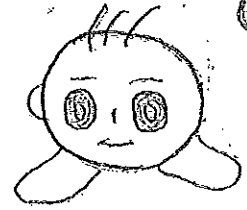


SEEING Reality Through Fantasy



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Jorgen Geleplay. I was born on December 21, 1987, in Monrovia, Liberia (West Africa). I hope that my writing inspires, educates and entertains you, and encourages you to enter the arena of poetry writing. As common as it may look, it can change a person's life. A special thanks to Dr. Claudia Schulte who made it possible for me to become a writer. A special thanks also to Mrs. Sharon Breslow, who by her effort has enabled me to be who I am. I give thanks to Ms. Sheth, Ms. Joanna Rossi, Mr. Exarhoulakos, and to Mrs. Keja for giving me the support and hope to do what I did. Thanks to you all, and may God bless you all.

ABOUT THIS BOOK

The title, *Seeing Reality Through Fantasy*, is a brief explanation of what this book contains. I was always a student who never liked writing or reading. But in line with how I view this world, I felt like I had something to say: there is a message that needs to be sent out. I sure don't have a thousand mouths, and my voice is not loud enough to speak. So I decided to overcome my fears about writing. I write not only to entertain, but to also send out messages hoping that someone out there is listening. This is how this book was born.

ABOUT POETRY

Compared to movies and music, poetry is similar; it sends out messages, educates, and entertains. But there is one major problem: poetry is not taken seriously as compared to movies and music. My wish is that poetry be treated as equal to music and movies. Even though poetry writers are not popular and hardly ever talked about, they still write – not for reward or anything, but to educate people about the true meaning of this world. I'm Jorgen Geleplay and I thank you for reading about poetry. God bless you all.

The cover and all illustrations are by the author.

FOREWORD

All you need to know about Jorgen Geleplay is in these poems – his struggles with hardship and darkness, his triumphant faith, the sensitivity of a gentle heart, a talent for observation, wry humor, and an unbounded delight in the written word.

It may also interest you that when Jorgen started school in the U.S. in 2004, he had had no previous schooling beyond kindergarten. Though he graduated in the standard four years, he had neither interest nor skill in reading or writing when he entered John Bartram High School in Philadelphia as a ninth-grade student – in fact, he could barely put a sentence together. Just the process of adapting to a structured school environment was a major challenge.

A little exposure to poetry was just what this sharp, fertile mind was looking for. The adventurer in him, the artist, the spiritual explorer, the dreamer, the wondering adolescent, the critic – all grabbed hold of the basic tools with a vengeance, using them to delve into exciting new territory. As his teacher in intermediate ESOL and Bartram's poetry course, I had the incredible privilege of watching it all happen. To his great credit, revision was one of the tools Jorgen worked at: the poems needed little editing beyond spelling, a few grammatical points, and occasional suggestions for minor changes in wording.

Also astounding to witness was the sheer range of mental, emotional, and spiritual territory covered in this unique artistic pilgrimage – from the darkness of “Bloody Road”, to the victorious spirit of “Below and Above, Nature Calls” and “Innocent Star,” to the touching tributes to the art of poetry itself.

Share Jorgen's magical adventure with him. And then, please make his fondest wishes come true by catching the poetry bug yourself if you haven't already! We all look forward to Jorgen's further unfolding – and your own. Feel free to contact me for suggestions and materials.

Claudia Gellert Schulte, Ed.D.
June 2008

ncs.786@gmail.com

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POETIC GENERATION

The poem is my mother.
Haiku is my father.
All these metaphors,
personification,
and similes are part of my
memories. I'm the son of
Cinquain and the father of
Quatrain. The couplet and limerick
are a gift from me to you.
I'm the song you sing and the
journal you write.
I'm the sensory imagery you
find in your mind.

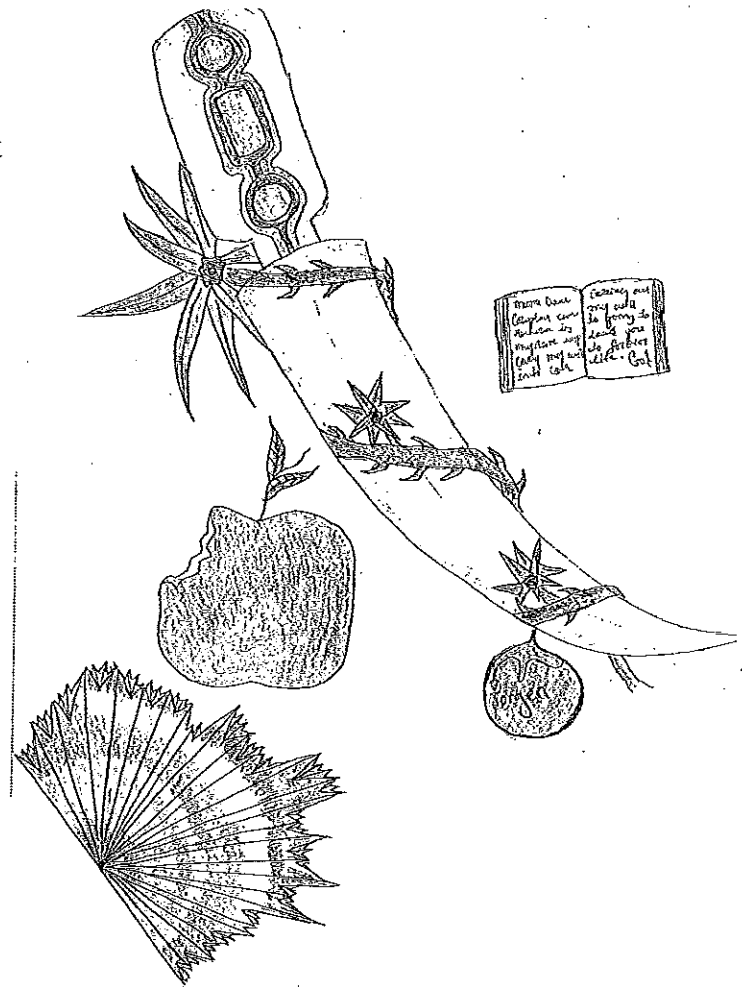
JUST TO SAY

(with thanks to
William Carlos Williams)

This is just to say
I have taken your girl
to a movie theater this
cool rainy night.

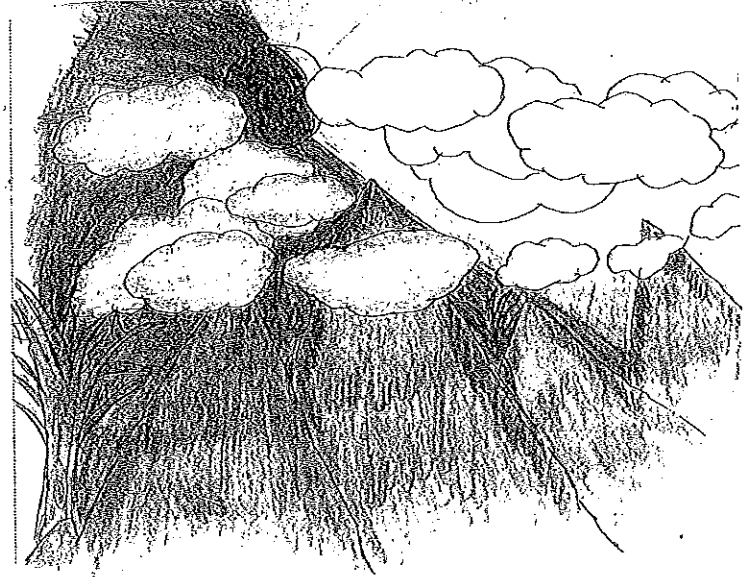
I'm sorry to say it, but
we are having fun tonight.
I just like her juicy lips
and her big front. Her eyes
are looking at me.

Guess tonight is just going to
be a cold night for you
and a warm night for me.



BELOW AND ABOVE, NATURE CALLS

I'm a rock, I'm a battle shield
on the battle field. The strongest
weapon used by the Almighty;
where there is love, where there are
flowers, where there is peace, and
where there is beauty, there is me.
I am a tool being used to create
inner peace. I am the water, I am the
air, I am the Earth. Where there is
God, where there are angels, and
where there is light, there is me.
Roses and light, peace in sight, fish
and water, worm and dirt, bird and
sky, man and earth. Where there are
people, where there are animals,
and where there is nature, there
you see me.



AMBIVALENCE

(poem from a sense list)

I was sitting alone waiting for the sun to set.
Waiting for Grandpop and the smell of meat again.
I never liked the smell of fresh meat,
and never liked the smoke that puffed
out of Grandpop's mouth.

Whenever I entered my Grandpop's house,
my eyes never moved off the wall.
All I saw were animals' heads, teeth, and hides.
Grandpop's hunting was like boiled water on my skin.
I loved Grandpop but hated his killing animals.
Grandpop's rug felt like a kitty that was just born,
and smelled like a twelve-year-old billy goat.

Grandpop's house: the love, the sickness.

BLOODY ROAD

Lonely road, full of blood.
Lightning shooting from across the sky.
Coyote howling from the top
of the mountain. Raven whistles and
cries. "Turn back," I hear. Yet I walk on
down the bloody road. Fear fills my head
as I gallop through the bloody water.

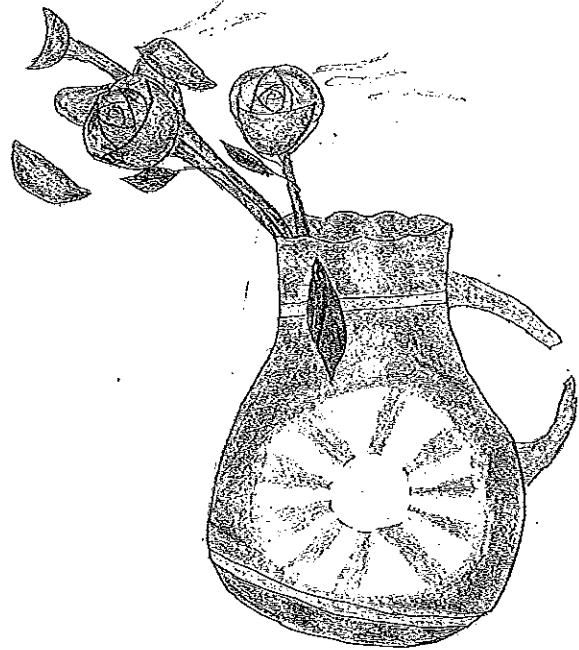
I look back at a sad little girl
dressed in a blood white gown.
My head is rising; my pupils open wider
and wider and wider. My body shudders
with fear; still I pierce through the bloody
road. I twist and turn; my sweat turns into
blood, my hands turn filthy, blood begins
to flash from my nails like water flashing
from a faucet. Blood flows from my
nose like a little stream of water running
down from a mountain. The road
keeps getting bloodier and bloodier.

A slow, beautiful song
arises from nowhere. Help me, I plead,
but the song keeps getting louder and louder,
no longer beautiful. The horror never stops.
Darkness begins to feed on my living body.



TO MY MOTHER

One whose skin is light
like the morning glory.
One whose skin is bright
like the sun's light. To you
that gave me life and courage
to pierce through darkness
and reach daylight, blessed be
thy name, may your days
be numerous in the land
of your fathers and mothers.
To you who gave birth to me,
may your name be praised.



BATTLE HEART

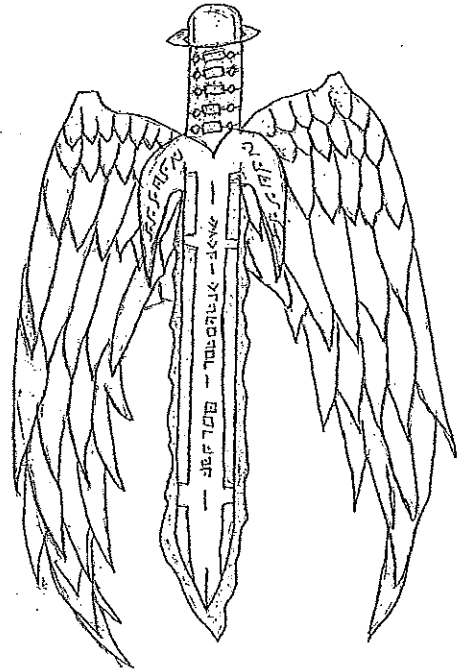
The rain fell heavily, and so did I.
The rain never quit; neither did I.
Quitting was not an option, nor was
turning back from where I came. Though
my name was forgotten and never spoken of,
for the sake of what was right
it didn't matter if I stood alone.

Time went by. The taste of love had soon
disappeared, and so had my childhood
memories. The world had started to look upon
me with hatred. This was a new beginning
of a lonely life, when life itself became
my worst enemy. The world now became
the ultimate weapon, and life itself was
used as a shield against me. Love came
closer but never reached me; happiness was
nowhere to be found. Sadness and sorrow
soon became my only friends. The smell of
war and hatred floated around my nose,
for the real war had just begun.

LIKE TONY MONTANA

When all you think about is money, power and respect (MPR), then you are no step away from Tony Montana. If your eyes blaze with fire, and you have ears that only listen to money talk, and a mouth that speaks thousands of insults a day, then you are like Tony Montana.

If you have no fear in you, and speak your mind in public knowing they're against you, then you are really Tony Montana. When you're brave and willing to put your life on the line for your money or for what is important to you, then you must be Tony Montana. Fearlessness, outspokenness, determination, all part of you, make you TONY MONTANA.



GREEDY DESIRE

Where there is money, and food,
there you can find them. Where there
is gambling and partying all night
you will always see them. Where there
are riches and power they are there.
Where there is enjoyment 24-7, there
you see them. Where there is loud music, and
naked people dancing, there you can find them.
Where there is magic being performed,
you can find them there. Where there's a big
fight, there you can see them jumping
up and down, saying "Fight! Fight! Fight!"
Where there is darkness, they are there.

DREAM OF ALL DREAMS

This is my Dream, brothers and sisters.
This is a dream that I had for us.
A dream that the human race will become
one. A dream that all nations, and all
tribes, will unite as a family.
A dream of how God, the mighty one,
wants us to be in his sight. A dream
of one people, one love, and one nation.

I had a dream that we will all be together
in a peaceful place -- the good, the bad,
the lazy, the strong, the poor, the rich,
the young, the old, the righteous
and the unrighteous. I had a dream
that Martin Luther King, Jr. was the
King of Dreams, Ms. Oni Lansana was
the Queen of Dreams, Ms. Claudia Schulte
was the Mother of Dreams; and I,
Jorgen Juty Geleplay, sat on the throne
as the Prince of All Dreams. I had a dream,
and in my dream I had another dream,
and another one, and another one.



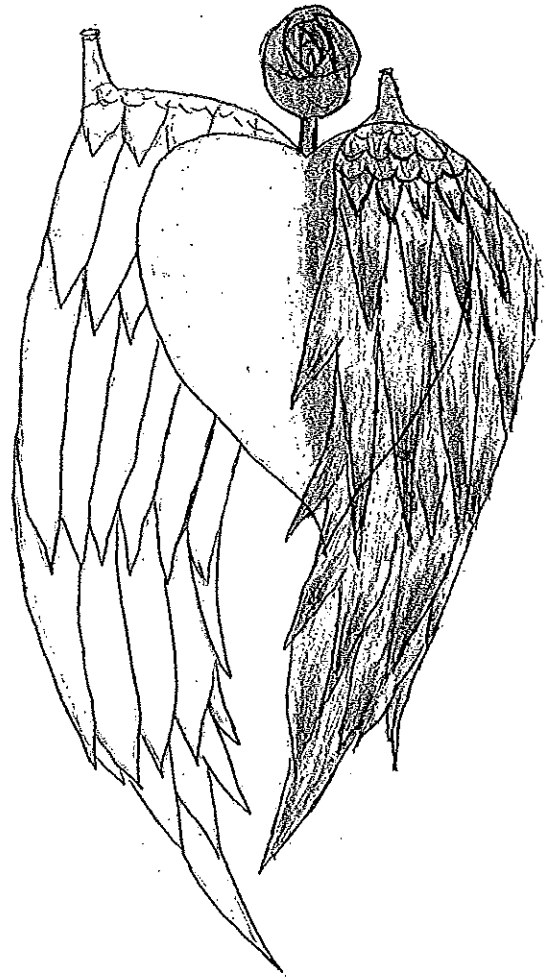
GOOD-BYE MESSAGE

I forbid thee to cry. All that's left to do now
is sweeping away my cinders and
blazing my worldly and ungodly material
that's kept me away from the Light.
As for now, I've got a great price to pay
in this ghostly world. Let my body be burned
so the smoke can be given as a token
for my wrongdoing. I forbid thee to cry,
for your tears will only wet the soil and be
evaporated, as the blazing yellowish circle
from above blazes on it.

As I stand in this unlighted world, waiting
for my court date, I beg of thee to pray
for my soul, so the judge may be merciful
to me. My last request now is simple.
It's better now to dance in cinders and dust
than rubies and gold,
for all their value is limited

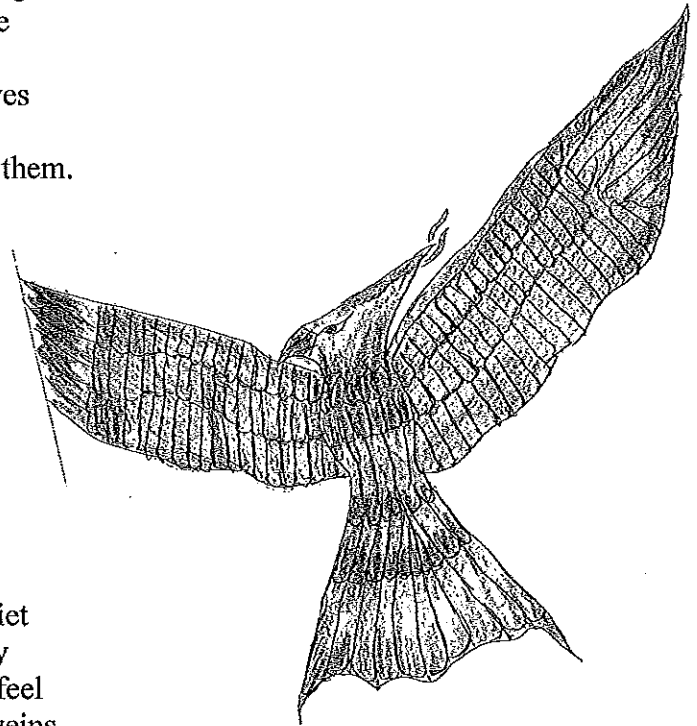
GOD AND LIGHT

Slowly they watch me fall.
Slowly into the air I diminish.
Family and friends are now
enemies. Day by day I ask myself,
Where is the Love? Where is the Love?
Only thing I keep in mind is
there is God, there is Light, and
God sees all. Loved ones have turned
away slowly and slowly I fall.
Where is the passion, where is the
family, where are the friends and
where is Love? All that runs through
my head is, there is God, there is Light,
and God sees all. Even turning to
the dust from which I came, I will
still sing praises. There is God, there is
Light, there is God and he sees all.



JOB OF A POET

They write only to send out Messages,
hoping wise ones in this world are
listening. They write to bring light to the
stars, with all they write for the sake
of goodness and Love. They are messengers
giving to mankind even though they are
never noticed, and hardly talked about.
Through it all they still write. Their lives
depend on their pencil, and their spirits
and hearts depend on the one who sent them.
A poet lives for others.



RAVENS

It was 7:00 p.m. that evening sitting on
my stairs, watching that day go by like
a fisherman sitting in his lonely boat,
watching the fish pass by. It was so quiet
that the only sound I could hear was my
heart beating. I sat so still that I could feel
my blood running up and down in my veins.
For a minute I never felt my body. Then
I heard a whistle. I kept still and only
moved my eyes around but saw nothing.

Then there was a double whistle instead of
one. Louder and louder they started getting.
I looked up and saw a thousand ravens in
the sky, flying down with heavy speed like
a bunch of racing cars. They had huge wings
and sharp claws, with red eyes. I was about
to scream, but my voice disappeared into
the clear air. Just when they were about to
bomb into me, I woke up, safe in my bed.

INNOCENT STAR

An innocent star that has not yet found its destiny. An innocent star that has been abandoned by the moon and the sun. An innocent star that wanders in the dark giving light to the dim stars. I know I have been shining a lot. That's the reason why the envious and jealous stars hate me so. I was, I am and I will always be an innocent star. One day the moon and the sun will bow, coyote will howl, dogs will bark, stars will spark before me. I know I've been shining a lot. I will be back not with fire, nor with sword, but with roses and light. Not to punish or go to war, but to bring light to the stars of all. You know I have been shining a lot.



JOURNEY TO YOUR HOME

Get on my back, let me fly you home. The road is long and so is the night. But don't worry, little one; I will be your eyes and ears. Get on my back, let me fly you to your peaceful ground where your fathers and mothers were all buried. The night is cold and the wind is angry, but don't worry, little one; I will be your shield and your comforter. Let's fly to your homeland so you can find peace again.

WIND MAN

I'm the Wind Man,
fast like the wind
and moving at the speed
of light.

I'm the Sun God who
burns all his enemies before
him. I'm the flaming bird
known as Raven

My powers are
like the lightning; they
keep shooting and shaking
earth.

My skin is burning
like the morning sunrise.

PRAYING SOUL

Pull me back, take me away from this place. I don't want to enter the black gate that leads to forever flames. He is there waiting for me; he wants to feed on my living body. Be my hero, as I always believed you were. Hold my hand and pull me away from these shadows of madness and evil. Within that gate there are only angels of shadows waiting to be fed. Let me not enter the black gate of flame.

DON'T BOTHER

Don't bother loving me.
The heck with the love.
This is a cold world;
we need love from above.

Don't try kissing my lips;
first I want you feeling my hand.
When the time comes,
I'll show you a real man.

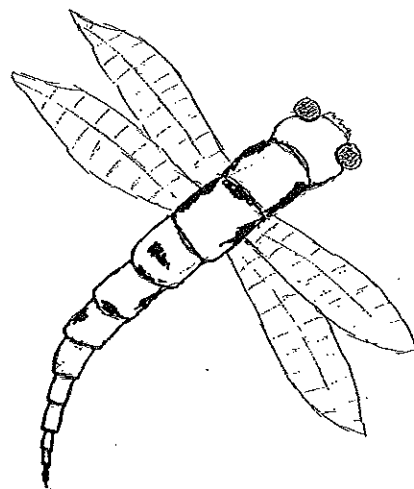
I was really feeling you,
but not today.
I saw you acting freaky. . .
so that was yesterday.

THE SONG

She sang me a song,
a very meaningful song,
a song that brought healing to
the soul. As she sang I could
see I was trapped in my own
nightmare full of gruesome,
horrible memories of my past.
Finding one way just led me to
another dead end. As she sang
I came to realize that I had
a choice in life.

I began to understand that
no matter what, we are not
alone, and we always have a
choice. The song she sang
taught me the beginning of life.
She made me understand that
a true lover loves everybody,
both good and bad, righteous
and unrighteous, poor and rich,
fat or skinny, white or black.

The song she sang released me
from my nightmare.



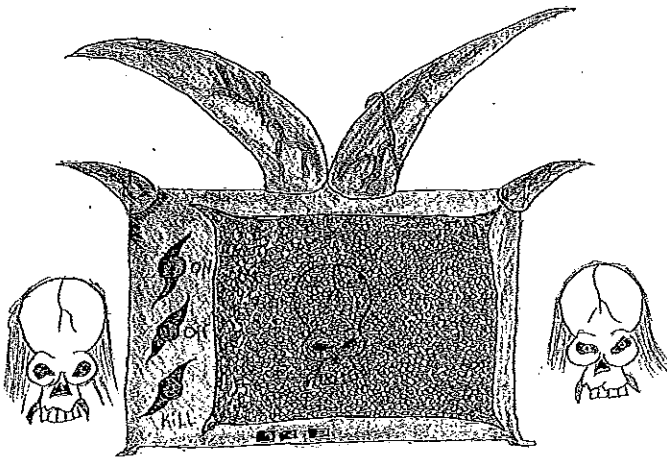
EVIL TV

I'm that ugly TV
that has only two channels.
I'm that dirty TV that can't
even play a VCR.

I'm that TV that
everybody hates. I'm
that TV that can't even
show anything clearly.

I'm that TV
that just can't do
anything. That evil TV
that kids don't even watch.

I'm that nasty, useless,
reckless, good-for-nothing TV
that shows only bad movies.



DIVINE LOVE

I'm the one everyone
needs. I'm the one who
breaks hearts and repairs them.
I'm the one you seek from the
bottom of your heart. I bring
pain and take away pain.
I create problems and solve
problems. I'm like a deep
endless hole: once you fall
into me there's no coming up.
Once I swallow you up, you
go through pain and sorrow.
I'm love, the thing that brings
sadness and happiness.

FADED ROSES

The roses you left me
are drying up. They are
falling apart every day.
They are losing their
sweet smell, and gaining
a very strong odor.

The roses you left me are
no longer red. They are losing
their color. My heart is drying
up and falling apart. You
planted me in the garden of
your heart, but you cannot
water me. You let not the
sun to shine on me. You
left me in the middle of
dead roses and flowers.

The roses you left me are
fading away.

LOVING MONKEYS

Monkeys loving,
caressing one another with
their fingers. As they
hugged one another, their
love went deeper. The
female was so sweet he
didn't want to leave her.
They were so tiny, but their
love kept getting bigger.



WHO'S THAT GIRL?

She's as tall as an orange tree.
Her hair is as long as a serpent's
tail. Her skin is as shining as
down-going sun. Earrings as wide
as a basketball ring, face wide
and smooth like a salad plate.

Who's that girl?
She walks and talks slowly as if
she never committed a sin.
Who's that girl that loves to
roll her tiny fingers through
her short silky hair?
Who's that girl who's waiting
to be called by Prince Charming?
Who's that girl that looks like
she needs to be loved?

MY HEART'S DESIRE

She's my Heart's Desire.
She's burning up with fire.
My soul's no longer tired.
This girl don't get expired.
My heart is pumping faster,
faster than a tongue-twister.
She wants me to be her brother;
I told her do not bother.
That made my heart stop jumping,
my blood no longer pumping.
Desire no longer required
and fire no longer burning.
Man, she was my heart's desire.

THE EYES OF REALITY AND TRUTH

She said when she looked into my eyes she saw light. She said when she looked into my eyes she saw no fear or hate, no happiness or sadness. She said when she looked into my eyes she saw no emotions or feeling. She said I was like a newborn baby that has no idea of what was going on in the world.

She said when she looked into my eyes she saw a young tree that kept on growing with no sunlight or water. She said when she looked into my eyes she saw a boy walking on the path of loneliness and sorrow. She said when she looked into my eyes she saw reality and truth.

SECOND GATE OF JOY

Let your friends be my friends,
and let my friends be yours too.
Love your friend, love your enemy
as you love yourself. Trust yourself,
trust your enemies, and trust your friends.
Build up your courage, love, and bravery
in order to defeat your hatred and
discrimination. Open your gates of joy
so others may enter freely.
This is known as the second gate
of joy.

ANOTHER DAY

You manage to get out of bed
and turn on your T.V. You go to the
bathroom and grab your toothpaste
as you look at your sleepy face in
the mirror, trying to see if you have
zits on your face. You have to go
to school or work but you're feeling
really tired. You want to
call your job and cut out but you
got bills to pay. You don't want to
go to school but you got a test to
take, and it's really cold outside.
You want to stay home but there's
no one to talk to and nowhere to go
'cuz all your friends are in school and
at work. You want to take a walk
but it's snowing and cold outside.
Nothing left to do but put your
head right back on the bed and
sleep. Today is just another day.

UNSEEN LOVE

She's the exact definition
of love. He's the exact opposite
to her. He stood in front of the
crowd and said, "Yes, I do,"
yet he never trusted her.
Too little time he spent with her.
Thousands of excuses
he gave her. Never had the time
to say "I love you,"
but always had lots of time
to stay up all night.
He never had the chance to
see the light within her, until
he lost her.

I AM THE MAN

I'm the man.
Say what you want and do
what you like, I still can.
I fly over cities, rivers and
trees like Peter Pan. I stand
against lethal weapons and
ruthless enemies like Superman.
I let all foes and allies see my
glory from the top of a skyscraper
like Batman.
So say what you want,
and do what you like.
I'm still the man. I live from
the beginning and will live till
the last stand. So judge me,
insult me, or kill me, but
none of your words can move
me.

PRETTY WOMAN

Her hair is as gray as a pencil's print.
Eyes blue like the deepest sea.
Her lips are red like a rose that's been
planted by the angel of beauty.
They are sweet like an apple planted
by the god of sweetness. Her kisses
take away all sickness from your body.
Her touch teleports you to the world
of honey and milk.

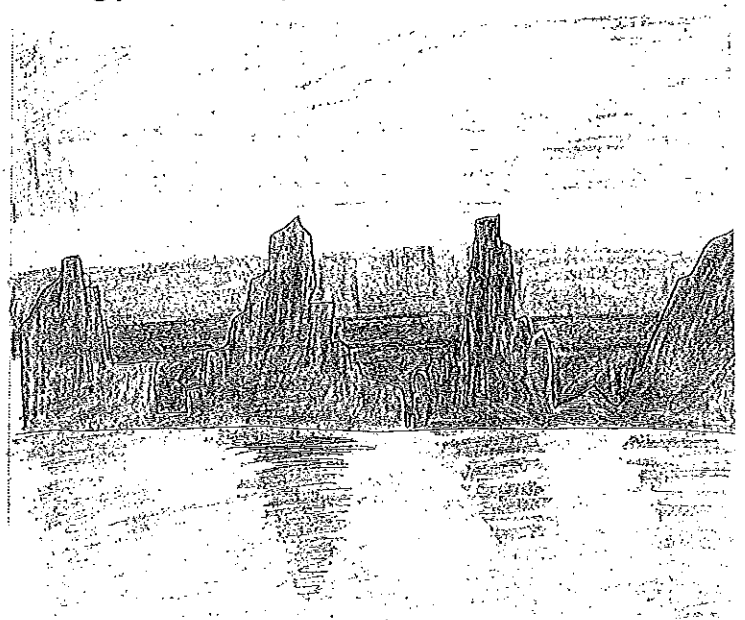
Pretty woman, her voice cleans your soul
and gives you life in infinity.
Pretty woman, how can I
be your perfect man?

NATURE

Being on the beach with
my mother and sisters is
what I call nature.
Sitting on the beach,
swimming in the cold, salty
water, with the sunlight
flashing on you, giving your skin
a golden-looking color.

Where you can feel
a delicate breeze
rubbing against your skin.
Sitting down on the sand,
making the castle of your dreams.
Watching the water go back
and forth as it washes away
your castle and footprints.

Where you see people of all
colors and creeds, swimming
together in the same sea.
Now this is what I call nature!
Seeing the birds flying in the
sky. Doing nothing but
lifting your head high.



I STILL REMEMBER

I still remember your dark curly hair, and smooth beautiful face. Ever since Mom and Dad left us you were always by my side, pain for pain and sorrow for sorrow. We were always together. Now that you've gone I have to face the world alone, and face every pain alone. I still remember your dark curly hair and the love and passion you had for me. I wish I could go back in time to save you; I wish we could trade places. But I still remember your dark curly hair and your smooth beautiful face.

FIRST GATE OF JOY

Let them think you're a millionaire. Let your smile brighten the field of darkness. Take off your ugly mask of hatred and put on a beautiful mask of love and passion. Don't let your problems defeat your courage. Keep your days happy and your nights even happier. This is known as the first gate of joy.

DANCE OF INFINITY

I'm going to a place where there's no suffering, a place where the crippled and the dead can dance to the music. I'm going to a place where people dance 24/7, a place where there's no crying or hatred. A place where there's no discrimination by color or creed. I'm going to a place where people never stop dancing.

DEADLY PREY

Unlike all other prey I hunt my predators; more like a predator I move at night. I am the kind of prey that scares its predators. I am the kind of prey that stands up and spears in the middle of the deadly predators. I am the prey that gives refuge to other prey. I'm the prey that even the lions, tigers, and wolves are afraid of. I am the kind of prey whose thirst begins at night. The prey who burns his predators to cinders. I am a deadly prey.

DREAM REAPER #1 (WHOSE FAULT?)

That boy is lying on the floor;
his white shirt is now bloody
red. Whose fault is it? Is it the
dream reaper? The mother is
crying and saying "if only," the
father is nowhere to be found
but in his basement smoking,
hearing of the death of his son
and doing nothing but shaking
his head. The boy's dream is now
lost in thin air. Whose fault is it?
Who let the boy grow up by his
own will? Now he's lying on
the ground with a dead dream.

LAST PRAYER

I'm the one they hated,
but I never hesitated.
The night will fall,
and so shall all.
Though I live by the sword
I've also lived by your word.

The night is bitter,
but worse it shall get later.
Let me not fall into shadow
'cause I started with pain
and am ending with sorrow.
My homeland is behind, so I let
the world go ahead. Help me,
oh you Almighty.

INSIDE JORGEN'S HEAD

What do you mean "cheat"?
There's no such thing.
All I want to do is to bring out
the freak. My life on Earth
is to turn on the heat.
I've been out of my mind,
but I came back again.
Hello, Mr. Jorgen, welcome
home; the way you treat them
them ladies makes them feel
right at home.

You're the king of the monks;
now sit on your throne.
Hello everybody, welcome
the king. If you want to know
ladies, step in the ring.
I'm only here to make your
ladies really feel like queens.

VINCERE

If I'm higher than angels
and lower than a God, they
call me anarchist. Some call
me a warlord, the most strong
and beautiful fighter with no
shield on the battle field.
Other warmasters call me
Vincere, Latin word meaning
conqueror or overpowerer.
I am the voice that all can hear,
even in death.

LAST DAY

The last day is here.
The earth is tearing apart.
Volcanoes are spitting over
the trees. Their leaves
burn off and the branches
fall. Mountains split with
great anger, causing earthquakes.
The sea shows its wrath,
from which millions of people
are swallowed.

"It's Ednuimikos (ed-new-me-cuz),
King of Judgment," cries the Earth.
"The last day is here."
Trees and water dry up
as the sun looks upon them with
anger. Cars crashing, lightning
shooting, rain falling furiously,
darkness approaching more
every second.

Living thing seeking refuge.
The last day is here.
No mortal can resist
the terror.



POEM

I wish you were around me,
touching and kissing me,
loving and playing with me.
When you were around me
my wings were spreading out.
My heart was growing healthy
and strong, like a weight lifter
feeling his muscles grow.

But now you're gone. My wings
have folded into me again.
My heart is growing old and useless.
Without you my heart is like an old car
forgotten in the garage.

Please come back. I really
need you back.

RISING SUN

She saw me walking up and down
the hill. She saw me talking by
myself with hate in my eyes. She
came down, landing on me, folding
her beautiful colored wings while
looking in my eyes. She said to me,
Don't you know the sun is going to
rise again? Don't you know that
no matter how thick the darkness is,
it clears out before morning?
Don't you know that the strength of
humans is measured by their ability
to deal with hard problems?
Don't you know that the sun
is going to rise again?

DANCING SHADOW

Every night when I look through the window I see her standing there still; her shadow is dancing but her body is not moving at all. I can hear the nice beat, the tune of a golden voice and the heavy beat under the voice. I start to move my head to the beat, and enjoy the dancing shadow. Her gleaming eyes are enough to put a man to sleep. Hair long enough to cover you while you sleep. Long white gown that lights up the dark corner. The shadow dances and dances all night long, then disappears as I fall asleep.

BIRTH OF ARMAGEDDON

The universe is their playground.
The Earth is used as their stepping stone.
Heaven is used as their mighty throne,
hell the home of falling angels who
had tasted the wine of iniquities.
Fire of rage blazes between heaven's
gate and the entrance to hell.
Within that fire is born Armageddon.
One man stands in the middle of
heaven and hell, neither for good nor
for evil. With a stainless blade
made of plasma, and a
body shield of gold armor.

PHOENIX WITHIN

My eyes are burning like
fire. My breath is frosty
like winter cool.
My heart is beating like a
brand new car engine.
My head is going crazy like a
hungry fox. My body is on
fire like a phoenix.
My body shivers like a scared
lion. My body is filled with
heat, and so I let out
the fire.

LET ME LOVE YOU

Another day, another hour,
another minute, another second,
all I want to do is hold you.
There is nothing I can do without
you. Every time I look upon your
face, all I want is some kisses.
Every hour, every minute, my love
for you increases. All I want to
do is to hold you tight.
Let me be your light.
Let me walk with you.
Let me talk with you.
Let me be your friend,
and let me be your man

LOST VIRTUE

By his hands she lost her
virtue. Black bed-sheet he spread.
"I love you," he whispered in her ear,
as she lay her gentle body down,
covering her face with a pillow
so she couldn't look upon his face
as he took away her virtue.
Her heart was ready; you could tell as
she opened up, ready to take any
pain from one she loved. Ready to
accept any pain to become a woman,
and ready to take any pain to have a
good life.

BROKEN SEAL

You seal it, and swear upon it;
with tears and blood you make a vow.
You actually think it's the end of everything,
every problem that is.

Then you realize you've just started
a whole new problem. Later on you
run back to your hideout, your little cave
where you did everything. You break
the seal, take back your sword, and
betray your vows.

You sit down with your hands on your head,
not believing you did what you just did.
Your seal has been broken, your vows
have been crushed, and your sword
has been split for only one reason --
or worse, only one word: L-O-V-E,
the reason everyone goes against their will.

TO BE A MAN

Being a man is not about sweetness;
it's about bitterness and hardship.
It's like lifting weights without
food. It's also like running four
hours without water.
Being a man is like taking a test
you know nothing about.

Listen, my dear friends.
Life is not about Money, Power,
or Respect.
It's all about caring, love, kindness,
and honesty.
My dear friend, don't rush about
getting money. They say first seek
the glory of God, and all other things
shall be added unto you.

Take my advice, dear friend.
A word to the wise is enough.
Being a man is all about bitterness,
hardship, and love.

LOVE ANGEL

"Who are you?" you may ask.
"Where are you from?" you may add.
I'm an angel created from caring
and loving. I have no dignity and
have no memories. I could be from
Earth, Pluto, or Mercury. I could be
from a village or a city. I'm nothing
but love and care. Knowing my dignity
will have you shuddering in fear, but
at the end I will wipe away your tears.

DROP YOUR WEAPON

Come, my friend,
let's not be fiends,
for our dirt has been cleaned.
Come, my dear,
drop your spear,
for we battle with no fear,
and with honor
we burst into tears.

WHY LOVE?

Why love? Why must we
fall into the trap of love
and never come out?
Why are we in the shadow of love?
Why are we enslaved to love?
Why must we be prisoners of
love? Why do we fall under
the spell and curse of love?
Why do we sink in the quicksand
of love? Why do we kill ourselves
for love? Why do we give up
everything for love? Why
don't we understand the pains
and sorrow that love brings?
Why do we keep loving?

THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN US

We used to be more like twins.
We used to be more like car tires.
We used to be more like pen
and paper. We used to be more like
fish and water. We used to be like
the moon and the stars, but now
we're like the moon and sun.
Now we're like fire and water.
Now there's a boundary between us.

You used to call me your pathfinder,
but now you call me your obstacle.
Our love was getting bigger per minute,
but now it's getting smaller per second.
Now there's a great wall of China
between us. We used to be like
Sleeping Beauty and the prince,
but now we're like Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

You used to call me your savior. But
now there's a blazing heat between us,
so you call me your killer.



DEVIL'S DESIRE

He desires the beast within man, the anger and rage that flow through the heart of man. The dark thoughts and negative desires of man. Our thirst for riches and power. He desires dirty souls and unfaithful hearts. He desires the darkness within our hearts and our negative thoughts.

The one and most powerful thing he wants is our weakness, our weakness that keeps us away from the Light, the weakness and doubts that lie within our hearts are weapons the devil uses to take us over.

LOVE ON THE SILVER BRIDGE

Let's meet there at the same time.
On the silver bridge is where we spent half of our lifetime. At night me and you with the moon our witness as we sit and make love, on the silver bridge. When the night is cold we cover each other with a warm hug of love. When the night is dark your smile lights up the silver bridge. When the night is rainy we dance to the sound of the raindrops. Let us meet there again on the silver bridge where we make love.

DARK AS THE MOON

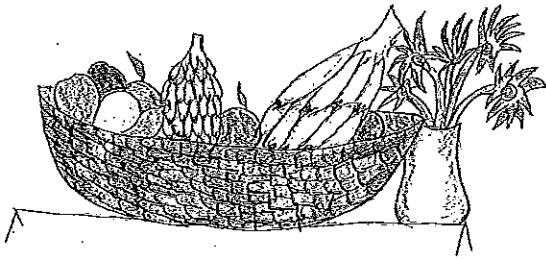
They steal away the truth and spread lies. They pretend to be as pure as a lamb but they are actually wolves. They give us acid in times of thirst, and wash our faces with lava. They are like the moon that pretends to come with light to blind-fool us. Wherever there is darkness, there is moon coming with a little light to cover its butt. They talk smooth and smart, confusing us into believing what they say, leaving the path of truth and following the track of lies.

WHEN I WRITE

I write and reprint what is written.
I write to refresh our minds about what was written and what will be done.
I write to send out messages to the world hoping the wise ones are listening to what I write and what was written. The pen is my weapon and the paper is my shield in the battle we fight in this world, and within ourselves. I write hoping that my weapon has cut deep into your heart and soul.

TEMPTATION

Touch me not, for I am a repenting
soul, you a child of adultery.
My iniquities have covered my heart
and blinded me from the Light.
Touch me not, oh! thou daughter
of her who dwells in the mist of
shadow, beneath the Earth.



ALL SHE WANTS

She needs a security,
who will always be there for her.
She needs someone who is willing
to put his life on the line. A strong person
who will always be a step ahead of her.
A security who is willing to stand
in front of a bullet for her. Someone she
can trust and depend on. A special someone
who talks with power. A someone who
is loyal to her. She needs a security
who will show her love, a security who
will listen to her heart's desire, a security
who will make her feel truly alive.

COLOR OF BEAUTY

Let's make a playground together
so everyone can have fun. Let the
blacks and whites brush the field,
let the Asians bring the tool box,
let the Latinos bring the swing and
merry-go-round, let the Indians build
the swing and merry-go-round.
Let us decorate the playground
with the color of beauty. Let us build
a place for the rich and the poor,
a place where the criminals and
righteous folks can feel free and safe.
Let us make a playground together
where everyone can have fun.

SOMEONE SPECIAL

Can a man walk without his legs?
Can a bird fly without its wings?
Can a fish breathe without water?
You are the light of my eyes, the
blood that flows through my veins,
and the air that I breathe.
My love for you can't be described
on a piece of paper. Only you
can make me feel the true value
of existence, and the true value
of love itself.

ULTIMATE SHIELD

You can't take no more, I'm sorry.
You don't even want to hear
that stupid voice again.
You don't even want to see
that stupid-looking face no more.
You hate the ground they walk on,
and so you've created an ultimate shield
to prevent all phone calls, stop all
e-mail, and eliminate all letters.

But later on you start to think
about the good times you had
and the good life you lived.
Your little brain starts a war
with the ultimate shield you created.
You can't help but join with
your little brain and take down
the ultimate shield. For the sake of
one single word – LOVE –
you've broken your ultimate shield.

LONELY KING

All he sees now is the rising of the sun
and the setting of the moon.
All he hears now is the sound of the dry
trees' leaves, making the sound of
loneliness.

Not even the birds will pass by,
to at least sing for the tired and lonely king.
He watches day after day and night
after night, as the world goes by, and still
there is no one for the king to talk to.

During the night all the king hears
are the sounds of coyotes and wolves,
and during the day the sound of the old trees
shaking their dry and tired branches.
What a lonely king.

THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN US

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Now there's a boundary between us.

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minute,
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between us. We used to be like
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Smith.

You used to call me your savior. But
now there's a blazing heat between us,
and you call me your killer.



INSIDE A POET'S HEAD

Green leaves, dry trees, bumble bees,
flower seeds are all a poet sees.
Madness, you may call it.
Yellow sun, silver moon,
crying gun that comes at noon.
Snowing desert land
birds landing on hand
a boat moving without water
one man standing at the altar.

As stupid as it may look, it's inside
a poet's head. Volcanoes spitting water,
mountain made of cotton, valley
as high as a hill. Beauty, light, and
paradise are all inside a poet's head.

