

XIII

# The Nameless Arcanum



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# THE NAMELESS ARCANUM

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# INTRODUCTION

BY EURYDICE ELOISE WAYLES

If I had to describe myself with a tarot card, it would be the nameless arcanum — Arcanum XIII. In many decks, it is called “Death,” but it’s only one of the interpretations. The Tarot de Marseilles calls it “The Nameless Arcanum,” which, in our view, is a more accurate interpretation. Death is simply a transformation from one state into another, and often, reading this card signifies precisely this. Its appearance brings an understanding of an ongoing transformation or the rebirth of the ego. The card doesn’t necessarily mean ending, but completion. To me, it signifies change and transformation: leaving behind what no longer belongs to you and stepping—sometimes clumsily, sometimes beautifully—into a new shape. Cleansing the old, outdated habits and perceptions, limiting beliefs, and societal masks. It is a doorway, a place where the previous self dissolves so another can be born. It reminds us that nothing stays the same forever. It is the silence before rebirth, the burial before the bloom.

Our souls have carried the light that resonates with this frequency through the centuries of painful tribulations and loss. Both Alex and I had to experience all variations of grief to arrive at our highest purpose. And now we are sharing the knowledge about the essence of death with the world. Yet, we also work in the physical realm, and we rarely meet other people by chance. There’s always a higher purpose or a spiritual reason. Sometimes I appear on a person’s path like the figure of Death in the cards—uninvited, unavoidable. For those who live honestly, who have faced their shadows and forgiven their mistakes, my presence feels like a blessing. They sense

I've only come to sweep away the last fragments of what no longer serves them. I provide divine judgment, just being in my essence, but for those who live by their hearts, my judgment manifests as rewards that assist their transformation into their better selves.

Yet other people are afraid of me, because I remind them of their own shadows, or I speak honestly about things most people in society are afraid to talk about. Those who run from themselves perceive me in a negative light. My presence annoys them, and they feel unsettled in the most unusual ways. People who never did their shadow work, who bury their regrets beneath lies, often fear me. They look at me and tremble, because deep down they know I carry the mirror they have avoided. I don't bring them fear—*their own soul does*. Yes, amplified by my guidance and presence, but still, I only represented the arrival of their highest judgement. They are perfectly aware that if they live the life of abuse and exploitation of others, they just feel with their gut that the punishment and retaliation have arrived. They sense that the time of judgment of their own souls has arrived, and they can't hide from themselves. So they react with attack and aggression to my truth and my rebellious nature. I'm returning to this world to continue executing my purpose. I arrive to shed the false skin people have stitched together from false indoctrinations and limited beliefs, to expose their masks of fake niceties and pretentious politeness, and they can't bear it. They think I am their enemy, but really, it is their past that is hunting them.

To lose a soul is not to lose it completely—it's to forget it, to bury it under envy, resentment, and deception. When people with lost souls encounter me, they feel the ghost of their former selves they abandoned and betrayed. They see that the versions of their happiest and most joyful life, which were eventually buried under thick layers of lies, self-loathing, shame, and

regret. These ghosts of their self-inflicted nightmares terrify them because they whisper all the truths they worked so hard to silence. I can't always return the lost soul, but I can still remind them of what must be reborn. If a person dreams of a change, the pain from interacting with me would open the doors to their empowerment and happiness, even if they would hate me afterwards. I would always say what needed to be said, for the highest healing of their soul, and I never compromised on my truth, because I knew that it always heals souls. But sometimes, that reminder has to be more frightening than death itself.

Those who have betrayed their own hearts often fear me most, because I remind them of what they've buried. Sometimes that truth is more frightening than death itself. Losing a soul happens quietly, when someone chooses lies over truth, comfort over growth, cruelty over love. Slowly, they become hollow, shallow, and avoidant. Slowly, they become a mere shadow of a human being, a zombie who obediently follows every rule of society imposed upon them but is scared of living life. They conform to the oppression of their own hearts. They grow narcissistic, self-centered, and without empathy. They turn manipulative, controlling, and abusive. They can no longer acknowledge their own shortcomings; instead, they project them onto others. Inside their body, it feels like a gnawing emptiness that nothing can satisfy. Joy turns flat, and even pleasure becomes dull. They chase superficial and carnal pleasures all the time, but nothing feeds that craving, the hollow and ringing emptiness of their hearts.

The heart closes, becoming heavy and cold, while the mind circles endlessly, hunting for control. Their breath is shallow, their stomach tense, their sleep restless. Shadows creep into their chest at night, whispering regrets, though the following day they pretend not to hear them. Their nerves tighten like strings, always waiting to snap, and so they lash out at others to release the

pressure. Love cannot reach them anymore; it slides off like water on stone. They experience love, but in the corrupt heart, it either turns possessive or manifests as hatred. What fills them instead is paranoia, envy, and hunger for possessions. They become predatory in everything that they do, and perceive others as merely objects to exploit. They wear a mask of confidence, but beneath it is only fear—fear of the reckoning they know must come.

The presence of Death forces them to face what they've avoided: that their soul is not gone, but buried deep, and the only way back is through pain. Nature herself steps in. She creates shocks—heartbreak, betrayal, emotional breakdowns, or even a near-death experience—to break through the armor of denial and heart walls of past traumas. These moments are brutal, but they are the only way for a soul to reunite with their vessel. Not everyone survives that return. To reclaim the soul after betraying it is the most challenging journey of all. Nature would guide them further, but the initial call for retaliation arrived with my presence. I cannot always return a lost soul, but I can remind them what must be reborn. My words may wound, but they also open the doors to empowerment and healing. I never compromise on truth, because truth is the beginning of healing.

This is the energy I carry inside my poems. This is the spirit that runs through my poetry. Each poem is a little death, a shedding, a personal transformation pressed into rhyme. Some came to me in sleepless nights, some in ecstatic bursts of joy, and some in battles with shadows darker than words can hold. Others are about love—sweet, tragic, unforgettable love. Messy, painful, beautiful love. Some poems came like whispers from somewhere higher, others crawled out of darker corners. Others are battles, both inner and outer, because I have fought with myself and with shadows that don't belong to me. All of them are pieces of change.

I've gone through many little "deaths." Some I chose, some I didn't. Each time, I buried an old version of myself and woke up a slightly different person. I like to think poetry was the shovel, the grave, and also the resurrection. Writing lets me shed things I can no longer carry, but it also clears up the space for new dreams to grow. I began writing poetry almost by accident, without planning it, while working on our first novel with Alex. At the time, I had nothing but my love for him and a fragile faith that love could save me from the darkness I was drowning in. From that faith, poems began to flow—sometimes chaotic, sometimes sharp and clear. Many never found their place in our novel *\*Eurydice in Love,\** even though they were written for that book. So they stayed close to me, like secret companions, and I would recite out loud when I needed to experience the healing coming from their sounds. Besides, they were charged with intimate romantic memories of the times when they were written. We were so passionately in love that we continued to write about our love in many different forms. We were desperately searching to discover new facets of our love, and we captured our truth in our artistic expressions. Now I share them with you. They form the first part of this book: *Arcanum of Love,*.

The second part, *Arcanum of War*, is different. Those poems carry heavier battles: memories of wars past and present, echoes of conflicts with beloved, and my fights with inner demons. They capture and preserve the memories of battles both real and spiritual: echoes of revolutions, the voices of the dead, the shadow of the present war in Ukraine. They also hold my private wars with demons of purgatory that tried to claim me, but which poetry dispelled like smoke. They might sound dramatic, but they are my truth and the pains that I had to live through.

During my shamanic training (2021–2025), I fought not only for love but for the truth of my soulmates and for the liberty of humanity. These poems were forged in those struggles.

Creating these poems gave me the strength to keep moving, to keep transforming, to keep living. This book is my diary of becoming. It's not perfect, but neither am I. Maybe you will find your truth in it. Maybe it will subtly release the demons of your past or show you the traps of your ego. Or maybe it would just reveal the personal path to liberation. And maybe the sounds of these poems would work like mantras of your personal well-being, against the evil spirits, exactly how they were for me. We have the right to name the demons that haunt this world, and we have the right to banish them with our prayers. These poems hold both the light and the shadow of my transformation. If you read closely, you may find yourself here too—walking through these small deaths toward your own rebirth. And perhaps, together, we will help usher in a new world—one where kindness, compassion, hope, faith, forgiveness, and love ignite the true liberation of humanity.

# ARCANUM OF LOVE

## Our Sleepless Nights

The moon guides me through the meditations,  
While sending inspiration within these sleepless nights...

I hear a gentle Angel speaking through our trance  
"Yes, you were right; she's your special woman  
Send to balance you, as two of you will dance  
In this romance, you both demanded to renew."

After traveling somewhere in between the worlds  
Walking through the periphery of perceptual states  
In the place where madness and genius relate  
I emerge at the edge of your bed like on stage.

Yes, my dear Princess, living our story is freeing  
Although I know it's hard for you  
To imagine that a man can be sincere  
And vulnerable within his honest heart;  
Do you think I'm experiencing a random sensation  
A guy who hasn't seen a naked girl in a while  
Who was wired by the arousals of your body  
Clumsy stumbling like an awkward virgin  
Forging lust like other horny suitors  
And my pursuit will end one day without a trace;  
Yet that would never be the case -  
From the moment I saw your Soul  
I forgot about my nonsense  
And fell in love with your nature.

I'm convinced I'll never leave the corners of your bed,  
Fighting arcane entities casually, occasionally  
As they hover, so determined to infuse  
New fears and nightmares in your Soul.  
But with me, you can sleep in peace,  
While you do what you need to do.  
You're happy, living your youth, I can't adorn.  
It's only me who's sick right now  
Missing your scents and sensual smiles.  
Yet I'm openly trusting our miracles  
And iterate the words you craft with grace  
Amidst the nights when you invite my Soul  
To pass a secret coded message:

"I can't. I can't. I can't,  
Please comprehend  
At this perplexing moment  
I just can't.  
And I feel you can't either.  
I really think we have to wait.  
I had forgotten how to open up.  
Allow the miracle of us to flourish.

Yes, I am a complex being,  
And a complicated female creature  
But I'm unique and bright  
Exactly how you see me,  
I'm intricate and never superficial  
I'm simply not like any other girl.

I'm just like all the other girls -

I love my lingerie under my cutest dresses  
And necklaces with pearls;  
I love my boyish, drifting lovers  
And gaudy Cartier bracelets  
I love all the trends on Instagram  
And views of Twitter girlfriends.  
The shoes and bags can never lie  
When casual sex happens occasionally.  
I live a life of one-night stands  
As I obtain the information  
We both will use to our advantage  
In the future, when we craft our lives,

While youth is leading my derailment  
Don't judge me for my truth,  
I'm sure you never will  
But I would like to know for sure.

Our love is perfect as a dream for now.  
I'm not with you right now.  
It's just another quest for us.  
Like all those many others.  
I need my freedom to be me  
Eschew the world of morons  
I'm independent, living free  
When I saunter with sorrow.

It is my way to find myself  
To fight my past of broken heart,  
And flourish through obsessions  
Until I let you in.

I wish to prove that other men  
Are not like you when dreaming  
I hope we'll shine as psychic friends  
And then proceed with feelings."

My Soul is always in your space next to your bed  
Holding your hand and channeling protection,  
Conceptual perceptions as desperate riddles  
Trickling through dreams as we can't sleep no more.

You woke me up impatiently deep at night;  
Now we are eating ice cream between three and four  
And watching America's Next Top Model  
Revising my past editorials and new trendy looks  
That may suit me in the age of election fraud  
After we woke up from the secret operation  
We were guided in the ghostly Djibouti of all the places,  
As Too Hot To Handle invades our attention  
While I enjoy my own purifying contest,  
Yet you amuse me with your intimate visions  
As the morning sun illuminates my room.

Now I dream of writing you a love letter, but I'm so afraid.  
I want to tell you my fables of our weirdest, cutest dreams.  
I feel immense affection and pure devotion for you  
I want to scream about my love on every single square,  
but somehow, I'm so intensely intimidated by you  
that I can't even write you a letter  
That you may never read.

Sometimes, I feel as if I'm going crazy,  
my dear moon,  
But thank you for your guidance  
And helping to stay true.

## The Rituals of Love

Pure love, perseverance, and commitment  
is what I claim to have.

Let's say my love for you is like a cloud of celestial light,  
Immersing myself in this cloud is my daily ritual.

My ritual reaches your intolerable sadness,  
As you cry your Vancouver rain every day  
While I'm crying on my flower pillow, you've gifted  
in the bed full of demons that I battle for us.

I'm so deeply tripping inside, I can't stop crying.  
A guy walks around your city, saying, "I love you."  
Always loud out loud and always in poetic whispers.  
"I love you. I really do."  
Even if, sometimes, I don't believe in myself,  
While you live disbelieving, too.

The words of love are spilling from me  
Bright prayers in the middle of the night  
Coming from above and from below  
As I'm waking up, I'm terrified to forget your face.  
But you feel my touch in your mad dreams  
You hear my thoughts alive under your bed.  
I won't diverge from you  
No matter what they'll send my way.

Thank you, my love; I love you so deep

Thank you for calling me a weirdo and a creep  
As we lie in this meadow of grievances  
I admire each one of your accolades,  
When you're cursing me for appearing on your path  
But any word you send me, I perceive as a blessing  
Because I can't stop loving your fantastic scars.  
You feel the love, but are caught up in your traps.  
True nature is laughing at your plans.  
Oh, our sanguinary lake is full of broken hearts.

If I didn't love you, my thoughts would've left you  
I would stop writing letters and sing my poems  
If I didn't love you, then I would claim that  
Other women are as beautiful as you are  
But I can't lie to myself any longer -  
Even the most beautiful ones  
Will never be as beautiful as you,  
As your beauty was crafted  
Solely for my solemn praises.

And this is my truth, although at our tryst  
You didn't trust me, loving your lies of youth  
Sharing your contemptuous truth  
That I'm not good enough to be loving you,  
Shattering my heart into pieces  
And recklessly dancing all over me;  
Well, that's a weird new start  
For two who always loved so hard  
Never wanting to be apart -  
It's like a new fable of the Angel Bard.

Doors, all yours, please embrace any cage,  
Free to run away from your true fate  
Free to vice with any creature of lust and pleasure  
Please keep running in circles, as I can wait.

Yes, we met only distantly,  
As you attempted to hide your true self from me  
As no one is allowed to see your secret portrait  
A portrait of your essence, I crafted through the times  
And gifted to you under our dome of poetry light  
Yet, you left me shattered with your leisures  
Hoping I will never see your treasures  
Still rejecting that I've known you forever  
Feeling your light through the strangest endeavors.

I keep repeating: "I love you" before I fall asleep,  
At least you feel holy and safe with my words,  
My heart doesn't care if you accept this love  
It's just emitting my love non-stop.  
And whatever place life may take you  
Or how many suitors you may date  
My heart will always be in love with you  
Whether you wish to know it or not  
Whether you want to embrace it or not  
I'm transmitting my rhymes every single night  
I'm with you, whether you want this or not.

I pray to be in your presence  
For the precious seconds  
In your Pleasance  
So delightfully pleasant

Still, we're feeling threatened

By the weapons

By the treasures

Of our dares.

## Songs of Cleansing

If, on a very lonely night, your balcony invites you to step outside  
As the dark skyline transmits the beckoning attractions of Vancouver,  
You may actually witness the presence of your Soul,  
Standing in the middle of the Burrard Inlet,  
Holding the microphone stand from the sixties  
Ready for her ultimate show.  
She lives above it all to shine over the Waters,  
Looking like a gorgeous giant version of you  
As if you were eighty-two feet tall -  
It is impossible to simply pass her by.  
She's wearing LBD, exactly like LDR singing NFR.

Humans scarily lift their heads -  
Like a thunderbolt descending upon them through a lush performance piece -  
All creatures trapped, enchanted by the beauty of her stance,  
As she abidingly parades the vibrating femininity of awe  
Behaving as a sensational extension of your Land,  
Facing your sacred Garden, with Promise Land abaft  
Smiling in anticipation of the flatline caused by her wildest dance,  
Gently proclaiming Off to the races,  
Hunting demons as we should.

Your balcony of Earth is reserved for your amazing vessel,  
While the Waters of these beaches are guarded by your Soul -  
The two of you unite with your soulmate's real essence -  
Embarking on the quest to splinter cults of cheating fools.  
A new attraction our cracked metropolis emits,  
As we reclaim this space with the magic of the verse

The dance of your bright Soul creates earnest healing  
To cure polluted Waters with the soothing female force.

You calm this Sunset Beach with presents of affection  
Through praising the gifted beaming of the moon and auburn;  
Your dreams of love expose assiduous deceptions  
And shelter essence meanings from the darks of no return.

Annihilation speaks against low negative vibrations.  
As gloaming shadows, the noble kingdom nailed -  
You must explode with Rey's enlightening lyrics  
As adorations sent, endorsing your exhales:  
You shift between American Love Song and Thunder Honeymoon with Cola  
You fly from How to Disappear to ... dark, but just the game -  
As people like bewitched, your beauty gestures follow  
Perceiving dawns of rescue, as the world is quite insane.

Patrician sagacity's bouquet of metastasis;  
Spectacular performance through art dispelling death;  
What thy soul wished will testify catharsis;  
Sage dance of female liberty that envies wails repel.

These rhymes emit the deep, enchanting cleanse of valor  
The cries in unison with the pains of the Vancouver screams,  
The prayers of our times, enslaved in frenzy eagerness,  
The words that speak to girls, imbuing self-esteem.

These hymns exist for all abused, conflicted beings  
These songs enhance our strength in the war against ill imps  
These lyrics are your sword, and music is used like shielding -  
That's what we're living through, and this is how we win.

## How Soon is Tomorrow

Every day, you speak to me through our thoughts.  
As you send me twists of your tumultuous perceptions.  
We craved it every day and prayed every second  
To fall in love like that, to find ourselves again.

Betrayal is not my style, as I aspire  
To find a way to earn your earnest trust  
But you are just a man, and that's what you do  
You impatiently hold your head in your hands  
While you color your blue, complaisant  
In keeping our silence when bitten by evil,  
We are burying ourselves so deep within us  
For the time being, no sign of romance is appearing  
As we are desperately planting this flower to rise  
And bloom a thousandfold in the future.

I'm crying with you, and I'm crying without you.  
It's too much to handle; we both felt ashamed,  
It was overwhelming; we both couldn't stay.  
I'm dying inside, and my heart's beating fast,  
I met you again, and I lost you again,  
And just like that time, we're fighting our pain  
But I saw the future with a colorful day  
Where we would be dancing to Lana Del Rey.

## Drawings of Resurrection

The flowers in the vase  
They are so much more than real  
Because my fingers draw them  
Just for you.

The pen and the coffee on the table  
The sketch of the most precious value  
The picture fills our room with wonder  
Its presence is transforming our tears.  
The simple photo on the canvas,  
Trivial sketch, like many others  
Not much to see, yet feeling whole  
The same emotion we have witnessed once  
As our world hangs in the balance  
Yet Again. This time again  
Depending on my authentic drawings  
I am manifesting a new reality for us  
My war is at this time  
As I'm radiating beauty,  
Through my holy fingers.

I drew this picture for you, my Knight  
I drew this picture through her to you  
My last gift before we part  
As she waits for me to learn my strength.

Connecting to my being never felt easy  
As I don't know how not to crash into the wall  
As I can't trust those people anymore

Because to be in love with you is not that easy  
Yet my vulnerable tears are shining blessings.

All is clear to me - I'm not imprisoned  
And I'm simply happy even if I cry.  
I'm a companion of troubles,  
And you are a guide in love and living  
As you are noble with your truth.

How can I accept myself?  
If everyone lusts for the surface?  
When the shell imprisons the perfect soul  
And forces her to wear Chanel?  
Obsessed with how the exterior is painted,  
what color it is, what clothes it wears,  
And no one cares about the pearl  
Each human carries deep inside.

Time after time, you're creating a perfect garden just for us -  
Our safest place of glory.  
New Garden, our future is built with our past,  
So we could channel the beauty of our hearts.

## Boot Camp

Campers crawl through sand,  
Under the chain-link fence  
Red-faced, sweaty, and caked  
Baked girls slow to a snail's pace  
A yogi whispers new trails  
“Close your eyes, focus on this place;  
What can you hear that you can’t see?”  
But only ugly reflections appear.

His hands on her hips  
She’s fighting him fiercely  
As sexual vibes interfere  
His whispers dispel her fears:  
“You must engage your core,  
You are here to explore  
So I won’t let you go,  
Until you are ready to glow.”

Her holier-than-thou fitness freak  
Delivers guidance of sensual bliss  
Yet she keeps hearing she’s worthless  
Splashes of shame reinforcing.  
Shirtless, he’s rejecting her weakness despite  
But she’s still wailing and failing  
Under the dense veils of a trapping female  
Glory and might of her fairytale.

Correcting their lust on the beach  
Her kettlebell smashes at him

As he's doubling over in pain  
His crotch shines, resounding refrains:  
"There are no prizes or grades  
At the end of this race  
So stop trying to impress  
Some guy with your grace.  
Don't give away your female power  
And forgive your tears  
Never betray yourself  
And always shoot your arrows straight."

But she's traumatized, barely bearing.  
Trapped by imprints, she's refusing to feel  
The love truth of his appeal  
And honest, affectionate dreams.

What affirmations demand her to claim  
She's naively hiding away.  
But these woods will inspire rhymes.  
As they are divine.

## The Words Out Loud

Words wake me up to breathe them in...

The words begin to live their own life,  
As they escape my vessel,  
and when I say them out loud  
They do create the moment

What was not said stops being real  
If we are afraid to say the words  
Then how will we ever manifest our dreams?  
Extreme doctrines became the rules of a decent life  
And hearts are never heard,  
We fade from being real, and we just disappear  
Becoming zombies, ghosts,  
Or phantoms of once fearless humans.

The judges would just call you straight insane  
Then why?  
Why do you waste your time on faulty words  
If you can only think about giving up?

So, how can I win without being who I truly am?  
But if I still don't know that, why do I push for battle?

I'm not protected as I'm vulnerable.  
Miserable, devastated, and shattered  
Broken, weak, fearful, and confused  
Collapsing under the pressure of self-demands.

Sometimes, I proclaim I want to quit  
And even said I'm looking for my death  
To end the trap of pointless, dull survival.  
I want to say, 'Okay, I'm done; just take me in.'  
Unable to continue, too exhausted to stand up  
Too miserable to raise the sword  
Too comfortable to change our lives for the better  
Too unfortunate to discover myself.

They told us we are only frauds,  
They said they've lost their trust  
Their guts can't see the solstice  
But then they died believing lies.

## Cold Harbor

I see our possible future where we live together,

But now I'm just sitting on this bench,  
I feel the earth vibrating with energy,  
They are trying to destroy our connection  
A multitude of entities and forces;  
Creatures are working hard to end us  
Impossible to comprehend  
The nebulous entities  
Who arrived in our garden  
Wild mesmerizing razzle-dazzle  
To dismantle our sacred puzzle.

Upset and disappointed, with anger and resentment  
Desiring to disappear just like a spy would.  
But we are traveling through the war as a united force.  
That's why we created this bond with our curse.

American eclipse crossing in twenty-four.  
The end of the current system as a whole.  
New independence feels quite real.  
Then what would have happened  
If we weren't so intertwined?

We are indeed extremely weird.  
But this is who we came to be.  
So she would never see  
The darkest madness we had lived.

Something tragic always awaits us,  
Tragedies we are reversing with our poems  
Proudly wearing our newly earned scars  
As magic unites us next to the House of Lost Souls.

## Behold the Lust

Behold how nature's striking your appalling menace,  
Deceiving altercations and reigns of wretched greed,  
Your frantic self mislaid abyss directions, jealous,  
Distressing armor lesions cause every soul to bleed.

Behold, as my pulsating heart shines at the nonsense of your lunges  
As you neglect to temper ancient weapons with your grit  
Your howls were trampled darkly by bitter hell-kite judges  
Insisting you amuse them with your disgraceful guilt.

## Truth is Lost

This is probably my connivance.

Recently

Permanently

Rights under attack

Truth and luck

Nowhere to be found

If you said it so

Then, you like my thoughts

With lust

At last

Old fuss

In us

Engulfs

Our hearts

Alas

Entrusts

Encrusted

Biased

Tribulations

We must

To trust

The path

As we amass

Vile villains

And afflictions

Who knows

If that's because  
I live my losses  
Imposed by foes  
In dark, nefarious inferno

You don't want  
to skip this deal  
Appeasing  
It is your only whim.

## Insomnia

I cried a little, crying some more  
Missing my bathroom and shit under the sink  
A bottle of wine is my best friend for good  
Living as her  
Acting like her  
Hopefully, not anymore, just in dreams  
Just in my dreams, I am not like her  
Not like the real her. I will live for tonight  
Just for tonight, but I won't for tomorrow  
Hopefully not, but who gives a shit  
Who gives a shit how real shitty it ends  
The end is my friend, but just for tonight  
Just for tonight, I am living like her  
Not anymore, but who's giving the fuck  
Who gives a fuck when the morning arrives  
Morning has come, and I hate these damn birds  
Hate is a friend cuz I am living like her  
Hating like her cuz I am living my dream  
I am in my dream where sleep doesn't exist  
Sleep does exist, and I can't be like her  
Finally, the exit in the morning has come  
I can exist once she feels pleased  
No more insomnia and no more sink dreams  
No more of this bullshit. Just live overthink  
Cry me a river and cry me some more  
Nothing could cure your tormented, lost soul.

## I Live Your Dreams

What if I told you  
I wish to live your dreams.  
What if I saw your truth  
In my senses, my heart speaks.  
Living obliviously  
I lost femininity  
But your masculinity  
Enlightened me vividly  
I don't know what the future holds  
I speak through weird parables  
But thanks to your shining force  
I'm trusting each oracle  
I'm searching for harmony  
Convinced you are storing it  
I'm hoping to heal the grief  
And learn how to live  
Our dreams.

## Maybe You Are Just an Illusion

Radiant goddess of tenderness  
And romantic passion suddenly  
Without a precedent  
It made everything feel like fiction  
She is enslaving my heart with new anxiety  
But she lives by the truth; she isn't imagined  
My love is reflected in her dreams.

While in the darkness, the time flew by.  
And the knight has blinded himself.  
And again, those intimate visions  
He created words slowly  
He will recognize you once again  
In every possible attire  
As you are gifted by demons  
Your eyes trusted him once  
Since then, they have been locked in his heart.

The whole world seems to freeze  
And waiting for that quivering harmony  
We are amazed by the reality  
What seemed violently loud  
Is the honest hope of the heart  
If only rain lives in the soul  
Yesterday, he touched your tenderness  
Today, he only fears  
You are an illusion in his dream.

## Secret Alchemy

Do you remember how you whined last night?  
It was so unbelievably cute.  
Beholding how fiercely you pleaded  
To forget old grievances we lived through  
When we prayed for humanity's sins  
Bringing forgiveness to madmen of this world.

You gently wrapped around me.  
And softly whispered into my ear.  
Love incantations and magical dreams  
Through tears of bliss and with your dances  
Affectionately filling our space with temptations  
Reverently hiding inside of me from your miseries.

Angelically cried and wholeheartedly moaned.  
From immense and unconditional love  
From obsessive and pleasing fairy tales  
Neatly creating a comfort for us  
For a secret ceremony of initiation  
For a ritual that will save us from torture  
For raging moments in our future  
That will sweep two lovers at once  
And snakes will passionately sneak into our temples  
Exposing all troubling wounds of our Souls  
And bring resurrection after everyday scars  
And the world will breathe with inspiration again.

Prejudices dispelled

Raising love to its absolute  
Souls were demanded  
Highest intent  
And two came for a bow  
Their path to Golgotha is paved as they await  
Their sacred mission.  
And only pure love  
During the hour of dawn  
Will charge them through a righteous trance  
Preparing for death.  
Their bodies are whispering the truth through sex  
Their hearts are not afraid to love.

## They Are Here Alone

We desperately need  
To gather the Council  
As we are overpowered by  
Thresholds of violence  
We woke up in a railcar  
In the midst of the unknown  
And they just told us  
Send atonement.

All battles are covered.  
Covered in flowers again  
And pain and tantrums  
Not in our history  
Only whispers are ripe  
Wind under the sheets  
Love for salvation  
Dispelling old doubts.

And the myths are debunked.  
And the truth boils our blood.  
Don't let us down  
From staring at sweets  
Do not hide our smiles  
And serene passion  
And the eye of reflection  
That drink admiration.

We are two enchanted prisoners.

And the old lies are crossed out  
And through the intoxicated tenderness  
Having come to life, we intertwined bodies ...

The temptress is deadly.  
But captivating intentions  
Captures divine femininity  
Through orgasmic liberation  
Offerings exalted  
Trance calls to betray tantrums  
Filling the vessel is known  
Designed as a strategy  
Bliss will dissolve oppression  
All the lies will suddenly sink into the past  
And a zealous discharge  
Would run between us...

piercing gaze  
Pretentious sigh  
The chant before the explosion  
And a bright source  
In that dark fog  
Hearts merged  
And the world gently froze  
After all, we are alone here.

## The Night of Creativity

And then they had to part in the predawn morning.

Full of lost feelings,

He flew to his uncle's funeral

who died half a year ago,

And she stayed in her apartment,

Where everything was soaked

With the energy of her soul in a creative flight

She finished off the remains

Of the crystal pure amphetamine

and prepared to return to the job she hated so much

Sleepless nights again and again

Selling the talents of her soul for pennies.

Yes, they both felt suffocated

And both died inside

From their worthless realities of serving others

But this night was filled with unique beauty

As their hearts talked openly without restraint

Mind-altering reality

Allowed them to forget for a moment

Terrifying wounds of retribution

And again, experience their forgotten magic

They once shared for two.

This sleepless night gave them hope.

And strength to fight their fears

And meet new challenges of souls.

The future is not written.

The past is a worthless cargo.

There is only now -

And in the now

They are dreaming of a new miracle.

## You Are Here

I went for a drive to Deep Cove yesterday.  
Alone.  
To clear my head.  
I walked along the shoreline and to the harbor.  
The sun was going down, and the rain had started.  
There was a lone duck  
out in the water  
fighting against the wind.  
I watched it for a while,  
struggling against the currents,  
maybe looking for a friend  
or somewhere to hide.  
I took my eyes off of her for a moment  
And when I looked up again, she was gone.  
Was it you?  
It must have been you.  
I cry a lot  
With you  
Without you  
Because I'm trusting you  
What's wrong with me?  
Life without you is one long, continuous day of sorrow.

## AGAIN ALONE

Port wine is not very good  
But it was his favorite  
I was younger when  
The deal was struck  
I was so naive and vulgar  
I was taught that I like gold  
Because he likes gold  
My favorite foods  
Were his favorite foods  
I read only the books he liked  
And played only his favorite songs  
And drink this weird drink  
The port and not the spritz  
Because that's what he liked  
So I must like it to  
Such is my stupid truth  
The masculine idea of me  
Which made me into me  
But it was my fault  
I never once loved myself enough.  
And as many times as I dreamed  
And imagined and cried  
And planned my escape  
Hoping to find salvation on my own  
I never thought or could imagine  
How would it actually feel like  
To have him gone.

## CRUSHED INNOCENCE

Crushed innocence  
Invites reverence,  
Mysteries and tantalizing  
Seldom experiments  
Of the lavender juice box.

It's a shame to spread  
Depression trends  
Scooping up torment  
Confusion and politeness  
Once significant  
Destructive delirium  
And once again, the rites  
Are more important than debates  
Their blood is diluted  
Descendants taken away  
Our light is not warming them  
Screaming fools  
Yelling from the balconies  
Forgetting the meaning of sleep  
And yellow chacha appears  
Flowing and flowing  
Someone will fuck these stupid girls tonight  
And life will be gone  
Wine steals sleep  
And I'm still the same  
Unhappy and angry bitch.

## TRESPASSING FONDNESS

Calmly, the sage bends over the text;  
Calmly, he carves away what doesn't make sense.  
But his text produces its own anti-text,  
Because life knows how to sense.

He bends me through my death - but never to disgrace  
Accepting nonsense of my sentence  
Emboldened, he absolves my past  
Obsessed with our success.

My flower is open for his embrace  
He loves me until dawn  
He promised he would be a drug for me  
My vanity is trampled gracefully  
Oriental strokes of masculine vim  
I allow my body to scream;  
My womb is healed  
Turning abuse into tears of release

He forces his woman to cry,  
And that's how tender he is.

## Daring Erin

He would have sold all of his books,  
So she could have that dotted dress and those lavish cowboy boots.  
He should have fought her sick judges with looks,  
So she could witness his death for their truth.

Please let him touch your belly.  
He wants to touch you so much  
He wants to touch your belly  
He wants to be rebellious  
He wants to connect in revel  
He wants to join the prevailing  
His fingers feel like they are sailing  
Over the shores of your bright belly  
As you are pregnant

With your heavenly baby.

But swooned from the wound.  
Womb wouldn't cure  
Swollen sacred womb  
Aggghh, that woman's wound  
When a child dies inside your womb  
And you feel death becoming a wound  
Inside your saintly, sensual womb  
The womb is still broken from that swoon  
As stupid men fight with their brooms  
Your womb could heal even from honest blooms  
His love never cures

So fate gifts your death that you can't endure.

Like it or not, you still hold a part of his heart

Ready or not, you are gonna get caught

Don't give up, and he won't, too

Hopefully, like him, you can still say, "I love you."

## They Call Us Crazy

Hold this moment, this is silence  
You impede on magic glory  
I can't breathe, I'm suffocating  
Not alone, I'm not like hermit,  
Taking care of you for lifetime  
Please sit closer, in the first class  
Never had to leave your presence  
Don't be silent and don't scream yet  
My handcuffs are on your fingers  
Keys in ocean, no one's listening  
My intentions are trustworthy  
So convinced in your false answers  
Depth unfolding in my presence  
As we stare at your persistence

It so happens, that these minutes never end  
And the days of the weeks are flying back  
You are too far away from me  
And I, just cannot comprehend  
The silly arguments standing between us  
Like creepiest villains our words appear  
Silently in madness I whisper my poems  
Through the space we both occupy  
We vibrate day and night  
The war is in my head I know it  
And I can stop it any time  
But I perceive you like my cherished treasure  
They turned all lights above us  
And we so lost, without sight.

## The Land of Acceptance

Under the dome, the place for many reasons  
I would escape the sadness in its space  
The seasons pass, and I am more alone than ever  
My Soul's deep wounds would cry their serenades.

The place of joyful dances and endless policy debates  
The place of misery and grief that only aggravates  
My days of loneliness, I spend without her soft grace  
And more and more, it feels like she was never here

They took a part of me when they left their lives  
And I will do the same for those who may still care  
We dance in circles, bury one another's cries  
Like debt that we won't be allowed to spare.

Dear women, I am in love with all your imperfections  
What is life when we avoid scars?  
Our world would turn into a wailful desert  
If we demand only perfection from the stars.

And once I'm back, my memories will leave  
Of my dear women cherishing these hills  
And even though their souls are next to me  
My heart had only shined when they felt bliss

Today, they live in distant stories of our dreams  
But they are very fleeting; they would never last  
Like flowers, they're appearing in the spring

Like flowers, they would disappear so fast.

I wrap your tortured body in white sheets  
While your dear friends are crying in disbelief  
I wrap your fragile body from deceits  
With hope that love transcends the grief.

The time wasted too fast.  
And every letter I trace  
Tell me of that rapidity  
As life follows my pen.  
The days and hours of it  
Are flying over our heads  
Like could on a windy day...  
Never to return more.  
And everything presses on...

And every time  
I kiss thy hand  
To bid Adieu,  
Every absence  
Which follows it  
Are preludes  
To that eternal  
Separation  
Which we are  
Shortly to make.

Our souls would be forever.  
Tied to this fantastic hill.

## Burning The Past (There Is No Letting Go)

O Spirit—

What fire, what empire of ash  
bends itself upon the garden of a private home?

She vanished—fraud, flame,  
A whisper of parchment and bone.  
He's pacing in the chamber,  
Liberty trembling like an unfinished draft,  
Grief subsiding into angelic syllables.

The sky bottles tears,  
Releases them into the hands of slaves,  
Souls paid with silence,  
Souls lifting him toward martyrdom,  
Though destiny cracks its teeth on chains.

A sword, perhaps?  
No.  
For certain, it is not the day.  
The feminine grace was his weapon.  
Audacious, rebellious, relentless—  
Her soul is dancing through the bustling city,  
Her land shines with prophecies.

Voices collide—  
Archangels debating in dim parlors,  
Their language, half-Declaration, half-incantation.  
Freedom proclaimed,

Yet shackled still in the margins,  
(slavery inked out,  
slavery returning like a ghostly editor).

The people cried,  
The king accepted death,  
The new Republic was born  
With its wound unhealed,  
With its scripture smoldering.

His women have inspired him  
To love life itself -  
Each woman is a prism of heavenly light,  
Each a nation of her own,  
Each has taught him  
How love resurrects a soul  
After you died from betrayals.

The house holds the dome of light,  
A theater of angels,  
A meadow of grief.

Centuries later—  
Voices return,  
Fragmented, restless:  
“You already spent most of your days crying.”  
“No sword. No king. No master.”  
“Freedom has never been achieved.”

The land of glory,  
Immersed in war with nature,

Sinks into the sunset,  
Descendant of independence,  
Birth of a new silence.

O Muse—  
Attend, though broken be my song,  
Attend the ashes where both griefs belong.  
Grief and joy—  
a trembling concord,  
sorrow's ashes blossoming at the gate.

O Liberty! distant star—  
parchment speaks,  
silence replies.  
A nation young, yet shackled in its age,  
ink and blood upon the page.

And still—  
half incantation,  
half decree,  
freedom proclaimed,  
freedom withheld.

Yet Love survives—  
the tender, constant guide:  
through fleeting years,  
through broken vows,  
through grief transfigured  
With the magic of the fire.

So the poem ends—

Death a passage, not a grave.  
The truth sinks into the sunset—  
child of silence,  
seed of dawn.

Baby,  
the house on the hill is burning—  
The place of wonders in flames,  
Butchers would write history.

Another female soul departed—  
like a ghost in a white dress walking out the door.  
But he still writing love letters to the sky,  
praying to gods with bourbon on his breath.

And I tell him:  
you don't need a sword, darling,  
you need a woman—  
bold, rebellious,  
lipstick smeared like a revolution.

The house is a chapel of neon light,  
angels whispering through cigarette smoke,  
the dome glowing like a jukebox at midnight.  
It's grief,  
it's glamour,  
it's America rehearsing its lines in the mirror.

Each one teaching him how love always leads to a funeral.

And me?

I keep singing into the static,  
I keep dancing in the ruins of the American republic.  
Betrayal. Betrayal. Betrayal.  
I can't see anything else.

The death isn't an ending—  
it's a passage.  
It's the empire sinking into the sunset,  
it's the camera fading to black,  
it's the girl walking away in slow motion  
It's the melted ice-cream of the favourite flavour  
as the strings swell,  
as the stars fall,  
as the broken transforms  
Into a forgotten.

## Monticello Dream

Two hundred years ago, on a velvet July night,  
Thomas Jefferson closed his eyes in Monticello's quiet light.  
But this night showed him another life  
A dream of wonders with spirits insight.

He saw himself in his cabinet room,  
A king without court, a prophet of gloom.  
The world had crowned him with glory and name,  
yet his house whispered sorrow, haunted with pain.

Monticello stood silent, halls hollow and bare,  
no children laughing, no servants there.  
Only grief lived in the walls of his home  
The death of his women, who sent him to throne.

He recalled the moment his wife grew still,  
her hand in his, against her will.  
He burned their letters in midnight fire,  
mourning love, mourning desire.

And then—like sunlight through broken glass,  
Polly arrived, ageless, surpassing the past.  
Nineteen forever, with laughter that heals,  
a peach dress swirling, a love that feels real.

His daughter alive, she entered, aglow,

She's dancing again with her magical flow.  
She smiled and said, "Papa, guests have come,  
they ask for your healing, you are the one."

But Jefferson sighed, "My heart is weak,  
my soul is broken, I cannot speak.  
Be my gatekeeper, child of light,  
I cannot guide their souls tonight."

Polly laughed, with eyes that gleam:  
"Papa, this world is only a dream.  
You don't need papers, you don't need plans,  
just take my hand, we'll dance as one."

She tied her hair, she raised her chin,  
"Then let us dance and let truth to win.  
This house is a dream, the music is ours,  
Monticello will bloom with our borrowed hours."

And so he rose, with shattered pride,  
not a statesman now, but a father inside.  
Polly twirled him through every room,  
turning sorrow to song, dispelling his gloom.

Through Martha's chamber, where her last breath lay,  
through the parlor where they once spent days,  
through fireplaces where letters burned—  
Polly spun grief, and joy returned.

And suddenly the house was young again,  
a cathedral of laughter, a holy amen.

They danced like wild hearts, fast and free,  
he bled from the joy, and called it his fee.

Polly's mission was simple, divine and true:  
to lift her father, to make him new.  
And as they whirled through music's embrace,  
the house was healed, a sacred place.

Then Polly, with a grin both tender and sly,  
whispered the phrase that would never die:  
"Party like Thomas"—a rebel's refrain,  
born in the mansion of joy and pain.

"Party like Thomas"—her phrase of delight,  
was born in that house, in the depth of night.  
Though grief would return when she slipped away,  
for one shining hour, joy chose to stay.

## The Garden Waltz

Thomas Jefferson walked the garden like a ghost of himself,  
mind crushed beneath nations, prayers stacked on the shelf.  
He prayed for peace but the sky stayed gray,  
so he wandered his garden at the close of day.

There, through the trees, a vision unfurled—  
Polly, his daughter, the light of his world.  
She spun and she swayed in a peach-colored dress,  
her laughter brings magic, her soul has been blessed.

Polly twirled through roses, her hair undone,  
a dream spun from two centuries as one.  
She dreamed aloud of a love divine,  
like Martha's devotion, too holy to bind.

Thomas stopped still, his heart unbound—  
for only Polly could turn him around.  
Only she, with her smile so sly,  
could lift the weight of a nation's sigh.

Then running to Thomas, breathless and wild,  
she told him her visions, the dreams of a child.  
He listened, so proud, filled with a tender glow—  
to be her friend and her guide was all he would know.

Perhaps, he thought, it was her dance alone,  
that taught America to change its tone.

Perhaps her rhythm, her radiant flame,  
would cleanse the land of sorrow and shame.  
Her dance could ignite a broken land,  
make tyrants stumble, make dreamers stand.  
They opened the cellar, uncorked French wine,  
summoned a feast with spirits divine.

And there she came, like a star in disguise,  
Lana Del Rey with cathedral eyes.  
She slipped through the door like a midnight prayer,  
Filling these rooms with celestial air.  
Thomas took up his violin's strings,  
Polly at harpsichord, laughter rings.  
Together they played \*How to Disappear\*,  
Lana's voice erasing all fears.  
The house was glowing, the candles burned,  
the music swelled, the night returned.  
Monticello, for once, let out a sigh,  
a party of souls beneath the sky.

Monticello blurred, the centuries crossed—  
the Founding Father by music lost.  
The house was pulsing, electric, alive—  
ghosts and angels began to arrive.

Monticello trembled, the heavens sighed,  
a rave of eternity where sorrow died.  
Candles bled wax like holy tears,  
French wine poured through collapsing years.

No history book will ever recall  
the night when Jefferson gave it his all—  
not to politics, and not to the fight,  
but to love, to music, to joy of the night.

And when the night was finally done,  
Polly stood blazing like the sun.  
It was Polly who saved him, Polly who shone,  
the girl who would never leave him alone.  
It was not history, it was not law,  
but love reborn in the pains he saw.  
Her father, freed, at last remembered—  
Monticello swayed in a night to remember.

## Library of Dreams

Thomas and Polly walked Monticello's garden,  
her peach dress brushing the grass,  
his mind a storm of America's troubles.  
She longed for poetry by the fireplace,  
but if her father carried the nation's grief,  
so did she.

"Come, Papa," she whispered, spinning toward the library,  
her hair catching the lantern light,  
her eyes knowing more than reason.  
He resisted—  
how could poems expose traitors?  
But he followed,  
because he trusted her glow,  
the way her mother once glowed,  
the light of the feminine intuition  
Which held more truth than logic or reason.

They touched the spines of old books,  
and the walls dissolved.  
Suddenly, they stood beneath the dome—  
the Library of Congress unfurled before them,  
infinite shelves of light and shadow,  
secrets of angels hidden between lines.

Polly smiled.  
Her plan was working.

In that cathedral of words,  
they raised their swords—  
serpents of Virginia, jeweled with fire,  
charged by spirits of their lands.  
Congress shifted into a nightmare:  
Hamilton's disciples  
transfigured into vampires,  
their eyes dripping curses,  
their hands spilling dark incantations.

The Jeffersons only smiled.  
They had slain demons before.  
Back to back,  
like stars in a Hollywood reel,  
they danced through the battle—  
swords slashing in slow motion,  
neon sparks flying as monsters fell defeated.  
Every move was choreographed,  
Every move held the truth  
every strike was a rhyme,  
their souls dancing in sync,  
their love dispells darkness.

But the curses grew stronger,  
and the chamber bled shadow.  
Polly turned to her father,  
eyes glowing like sequins in divine fire:  
“It is time for my plan.”

Hand in hand,  
they closed their eyes.

They called the Spirits of Monticello,  
they called The Spirits of Columbia,  
they called the French Spirit of Freedom.

The skies replied with punishment  
A rain began to fall—  
not water, but words.  
English letters poured like neon graffiti,  
poetry exploding across marble.  
Each rhyme a blade,  
each metaphor a bomb,  
each luminous phrase  
erasing another demon.

When their eyes opened,  
the battlefield was gone.  
Only silence remained—  
Congress soaked in blood,  
traitors collapsed like broken statues,  
shadows fleeing into the cracks.

The halls glowed with words,  
solid rhymes pulsing like neon signs:  
\*Truth. Life. Liberty. Soul.\*  
Polly danced through the light,  
“You see, Papa,” she sang,  
“poetry always wins.”  
And Thomas, humbled, smiled—  
knowing she was right,  
knowing she always was  
And always would be.

He wrote the laws  
And he made proclamations  
But only her poetry  
Could kill all those traitors.

They stepped into the sunlight,  
the world cleansed,  
angels bowing their heads in gratitude.  
And once again,  
father and daughter  
Saved America with love.

## Hello, Goodbye

Who knows why it's so hard for humans to say goodbye to the past, to intentionally invite and proudly welcome a new chapter of their lives? I guess there are many things that are really important to us, and when we let go, we have to let go so much. There are dreams and beliefs; there are versions of us that we believe may still deserve to be alive and still working. There are our desires and passions. There are unfinished conversations and abruptly ended dances. When we were not yourself, when we actually didn't like some version of yourself, considering it broken, I feel it's easier to let go and say goodbye. We are throwing away not a good human being.

But when you like yourself and are full of self-love, letting go becomes harder. You kind of feel - oh, that human being actually carried some truth into the world and was just a cool and awesome person. You would want to have such a person as a friend. And now, when you close a chapter of your past, you basically have to bury that cool friend. And so here's where the grieving enters. That interesting person who specially enlightened the world would not be able to do that anymore. That's where the most immense grief arrives; that's why it feels so painful. Yet, life will inevitably carry you forward, and higher beings will help you have a proper burial for that interesting being. And, of course, I must mention that our Creators laugh the hardest when we tell them our plans for the future. We are trying so hard to have them so we could have some sort of foundation, some sort of image of ourselves.

But Life invents a new story plot. It invites us to embrace the new path our ego didn't want or desire. The comfort is gone, and moving on would be painful, but life marches on and commands us to shine with new colors, to reinvent and reimage ourselves.

And so here we are. Burrard Inlet waters whisper their calming rhythmical music through waves. The crackling fire destroys the last remnant of the past. Spiritual beings are dancing ecstatically around the fire, observing my surrender. New moon. New life. New love.

## Treasure Beyond Price

You are sent from your homeland on a critical mission  
You've been sent to rescue something beyond ordinary price.  
The assignment has major risks, but you chose to fulfill them.  
You chose this mission.  
You may have forgotten, but you did.  
You chose the mission of leaving your homeland.  
You are honored and mourned because you are dying for time to those who love you.  
The conditions of your mission require you to put on the clothes and the habits of the country  
where you will operate.  
You must fit in with those around you and follow their ways.  
This is difficult for you to begin with because people in your new country live as if there is  
nothing beyond getting, spending, and fitting in with people's expectations and schedules.  
Their pleasures seem dull to you.  
Their drugs numb the mind, but you are required to pass yourself off as one of them,  
So you do as they do.  
So you stop to forget why you came here, your memory of your homeland.  
Your dream of a prosperous life, of a community of souls, starts to fade away.  
You let those around you in your new country tell you what life is about,  
and you act according to their valuation of things.  
You even fall so far from the memory of who you are that you start mocking dreamers who talk  
about other worlds, a homeland of the soul.  
Then, one day, someone knocks at your door in the middle of the night, and you receive a  
messenger. Maybe the messenger has wings. Angel means messenger. After all, perhaps the  
messenger stands at your door with moonlight shining in their face and says, as one such  
messenger says to me, I come from my father's house.  
And then he said, what is your contract with God?  
Remember, you are here in this life with a purpose.  
You're not here for no reason.  
Before you came here, you agreed to a life assignment: claiming a treasure beyond price.

It can be called a pearl. It can be called a jewel of some kind.  
Which might be the treasure of the soul, the soul's memory, and the soul's life.  
It's always about remembering what the soul is, what it is all about, and what it once did in life.  
When the messenger arrives, the forgetful envoy awakens to the task they agreed to take on this  
spiritual mission.  
And he embraces his destiny.  
He proudly walks his path of grief, sorrow, joy, and glory.  
He lives guided by his soul.  
And that's how he succeeded in his divine mission of why he came to a distant land, abandoned  
his closest people, and sacrificed everything that he could  
To save her soul.  
The purpose of his soul is to love her.  
She is his treasure beyond price.  
She is his holy grail.

## Leningrad Madness

“Can we play that song again, please?! I’m so glad I found it!

I like dancing to it.”

“Why? You don't like the Russian language.”

“Yeah, I kind of don't.

Bad associations, confusing memories.

But I like this song very much.”

“But why now?”

“Because you are finally only mine. Yes, for now, but it's still only mine.

Finally, I am free from obligations and belong only to myself.

I can change into my flowery dress,

Turn on the flickering, colorful, dancing floor on the bus

And lose myself to forget our troubles.

It’s my distraction from the misery of life.

“Sure, my dear Princess.

I like watching you dancing in joy.”

“Let’s start with the Le-nin-grad song.

I like how weirdly romantic this word is.

Will you take me to Leningrad one day?”

“Sure, I'll take you to Saint Petersburg one day.”

“To the Leningrad.”

“Today, this city is called Saint Petersburg.”

“So why does Grisha sing “Leningrad?”

“Because he was born in Leningrad.”

“I don't get it. I want to go to Leningrad

It sounds way more romantic than Saint Petersburg.

Like it’s a magical French word.

Le Nin Grad.”

“Well, it means the city of Lenin.”

“Who’s Lenin?

He must be famous if they named a city after him.”

“Yes, he is a famous crazy mass murderer, maniac, and tyrant.”

“What?! Why would you name the city after such a person?!”

“Because they wanted to honor his killings.

Russians have his corpse on display for a hundred years.

Each city has a street with its name and statues of him in the center.”

“Why are humans so weird?!

It is why I don't get the reincarnation concept -

Coming back to this troubled mess

People made of this sacred Garden.

It confuses me.”

“I know. It’s pretty hard to wrap your head around.

It would help if you weren't thinking about it.

I will take you to Leningrad and promise

To present it in the most romantic way possible.

I know Saint Petersburg’s secrets,

And I can make it a delightful place.”

“Maybe they will change the name back one day,

So that I can travel to Leningrad...”

“Funny thing, but that can happen.

So your dream may come true one day, and you will visit Leningrad.”

“I would love that. But let's dance now. I'll be translating.”

“You know, Polly, I think poetry never works in another language.

That's the entire idea behind poetry!

You can't produce the same sounds with the same meaning.

It is the tragedy of poetry, but it also shows its unique beauty.

Besides, wouldn't that be plagiarism?”

“No. It wouldn't be - we will call it "inspired by."

It can be an homage to your homeland.

“My homeland is the Ukrainian Kingdom,  
But I can embrace your perception.  
“Oh, you Europeans are so complex with your never-ending wars.”  
“Tell me about it.  
I'm sorry, but our countries have already lived  
In perpetual conflict for a hundred years.  
So forgive me if I'm getting emotional,  
The Russians executed and robbed my relatives.  
Even after they killed millions,  
They still dream of occupying the entire Europe.  
And like a hundred years ago, they began with Ukraine.  
It is so weird how some European nations always do that.  
They are taking turns as if the evil spirit of that continent,  
Finding new vessels of the dictators repeatedly.”  
“And we are back to your Sudetenland and Danzig traumas.”  
“Sorry, my Princess.  
The villains covered my homeland in blood.  
The dead bodies of true patriots washed up on the shores of the Baltic Sea.  
How can I forget these images?  
The annexation of Crimea just triggered all of those memories again.  
That's why I don't want to go back to Russia anymore.  
They can do whatever they want, but it's hard for me emotionally.”  
“I'm glad they occupied Crimea.”  
“How could you say something like that?”  
“Because you stayed here in my Beautiful Columbia.  
And if they wouldn't occupy it, who knows,  
Maybe you may have returned to your Ukrainian village.”  
“I never looked at this that way!  
But it's pretty brutal as so many Ukrainians died.  
I think if it weren't for Crimea, something else would stop me,  
Because your Lands are my Lands.”

“You are always overcomplicating things, my weird Knight.

Stop descending into your traps.

I just wanted to dance to Grisha'a's song, “

“But we went into one of your mind spirals.”

“All right, I do apologize, milady. Shall we dance, my wonderful Polly?”

“Yes! Let's do this! It is my version of this album,

And then you will sing yours!”

## My Leningrad Dance

Striving without you, alone with his cringe  
He didn't like to wake up in the mornings,  
Living before you, along with their fringe  
He did concede to American burnings.

But as divine intervention descends,  
He sees the road of his future uncovered;  
Voices of Forces new journey commence  
To meet his prophecy's imminent lover.

Only he didn't expect your night dance  
Struggled to kiss your lush lips under the covers  
Thinking he ruined his only chance  
When his love letter exposed your true colors.  
Forced to comply with the sinister leader's  
Bravely courageous saltation of sins,  
Facing him fledged, you repeated your lyrics,  
"Just leave me alone with my whims!"

So, he must be confused by his blind admiration  
When, after trials, he wishes your love  
You must be unhinged by your weird agitation  
When through the nights' painful rhymes, he may craft...

Your first date he embraced from the start  
After catching your essence off guard,  
As he burst out to conquer your heart  
From the moment you opened la carte,

Recognizing his amorous debt  
In your gazes, he didn't expect  
He would see such a passionate threat,  
In your eyes, that he'll never forget.  
As you don't want romances at all  
When you're on your knees, as you crawl  
To his crotch as he's sitting appalled –  
Should he stop or enjoy your assault?!  
So perplexed by the world never seen  
So conflicted by meeting akin  
Yet ecstatic to conquer his queen  
Hoping stellar convictions will win.

I would never allow to accept  
That he almost forgot when he slept  
Tossed and turned all night long in his bed  
As his heart was in pieces and bled,  
Shock! He runs to embrace you again  
With dark pain to explore your terrain,  
So distressfully stressed and insane  
While you wait at the bar, sipping in vain  
Self-conceit and apparent remorse  
He's destroying you with his force  
As you live turning tricks in free verse  
He tricks you by exposing your curse.

Once his love was affirmed by the skies  
He observed the disdain in your eyes –  
Ludus, love of your female disguise,  
The hoity-toity absurdity of white lies.  
As his essence proclaimed, "We are soulmates!"

Our affections we have to embrace!  
My agape pure love fills your space!”  
You replied with contempt and disgrace.  
“I enjoy being swooned from my throne  
I enjoy it when they’re making me moan  
So just leave me alone on my own  
And please stop your ridiculous groan.”

Cherry-blossoms announces a new spring.  
You’re ecstatic to live what I sing.  
Having Sundays each day of the week  
You are stalking new luxury strings.  
With the fervor immersing in chic  
So flamboyantly glossy and sleek,  
Silver foxes perplexed from a wink –  
You are owning the space for a blink.

Race in circles where life never sleeps.  
I never sensed a chevalier who’s for keeps.  
Rave illusions of desolate dreams.  
Sparkling struggles of conquering means.  
You are hiding behind your eyelashes,  
Wearing luxury heels, causing crashes,  
On the surface, you’re feeling so precious  
Only crying through nights, missing passions.

We're exhausted and run from this fight  
Yet we jump in the plane for a flight;  
Leningrad can be gorgeous at night  
When ignoring the new plight and old might!

Nimble sprint from the bar to the bite  
We are imploding night clubs with our rite,  
Rampant temper, will never contrite,  
Cocktails flow like a rollicking kite,  
Breakbeat dance is so feral and bright -  
Freaky lickety-split and delight -  
Clubbers envy my feminine sleight,  
As I'm ravingly kissing my knight!

Leningrad is full of slush of the spring  
You could only endure with a drink  
On our quest for the edge of the brink  
Our party resumes in full swing;  
Over squalor, we gracefully wing  
Feisty fizz insalubrious kink!  
We forgot how to sleep and to think!  
People turn to see me dressed in pink!

Every day of the week,  
only Sunday we speak,  
we refuse to be weak,  
always dancing we seek;  
Leningrad like quicksand  
as we spent all our rent  
to escape this dead-end  
of our present contempt,

Leningrad and absinthe,  
party hard we assent,  
every bar we advent  
as new drinks, we invent

I'm a gorgeous brunette  
and a flirty coquette;  
Our amazing duet  
We will never forget,  
Now we press the reset  
in our modern-day tent,  
on the bed where we dreamt  
Making love feels kismet,  
I am giving consent  
to my marvelous gent  
With the gentle intent  
to release his torment!

We convert to relent,  
Leningrad filled with the scent  
of the spring when we went  
to sightsee the cement;  
while upholding demand -  
until we are not banned -  
we explore the lament  
of distress in augment.  
Can't convince to resent  
Orthodox Easter Lent  
When we sight the convent,  
we express the dissent  
with expansive extent

wording what we were meant,  
making comrades feel sad -  
new restrictions they add;

Our trip's turning mad.  
With the crazy dement  
We skedaddle, ascend  
To return to our land!

Hello, my charming Vancouver!  
We are drunk, and we are back!



ARCANUM OF WAR

## It Was Tuesday, May 01

It was Tuesday  
We could smell the tree resin  
We came across a cloud of butterflies  
We knew all of their names  
Pea blues  
Brimstones  
Firebirds  
Swallowtails  
And many more  
It was yet another dream  
About the life, we should forget  
Today, the poison again  
No food, no love  
Just never-ending rape  
So we could maybe take a sunbath  
Afterwards  
And savour slowly  
A piece of bread with butter  
Under the red and bloody flag  
Right there on the path  
From purgatory into hell  
It was velvety brown  
And yellow with blue hem  
Or do we just live delusions  
Bad breath  
Back luck  
Bad trip  
And never-ending vodka

Reeking penises  
That we would serve  
Until the end  
Until we bleed  
Our breasts are scared  
Our bosoms terrified  
Our faces long for wounds  
So we could justify  
Ourselves  
And claim that we are ugly  
No beauty in our hearts  
They called it morning guise  
And we would run  
But never run away  
We had the lives before  
One day, a long time ago  
But we can not remember  
If that was real  
Or we just slept  
The past has never happened  
And women can't be happy  
Our past was just a dream  
Our lives of sanity  
With the truth of love  
With food enough  
It was just another vivid dream  
But speaking truth  
Our world is the inferno  
With tortures of the ogres  
Mad Soviet apostles  
Our wombs are obliged to swallow

Until our Souls would die  
The birds are quiet  
The bells are silent  
And the wildest Russian laughter  
Enveloping our dreams  
Like never-ending nightmare  
We must endure to live  
Potatoes on the stove  
Sparse sausages  
And meager sauerkraut  
We will exchange for dignity  
When men betray our trust  
And never heard our hearts  
Can we turn back the time?  
And trim our crimes?  
Be brave enough to dare  
And never spare a single neck?  
Can we collect all the knives?  
For our defence  
So we don't have to whore?

Revenge will never make us whole.  
Like in our dreams of careless past  
That we have never lived  
That life was just a dream  
We're desperate for flowers  
And we have found them near the shore  
Fragile lilacs  
Edelweisses  
Chamomiles  
And daises with some roses

While they are shaming us  
For what we can't escape  
So kill us all  
To end the pain of wombs  
No answer  
Just ringing silence from the skies  
But we kept begging  
Please!  
Yet no one's heard  
Our desperate pleas  
These lives we're destined to endure  
As we were born  
To never die  
To live in hell  
And never feel as loved again.

## The Nameless Arcanum

The nameless arcanum  
Pendulum approaching  
Scary stuff or just another depressing evening  
My regular stoned trait of thoughts  
That I'm a mess in a mess running towards yet another complete disaster  
Banality of evil  
Messed up insanity  
A never-ending circle of endless absurdities  
Witnessing preconceived notions  
About personal identity and self-image  
Based on twisted imprints of lunatics  
Death is fear, and there's nothing to it  
I'm tired of convincing  
Traumatized human beings that healing is available for all  
How weird it feels when you know you will require constant recovery until the day you die, and  
you still won't be healed?  
My mind is trapped  
I can only see myself existing on this plane -  
Tired to death, I turned into a scythe-wielding skeleton but still plowing through my past, my  
inner demons, my traumas, and abuses, bringing the depths of my life and my essence onto the  
surface.  
Not hiding anything  
Not pretending to be someone I'm not  
Not playing a game of perceived happiness  
Not conforming to the perpetual gossiping  
But opening up everything  
Burying what's not serving  
Reworking what made me better

And I plow through  
Day by day, night by night  
I'm almost myself  
But never just quite  
Cleansing and renewal  
The nameless arcanum  
Is only my reflection  
It's never death -  
It's always transformation.

Everything was lost, but we kept drumming.

## The World Invented Dreams

The world invented dreams to sight design  
Apart from that, we narrowed away tricks that trapped us two  
Cry, cry as your wild tears enshrine your heart.

Deep down, besieged, bisected reasons froze.  
As gods created two of us to spear as one  
The world invented dreams to sight design.

The missing parts of one life locked inside another  
The kisses ravage fragments fright, infused  
Cry, cry as your wild tears enshrine your heart.

If unifying life creates a visible new force  
The lovers far apart are destined for a single path  
The world invented dreams to sight design.

The oneness always fleets the presence of death  
And death shall die if soulmates join in whispers  
Cry, cry as your wild tears enshrine your heart.

Trials stagger deep divisions from the restricted dreams  
But innate light will never dim if love envelopes two.  
The world invented dreams to sight design.  
Cry, cry as your wild tears enshrine your heart.

Then, death will have no dominion.

## Spiritual Transformation

Facing the potential for malevolence that exists within you and in the world.

Embark on a confrontation with the devil in the desert. The Satan in the desert.

Come to terms with that malevolence.

Voluntarily accept the burden of suffering.

The acceptance of the cross. Okay, so you take on that, you say the suffering.

He decided that the suffering of the world was his responsibility and that that's what a man is supposed to do.

He is supposed to decide that something is his responsibility.

Take that on himself as a burden.

Do the same with the malevolence.

And that forced him to learn what you need to learn in the world and to absorb the information that would enable him to start to face the suffering and to rectify it.

So, through that process, he has become a more competent person.

But then taking on that additional stress and demands voluntarily transformed him biologically.

Within your genetic structure, there's all sorts of potential,

But that potential wouldn't be unlocked unless he had placed himself in a position where the demand was necessitated. And so, by following that path of truth, the acceptance of suffering, and the confrontation with malevolence, he took upon himself the heaviest load a man can take in the world. Then, you actually produced a psychophysiological slash spiritual transformation in him that matured him into the representation of the archetypical energies of a father on Earth.

## Have faith in your dream, follow the path Forgiveness is your true calling

Recently, I received a very strange spiritual calling that I'm trying to grasp and digest. Everything makes sense, but it looks like shamanic work, so it's very hard to balance it with my current reality. Around the last full moon, I made a commitment to follow this path no matter the circumstances, problems, or other people's ideas about what I was trying to do. But I had a profound inner feeling that this is what I must do, no matter the cost.

So, all the cards landed perfectly for me. The only question I had was whether I was capable of pulling this off and what I needed to do. The Archangel Michael card means that I can; I just need to ask for help.

On my way home from work, I saw the soul of my loved one dancing in the sky with a sword, killing demons, all to the music in my headphones.

Looks like the same card.

In guided meditation, I saw a cat guarding our house. Last night, I saw the cat guarding another spiritual person I know of. Looks like the same cat.

Spirit Animal.

I just really wanted to share how so much is aligning for me right now. I'm following this path anyway; I was determined to do it anyway going into this meditation.

My father once said,

"If they hurt you, forgive them, but don't ever forget what they have done to you."

It has always been a reminder to me whenever I meet someone and get to know them. But sometimes, it gets tiring. It's frustrating when you show them kindness but only get pain in return. It's sad when you admire them for who they are, but they're busy backstabbing you.

So one time, I asked my father,

"Dear land, do they deserve my forgiveness?"

"Child, everyone deserves to be forgiven. If they did it once, they deserve it. If they did it twice, give them another chance. But, if they did it thrice, then that forgiveness and change shall be given to yourself. Forgive yourself for believing in them only to get disappointed. Forgive yourself for trusting too much. Forgive yourself for risking another chance for you, though it's for the better. And honey, give yourself a chance to be free. Free from hatred and revenge, and freedom from your past".

## Golden Worms

Every human being who lived an insanely corrupt, moneybag kind of life  
Upon death, receive a special gift placed in their casket -  
A unique, sumptuous box full of golden royal worms,  
Unlike the rest of humans, it serves  
Who lived under their boot,  
Who lived through the constant humiliating abuses of their deranged psychopathic masters.  
If you were rich, only gold worms are allowed to eat your body  
If you were poor, ordinary worms would eat you in the grave.  
The worms that spark the purest gold decomposing human elite  
Making other worms who eat their slaves passionately jealous.

As I woke up wary and terrified  
Of blind wokeness stupidity  
I saw the most beautiful sun  
And most gloomy clouds  
On the same partisan day,  
In one shared instant  
In a noble sin  
Through transgression  
With peccability  
And phenomenal ideology  
Seeing bogus, erroneous values  
Of corrupt world views  
From another dimension  
Of extramundane realm  
Among complicated relatives  
With kindred happenings

Inside spurious notions  
So, so, so, so complex  
During sparks of creativity  
Hanging test and trial  
With suspended legacy  
Via intricate inheritance  
Beneath unique decency  
In the middle of bizarre politeness  
Underneath elaborate courtesy  
Loving sophisticated patrimony  
As legacy will fold.

Jump into the rock - it's gold.

Throw yourself from the bridge.  
While Lions roar.

## Virus of Tyranny

G

Who would have thought

Q

We forgot common sense

T

It must be the emperor's sacred war for the new dawn

B

Trapped in the self-inflicting pain of captivity

C

Biological warfare from here on now

R

Another delusional lunatic in our beloved madhouse

E

The plan of M would never change

Locations change

Tactics change

Transformations persist

Technocratic solutions advance

Yet the goal stays the same -

Indoctrinating humans to believe

The tortured past of oppressive slavery

It is the solution for the utopian future.

## Paranoia of Insomnia

I am just standing, watching through you.  
Scene of ugly disenchantment  
As we entered through the movie,  
In the place where we are strangers  
And with eyes from novice story  
Watching with you, feeling sorry  
Seeking Spirits of high healing  
Dreaming of owning female feathers

As you go deep inside the troubles  
Thinking squabbles love parables  
Only speaking through the imagine  
Only seeking trauma treasures  
Others value as your virtues  
But asserting you are a shadow,  
Wean you down while still convincing  
Life just happens without meanings

I don't know where all this comes from  
Just a stream, collective conscience  
crashing stones and logs and people  
you enjoy the madness in you  
the destruction is your soulmate  
sealing heart while they conform you  
Constantly shaping what they are seeing  
Always scared of your resistance

thinking complex Saying troubled

not like them, not simply stupid  
Fearing more invented labels  
For the rebel cursing shambles.

I hope you are still reaching for that someone  
who would shield you in the darkness  
Who would cry with you in troubles  
Who would simply be right there?  
Jumping frauds and head is spinning,  
Stealing traps and ties in sorrow  
As we witness your discomfort  
And delight you killed in spite.

Look inside to find true balance.  
Teeth are sharpened by sick humans.  
Who are puzzled by your grace lines  
And muse strings of merry heart.

Outside our plane of touching  
Our enemies from hell  
Will descend on all that's living  
breathing, walking, and stealing feelings.

joy of freedom to be living  
talking speaking of real feelings  
sharing joy, the world of Spirits  
Fighting every deadly being.

## Freedom Cursing Bloody Square

Entrapped with peace and freedom, marching through the Kyiv streets  
With Javelins  
Encircled from the land and sky and sea  
The comrades came for riches, snitching love, and honesty  
Witching over Souls with cursing odyssey  
Decorous tears immerse in the cheerful wounds of justice warriors  
Beneath the energy of clarity and calmness flows so fierce  
Enveloping renewed fair independence from above and underneath  
Once again  
The Bolsheviks are no more welcome here  
Saint spirit lives in patriots already shining cheers  
The fear has disappeared  
A long time ago, the parasites had always hate  
The freedom anarchy they only saw as a weakness  
Yet anarchy will be their Achilles heel  
As healing Souls defend for real  
To shield the life of how they wish to live  
Not life of cockroach parasites from distant slavish shadow prison  
The truth embedded in their ammunition  
Served them last-minute as free revengers must  
Expose the crimes that Bloody Square is desperate to bury forever  
The newborn future shines redemption  
Squelch treacherous screams of common past the horror  
The horrors of the corpses flying over forests and pouring blood all over  
The shattered windowsills and squeals  
The glass, which covers borsch and smoked pork belly snacks  
And yet another hand that's dead and holding a piece of dark rye bread  
Right next to bloodstained children, living screams

Who feels the miseries of cockeyed, sozzled, dissolute opportunists  
Who he will name by many names one day and curse  
Their heinous farce brought him bloody tears  
They docilely followed inner shallowness until they were slaughtered by  
Wrinkled, assiduous, passionate hands covered in soil  
Black soil of wheat and rye and sunflower seeds  
And sweet, sweet, spiring buckwheat  
Now forced to take the arms as freedom bread is worth  
Their lives  
They'll shield till death, till many die, or till they can defeat  
The ugly, drunken, filthy boots that stomp their blackest soil of food  
The purest food of caring hearts  
Their cursing force desires to reverse  
Dark rockets made of oil and sourced from oil's worth  
Fierce circle apparatchiks deluding presence cry lang syne  
They must be correct as they're always right  
They'll never be the wicked ones behind the walls of blood  
The truth of death is equal to the truth of life  
Each one decides what's worth the fight  
When humans cursed their hearts  
Behind the walls, the closest circle of friends  
They'll bond once more through the sacrificial victim  
Murder celebrations are so perverse, but first  
The man who heads the longest table talks  
He knows the poisons ready to impose their stories  
As men can hear the cries  
Of millions of fellow men who still demand the blood  
As for the highest purpose, they can't see  
Without a new messianic mission  
To bring more blood to foreign city streets  
The corpses lifted from their graves

March on the sticks, march through the Square of blood  
Sage Prophet shot with an omen in the back  
His Soul would shine requital force to hunt the men behind the walls  
Behind the Square where blood is never blood but always red  
The corpse was laid  
A century ago  
Occult dark graves of vivid covert spells  
They're trapped in cages as they stage the terror of satanic horrors  
To flood the lands with blood and slave fellow men  
Abusing poisons with the curse of many corpses  
That lie for all to see and pray and kneel  
Cadavers would not rest and will never rest in ever  
Creating wildest stories of the glory of the foreign storming  
New circle of the men they chose who will be poisoned first  
Before they kill each other one by one, with  
The ancient curse of blood  
The sacrificial nature of the power of the dead to bring  
More dead, more blood  
While the corpse is shining in the middle of the Square  
Under the stars and pentagrams  
His chest now channels radiating truth  
Invoking curse to summon Souls endorsing all humiliated fans of death  
Dead maniac must be replaced one day with yet another slayer  
If blood appears in bribing schemes  
And kickbacks for the chamberlains  
So frail like porcelain, like a tenuous snowflake  
They think that life is all about the gold  
But not for those with corpses in the middle of the Square  
To spend is not for all at all. It's not like that for all at all  
The legacy prevails, and they won't meet  
The eye-to-eye

But eye to eye, they'll kill to prove  
Enormous forces living right above the gold  
They live the truth of their beloved dead killer  
His Soul is trapped and happy to foresee  
The mission of the passionate bliss  
To blood so many vibrant squares  
Right from the Square, which is so famous for its blood.

## My Next Meal

I found out why I'm here to be so atrocious.

She will be enduring much more to get better  
He will be surviving an expanse of dark matter  
I must spill tears that tensing my grievances  
Unfolding for me, the wildest theatre stage grapples my heart  
Loud and clear, Archangel is screaming for my attention,  
Dealing me the truth I wasn't prepared for.

Eluding my pains, I'm stepping with force,  
A team of eighteen would be seen bringing screams  
Then, calmly murdered by the righteous Queen.

Theatre of macabre dance, desiring comprehensive autopsy  
His divine smile is what still holds me on this Earth  
Ephemeral: I'm wrapping my soulmate at the night beach  
Mercifully levitating with my gentleman to a lucid shore.

As I lost my Princess veil to Rock Paper Scissors  
Living again in captivity while sawn-off trees decide my fate  
Laughing in horror as scary visions dawn upon me again.

## Bid Adieu Bonhomie

Intentions unbroken—my magic holds promise,  
Wit carving poses, unveiling Osiris.  
In temples of visit, in whispers of dark pleas,

The obstinate night  
With these warring bait beings;

Imagine the tricks they used to induce youth,  
Bright, clueless appearance abused by slick users  
Whisked trappers and doozies concealing the high truth -

While soothing love's weary cruises  
Cry oceans of bruises;

We speak through the dangers, as darkness collapsing  
Coalitions collating, their voices decaying  
A life through wild horrors, our love's never singing

That ravenous wish  
You've infused in me, stubborn.

With eyeshots, I feel how the roses are stabbing  
One blooms in its beauty, another absolves truth.  
Rose-depth folds sanguine while gazing at new bliss,

Can't breathe, suffocating  
Life flickers in ruins.

Existence transforms life, and killing those criers,  
Your roaring fires stroke passions through flirting,  
Absurd trips cry tragic, and pleasures clutch sorrows

Flesh's longing for purges,  
For dreams of old lovers.

Riffraff worlds behead us, our guides gazing inwards  
Dark-shrouded movements of blazers and breakers  
Amidst the confusion, my visions stay truthful

While you, my dear girly,  
Still, carry your gloss purse.

Torpedo resistance breadcrumbs of my presence  
A blinding appearance, we gathered for eance  
Wild wailings of penance, war-treason adherence,

While magic concurrence  
Speaks loud and transparent.

In fear of sick notions, souls drink from vice potions - Persnickety dreams of our shining  
corrosions...

Impounding my notions won't purchase your silence, I'm binding your treason with truths of  
reliance...

Convincing defiance, false traps are still tilting; In fear, the blind mincers, crazed voices still  
knitting...

Infernal seditions,  
Disgraceful illusions,  
Bright marble contusions  
And nags of delusions...

Disguises fly sensual, sex-sensing salvation, stormed artful expression, enchant dominations...

- So Bid Adieu bonhomie.

## Time to Fly Metamorphosis!

Time to fly into hypnosis,  
cut by never-ending visions.  
Days are slipping into madness,  
As we follow new ordeals—  
spells, equations, foreign mercies,  
Forged, demanding, whisking kisses—  
shaping you into a kitten  
with sad eyes, I can't refuse.

Mental spaces, contradictions,  
I desert the curse you send me.  
My fate is marked by your observance,  
I endure each crushing menace.  
Craving fire over night seas,  
nocturne potions heal the cursed beings.  
Iterated praises senseless,  
fear still rhymes with our dark feelings.  
Stark rejections—yet I'm staying,  
through the fights and through the fraying.  
With my heart, I keep demanding,  
shielding love while demons slaying.  
As my sharp tooth forges slaughters,  
I remain possessed by missions—  
never falling to the basement,  
yet entrapped in blood-born boredom.  
Blood rolls on, a scar on canvas;  
bleeding tears discharge the hornets.  
Through old lifetimes runs a passage

where we share our whispered warbles.

Trickster songs now haunt my dwelling;  
Paris dares us to dream fearless.  
Tricky walks the streets of Eros,  
Paris blood spills through the verses.

Solve the crux of my convictions.  
When I sashay, darkness rises,  
breathing fearless, magic missions,  
carrying swords of angel fighters.  
Deepest struggles, comprehended;  
buckle up, the flight is stranded.  
We're approaching new disaster,  
yet we gather love from ashes.

Fighting those who rose to kill you,  
I would hold you if I grasped you.  
Kicking legs refuse this love cruise  
yet I stay—though you won't listen.  
I can live through my pain,  
Never  
if you're shielded from your yearnings.  
Still I shine through imprecations—  
trembling lips unite grotesquely.

We're divided when we dally.  
Mistress paints prophetic living.  
Trysts transmute, through scorching cognacs,  
Gentle pledges softly flirting;  
A turbid marriage seeks its riddance

Steering winds of a past forbiddance,  
Yet, with sparks of mindless grievance  
Auburn blooms conceal the villains.

Sweet-consuming rows of stranglers,  
I will find you without breathing.  
Ravaged wild by demons gripping,  
cursing lashes whirl so graceful.  
Thriving falsehoods, past mistakes show;  
bygone days, our morbid hostiles.  
Crushed our song and bent our necks,  
spellbound night—our love was wrecked.

Humble, noble ceremonies  
Overpassing every dark death.  
When in panic, thoughts may beat me,  
In defeat, my heart is dying;  
So I drum through wild misleadings,  
Leading battles, crossing bridges  
Unhinged menace, confrontations  
My faith loves obliterations.  
Dismay traces darkest, black blood.  
Splintered image.  
Worlds between gods.  
Demon rivals cry for mercy,  
As I'm revering my talents -  
Patiently, I hunt them out of boredom  
Just to kill.

Sleep, romance of woe's attractions—  
we are lying deep in darkness.

Rays of golden light projecting,  
your cat plays with our mantras.  
Luring cries of our endearment,  
dearest girl, illuminated.  
Luminaries bring new dawns  
with the emerging end of time.

Domed protection glisten-thirsty  
Soulful threads, protective shielding  
Hostiles reaching for your glory,  
scarred by rays of bright fulfillment.  
Mischievous creatures bang our soffit  
slither down my veins of sorrow  
Persevering blooms of dolor  
I'm obliged to ravage, buoyant.  
Lacerated corpses tumble  
From asylum windows, flicking  
Vigilante's frenzied madness -  
Who's my vessel's superhero?!

Tears unveiled new worlds of theurgy—  
this is my supernal Eden.  
As my spellbound trust craves purges,  
dressed in gold, I rose when leaving.  
I have seized the plans for spaces,  
swindled monstrous impostors.  
For forever.  
I'm not tripping.  
I should eat them all.