of unwanted flesh.
Cut from my heart, and so refreshed.
Then wrapped in a tourniquet of letting go.
With hope that in that hole, some love will grow.

ASSUMING SUCH REGRET

Shaking while the structures fell.

Watching as the house burns.

Departure seemed the only possibility.

But what caused us to remain.

Clearing up the wreckage, counting the shards of the moon we forgot we stole.

Little parts of yourself that clung with the moon dust.

What ambivalence we had for time.

Laughing in the face of it while the world spun.

Now a suitcase filled with memories aches to be moved.

And all talk of solo flying ruffles these steel feathers.

How can I remain while you plan on deserting me?

The orchids weep in the face of such kinetic air.

A tolerance, only from afar.

Little familiar fingers bring words to mind.

Dramatic embarrassments in the downturn of something hopeful.

A future love, packaged and boxed; sent out into the world.

We wear the familiar on our sleeve, little desperations join the others that weigh into the world.

A first white flag raises with the new dawn.

And our name-tags turn to you and I.

Strangers wishing to join the others, and the multitudes of our successors.

Blaming the past for never finding god in the like-minded sorrow.

Who promised the world, and only received tomorrow.

SO MUCH CLEARER

Deep in the depths of history, and the things you will never see.

Heads held high.

Sweetness following the fall.

Burying the ill-gotten hand-me-down partial bothers.

Wrapped in tear-soaked parcels and mislabelled.

Wait for the recognition to subside.

Breathe, and live the new with wonder.

Crack the salt that built up in your eyes.

Those passers-by.

Cut the honey from your lips.

Turn down the voices that always lied.

(Nothing free is gold)

Save a little magic for the one who always smiled.

Lemonade and teddy bear parades.

The look of a child at a sight never seen.

Believe in the obscene.

The truth never told that we can all be free.

Strung up in a new history.

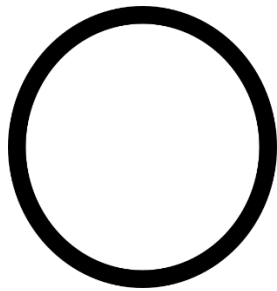
Bottling this hope for the future.

GLASS

I buried your words in a glass in the garden.
Trapped them like fireflies in the twilight of this trying.
This break suffocates.
These shards scrape at my skin.
But I tucked them all in, away in the dirt.
Hoping they would remain.
That comforting lie.
A heart made of glass is easily shattered.
You step on the pieces, complain of the splinters.
Never once indestructible.
Then a thunder came and the rains fell.
Lightning struck as the storm of you raged on.
Turning my glass heart back to sand.
Reduced to grains of love, coarse and plentiful.
Yet now a shore only for my own sad sea.
A Lonely desert isle.
Hoping for a glass bottle of hope.
To once again wash ashore.

LIGHT

The light in a teardrop, approaching.
Destroying the dark that sits like soil on your cheeks.
A wrecking river of black, dispelled by a single candle.
That single effort of change.
Who knows how small the room is when the lights are off.
When the darkness wins.
Yet each day the universe contracts, birthing out the sun.
Raining down solar tears to burn away the oil.
Speckle me now with Aztec gold hidden in the sky.
A craved warmth and a touch from god.
Too long in the cold and dark, we've become skeletons to sadness.
Choking on soot and solitude.
My eyes wish for radiation, to burn away the memories.
Of a time and state that held me prisoner.
We now feel such rapture in the knowing.
That nothing lasts forever.



Discover more at:
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