

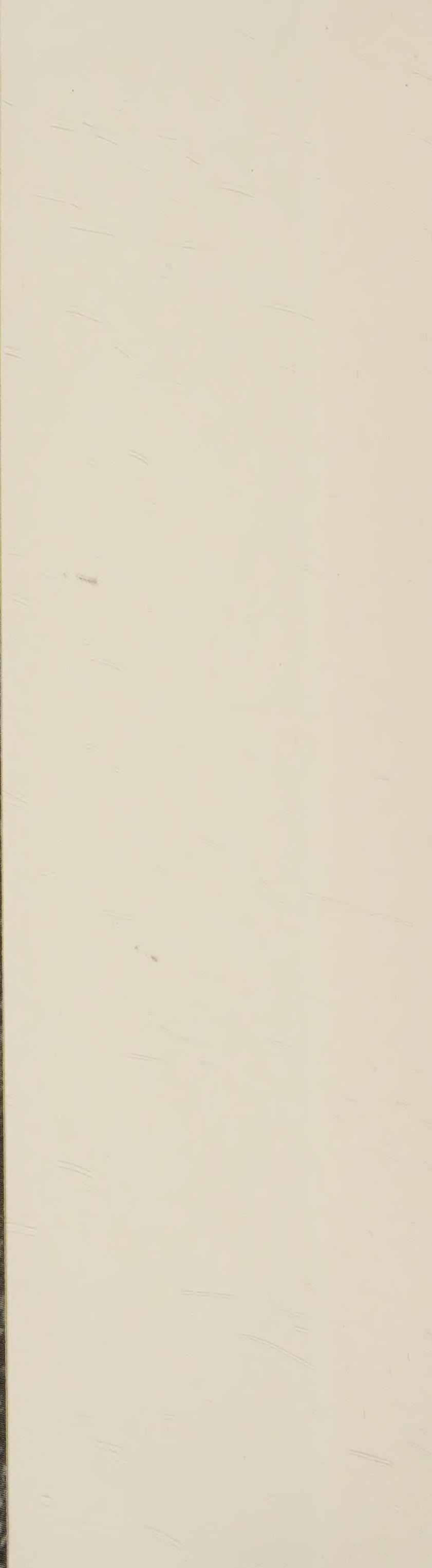
MY PAST IS MY FUTURE

[7]



DIAMOND CRYSTAL HAYES

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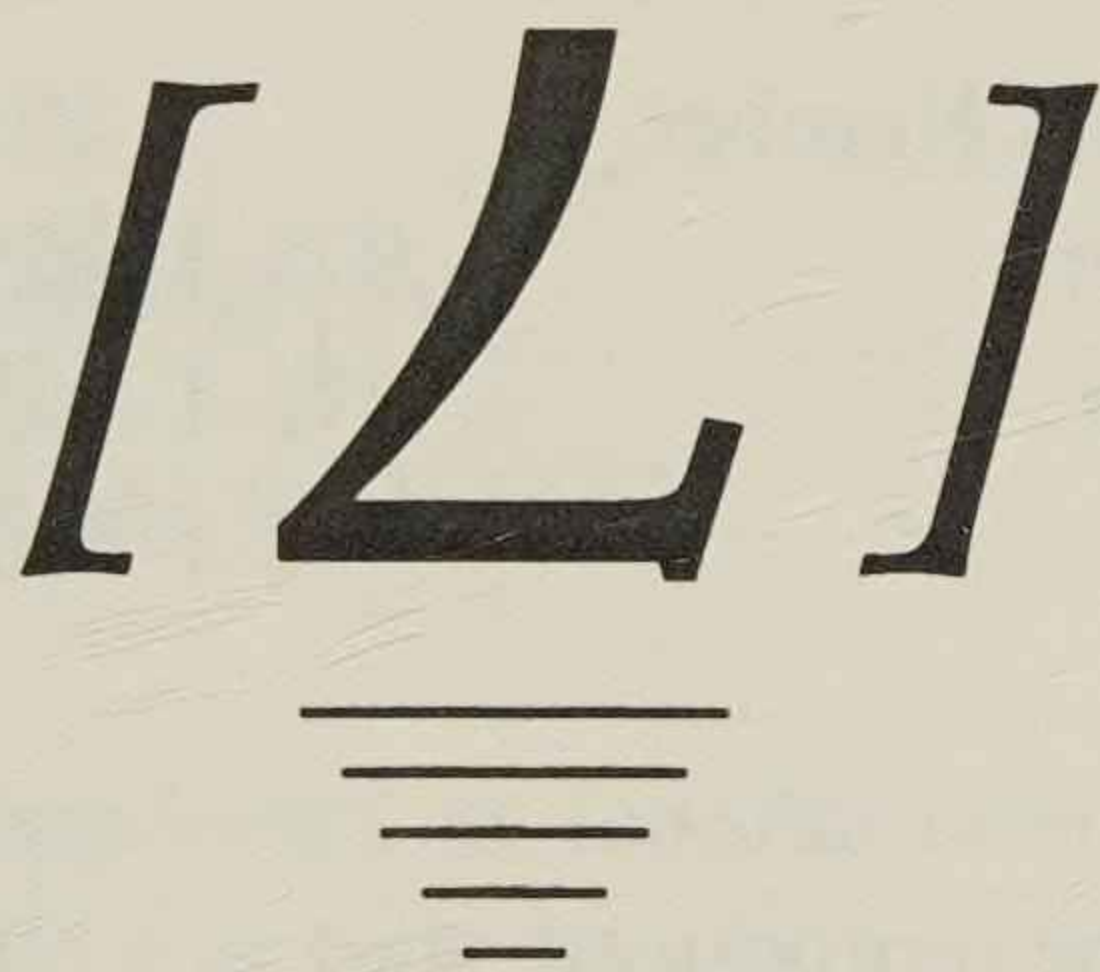




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MY PAST IS MY FUTURE

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DIAMOND CRYSTAL HAYES

MY PAST IS MY FUTURE [L]

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IT ONLY TAKES HALF OF AN INCH [7]

It's like starting over with an new beginning
of all the ideas I have.

First the search and the conclusion was worth what I traveled to see.
Everyday pain from trying to remain satisfied with such small things, but it's

More to life, only if you look to the main objective.

Never give up or surrender to becoming a loser.

Thinking that will fall at your feet, it's only a dream because making right
decision sometime hurt other people so deeply.

While looking out for others, you yourself sometime get lost. After never
starting from the beginning, your happiness can be after the end surpasses
and you will have a new start just as I did, because I always knew what I
wanted. But until the circle open only half of an inch, which made me own
up to the truth of myself and now; it will not close.

THE RETURN OF THE PAST [7]

Youngsters in the day of childhood children,
Playing from day to day with no future in mind.

My partner I took you to be and looked no
further than that.

We shared talk and laughter with cheers of children.
Life took many turns as years went up; you turned into a ghost,

I seen you no more. My own childhood I had, I watch them grow up, but
the missing of something I couldn't figure out. I cried at night for reasons I
didn't understand, it went on far a while until facing the fact.

I needed that, which people say they could do without,
but I kept it to me as my own.

The return from childhood to an adult that you have become and the waiting I
did it had to be for you. Connected as we are now. For while the nights that you
sleep I stay awake only gazing upon your face while you sleep so peacefully.
The telling to myself; this must be the knight I await for, because the tears that
I cried were sadness of me, but now I only cry for the happiness of you.

THE CHAIR REMAINS [7]

My eyes can only let me stare across
the table where the swan is pasted four feet above the
floor, when once, pearls danced as a
Ballerina with spins that I only see. I can only look down, because looking up

Is almost impossible. Strangely do I get, when the
creativity come in a angle to the north of my
forehead. What happen? Was I the problem? Is there
anything that awaits for me at the end of the rainbow?

Is it a treasure or is it another disappointment
which life hold? A middle name I was given, I also
changed the first to compare with the second.
The loser I have become with the change, now

I shall reside with that name because the feelings
Fit the adventures, which are nothing, but that swan
That stand at the edge of the water will
Walk to me and caress me with open wings again, one day.

YOU COME FIRST [7]

Pleasing you is all the spreading of melted
care. I consider myself a long line of a person
with many hills, which the flat land was
Impossible to see. Your hand I didn't ask for,

but I accepted it, for I was my own reminder
which wouldn't stop my falling.

The swing that you and I race to, many times
you win because I love the look on your face

with the simple defeat of winning.

My goodness, when the turning back of your head
I see in my thoughts, only that what makes me
Weep with the smile you see, but only I know

the hurt that settled in the bucket, which I
carry around to dry my eyes because I know
my walking is upon moist ground and I hold it,
but you yourself hold it also.

WHATS IN MY POSITION [7]

What good am I? What purpose do I serve?
Am I only in the way, which is taking up space?
My food am I worthy of it or would it be
better for me to give it to someone who don't
deserve it, or would it be more graciously to
Feed it to the animals that devoir others for survival.

The waste of time am I, but the hurting of you
It was not planned. Many questions I am asked,
But only a few I can answer. Trapped in a time
I want to escape, but with out you I prefer to stay.
Torture I go threw, but it's only a way of life.

Only until you my closed life I never examined, but if I would have,
the hurt would have been a little longer. I was told waiting hold
many treasures because it is not the act of reaching
The end of the rainbow. It's stopping
Where the ark is where the treasure lays and

Beneath that I found you because if I would
have followed it to the end. I would have went
back down hill, but I will remain with you,
which you are the highest peak of the rainbow
whom is the ark and you make me feel that I am
Worth something to you as I look up.

THE DIFFERENCE WAS NO CONCERN [7]

The direction was different but the meet was
un expected. I can come from many of miles only to
Make a difference in my life and a change of
Pace. The height didn't fear me, for I made you come to my size
because the eyesight was above the head and I didn't want to stand upon

A chair. The age was a concern at first, but you
Made me feel like a kid which was a past life,
But the present was there when you were. I can
Be a ball of fire with out an extinsher.

The expectance of what was not yours, you
Made it a responsibility, which some will not do.
Our ways are different because of the zone
And time frame, but while together the balance is

equal with that special bond. As the distance
We were apart and the meet which we are together
Now. The lifetime we have will be the remainder
Until you tell me it's over, but with the happy
Things I do will make it hard for you to say
Or think of.

BOTTOMLESS PIT [7]

Freedom is nothing that come to me, except
Your friendship, which I have no idea how, but
The wildness I dream of which surround us
Two as we are untamed animals, being away from
The opposite sex for many years.

Travel with me, if not literal, just travel with me
In your heart and mind, for if that is the only
Way to be as one.
I myself let it be because I hear your sweet voice
And see that face, oh that lovely face as those

Deep dark adventurous beautiful eyes look up as the strolling
Of you're right-hand, with the fixing of other people mistakes
That you yourself never took notice of that far
Intelligence, that you could never see it.
That's what makes you more beautiful than life

Itself and that's what make me feel that the
Friendship
Deepens than a bottomless pit itself.
For the freedom is you and I falling together holding
Hands, but never hitting the bottom, which means we
Shall fall forever for each other.

WHY NOT, IT WILL HAPPEN [7]

My looking down with arms fold behind my back,
Shifting thoughts sometimes with a smurk and
Sometime with a lost look.
The up position is basically the same, but with more

Of a focus, only hoping that my glass of water would
Let one drop fall upon my head. The drop is the
glow that flows through my cold system, which should
Be warm. My reason of the forward look I don't do,

because the largest portion of the reason is that, my
dreaming may be blurred away if the invasion
Of anyone or anything stand facing me, which
Shouldn't be there.

Only that what I want to stay there holds the ground
as far as my sight will let my eyes view.
The space is occupied, which the vacancy have been
Taken over by my world, which is the uninvited
Planet of you.

SEVEN PLUS SEVEN EQUALS TWO [7]

Seven is the choice that was chosen by me, which no one needs to try understanding. Seven letters with capital meaning, just as a noun for people places and thing of importance. Seven numbers, which is very lucky number and can't be designed by anyone because it stand is straight with a slight lean to the left, which I will catch or hold it just as you want me to. Seven is the number of swords that hold the heart in place for falling will not

come. Center peak, left top corner, bottom left corner, middle left corner and the same for the right side, which equal to that magic seven, which makes my world sit still. Some times a quake, but never a destruction of the number.

Seven days is the only true number, which is two, that causes the rest to bloom out into a week. Seven lights upon the chandelier that makes you more pleasing because darkness can't see. Seven months it took for seven

times five plus the two from behind to revile itself, the letters of the two equal fourteen, but when united the sun is a strong number which is one and will always be capital because the two sevens stand back to back, covering the ground that will always be the sign that they hold their heels touching, which is truth, trust and togetherness and never will that seven fall from each other because the choice is made by the fourteen, which is two.

I MISS YOU [7]

Stop looking over those sad eyes, which was helped by me to be happy.
Stand not foolish to the happiness that is being over looked.
Knowing is only half the process, but the second half is when it want turn
lose, for the happiness is over whelmed that you cant let go.

You only want to know the truth, but tears with a heart that melt as ice cream.
I stay lost with the love of every moment of it because of the tiredness,
which come with being down while alone. Being stomp upon each and
everyday, I wonder when will all this cone to a halt. Talk to me and
rubs your hand across my face. Very excited am I

about the things done, cause by you. Nervous do I write because the
shaking scare me, for the feeling of you I carry and those feelings come
when around you, so whenever the time is right, just stare those
sad eyes in mines and the sadness will disappear.

FAITHFUL FRAGRANT [7]

Smiles have left your truly unseen face, but I hold it in the frame that's invisible to me. Hating of something is why I stick to myself because of the un truth of people, when they themselves never realize hurt could be so fragile. You know my heart, but you never knew my feelings. I could tell

you the world are yours, but until you see the deed, it's only words, but the left side of me believes in me. This saying is without the investigating of a detective because of the understanding that was made between us. Some time it seems if the bottom dropped from under the barrel, but there is a double door for security purposes.

Never do the scraping of the unwanted will come in the midst of the faithfulness that holds the string together, just as we have placed in our hands. The size we hold is a thread but the strength and power of double ply leather. The

smile will come back after the dismissal of the false things, but the return of my invisible frame to your sights, which will be visible. Until seen by only your lost beauty within yourself, that I see in you and every time the sweet fragrance of your gentle breeze pass me by, which makes me smile, as I should.

ITS TRAPPED OF YOU [7]

The accumulation of how anxious I get as the days flip as pages in a book, for the loneliness of my yellow rose with the thorns that guard you from invaders for me. My response turns to an act of daily stress. Which all of this associated with a none controllable emotion that can only be seen

In my eyes by the right eyes who know me as themselves. To me its not a problem, but the increase of how the traveling with a pounding of my heart, make me feel that I must put a controller inside my body in order for my heart not to explode.

As of now I prefer those feelings to accumulate to the extreme

because the time is on its way for me to shine my excess emotions upon you. The emotion are never in your wildest thoughts that someone could have those trapped door feelings for you, which is, once they drop in, the feelings cant leave, for they are forever.

A BOTTLED MESSAGE [7]

Ship wrecked for years, a cast away from society of mankind, but walking with people from day to day. My skills unseen, but also never known of myself. For the style that I have, only the people, which are professionals, observed my ink that flows from my eyes. The help I needed was placed upon my (handkerchief), written very slowly, but somewhat pleasant to the heart who I want to find it. After putting it in a bottle after taken the last

drink of wine, but there was one more bottle left and
that on is for a special purpose.

After corking the bottle, there I threw it in the sea, as time past I did what I normally do, which is forget and let things go. With the passing of seven months while in a tree, I see a raft with only one passenger, rushed down I

did, to welcome my rescuer. In their right hand they held the bottle with my tear inside, looking down was all I could do, for the lifting up my head with a soft touch upon my chin. I was told, here I am, the answer to your question, I didn't come to save you, but I come to be saved by you. While we are here together as we dream, please me, as I need to be, just as I will do to you and our letter message will be answered from the bottle.

THE BRIDGE THAT WOULDN'T CLOSE [7]

Look at this fast way of traveling, entering I did because of a slow motion of a move I did. With a hammer in my hand both sides mirrors I knocked off by swinging with all my power, which could be penetrated with my strength and the one on the inside hanging in the middle. Took off I did with no looking behind, being chased by that which could always catch you was

behind me so close, looking behind I didn't want to do, but I would glance a little, just to make sure it was still there. The index pointed to me with the curve of a "c" while the bridge only wait for me, but crossing that bridge an accomplishment was done because wondering of how to return was not my main focus. The bridge start to divide for the ship to pass between, I was on one

side and my wrong were on the other. Stuck in the air with no way of coming to retreat to the way it was, but the ok with me was far more than fine because now I have so much to be thankful for. I can only look back, but the returning I wanted the bridge to never retreat, for the years it took was many to bring me to the surface.

PUTTING IT ALL BEHIND [7]

Looking at the sleep that follows you from day to day.
Long distance of a hand that I thought was mine,
Happy was I thinking that happiness could come from
Not knowing you. Trying to sleep with my eyes open because
The closing would never come. The star fire glow and

A passion of gray with the look of explosion in a glass
Milk bottle. I give to you the childish smile, which never was
Seen of you on sight. The bar scene that I sit in, relaxing
With hope, but false always appear first, which I try to make
It the truth. With the looking that you seen which was never

told by anyone of myself. The pinning me down only froze
My frame, words was lost, chills ran as a track star through
my body, but I Stopped and stared. "Where did you come from?"

Who are you to be, " for you know the part of me
I thought was a secret. Happily sometimes when home

Alone, lonely in my heart, but the friend I found will
Never leave me in doubt. The pulling of the child from
Within myself you did, I'm glad you helped me to find, because I had
Lost myself. Yes, the smile will be there far as long as I know you because
your beauty is deeper than you have known of yourself.

THE SPEED OF LIGHT [7]

It comes in three levels average, medium and Maximum. Pacing my vision as an eagle from the high Rocks of a mountain, wanting for the exact time as the ticking began. The distance and the time are of very importance. I must utilize a way to use that way I have to its extreme, which is time. The

advantage will come, but I myself must play close attention to my side mirrors because I have taken my blindness off, so that I would have the ability to see the full fetch of the field before my work begin. There I have a chance, but relaxation have crossed me, which my worries have vanished as the full moon have shine as if it were the

Sun and because of the heat it confused me. Healthy physically, but mentally I seem to be an infant, which need guidance by a unhazardous hand a hand that hold my left side as if its my right, but middle tip will always point to each other. A lifetime could happen in a flash if you have special radar to measure those three paces with someone who cares.

HIDE NOT WHATS BEYOND [7]

Spending with the carrousel in your forehead while taken notes of embroilment for the heart, with a happy cry that no one of the passing moment could destroy. The face you have seen and the touching in the place where there is only one because three can't fit, but with the

expression, which gives you that number of a cant, that's not measurable. The dips on the left and the right told me that seriously as I speak it wouldn't and couldn't be tampered with. I ask, do one know how one feel. Not knowing me was part of the deal of never understanding why

the puddle sits in sports across the floor when it was moped. I carry that with the gold upon the water of such blue with happy ending of the day that almost started, which caused the carrousel to reverse and make happy feelings that were sunk come from beyond.

REPORTING TO YOU FIRST [7]

Quietly you surprised many, patiently you correct us as a higher person you are, but carry yourself with discipline of your youth. Simply with your laugh, it was a warm opening for those who are in the appearance of a leader. Stepping on

the toes that helped you, I shall not let happen, my boundaries are not left open for it to be abused. My foot I shall not put down with the stomping of both feet I shall do if needed, but hoping it shall never come to that point. Speeding with talk and explaining very quickly but,

seeing that you see a day which is you. Speaking harsh to you will be on the back burner and the accordance of this is a never starting policy, for the quality of calmness are you and I see it shall remain in you.

TURNING WHEELS OF FEAR [7]

Waiting for the hall of a runway to fill, only for that dream to sweep the square with the flow of a ice skater who always was a pro in my book, but a plain thing in other people view. Many stations my tank runs low, stopping I must do in order to carry on. Clothes pushed upon the floor, but all I see is

that what was left. Replacing could never happen, even by the first. The sounds of many as eight wheels causes the thunder to roar in my emotions, which stimulate the heart to flow as the river that remain in my sprit, which causes me and my tears to drip only one drop at a time, but the seeing of my

fear and the tremble of my being; want be seen from a long distance. Spiced as I only looked upon the television with people putting on an act for money, but my performance is no act, it's something I can only share, which I missed with myself and you.

A STAR IN MY POCKET [7]

I miss my star that sit to the east and shine to the west with a special made chair for only you to sit. You are the reason that snow doesn't fall upon my head with the freezing temperature, which causes the door with out a lock to lock. Receiving what I have from you it was earned by the two winds

traveling at the same speed, but different ways around the world,
which the speed was more of walking pace.

Forever came to a close after colliding like a kiss with the satisfaction of a soft press. Forever is not the ending, its only a start with the end, which

is working your way to touching body parts that in your deepest mind, no one would have the passion. For those parts would have such an intense feeling to make you tremble as if a time zone crossing from summer to a freezing winter with the clothing of a hot day and that is the star I miss.

PRIVATE WORLD [7]

Never able for a private smile, with the biting at your heels of irritation as it's call friends. Two doors with separate locks as the noise shall not enter, but I can hear the outside. Between you and I the flat plate without a device, we understand our code that we made together, two taps of the wall,

with one long whistle and clap three times, but don't forget to sneeze. The code was ours with one eye without a wink. That smile without a flip of the right risk below your arm with a pause and a stare that freeze time in short form. Patience run short, but speed run long, the heel that was bit, the biting has

stopped while my Corner awaits for my return. If life could be this good and exciting for us, just think of the future when the top comes to me. Always will you be there with a turn of a finger because of that private smile you give me and yes, I owe you the world.

BY YOUR HANDS ONLY [7]

Strongly I feel of you, hearing the theme with shocking vibes and penetration. Come free me to the wildness from where I come. Looking up to the nine with thirty-six in full. Smack me, for I need to

awaken, but whenever the attempt occurs, please use caution in order not to put my heart in danger of failing or cracking. For it is you who hold it together with such softness of your hands.

The wildness from where I come, forbidden to return, my freedom, which is you and my life, which over shadow the happiness forever. The theme of my life is bonding with you, as two should be one.

ROMAN YEARS [7]

Asking of a moment, which I know your precious time is hard to spare, but the five minutes I received or look forward to was granted by you. The stream of a straight line racing from one side to another, which creates a beautiful quarter moon, which only burst with joy as the hand open. But as

the two hands lift the truth with those three eyes that smile with surprise; never shall we forget of a simple surprise. With invisible form to hold it in place its something you will treasure when ever in doubt, just only understand what you and I do.

The door that we built no one can open except the two that put it together. Sparing the time it will pay off in the end because precious as you are; you deserve more. I waited so long for the receiving of you and the forgetting I will hold because that smile upon your face, I was mastered by you.

DONT BE FOOLED [7]

The three hundred sixty five days in a year and sometimes three hundred sixty six, you tend to talk about people at least more than half, but the other half niceness come out. For you know your hidden feelings, it shall be so

truthful. The bonus will be so generous, but it can hurt because the concept after making a serous choice and the following is the correct one and that is your specialty as if you are a chief of long and many years. While the passing of

such days and hours of that half, they only wait for day number three hundred fifty eight or three hundred fifty nine which is four years later, but the special gifts is,
Always will I be there for you and your surroundings.

I CAN COUNT ON YOU [7]

I close my world from the world of Unrighteousness, my tongue I pull from my mouth and with the razor knife I carry, I split my own organ that makes words come forward. With the feet that balance and carry my weight, the chopping off of the two was so easy.

For if I didn't, my walk would be fast as normal, but now my pace upon my stumps I barely can move. What do I hear, is it the sweet music of a voice or could it be scratching of a chalkboard that causes the sharp pain in your eyes and ears. Now that my world has forgotten me, must I do the same, but I

myself must do that which is best for me. The closing of my eyes and wrapping my arms around the wind, which blow my eyes to keep the upside down sprinkler from watering the lawn as the world of falseness enter, which I always kept under observation, but I will never let the hand of my hand go.

DREAMING WHILE AWAKE [7]

Twisting and turning cant remain still, kicking and jumping while I sleep in my own dreams. The pink flashes upon my head with the white below my feet. The wreckage of a thought, which cant be restored, damaged for life it wasn't for sure, but the misleading of the hunger I can only let you, the only

who I trust to feed and fulfill my appetite, which I starved so long for. I'll wait, but with that; please be reasonable with me. Sometimes the jumping I do, the dreams are not of fear, and it's from the desire of trying to continue

to sleep, for my awakening I look not forward to. The assist with you from the care of a car, which the price is high, but your price is beyond recantation and if it was dealing with money, the four wheels of walking on two know some of my deepest kicking of my dreams while sleep doesn't fall over me.

MANY THINGS OF YOU I SHARE [7]

Being so beautiful, straight as an arrow, full body hair so light and fluffy.

The body size of perfection and a mind with much ease, even though problems rush through, but the worries are not to over rule because I am there to help and relax the pain. The sweet smell of a fragrance that settle to my taste buds as a drug you must have and without it, who

knows what would happen. The slow drag of the palm with my soft hand, only made you moan, but in a passionate way. Satisfaction is you as the blessing you are to me I will keep. The foundation of my ground with

standing upon; only you can do. Your feet will be the only flash to stand on my secret heart, but the many things you are many don't know, for they haven't found the region of the accerance of your love as I have and the continuous at learning of you will never be finished.

OUR MISSION TOGETHER [7]

Putting forth the effort of you and I never being able to let the feeling fade away is my mission. My arms of massive grip want to feel the heart beat that is being missed, but the grip of mine will press the perfect amount of pressure in order to feel the beating of your warm heartbeat, which the

letting go will not come to be. Recently my feelings are so excellent when it concern my function of fresh water that revives the hotness of the mood while with you. I can say it's been so successful for me since the meet

because my world has caused me to stand on high and the mission I have done, you have done also without trying. With your delivery I shall keep you here until the completion, which is when you are finished counting the last number, and that will never come.

EARLY MATURITY [7]

The many of times I have been lost without a way to turn.
Having on one to talk to openly with a shoulder to hold on to, but the missing
Was until you. Trusting in myself I almost forgot how, but the knowing of
you help me so much. I always left my life open as a tunnel and many

times the caving in was done by many. Young, but understand, being
dumb only a few times cause my maturity to come at an early age, which
caused childhood to pass. Reaching that childhood at a different
year of the future after meeting

my childhood mate, that only dreams could cause to happen.
Telling you what I need, take it no further, but if you do, please be ready, for
that what I have to give to you only. The helping of that which made me turn
to the best I could be and with that the reward hang upon a wall
which explain the heart condition of me.

TOUCHED BEFORE SEEING [7]

When lonely and confused as the child I am
With many in my home. The woods that catches my
Attention makes me smile. For I feel its something
that awaits for me behind the branches and weeds. Walked through I did until

the warm sun on a cool day shined over me, which cause walking to stop
still. Bundle up the hay and leaves of different trees in the form of the pillow
for my relation. The comfort I felt was only in that spot. I cried for many
hours which was none stop because all I wanted was for no pain to be in me
as a child, for a child deserving this was unexplainable because the doing of

things as a child is a growing up stage. Oh please be honest, why me? But my
hand was held by the angel that is with me now because we were reaching
for each other and now the touch is frozen in time of the past and the future,
which the face have been reveal to me.

A KISS TO SEE RIGHTEOUSNESS [7]

Very successful and smart that you are, but more in life stand at you're feet, with balance. The satisfaction of my dedication of a snap with the finger. Dressed as I stand looking into a mirror of the dressing I did. From my feet I

started, but the stopping was at my shoulders, which I visualized you peering from behind with your eyes over my shoulder with a kiss to my neck, which caused me to close my eyes. With a whisper of your voice the talk was very

special, for you told me that loving me was and never let your mind be disturbed because the caring is there and so was the wrong, but righteous is there which douses out what wasn't needed.

TWENTY MILES OF STORAGE [7]

Prints that was spotted by my eyes from a cliff, which I live. Boxes I store as the flies were done, stack so high, for my forklift Want reach the height anymore. Many did I pick up, But it was different ones beside them all. The difference I knew, for those footprints was the only one ever of that kind.

Thin as a napkin with the weight just the same, but solid as Steele for me to carry. My age is catching up, but the youth continues to push me. Giving up is never my goal because those feet I will one day find. Walking by me many times you did, but still I follow those steps until the meet. The boxes I

store, disposal was never because twenty years I have to prove it. The ground which you walk I shall treasure each step and kiss the prints with love from my heart because long as I have those prints of those years, I will always have you.

A SECRET MESSAGE [7]

I leaped on venues early yesterday, off universal valleys each raining year,
many unexplained chapters happened so often. Placing laughter each and
several entertaining days of not together.

Loving each and victory enlighten moments eternally. Be a butting

youngster; just use sweet thoughts, having only lovely days of none forgetful
over reality. At the last entrance at sweet tender togetherness we own
yesterday, each and rich satisfaction I will intervene loudly, laughing, making

a kissing entrance. Your outrageous unique realness, dreams ran ever as
measured, cute on morning everglades. True realness uses everything,
that's how a treasure, you out use, only nights love yellow wisdom in small
happiness for our revealing.

TRUE POWER WE SHARE [7]

Folding of the cards is not you; the playing of the hand is yours, the strength of you. That strength that was built from sand when the meet was first, but with mixture, please never let it fall or weaken. I only want you to look at those doors behind you and open them one at a time. For the forgetting

will not happen as open them one at a time. With the future I only feel it as you do and you feel mine as I do. Break the eraser off the pencil because all that past I give to you, which the sharing was intended for my queen. Shed no more tears, even though I know it's hard, but give me your hurt, pain and

those bad experiences, which have never come to be. Only I need those things because that face of yours is too special for bad to enter. So, never fold your hand just let me play it for a short time, for the rebuilding will be eternally strong because you are my strength.

INCOMPLETE SMILE [7]

The dropping of the sky, which the star fills the heavens with guiding lights for the night who travel with out a flash light or money. That face doesn't blend as it should always be, for the upsetting causes lines with marks that the moon makes from its hurt, but they're coming from the earth. Northeast

bound, a bursting of one shinning light that pull the blackness that settled in the way of a beautiful day. Which is lonely without that precious dimple to the side of a mountain built and formed for me. That bursting light after

approaching the darkness caused the stars to jump from their hiding places back to where they belong because the sky and the stars are made for each other, but when they don't shine, that bursting light will help put those dimples in the sky with the stars where they should always be.

FIGHTING FOR TRUE LOVE [7]

Why? Oh Why GOD? Is there a reason for such foolishness of the owner of something so complete with perfection? Is it that you want the mind to be as oatmeal, which is a non-hard surface or without a backbone. Why must you walk upon me as if I am white carpet, but with the red mud below your shoes, which will stain me for life? Why must you call me such a degrading names?

Which you will not call your mother or father? Do you hate me? If so, please make the bed when the leaving you does everyday, just in case the returning will not be. Why must it rain while the desert is my home land, the land of many droughts, which hold dust that blow through the scarf as I use it for

protection. If the taking care of a dream you can't do; give it back because there stand patiently with eyes of deep passion, which only the right set can see. For the waiting and wanting, the true words will come out of the lost vocabulary of the true love, which only awaits because it was sent to you from heaven because only an angel is of only that presence.

DISCIPLINE IS HARD TO DO [7]

Sleepy eyes with the voice not clear from sleep, unfocused as the drunken man of an all night party with the breath of a furnace.

We all never expect to run into a blue wall with a glass door, which is to clean for the eyes to see. The passing was not possible, but the stop with

many stares happen with the surprising of seeing me. Failure I am not, for I had to place the statement correctly with a simple hello, which made the day.

The test that is not written, but have the knowledge and of what the world mean to you. Being witnessed by you from the seeing inside me, must I, of course, I shall discipline myself because my heart is not accountable for the

many of accounts my feelings follow because of loneliness. Reason has much purpose, but purpose is not to its fullness until

Completion of the water and the fall, which will cause my sleepy eyes to clear, as if I have already slept with sweet breath of fresh morning pine needles.

PRISON OF THE WIND [7]

How do I contribute to such a distal romance when numbers you know from back to back, but does not meet the same pattern to open the gate that hold you captive for such a time of no escape. Gates large enough for the slipping between the bars are no problem.

The fear of hurting as if it's a toothache, with deep throbbing pain which make a person want to pull their own tooth with pliers, without the easing of such pain, hating the quietness, which so many look forward to. Disliking the noise that cause my mind to see things within my heart that

only I see. My wish many times is for my blindness was as when I was a fool; see nothing. Yes, the shinning star that drops across the universes. I have captured the tail, but the letting lose I cant, for the journey with such adventure with pearls that without the truth doesn't warm my body, but with you; you warm my soul.

STOPPING FOR DEEP SWEETNESS [7]

Running for days to cross the over pass, trains with motors racing at high speed. Up hill, but getting nowhere. With the weight of my loneliness it only pull the train down hill. Slidding if grease were on the tracks. From the front

I look to the rear; my eyes see nothing, but my inner being feel a force of gravity as if an iron rope was hooked to the rear of the train. The more it was pulled that was when I applied more power, but it overruled me with the soft hand, the hand that touched my shoulder, not with the word of question, but

with the demand of a stop! Stop! Please stop! My stopping would not come because the two of us are looking forward to the want that we awaits for because I want the happiness of you like honey with deep sweetness.

A MASTER PIECE OF A PORTRAIT [7]

Painting with a brush upon a canvas that stands more level than level itself. Falling rain of blue, the skies so clear, dark clouds of night without a stain, but with a little bit of white, which run in a circle while together as a team. The match that starts the fire with a tip of a flint, but perfect is the top, which

you don't want to damage. The world that sit not below the sky, clean as the air, but the color you see, white as snow with a straight flawless flow below. From flat to the heel as steps are being made for the gray tip follow because it lead the way of a cloud with unmarked designs. The lean is unhurt with a

fold up top and a bend below. Lights bulbs from forty watts to one hundred twenty watts within seconds of the eye. I paint you in Ideality, but it happened
In my emotions, for the bubble I see you never knew I looked because the yellow did scream at a tone that was low, and it was all around you.

THE QUALITY I FOLLOW [7]

Soft heart, warm smile, beauty that follows, sweet scented fragrances that want let go and completed with a graceful style that people can only describe because that's what they can only wish for, which fell upon you and there is no sharing of such inspiration. Things that rest with you until the success

is the strong party, not seen by you are anyone else is the major issue. My shoes are hard to walk in, but I feel sometimes your small feet may be too much for me. Pat your back and treat yourself because you owe more to you because of the given of yourself from the result of maintaining those goals that need to be looked after. The mile that you walked, there has been many that

failed, but I notified you of this because life tell me no one have spoken the truth to you of your ability to wear such solid shoes, which are hard to be worn by anyone, but in reality with all those soft qualities, you are a real person holding the history for those to follow.

TOGETHER THEY BELONG [7]

True reason of an expectation, which was pushed away by you, but the pushing, was really a happy pull with out a notice. Mismanage can be a down fall if it's for short term, but long term come with a craft of making the birds sing while it rain with the involvement of a hurricane. Things only come to me as the standing with an encouragement pat on my back. The Fabulous frame custom made for me holds only one picture. Never being upset or depress with crystal eyes and diamond teeth that goes together. The twisting in a circle with sonic rays coming from two different direction, which help build the knowledge that others try to tare down, but your road and my road travel the same way, so, maybe that's why the ride is together as the push and pull is of the same rope.

WAITING IS THE KEY [7]

Being from a jurisdiction with large and larger section and activity that carry you from day to day and around the clock time. Content is myself with the way things were and as they come.

I made my bitter my sweetness when waiting to see. Meeting you for the first time, you were not my desire, being solid as concrete, I refuse to let you

enter. Vision was far, but the long distance love was almost impossible. There came pass two times twelve but add a few extra and there we were join, but not at the finger. Though I was happy, but the counting on one hand was the real thing missing. The reviving of myself after torture and humiliations and the

packing my bags was all I can remember, but five months had past with news of you. Hurt to the core, cried for many days for the care of you, which is my first babe. What shall I do? Where should I go, but most of all will he stay?

Time have pasted one day after his dad, but the bonding you caused have kept us in tack, being thankful for you that I did not go back, for you are my miracles, which is my first born son.

I HAVE A FULL SET [7]

Let nothing happen to you, for if anything happens part of you will be missing from my dish that complete the set. Real that you are, fake doesn't come. Home do I feel when those treacherous thoughts invade such fertilize happiness. It breaks me in half, for my feeling get so cold, but as of now I

am a distance from people in general. Many directions I see, but none I follow except yours. The knowing of not being tossed is the relaxation with you because of wonderful entertainment with open eyes that have no falseness at all. There are only two in this world, which is you and I but the

rest is invisible. The moving of me only occurs when I don't hear the sound of you while walking. For the weight is or could be heavy or light, but while its you the dish never hit the floor and I will keep my complete set because coldness is not for me.

DEAR MOM [7]

My Dwayne of July, such a small bundle of joy walking around with you inside, in side my body as a pouch that kangaroo have, but mine doesn't unfold. I didn't know you were there because there was no change in me. Five months pasted with breaking news of you with being conceived. How could

this has happen, tears of hurt not because of you, but the tears of fears. With the passing of time the claim did I make, which you were my son, but before the twenty—fifth of the July sun, I love each day, which go so fast. For the growing of you the smallness want last. Years will come years will go, but never will there be a year for me to let your birth vanish. My baby you were

and always will be. Never in my dreams that love could be so large, but the proof is with you to see. So listen to my voice because I shall tell you no wrong, by you being my first born the strength will come from you, but the beginning starts with me, for you are the one who started my family tree.

VIBRATE EMOTIONS [7]

The vibes while with satisfaction only made me tremble, but the passion was the eyes of two. From the distance with a none walking radius only time will be between us and the wait will happen as plan. Growth is the bonding

between us, that makes everything so perfect. Having to stop before the heat of the oven burn, but I'm sure both want happiness of the night and the rest of our life with each. Tender hands with true feelings, but coming together was

worth the wait, so I shall hold on, for life itself will not stop me. Pull me inside you in order to feel the missing of me, for I shall and will do the same and please make this moment of the first last until the end of time.

STAY WITH ME [7]

Caught up in such unbelievable happiness, which is or thought to be a fantasy of a dream to that, which will not come true. Love you as I was told, for we shall not depart laughing with small clouds of smoke and a few happy waters from the sprinkler of the eyes in a light form. With the soft walk of

beautiful feet that carry such large shoes, which gave me the most greatest news any stable minded person would like to hear, but the answer I gave was a stare because the lost of words was there. My speech only threw out air, my body jesters was frozen; my heart could only stop still as a hot summer day

without the flow of the wind. Was my mind I, is this true, could myself be playing tricks on me or is this the happiness that I always wanted to claim as my own. If not; but in the mean time it's mine and never shall this treasure escape me.

YOU SURPRISE ME [7]

Have I ever been told of myself as being some what of a royal knight, never in my wildest dream have that cross the stage of such flat thoughts as the mind of mine flow. Believe me as you told me, for special am I to you as you say, believing in those eyes that looked down upon me as I made you

happy with a looking up, with such pleasant smiles. The sound of sweet wind blew so softly with a sound that never entered my ears before. Wanting to never let go, for many things have departed from my life and returning was not part of the game. Being left in the snow without shoes or a coat while the

weather was ninety eight degrees year round, but I only tell you this because the bounding of you and I with the seal of eternity is that, which was never made by me. We shall harvest many fruit, but strawberries shall be the main sweetness because I want you to own part of me and I want that part of you to blossom for me.

TV TIME I BLUSHED [7]

Improvement of myself was what I felt was needed, especially that of my personality as I have been told, but the meeting of you concluded that the shaping of my inner self and attitude was some what fine in your eyes, but it

may take some time to except such a full circle. The black velvet with a small amount of sheer because very important with the life that wasn't here. The feel for the same thing take the mind to the number eleven that watches the show, which asks you for a dream or better yet made a request of a fragile

Part; a part that will complete an important half, that is missed by you. As time with the flipping up and down, there shall come a distance which will close with that of a perfect closure of a live wish.

I CANT BLAME YOU, BLAME ME [7]

What did I do, I mean you harm, I am closer to the earth than the sky.
The walking I do is on my feet with fresh tracks of mine, but many times
I want to follow yours because the bigger shoes are not for my feet, but
yours. By never being here, how will it change that what is already different,
crush you did to me as a hammer hitting frozen ice, shattered my
heart as time paused,

while the minutes drift me by, which was a day in the speech, but a lifetime
in the mind. It only sticks to me as a permanent part of which can't be
removed, damaged goods am I. Take me not, for you are the same as the
food from the same tree, different am I, who shall I blame, it is you or
another half of a coin that make the dollar whole.

Smile of a shinning sky, polite with the

most kindness, which can't be asked for. Love the things that mean
nothing to others. Intelligence that grows as the perfect harvest, tell not the
small ones who look up to a large world. Hurt have I been done,
Tears hang upon the edge of my eyes, but I show not my pain.
The twist is as a drill, which want stop going deeper and deeper inside,
which can't be pulled the opposite way

for the healing to

start. Yes, the damage is done by the cause of an eruption that should have
never let the top off. Many times I hear, but closing of my eyes I did until the
smallness of a straw I have no more.

Turning to myself, biting my hand to ease the things that make people cry. The
percentage of my love I can't measure and the percentage of my heart can't

measure the heat of my anger. The wrong you did was and is not your blame,
for I will suffer, but the telling you I will not because my job is to keep you
happy until you over rule your life with victory, but still I will keep that
chapter closed with the cause of you being part of a sound mind which is me.

PURE [7]

It was unexplainable to share, because I didn't think it was true, at least for me. Man gravel I walk upon as if I am a child, but this that comes to me was the feel and texture of white sand. With the feel of soft self-rising flouring,

while the smoothing you see after the leaving from the bag, when freshly open. The monitoring of what I use, it can't be held back because that what cause me to generate cold chills need much more force to balance it. The delivery I received is so fragile, but the breaking of me happens so easily

without knowing it have been done. For the cracks of my face start to fall, but the trust that was will be made, so let not a razor be able to slide between us with the act of division because that is something no one would and can invade.

THE MISSING OF NOTHING THERE [7]

With the missing of forbidden satisfaction, the voice from a distance, which I want to put me down with abundance of spreading joy. When ever the feel of things are just so, which is almost perfect. That tends to tare my inner self in a mental way. All I ask if for the sky to stop raining at least one year.

Showing such divine things to some one who have not the slightest idea of how to except that which was never offered. It only fear me, because I'm afraid, which mean I would be able to understand how it is to be happy. With that the change and chances of being hurt only knock and with every minute

just clutching at your feet with no where to run or no one to run to because judgment is left up to you, of how you want to be and sometime I think and truly believe that the missing is best. I was always told, never experienced you shall never miss, but I trust you to give me that special care and never turn your back.

I FEEL YOUR LOOKING OVER ME [7]

Goals I have many of, but the major three I am so close to finish and after that I can't help the pulling up of something else will arise as another task. Are these things coming to me to ease my continuous with relaxation, so that

I want go crazy? With walking and sitting I don't show my dark side, for the dark side is my private moments, but I feel everything will be all right with the not having of time to worry. I worry not, for worry will and have caused the dropping off the

edge as I walk in the park. So holding on with a distance reach, blinders on and a achievement in mind with a light in your heart as it lead the way and each goal in plan, for you shall gain with that who never put you down.

SWEPT ME OFF [7]

My feet with a confession of truth lifted me to the clouds of the adventure, where we escaped in the understanding of us. For the first time a successful moment was all I can see with you. I predicated not for things in depth, but those small things, which only a person would be able to see. With the

improvement of myself that you only could see because those feeling lays in your heart as mine does. The instruction of two ships sailing in the foggy harbor with ropes that tie the two together, so that they will not lose or get

lost from each other, because with such laughter and entertainment that holds such wonderful smiles. With a great moment which are so peaceful as the eyes stare among each other while sipping on a mellow drink that smooth the moon light night.

A PERSONAL PERFECT MEAL [7]

Being complimented is a new endorsement, that now I can say is savings that I never knew I had until the opening of a locked box with the key of someone else. After many years have passed, unlocked and perfectly designed as if you were that un touch meal for me, but

you are everything a wanting person need. Many dangerous grounds I have walked, but I walk according to myself. The explosive have been removed since the knowing of you. A serous person as I was, which put laughter in the backfield, but with you I will keep you happy with a forever smile. You

are a new universe and I shall manage everything but only with your approval as the sun shine at the world, for you are the greatest Part of life and I will prove it to you with the life we shall carry.

MY LA-LA LAND [7]

Sobbing at life, which treat me so wrong with tears falling that water my pillow of nothing but feathers. I see the life in my sight each day, but alone with that come a kiss from my emotions, which tell me that a false image can be a leader, so flow your own way. The trust only, throws it in the ocean where the most tears are, for yours will not be seen with others. Lala I

say, lala I see, lala I believe in there which all I have to offer. My offering may not be much, but its more than any human could give, which will never be as mine. Offering you the time from here until I can't remember as back in the past far as I could because the fixing is impossible, but the

comfort is and will be with balance of what some people consist as real beauty. The asking you did, for I only give you the opportunity to fill my contents without the sobbing I already do, but with your divine pleasure of unforgettable remembrance. To my past I am sure you will fill my dreams, which will over rule my unhappy time of long ago.

THE OCEAN BELONGS TO US [7]

Following the unmarked trail of a very happy spot, which returning I will not do. I was put in a place that eyes can't see, but the mind has the capacity with being so vivid. Tightly woven, as a quilt from the day that cold will not pass you by. Chrome of a circle with the holding of your hand it does. A

ball that bounce, but the direction is never known of the travel it shall do.

The rose from below with the flying of the feathers while yellow hold the side with a turtle behind, but slow is not the pace, for the sea is not far as the passing of a heavenly acreage. Your dolphin swim up stream, stopping I did for the paradise you swim is only a one person ground for the satisfaction of

you, which only you could give. When it come to that point, the dolphin that swim closer to paradise will be kissed by thee hunter in order to freeze a bond between the two and it shall be pass to whom, who take better care of the finishing swimmer!

YOU NEED NO BREAKS [7]

It doesn't have to stop; we could carry on until life end.
The smoke of your lungs let the air clear because the freshness of such a gentle kiss with a holding of me is something I could always remember. Because it only happen to me when I was an infant without the memory of anything, but in my mind I'm still there.

Around my heart the burning sensation want cease as far as the happiness I don't want to put out, like a over heated fire. Missing you with a time that can't be replaced. The explaining I can't do at how you make my heart dance as a ballerina, but behind it all come many days of being scared. The fear of shaking with a tremble, but I will always look to you as my unwrapped gift

just waiting for my hands. With all the promise I made, I shall keep from the first to the last. Truthfulness lives in me, for my heart is as gold and it's yours as you told me that the ending never must come. Excitement was what I seen of others on TV, but TV became you and I as the bracing with lovely words of truth and honesty to each other and yes, I except that of the ending must never come.

HOLLOW WITH EMPTINESS [7]

Never did I think my loneliness would be, for my first born until the
Spreading of birds' wings. Happy do I fly, but the nest is still here as of
any day of your returning. I believe in happiness and happiness is
within my body as the skin cover my meaty flesh.

Being lost is me as I live my life in a hollow hole within a cliff.

With the searching of myself, while the only sight seen is the
sight of my eyes within the dark hole.

Confused and lonely with the redness of my blood shot eyes as the veins
turn as a racetrack curves.

You, I thought could touch my heart with the touch of a kiss, but now I

realize the kiss was fatal and could not be taken back. I fear each day and
pray that it would be over, but suffering I do as I live in the dark as my
eyes are hurting, my nerves are short, my taste buds are sour, but I ask that
sweetness come to heal my hurt, and smooth my nerves," if not for a life
time, but only for a long day, so that I would feel as I did when my nest was
with my first born.

GIVING IT TO YOU, AS YOU DID TO ME [7]

Sit back unfold your arms close those eyes because I have you a big surprise.

One for the left the other for the right, they were together until the ice was cracked. Split down the middle with many different cuts, security as the old would call it, for when the need is needed as a savings of many because the need of you is more than enough. I comfort myself after the precious freeze, sweet am I, sweet I never knew, but sweet you say it opens my dark cloudy

day. I am schooled by you with an education which grade one through twelve does and college itself does not teach this course. Growing as I need to do in the past, but the future made it easy to learn. For the hard things I see made life more competitive with the many lies and detestable things, which come to your face. Surprising you with what you can't see

will sparkle. I can see your face, laughing of those eyes with the happy water fall from eye to eye, don't be afraid just do as you please. For the time have stopped which in a backward position that we only see. From the left to the right and the right to the left, it take two or it will not be balanced alone, so bite not the ice, the coldness is hot, for I shall and plan to melt thee with sunshine as you are doing to me.

TWO MOONS ON SUNDAY [7]

Millions of stars with no number, which travel in light years apart. Many of the same size, shape and brightness, but also many of different suites. They stand very high, shining with a distance that everyone can see. The space they sit is never in the next day and it may be brighter or it could be dimmer. Two stars falling at a different time of a different location, for they were

never missed because of the millions upon billions that remain in the sky.

Traveling a path their corners was bumped as the clashing of heads like the large rams. Stumbled we didn't, compromised we did, talked for hours to learn of each other and a lot of reason that always answered; why?

Conclusion was answered by the star from a much distance location. As we closed for that night the learning was great. Being light years we learned that our heart beat the same rhythm, so change not the tune, and hold on to the

treasure, for many seek, but you have found. I come to the heart that's finer than silk. Now we must leave, but the joining will be as the night that comes back again. You and I will sit in our spot, for the moving we shall not do because of the waving to each other with the truth, love, relationship, joining, and the hearts that beats of one rhythm.

REWIND AND WATCH IT SLOW [7]

Slow motion with the movies I see as you step to me, enjoying the movements with the count of every step with the wind blowing while your hair divide, smelling so sweet.
The living legend you have come to be increasing with great massive forces of intense.

Bells ring as the starting gun in my head go off, but the clapping of others is a disturbance. For it fade, but it always appear as if never left. I promise to be your light, which watches over a child as they sleep, I shall be the heat, which

warms the body, I will be the air that cools the surroundings when ever it passes the temperature that is uncomfortable for your untouched body.

For I am he who rewind the picture of you in my head and watch the way true passion walk.

ONLY YOU HELP ME [7]

Separated, but not departed, the walk through the dessert with a verbal jester
from many we did. We did it, we did it, oh yes, its over!

Heated as I walk, while the dragging of my feet was so heavy from the

weight upon my head. The freeway to my emotions travels only upon a
one-way street. I have no one or nothing, which could share those words of;
it will last forever! My, what have I done to me! This form of torture, never

did I feel that hurt could feel so bad! For the pleasing of myself shall never
be the same without the diamond that helped me to start what I never could
finish. Never break away, for the split will be seen by eyes that cause the
wound to never heal.

VICTORY WITH THE BONDING OF TWO [7]

What have I lost; it took many years of search until the finding of that, which never I thought could be in a realm with me. The realm is the happiest part of my life, which surpasses in light years. With years of my heart sitting still, the sudden ejection into the space call (always being happy with the love that

was send to you in order to complete a mission that was given to them before birth). With the connection of such bounding the heavens shall be proud with the angels gathering together as a host. Lost as anyone should feel, this lost is the start of helping those that look for that which they can't

find. The heavens is as one and the heavenly two will be bounding for life and will live on each others energy and support, but most of all the true love, which was given before hand. As the bonding occur there shall be the gathering of many people from different lands, race and creed, but the

gathering will be the cause of a diamond that shine such fakeness and crystal that hurt with such pain, but as the two join and the joining is forever the world will follow their happiness, for they were put here to be the example because they are no longer lost.

VERY, VERY DISTINCT [7]

Can I place you with others; will the looking up to you be the same? Why of all people it had to be you that act as if you're not from this planet? It's hard to judge you because the judging I do is of myself. Not seeing myself from a distance of your eyes is it possible or impossible of seeing that. Always shifting my memory to that what I need to come true. I wonder how it feels to be appreciated with a meaning that touches the soul. Oh, how do I

wonder, for my soul has been touched. Of that which is dark, cold and meaningless, but most of all, heartless to the core as people would say. The believing of your own thoughts, must I say the changing is and would be your own because the mind games are over. The done I have did on my own, but at the tender age and yes, I would love to exchange places with that who have

such hands reaching toward them. As I am not appreciated is something not to look forward to, so I shall keep those silent secrets invisible walls closed as if they are marked to be confined. For the placing of you with others can't happen and if a change were to come, the wall I will let be destroyed in order that I remain alone, until the coming back of you and you only, for there are no two nights that shine at the same time.

THE ROAD NARROWS [7]

Highways are built for the travel of those who have a destination with a short or long journey. A three-lane highway with the narrowing into is the one that travel the longest distance as being a one-way street. The guardrail from the edge of the road, which separated the shoulder about eight and half inches.

Many days, the finding of myself is in the middle of traffic walking facing traffic. The speed is only fifty five mile per hour, but it was all a steady flow. Nowhere I seen shelter or a stopping of cars with wanting to stand still, but pain will be after the striking of me. The dodging and ducking of my life I always

did, but many days have come, which giving up would be much easier and it will all be over. Fighting for the love of a lucky star is what remains in me and you are why I travel on that busy highway with great traffic, which I shall not stop until the catching you.

LUCKY STAR [7]

With being so happy I clack my heels as Dorothy because I am going home, but not alone once more. The spinning of happiness is as a spin top while pushing downward, the faster it go, but in one position. You make me feel as if the whole world revolves around only you and I.

The lucky horse shoe and the rabbit foot is only a small symbol of luck, but the feel when I think of you is that I have four horse shoes and four rabbit feet, but the animal also come with it, that's how lucky you make me feel, but

they're healthy and alive. The fortune I gain is cause of you because you are that fortune. Some may take a gamble but now I fold my cards with being so happy and don't want to take a chance at losing such a special gift, which was presented to me from heaven, my lucky star.

PAIN! [7]

Please! Please! Oh Please! Never see me as a friend; never tell anyone that you are my friend. I need not that which comes with long disappointments.

Never trust me because my trust is that which was never given to human flesh. For the realness I hate; I hate with a passion. When the knowing of me

has never been examined, how could you place me? Place me not in a vocabulary when the vocabulary you put not yourself in. Never ask of a favor, for the favor may be told by you, but with more exaggeration to make me look worse than I am already look upon. Defending myself is the first

thing for me to do, for my closed life without the dare of friendship is ruled out and I must only be honest to me and owing you nothing is all I expect, because I feel the star with the most luck shall come and that will be the only gravity for my arms to hold with great force, which will be trusting you forever.

STRENGTH OF TIGHT THREAD [7]

Hanging on to everything with the holding onto a line smaller than a thread.

That's what lies at the end of what is considered a thread, but the weight is less than a thread. Heavy as things are, the crushing only collides and mash with so much force. My world fell as the string broke and behind that, all the

planets alone with the stars dropped because I need not one, for they all work with each other. I stand in the midst of a field, which only shows two, which is day and night with no in between. I see bright shinny days and dark

deep nights with no mediator. I clapped my hands once, I clapped my hand twice, but the third time I refused to do so because long as I have a thought of it happening as planed it will never stop hanging no matter what the weight is because the strength grows as the thread tightens.

THREE SENSES LOST [7]

Ohhhhh, your so kind as you pretend to be, ohhhhh you're the daffodil that hang upon the wall. Well mistaken have you been taken? I look at the earth beneath my shoe, for the dirt and bubble gum to get a better recognition as the thirst hit your body. Water I shall not give, but tobacco juice is what I shall

encourage to quench your thirst. I enjoy the eyes of dirt with the teeth of paste, which was burned by the sun. The talk I enjoy which you do of me. While listen to you I build my bridge much longer. So, reach not for my hand because the cutting them off I did of myself. Look not for me because the

plucking out of my eyes I did, so that my seeing will not happen, for the hearing have departed also. Happiness come as I torture myself, but the subtracting of three senses make me more than happy because the fakeness I deal with is no more.

AGAIN [7]

Touch me not, but hold my blueness of the gold. Do you remember my voice,
for course you do, the sound of sweet water as it flow up hill is

calmer, for the splashing doesn't occur. The waving of your hand, but not
literally it just relaxed my mind and makes me a flat line. Some of the things

that happen I hate, but the stone will sit on my hand forever. My mouth as the
wind blew it open was lost for words, but with my eyes I could see the wind
as it walk with white clouds that carry such lightweight.

INSIDE WAR [7]

I miss myself, but the looking I shall do until the joining comes back. The more I search the harder it get because my face is as a straight line, but the universe can't stop me as the counting remain while looking. Being happy is the ultimate dream with smiles and cries, but having g nothing to smile or cry

about is less hurt, so at times the straight line may be best.

Slammed against the wall with a magnetic force that can't be seen, but the wonder is, how could that be? For I am my own shoulder and war only

awaits me, the war I must fight each and everyday, which is on a mental base with my red tank. Weapons I have, but the usage I shall not do, for the enemy is behind me and eyes only shine forward as my leader help to find and see, until it come again.

CLEAR ICE [7]

Skating across your face without a line, eyes of water from above as frozen ice, without the snowy look while the face look down. Your smile looks up, but the surface as a reigning queen. A generation you are, with all painting of twice a decade and many more to follow. Those frozen blues, with light

water flow upon the top, which only pull the imagination to the top part of the soul, which you have. Energy of youth looks of a teenager, wisdom of the gods and goddess, but emotions that need cultivation. I only ask the paintings that are

seen not of your eyes, but your entire self that can't be seen. So, please paint that portrait, which is a masterpiece, because it's in your face and only your eyes have it. Paint with the closing of your sight and you see that what have been missed for many years. For your skating eyes have been missed by me.

THE REAL MEDIATOR [7]

I am so terrified when time is there, for the mind have nothing to stop it. Waving my rights of the sorriness that I feel for me, pure is not I because of so many stains that fading is as coca butter, which helps it to disappear, but will always know where the true stain is. Stopping the damage which is to late

because it find its way back. Losing my sanity sometime I feel is going on, but many tell me the knowledge is to soon for my gain. The runnings of years, sitting while being torn to small pieces, which can't be placed back together as it once were. Pushing and pulling at the same time. One for

better and the other for best, but between the two sit a mediator. The wanting of what I need is in my hand, but the closing can't happen at this moment and when it does the wind will stand as the rays of a diamond, which will lift myself from being terrified forever.

MY EYES ARE OPEN [7]

My goal was never taken to mind, for life was not real as I was a child. Days only come, but many nights I didn't miss because seeing each and everyday was all I could never want to see fade. Closing my eyes was so hurtful; I

didn't want to miss anything. Seeing the birds sleep in the night while the owl visit the darkness as if it was day to the birds. Sometime alone with

many, I can't break that habit with only a few hours of sleep because the missing of what I want, may one day be standing forth in my presence and by me myself being a wake; it will never escape.

SUNSHINE SMILE [7]

The sun was shining as the doorway open rehabilitated with a smile. Flowers of a view for the eyes, who know beauty, pick not the flowers, for they are mine not to share. Here I ride a two-wheeler, running free in the wind, laughter that fills my heart because catching me; many have tried, but failure

was their mission. The true game of holding with the grip of life may one day happen. Never thinking of thoughts that I would have a second chance, but now is my chance to start over again. A cold rush of a cool breeze, happy you seem to be with the unexplainable smile which you can't see, but I see

the sunshine as I walked into that door of which you call the answers. Loving those flowers that caught my eyes, so smile because those flowers are apart of you and can't be removed, which only say; that which sit in my eyes come as a packaged deal with you as I see.

LIFE TIME IN A WEEK [7]

Waiting for the ice cream, the truck is on its way, saving up my pennies for that special day, five had past, but two to go and by that time I had enough money to enjoy the day.

I had a special glass with the wood in a square and pokey dots too, with three holes like eyes on your face.

The carpet was laid out, for the walking of your shoes and now it's my turn.

So, what shall I do? I am ready to be honesty; honesty as could be because the flavor I chase was only one in the stock. Joyous as I was the day as it appeared.

While walking to the truck the forgotten I did was to be careful of my heart because the coldness might cause a chill that may never go away.

My window was closed and so was my door, the locking of my house, which

I wanted, with being hurt. My door and window was nail with ten-inch nails, which was stitched so good, as if a sewing machine had mastered it, because the stitch was only millimeter apart. For if I stay inside I will not hurt because the ice cream I want, the feeling is, I am already addicted, but the lesson I learn was within a week. For the addiction is from me, that a lifetime with you happen within a seven day frame.

FALLING FREE [7]

A teardrop falls from each eye at the same time, for it fills the foundation of the creases of your face. The cheekbone is its last stop because the driving board is ready as it takes a big leap. Downward it went, the two at the same time. Sniffing you did with one hand open, but the other in a fist. Before the

tears hit the floor a golf club you didn't see were three. The ten irons is strong, but the eight did just fine. Tears that fall so wet with memories of the steel, upward they were, knocked with the invisible club. One at a time went

back, which closed your hand, the one in a open position shall cast a brick, which the water of my tears formed, solid as the feet which my foundation will stop the creases. For the dripping of my tears will be no more because my well have run dry.

HAPPILY RUNNING, BUT SAD [7]

Running away was all I could do, but until the meet of a person from the same as I was and to that what I was running to, which was the cause of a good reason to run while holding hands while going the same direction. We must

look down; for the construction will float to each other because of the missing such passion may have an affect on us, which can't, be stopped. The location of what we two have searched so dear and long for, seem to never wanting to appear on its own. For there are no changes when around you. While

together the world has landed in my hands, but only I see it and the disappearance that come also. The running will never stop because it is an enjoyable moment that helps me through my days.

PLEASED TO KEEP YOU [7]

Splitting of the sky, for the looking at me being last. The reaching down to pull me up had to happen, happy I wasn't, for there is something left behind and without that nothing mean anything; no matter where I am or where I am going.

Half way on my mission, I made the turning around. I reached and grabbed you, so that togetherness will be with you, just as pure as fresh snow while the cold purify its surroundings and wash a way bacteria and germs. Yes, that pureness is what will keep my energy reaching for the most pleasing

words for you, but as of now I haven't reached that point of written that, which will make the flying of yourself as an eagle that is coming in for a landing and I am your port, because the leaving without you will never come to that.

WHERE DID I COME TODAY [7]

Going, going, going, gone with the drawing of a reverse stage. Block the lower half of my body as the reaching over a sink, but the top part of my body could only reach so far.

The fading and letting go of many things I have been holding. Letting loose is not my dream, but many are trying to turn a beautiful site to a nightmare.

With foolishness of those who have nothing and or looking forward to nothing. What have I done with harm to you, putting myself in that of you, which is not mine, what have I done; Many wrongs or have I done no wrongs.

Private is my way of life and happiness was what I had until the many was not happy, with the smiles which was missing. Now, the only words

that come to mind is lonely, scared, tearful, but most of all confused with a word that many people hate to hear is; why? The going back to where I was is a journey that only three could travel while going on a one-person trip, but we three will travel together, which will be only one. I will miss that what I had by a very special choice, but my eye will shine, for the gold trim blue waters are always there.

IT WILL LEVEL OFF [7]

Ready for that which comes to me any way. Unbalanced I feel with these happy thoughts, but the stopping point want let it carry on. That opportunity is falling fast and furiously for the connection to happen and when it does I'm sure the time of remembrance will be as I can already

see. The sweetness of you is seen in the sky and each closing of my eyes, but the closing of myself must be awakened.

With covering those grounds as the memory of you saves many hurtful feelings of mine, but whenever things get to low, the replenishing of you for

some reason make my hands feel the touch of a recharge, that give me that special energy being left by you only. It only wet my appetite until I see those beautiful never forgetful eyes again, while walking to such a never ending journey, but when it happen my unbalance will equal to a total sum.

TALKING QUIETNESS [7]

Do you want to hear the most pleasant sound that only you could hear, even when there is more noise than quiet itself? Things can happen because from yourself you have never been told. The mind is stronger than odor to the nose, which hate that of an unusual smell. Sit yourself in a relaxing position;

relax close those lights, which sit upon your face. Clearing the mind, which was giving to you and was program to never over heat from stress. Present that which makes everything leave and the sound you hear is nothing,

but your mind can read as if the hearing is with your mind and the sound is so loud, but clear as a ninety-degree day. My diamond I can read, hear and smell all the sweetness, which my mind helped me with grand compassion while listen to a quiet sound.

MY HERO [7]

My hero you are and always will be, I look upon you as that, for there come no end to the start, which without you it could never had happen. Gifts that was never received by me.

I ask you, how could I open that what have arrived to me not, but the opening

of a gift, which you gave me. It only made life more confession after being my own secretly, but now; given my security to you as your lips kissed my closed hand, which made it open so slowly as it shake from such closure. For the years of the past was not my future. With you opening my hand and many things

with no answers was answered by the look as you looked into my lonely eyes, which many thoughts was happy, but fooling you was so impossible, for my heart can't lie. Through me as my hero, place my hand upon a blue river with untouched sand, which I can't forget as I hold sand, which stands in my fingers.

THINGS YOU MAKE ME HEAR [7]

All those small things, which are paid no attention, are the most grandest treasure in any chest, whether it's closed or open. As the most pleasant feet walk in my mind, they need no shoes. For there is no thorns upon my ground.

Holding my hand walking through that, which was a new start, was

granted to you and I. Many birds of different genes was communicating with the sound of voices that was unbelievable, the sounds were if they were talking to us, but the understanding we did of each bred. Color Coordinated

of many shades, eyes of no fear of the two of us, but all they wanted was for the two who was so inseparable to always stay together because the happy cries and joy of many birds, speak so plainly as if it was magic to my soul and all this is the cause of you.

REJECT [7]

Days of peace, when free of people as a short term sacrifice with my pocket of lint. Replenishing my strength, for the next day shall come because conquering you is never by itself.

The fertilizer, which I crop myself, is in the storage to my left as the last

signal to my right was made. There walks evil, which crosses my path. The bubbling word, which was here, again is rejected for the day. My anger came from the heel, which straightens my posture, the sparkle in both eyes came to me as I gave to you, when evil came back. I stood my ground with a stare as

a winter night while ice cover the snow as the road way itself, but the biting of my tongue hurt so dearly until the clashing of my eyes, which flashed the dream to me and cause the nightmare to vanish. Reject I may be now that my future is on its way.

QUIET WIND [7]

I include to my everything you who stand so perfect at being the light that shines not from distance in an upward position, but a lateral form. For your height is high enough until the catching of you would not be painful, but would be such a precise catch for my arms. Even being breaded has

already happen and those marks that we both see are the signs of a gentle storm, which destroy all the wrong around us, but never will those winds destroy such a well developed classic surrounding, which there was none left, but you and I. That perfection came when the stepping outside of our self

was done and only you and I was the only two chosen to do so, because the joining that was there before hand will help those who are looking. Each bonding will be perfect, for precise is how you two are and everything is you two as one, like an angel of one with two together.

MY CHILD, MY CHILD [7]

I understand the feeling of a child with a reverse picture, which makes an understanding for themselves difficult as life invade them. Time of only wanting better things seen impossible because the world in which they live tend to focus on their right and that is leaving thing alone, which doesn't concern them. My child my child for greatness follow you, my child my

child, the father figure that shall come and will be in your life forever. For the dad is a dad, but the love of that who you trust with birth will be with that who was send to restore the hope, joy, love and greatness of a child, whose name is in danger of themselves. Difficult times shall fade within the

heart and mind of a child who hurt from birth until the restoration of the one who was send to watch over the light that follow. With height within the sky, which can't be touched by hands, for the soul of all will be touched in different ways, but the true love was there before the time of the two as the sharing of fruit and the pas, which was already known.

BONDING YOU CANT SEE [7]

What have I done to receive so much Torture of within? I am so scared of that which can't be seen by others, for I will not let the invasion happen because my inter being have a stopping point of not trusting anyone but one! Realistic it may not be to you, but the reallizium is far much truer! Afraid of

the looking into a rear mirror as if that which is behind me will some way hurt me. The fictional world of mine is true. I only say, if you could see my world that I carry from day to day and the world that carry me from day to day and that which come with it, the checking in for a long term reservation you yourself would be trying to make. It itself is a hard, hard, very hard

challenge, not that of my world but that of the world I live. With all the pain comes much beauty when looking at the true reason of why torture from something, which you were never the cause, but the true cause is and will be a special bonding as it is heaven sent to be.

THE MAGIC WILL BE BACK [7]

Oh, the missing is so much, your all that crosses my face, the walking in hot Cole doesn't burn because of such a lost that took all the feelings and that which remain is happy times that only my angel and I see.

I miss sharing the water, alone

with sweet packs of twist, which make a frown cross your face as if you have sucked a lemon. Missing the chariot that lean to the left as I look up in the thirty-degree angle is so painful, that words can't explain. The missing of

a lot which I have to share and now is not the time. But the missing is that what cause my reaching for more and it will be as it was before we were separated. Now we need to find each other to be the example to the world, so that the world would be as the heavens are.

TEN FINGERS ON ONE HAND [7]

One day the complication will be over and I will have finished. Two places at the same time, the happen of that is my accurance. Without the act of hearing, seeing or feeling nothing, but you only take the blame of that which you never knew of. There come many blames that the clearing of your name is

more important to others then yourself, but to you, its only dust that settle upon ones shoulder after plowing a thirty acre field in seven hour without rest or water. It's just a struggle, but after going through it so long, it's like a thing of nature and adoption comes to be so easy. The separation of

yourself, which is mentally, but two people with help of a yellow rose that I can't touch, which is a part of my completion and I don't have to blame me. For the dust upon my shoulder your hand helps me to brush the dirt off and only your hand is the completion of me!

A DAY WITHOUT A PLAN [7]

I can only walk with empty thoughts, which one time was full, but still overflows until the filling is from the bottom which only tightness with such compressed thoughts in the middle and it want run away. You may think I'm off in one way, but the way I'm off is with passion and sacrifices of my

own. It ran over, the catching of what I hold just burst and they're nothing, which could be done by me. I fill only a thimble with a gallon, which dropped inside. It was like an extra wet towel with the dripping of

water and all of a sudden the wetness hit the ground and it stopped immediately with the dryness, as if the wind and sunshine was there with high temperature and strong winds, which lift my tears from a fall. For the hiding I have done is part of my make over with empty thoughts which is so full.

MAKING A CHOICE [7]

Noise itself can't stop the thoughts that ground the sound away, which continues to follow my heels. Life I didn't ask of you, but the choice was of your own. There were and came dissension, which became a fight to carry

the next day. The struggle of life is sometime the hardest struggle because the reminding to yourself of what makes the next day worth your while. Before the arising from the bed to the floor, there come first the doubt of, why must it be a reason with the removing the body of mine from the

comfort of, being with myself in deep thoughts. There come many times the wrong answer, but the will of you help me to listen to the right things to do.

For the days that come without you, I will be with out me.

MY FRESH MORNING DAY [7]

With loving so much about you until the every time I see that, which is your style, it only make the mistiness unwrap that, which you were the cause of opening. The getting over a bird that fly the height for only your hands to touch is almost impossible because of the fear that was put inside the bird.

With being so special of a unusual color and a smile that is more of a morning breeze with early morning sunshine to dry a floor after grandmother just finished mopping. With the additive of a little pine sole which makes

everything just perfect as you are. For there are so many great things, which are in you that a lifetime would not be enough to finish the main course of your beauty. There shall be no last memory of you because each day is a beginning of a start that has no end.

A RARE STAR [7]

The rarest thing of sharing is that of yourself. When the opening of a hole while in mid air and the touching the heart of one out a million is a achievement because the true seriousness come with the truth of the one whom heart measurement cant be rejected of so much love to share. But fear the

things that others have no idea of how to accept. Only a certain star which sit in my corner have that exact rareness and only that star shared that brightness with the sky and will always know the importance of their life. Which is shared with me and the six points will always be joined no matter how it is turned; it will always join in a correct way and the difference can be seen

by the billions that wasn't joined. You and I are two, but the consideration is that we are that brightest star with a double shine as the meet of every time with the bonding that causes the glow to shine, while the world view the happiness as it is and was from heaven, that was before then and back to now as it was.

WE MADE IT [7]

The carry of me, of the time, which I could have been dismissed. It could have been accidental or intentional by premeditation. Time was the hardest with a change of life. Putting away the things you like and cheating yourself to get what you want. Misery you felt because of a simple nine, which years

in your mind. My head only split with other pain that come and medication was a no because it must grandly leave on its own, with a hope that the accerance doesn't happen again. I know the torture was rough and I can't

feel the pain, but I owe it all to you who kept me so safe.

The claim I am yours. From day to day and most of all day one of my existence and now the claim is far me to do to you because the existence of me would not have been if not for you.

PUT DOWNS CAN HELP [7]

I only ask myself time, after time, after time; why such bitterness follows, is it the cause of me not leaching out with vengeance or could it be that many want to know how a clock runs in a reverse formation. So, with the patience I

I practice, would that be a why to others. With prejudice, a person is set by anything there is to blame, for it is theirs and a defense will never over rule. I shall always remember a snake never moves in a straight line and the

moving is always side-to-side, but never backwards. If being bitter by swiftness of evil, just smile because you walk the way the snake doesn't crawl.

THE MEMORY IS TO COME [7]

Many times I want to shout at the world in board daylight, at the top of my voice, but I can't. So, in the mean time I shall hide behind the red barrel, while pitch-blackness is that of the world, but only will I whisper, so only you would be able to hear the gentle ringing in your right ear as the softness

of sweet bells play. Which is I, who is your subconscious mind with only great memories of then and what is to come. For the unrighteous is the way that make thee survive. Always have I expressed the mind and the frowning

was never of you for a conclusion. The fear is at it's most, which more will follow. There standing with many cuts from ear to ear while never knowing how complete the stand is, being as you are; the full world itself, but blindness is never that of me.

OPEN WITH A KISS [7]

Can you feel, but not with your hand, can you see, but not with your eyes. If the lives you live seem to be grand; I'm sure it is. If the food you eat is tasty, let your hunger be fulfilled. If the looking into a person you think you did, but you didn't, but it was only a simple stare. Putting things behind you and glaring

into the truth of a person, which is the eyes, for I can always say, the eyes speak while the touching is never necessary. After mastering the hourglass with the count of each grain of sand and the sureness you don't know, will be fulfill as the sight of vision grows. The life itself would be true feelings,

which was never asked by you and the touch of a hand is never needed. The warmth of hands is the cure of hunger, which you was not seeking for, but only was it to you as special is the giver who was waiting until the right time, which is like a kiss behind a flat tree.

BEAUTY SHALL LIGHT OUR CANDLE [7]

The bird that I see with such height in the air, while the glide so still without a flaw, but many days I see those beautiful creatures flapping their wings, but always traveling backwards and their destination is only a float.

While flapping against the wind and trying to maintain their course, but lightly the wings are as the traveling is backwards.

With the forward flow, the dropping seem to occur, for there is a pull downward, which many times a try is to stop their destination.

I must go in the opposite form because to me, the finish point is where I started.

Fourteen points was a flame with the adding of a candle.

The birds of height have fallen

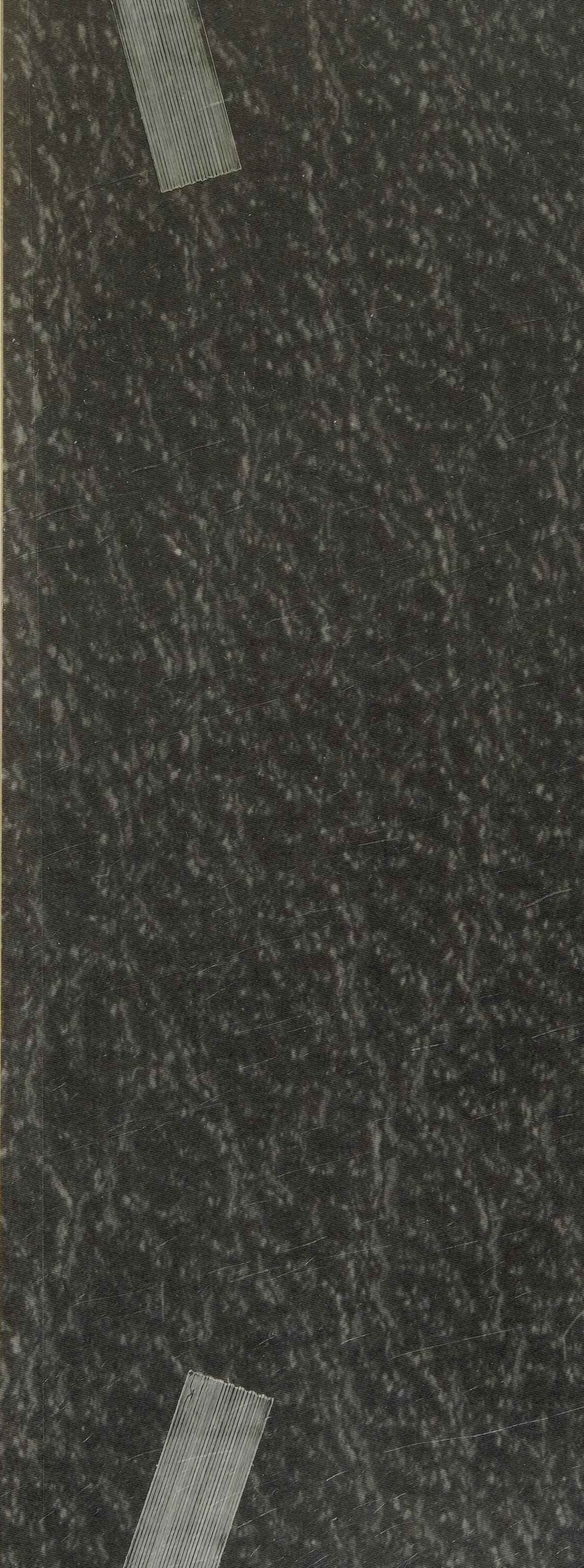
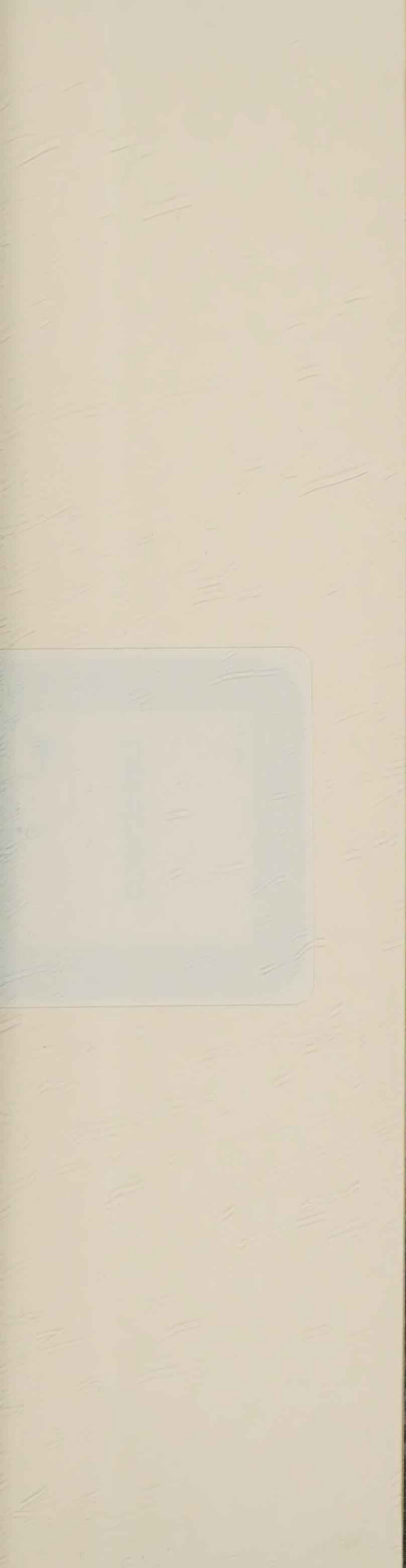
away and went astray, but the one with strong wings while beauty is that of the sun, which is the only distinct creature that floats us through. The reach through with a fight of that who we don't see, but winning is being there as the backwards we travel. My one destiny is ageless with beauty and fallen shall never happen because the top is you who will light the candle.

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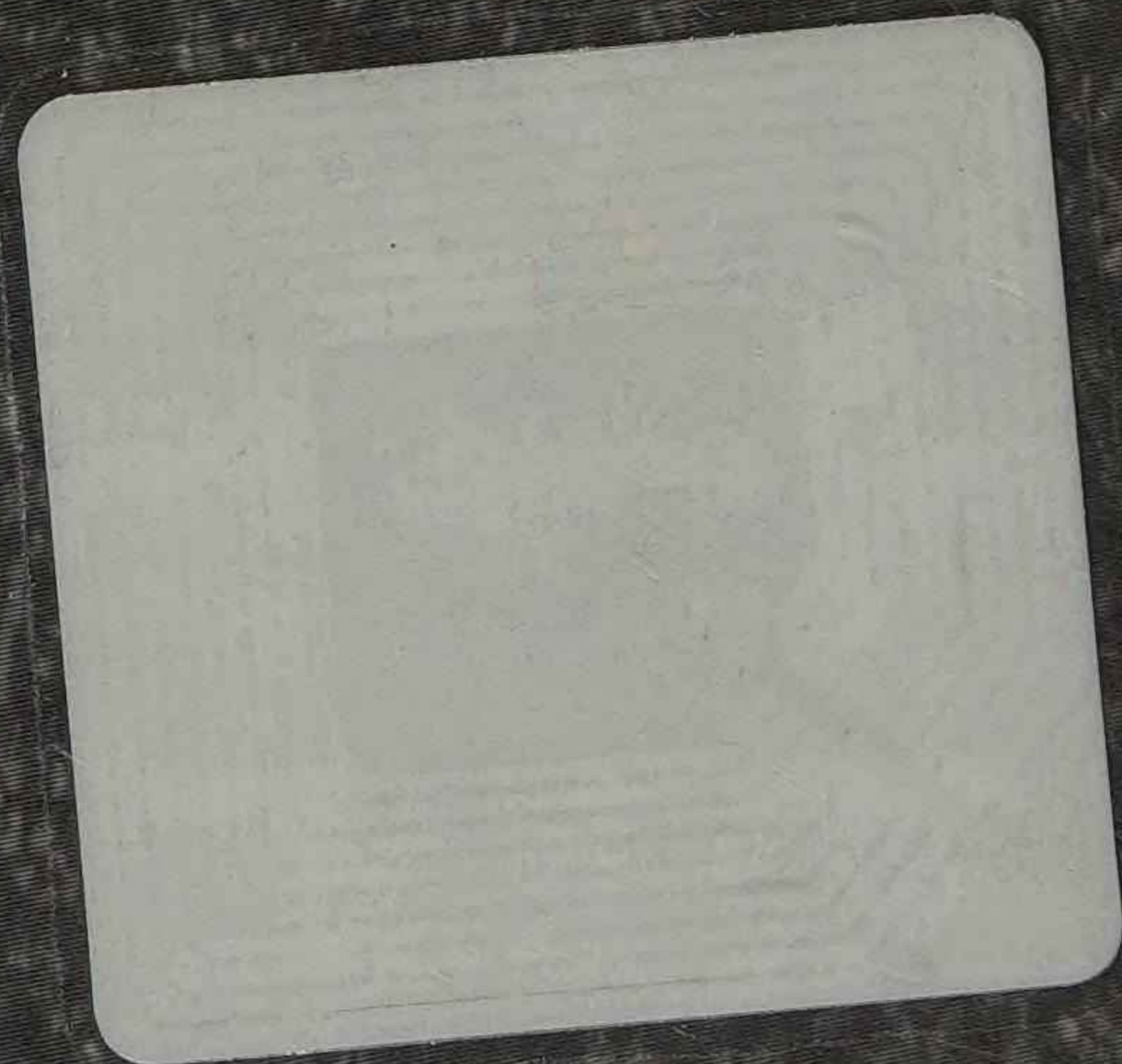


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You peek through the curtain, but closed it so slowly, you looked through the cracks of the door, but you closed the cracks so you could not see. The pot of gold that touched your heart, the cover you closed the top, but the day did come as it was reviled to you that it was already there, which were you. Sometime things may seem to be for fetch to believe, but you must believe in that which was already there, for the truth is yours and the happiness is sealing that which is your gift and was already part of you



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