

# **S.A.B. 4.2.0.**

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**A Short Walk Through A Sunday Brain Storm**

## Silent Stare

Even if never a word,  
Uttered verb, or pursuit be bred.  
I'll be swimming still and lost inside my throbbing head.  
Calmly flipping through the pages of my mind,  
Between you and me, I'm lost to time.

## Elder Oak

Listen Lover,  
The eldest oak resounds his earthly mules.  
From the mountain peak,  
Between and above his leafy bundle;  
Do you hear it love?  
It's soft yet subtle,  
"Do you really like being alone? We're all alone after all."  
From the birds and the fickle needs,  
None elude his fateful harmonic call.  
Or escape his comforting energy,  
Relax here my dear;  
Beneath the shade of the eldest tree.

## Love Walks

Love walks inside with her heart on her mind.  
Eager to tell me, she'll leave me behind.  
Well how could I tame a passion, not mine?  
She leaves, with haste through the porch...

So I'm sitting down, on the couch; on the floor.  
Her words in my mind echo just as before.  
I know in my heart, I might give her the world...  
But it's best, if she leave me alone.

Love wandered slowly, with pain in her heart.  
Crossing the country was only a start.  
The journey she treks, she'll grace as an art;  
And leave you and I behind the bend.

Sweet lover you left me with fate on your mind.  
Whispering softly, "You won't get left behind,  
Love can't be sought out, it's a gift and so inclined."  
She left with haste through the porch.

Love is near done, with a bottle of wine.  
She drinks by herself, just as she is inclined.  
The cold northern air is so far from mine;  
That the miles somehow turn to years.  
Then her wine is recycled to tears...

A lesson or burden, or dearest of gifts?  
Accumulate now the most revealing remiss...  
Validity of life is a hit and a miss.  
So we strain our hearts, even more.

So, can't you see we're all brothers; if only in heart?  
Try as we might, love has torn us apart.  
And I apologize to have judged you at all,  
It wasn't my place in the end.  
How could I judge you my friend?

I am now a man,  
I'm just surprised that I know.  
I run around, this rugged earth all alone.  
Trampling the ground and dropping bits of my soul.  
Teaching myself to hurt, heal, and grow.

## Tainted Main

I come upon the tainted maid, relaxing in the stream.  
Her modern allure draws my gaze, as I observe her innocently.

Like her silky skin of purest cream,  
My throughout stretch taunt her bones.  
My ears both strain, to catch her name;  
To have it abide... my soul.

My eyes they fall, without shame to recall;  
The clarity of her curves.  
Ever hunger more, their plight undisturbed;  
Happy to merely observe her world.

I come upon the tainted maid, relaxing in the stream.  
Her modern allure draws my gaze, I observe her innocently.

With an iris flame of passion untamed,  
She draws me toward her soul.  
Though I fear the fire, I linger awhile;  
To have it abide... my soul.

Her heat enthralls my lungs, and I'm overcome;  
A captive in her name.

Ever hunger more, that she become my ward;  
This sight will suffice the same.

## Time's House

You are a stolen glance,  
Through a foggy window in my friend Time's empty home.  
A prophecy,  
One With which I would have been both disturbed and discouraged.  
Afraid though excited, Proud though remorseful,  
And hungry in my complacency.

## The Hare's Trap

I have heard that we are all chasing,  
Running down a rabbit hole to our demise.  
I have heard life is ever so fleeting,  
Seemingly short while we die.  
What will you do on the day you catch him?  
When that rabbit is no longer evasive and sly.  
On that day you reach him,  
You will see then;  
That hare was never fleeing.  
Instead he was merrily leading,  
Through the rabbit hole and toward the sky.

## Not Shipwrecked, Ship Stranded.

After all is said,  
My heart is whole.  
Forgiveness is the sacred wind who's shoving me along.  
My rugged vessel's shook from wooden doors,  
She promises to keep me warm...  
Though I'm not convinced she won't falter with the storm.

After all this dancing on the moon,  
My dearest brother stumbles on..  
And swoons a metal spoon.  
There's not a knot that I could spin,  
To guarantee he'd leave his skin,  
Or win over compassion; for his sin.

After all is done,  
Her heart is alone.  
Writhing in a pit of envy, solitude, and bone.  
Her flesh holds sin she can't deny...  
Or tear form out, her alibi.  
The stain will set,  
While she's soundly sleeping through the night.

After the ocean calms,

I'm still afloat.  
Left surprised, I've not met demise...  
Or knelt before his throne.  
His burden calls a labored chore,  
To paint a piece to please the court.  
Using tragedy, gathered hastily by the shore.

After sweat relieves my labored arms,  
From pace to pace, a solid grace; and stride leads me along.  
I'm a sweaty vise that won't suffice,  
Or scrape the scaled from our blinded eyes.  
So I confide in my futility, and cast a whisper into the night.

After we've been left with lonely words,  
Their silence echoes unpronounced...  
They're standing by the door.  
There is not a faith that I could buy,  
To validate your crooked lies...  
Or light the path beneath your feet tonight.

After all is said,  
My heart's a whole...  
February's stationary just won't leave well enough alone.  
There is nothing in these wooden doors,  
That will make me safe; or keep me warm...  
So salty vessel, please just carry me ashore.

Just rest awhile,  
I'll row this captive home.



## Mercy For The Foolish

Defeated Men,  
Distraught and discouraged.  
A generation of us hungry and new.  
Torn aft, and apt to being a burden.  
Evolved, in all the worse ways;  
We could possibly choose.

So we lay in that damp alley way, sleeping.  
Distraught at all the talk,  
Of what we said we would do.  
Though victory may be an ice cube's chance in the furnace.  
We'll still be frustrated,  
At the hands and efforts; of fools.

Dear friend,  
I hear you cry as you are sleeping.  
Whimpering secrets to the night's collecting dew.  
Though I fear that our efforts will go unnoticed...  
I'll just have faith,  
The sun will have mercy for two.

## Pride

I recognize my time's demise.  
If not mine, then my pride's.  
If not now's, then tonight's.

## Wolf

Turning my ear beneath this earth,  
I would entreat...

There's this ever present rhythm.  
A subtle beat,  
Thriving unseen in the undertow.  
Rattling the ground, Where we stomp our feet.

Where our bodies lay, Once it is time to die.  
Where we scorn the day, Until we rage with the night.  
Where we stand thirsty, and without a cause.  
Where our children will kneel, Where our father's bore arms.

There's this very present rhythm.  
A gentle beat,  
Rattling the cars the line our city's streets.  
From this dusty ground, To this modern sky.

Where we stomp our feet,  
Where we live and die.

## Nouns, Verbs, And Patterns

I feel the wisp,  
The twisted turn;  
That bargains with me pleading.  
That I should curb,  
The noun and verb;  
To be solid... And much less fleeting.

Yet seems our daily work,  
Has universally coined and burnt;  
A complacent eccentric clamor.  
Whilst I abide,  
Behind thin walls and hide,  
My dear nouns, sweet verbs, and patterns.

# Is It Our Soles or Souls That's Worn?

We crossed one hundred miles talking circles about living with fear.

You say the universe may be chaos,  
But it is the only thing still keeping us here.

Who could blame state lines,  
When we are only defined as our complacency wanes?  
Love, if there's passion in the fire;  
It makes for a brighter and more well defined flame.

There is so much more conversation  
than these road signs and highways could contain.  
Yet we rambled on for hours, Past phone towers;  
Making great time in the rain.

So know me as a memory,  
Or don't remember me at all.  
Well we are just both time traveling backwards,  
Toward two past lives we could never hope to recall.

Destroy Create

Creation is a chaos,  
That expands for all eternity and space.  
Refined in a spherical fashion with a passion,  
So youthfully refusing to change.

Her energy is panicked in a frenzy,  
It seems she is busy, with her furious state.  
She always struggles with a quill,  
Meekly thrilled at a slim chance to relate.

So don't burden your heart with worries.  
Child, we are all sinners all along.  
Sweet creation? She may be fickle, but she's easy;  
And we all take her home.

Creation's newest project,  
Is a product of her most insecure fears.  
Dwelling within the hairline sketches, of a brainstorm;  
That she always kept near.

She scribbled on for hours,  
Feeling empowered by her artistic waves.  
Reluctant toward the passion,  
With which she grappled, and could barely escape.

So, Please don't burden your heart with worries.  
Child, in the end we are only bastards,  
And all orphans either way.

Let us rise up from earthen graveyards,  
Guaranteed that we will be back some day.

## Dose

Unlike the chemicals in my spine,  
Everything else runs it's course in time.

## Night Light

Night black the skies,  
That gray gaze will suffice.  
Despite poor daisy's mourning.  
Come and see,  
There is vacancy;  
To hide with me till morning.

Though throughout the night,  
We retain our might;  
Tucked tight under quilts and covers.  
Have faith in me,  
And grant truancy;  
To me. Your truest lover.

Even though the world's wind blows,  
Churning seas and burnt pine needles.  
We are made aware of a kindred fear,  
Which crushes towns and steeples.

**But Dear, We will be fine.  
In only hours time,  
Sweet Luna's rule will quiver.  
She'll fade away, pale toward the day.  
Wielded again by Poseidon's fever.**

## **Storm**

**Storm. Bring me the chaos.  
I feel the rain drip down my arms and onto my chest.  
The chill enlightens me.  
Bring me the chaos.**

**Storm. Bring me the winter.  
I feel it rip at my limbs and tear my chest asunder.  
I writhe in the glorious pity of this sinful emotion.  
Bring me the winter.**

**Storm. Bring me the fall.  
The twist and twine of the bramble, illuminate it's ebb and flow motion.  
It's thick hide, caramelize the light surrounding it.  
Bring my eyes to blindness.  
Bring me the fall.**

**Storm. Bring me the summer.  
The blessed sun torches my mind and scowls at my white skin.**

**I understand this guilt I wield.  
With this I seek retribution.  
Bring me the summer.**

**Storm. Bring me the spring.  
Accompany it's warmth with rebirth.  
My spirit has never yearned for it more.  
Bring me the spring.**

**Storm. Bring me my suffering.  
Only through meditation on this discipline can I overcome my horrid  
nature.  
I am the sold adviser to my torture.  
Bring me MY suffering.**

**Storm. Give me my yearning.  
I cast aside this innocent aspiration of mine far too early.  
So I plead;  
Give me my yearning.**

**Storm. Give me your water.  
I have been choking on the crumble that lines my hollow eyes,  
And fills my worried heart with sorrow.  
I am much more thirsty not then I could have previously imagined.  
Give me your water,  
Have no abandon.**



## **Southern Anxiety**

A southern moon looms on frontier horizons.  
Humidity infects the swampy air tonight.  
The crickets roar, heralding storms closing in behind them.  
It sets the scheme for tension and for delight.  
A warm light leaks the threshold of our window,  
Illuminating the stale southern sky.  
Tiny screams so clear with tired voices,  
Faltering yet still cutting throughout the night.  
A wild chill runs my spine as I perspire,  
Filling up my dreadful tolerance.  
I stared ahead at trails I couldn't fathom.  
Astonished at paths I hadn't taken yet.

**It'll Be**

It'll be,  
Just wait and see.  
This phrase leaves room to imagine.  
What I assumed couldn't clear the room,  
Compared to what actually happened.

## Linger Please, Dear Sensation

The warmth of her touch lingers,  
Yet; the taste of her sensation escapes.  
Her presence eludes my perception,  
Hushed; as a whispered lover's name.  
Oh what lovely legs, that evade the dark so swiftly.  
I can only cast a futile grasp to draw her near me.  
No other grace, can dare bewitch me.  
She alone dares bare the yoke,  
Of ancient magic innate;  
Of privilege previously revoked.

The scent of her skin lingers,  
Yet; I am tormented by the lament of a harmony escaped.  
Her melody of sweet resilience, shunned.  
Innocently mistaken by the mass wake.  
Oh what lips that weave the breath of her lungs so artfully,  
I can only hope to catch a note.  
A melody of divine conviction, A Goddess' song so wonderfully wrote.

No other muse, will enchant my throat.  
She alone dares bare the yoke,  
Of ancient magic innate;  
Of privilege previously revoked.

There in her stance of such class, of such grace...  
Her spirit walks the valley, inches from my reach.

## Love, Carry Me In

Run.

Run from myself.

Bury my sight under ancient moonlight fallen deep in the well.

Speak.

Spit your words up from hell.

As if your tongue will ever serve to do more than the evil it has dealt.

Love, Carry me in.

Carry me then, when my serf of a back buckles within.

Love, Share in my sin.

Share in my gratitude, and tear from your flesh;

Bare fanged scrutiny's grin.

Love, Disciple your whim.

Disciple and conquer your interwoven falters tucked quietly within.

Love, Carry me in.

Carry me when my strength waivers fast, and I'm tempted again.

Love, Share in my sin.  
Share in my hope skewed by a fracturing past and my still aging skin.  
Love, Disciple your whim.  
Disciple your heart, make a new place to start;  
A grand seed to begin.

## Tommy

My Vision too broad,  
My hunger too violent.

## Pine Needle Pillow

I'll have her hips in my hands,  
While we swing; as gracefully as we swim.  
In this valley of pines,  
To this feverish metronome beating within.  
Now sleep foolish dreamer,  
Paradise awaits.  
She harbors a comfort this harsh reality cannot take.  
Even though she is alone, she is never lonely...  
She will be preoccupied,

Flipping the page to my soul's drawn out story.

## Flour

I've got beady eyes, For the woman I want.  
Yeah, She's port-side; Straining to make me fall off.  
Her truth is cut, with an evident jealous fear.  
One she is inclined to hide, when she feels me near.  
She only has four brick walls,  
With her body laid out.  
Though she cannot speak, She will still try to cry out.  
She is locked in a desperate prison, and will anxiously roam.  
So I kept her secret until I took her home.  
Yes, She maybe a traitor; Rebellion is the flavor I flaunt.  
I've got beady eyes for the woman I want.

## Circle Logic

Circle Logic. Circle Logic.

Circle talk, Converse about it.  
This spherical energy encompasses your brain,  
With only one intention; your soul to detain.  
So now from where we are, and from where we have been;  
Let the circle begin again.

## What Have You Done?!

I stood naked down by the water.  
Soothed by the big band of nature,  
Weaving a melody of grass reeds; in Major D.  
A beat that I can't keep to,  
Or come to naturally conceive.

So I waded out a little father.  
With each step, The melody urging me into the water.  
Executing my strides bodily until I cannot, any longer.

Take flight my soul, take flight.  
Bravely into this murky bowl.  
With haste my soul, take flight.  
The water is all we truly know.

I struggled valiantly toward the center.  
Pushing ancient mile high reeds aside, to make quick passage for me.  
Watching them crumble under the wide stroke of my feet.

Until I found myself surrounded, naked with the music alone.  
Bobbing amongst the murky river water, since my childhood I've known.  
Grasping for air and tapping to the tempo.

Take flight my soul, Take flight.  
Bravely into this murky bowl.

With haste my soul, Take flight.  
The water is all we truly know.

I floated naked down in the river.  
Soothed by the cold water, filling me to the brim.  
I grasp to a beat I can't cling to, sinking slowly the panic sets in.

So this is the punishment in which I wallow?  
Each crescendo another wave to swallow.  
Seems I am complacently managing my maker's time.

Take flight my soul, Take flight.  
Bravely into this murky bowl.  
With haste my soul, Take flight.  
The water is all we truly know.

**Calm Down**

**Please take your time.  
You will find it well worth it.  
Without nervous shaky hands,  
You are a muse's perfect servant.**

## **Shiny Pennies and the Stars Outside**

**Meet Penny Stone,  
Who's coined a valid reason.  
Wrote a loving song too good to be true.  
Poor Penny Stone take the world just as you see it.**

**Keep clinging to that light inside of you.**

**Penny she is brave and she is Gorgeous.  
Penny who is treading through the storm.  
Stepping onto streams and jagged patterns.  
Sweet Penny dear, she is pushing tired bones.**



Penny walks the canvas of her fathers.  
Pushing reeds aside her hobbled bones.  
Penny does not know that I adore her.  
Penny does not know she is not alone.

As I rolled over,  
A field full of clover; met Penny's eyes.  
It's the way she stared, that convinced me that she cared,  
At the end of the night.

She came upon a sympathetic answer,  
That catered to the bitterness inside.  
Her perspective warped to defend and retreat inside her.  
Deciding she would sleep only at dawn's first light.

The moon disguised a whisper in her banter.  
Providing Penny's soul with a lustful foreign plight.  
She left the struggle there in darkness she cannot handle.  
She gave her soul to witness me lose mine.

Penny calls upon her empathetic logic,  
That fuels her futility and deepest seeded strife.  
Now Penny's gone and left the stream behind her.  
Penny treads, still waiting through the night.

As I rolled over,

It gets a bit colder;  
I'm sinking inside.  
When Penny left here,  
She was blinded by her fear.

I guess that's all right.

Meet Penny Stone,  
She has coined a valid reason.  
Found a curse to hide in modern guise.  
Poor Penny Stone this world she could not handle.

But it is the darkness that makes her visible tonight.

She is alone in her bedroom,  
Packing her suit case,  
Severing ties.

It was the way she left here,  
That troubled our hearts dear,  
Not the when or the why.

## **What is a Man?**

Oh son,  
Where is your fate?  
Scrape it from the bushels,  
And copper toned paint.

You'll find it there,  
Beneath the stairs.  
Among the trodden path,  
Therein the dust of forgotten snares;  
The ones you have once walked past.

Behind the folds,  
Of flesh and bones.  
Lost under secrets cast.  
Then like a man,  
Reach deep within.

**Learn something, from your past.**

## **Your Words**

**Your words?**

**One more thing I don't have the stomach for.**

**The truth?**

**One more luxury my heart can't afford.**

## **No Fate in Man's Hands**

**Well here we are, On the verge of fate.**

**Ahead of us, An evident for in the road.**

**Which path shall we take?**

**What adventure lies ahead?**

An excitable craze?  
The fortune of plenty, or the end of days?  
I have gifted the thought, and abandoned my nerve.  
I have left my vessel to rock,  
Against the merciful waves of the universe's reoccurring curve.

## The Sea Will Claim His Love

At first, She came to me as a child; cooing by the hillside.  
Majestically stretching across a thousand miles of mountainous beauty  
and innocence.  
Until her inevitable regress,  
To relax and sink again into my waters.

I watch those stalking through the night,  
Come out to claim her from the bay.  
As the people continue crawling into sight  
The stars illuminate their evil intent inside.

Never once stopping to consider a footprint's impact in time.

As I begin dissolving who they are,  
I am caught in a hunger I cannot contain.  
So I come along this foreign shore,

With no regard to her crude human name.

They watch me swelling and hear me roar.  
Frightened though out the night,  
By my nautical might they can't contain.

Now, They watch me overtake the bay!  
My strength has overcome the shore!  
The stars illuminate my righteous flight,  
As I the water retreat; after claiming what is mine.

## Strum

Love is a dance.  
No, Love is a slow song.  
Love is the sweeping of the bow over the violin's heart strings.  
So pluck my mind, my love.  
Spin the table and pick my up once again.  
Pick me up and strum.

## Warm Love, Warmer Lover

I found her,  
Therein the heat of the furnace.  
My shaky hands were tied,  
Confounding these tools.  
She shook helplessly, within the waltz of a seizure.  
Her tired eyes turning white, and lips already blue.

My dear I have caught you,

Tucked under these curtains.  
Your quiet smile subsides,  
To give me a clue...

If we are all born to die, is it best to receive it?  
Instead of wasting time; trying to give mine to you.

It's your warmth who decides, a deceiving demeanor.  
Who recognizes these lies that abide by the truth.  
I attribute these tongue in cheek lies to believers.  
Who resolve in my mind...  
That I'm some sort of fool.

## My Past Has Gone Away

My past has gone away.

He gathers his coat,  
And he stares in disdain.  
In a way it makes sense,  
That his frustration and pain.  
Is another bland masterpiece,  
Hastily painted again.

One no one ever saw,  
Or ever once cared to frame.

He is so caught,  
In a fickle exchange.

It is a pretty small world if you crafted everything.  
It is a jealous demand,  
That brought cause to the stage.

Like an infant, Who is hungry again.

I assumed Lord,  
This whispered exchange;  
Would light a spark of hope,  
Or add light to the stage.  
Through the silence that followed,  
My heart remained sane..  
But my mind will never be quite the same.

He has just stopped,  
To tab out his beer.  
He needs a quick fix,  
And the tip money is here.  
Though he turns one last glance,  
At the scene he painted near;  
You can see his remorse, his pain, and his fear.

Leave now...  
Dear past I abhor.  
I just cannot wait,  
Without patience implored...  
Well I was so very insistent,  
That I show him the door..



**I am sure he will not come around anymore.**

## **Sunday After Church**

**Dear God, Are you tired of liars?  
I would be a liar, If I did not say that it is true.  
Though you may be somewhat nuzzled inside them,  
I bet they do not love you; Like they use to.  
You cannot blame those painting the picture.  
Who have claimed victory of their own minds.  
It is your logic that seems to conflict them,  
Yet it is their fear that makes them take you home at night.**

## Earnest

It is not the good or the evil that are victorious,  
It is the earnest.

## As She Can

I am sitting around,  
Just trying to be patient.  
I think I am better without this quiet concentration.  
Where nothing is sacred,  
Yet nobody wants to be damned.

My God delivers me from evil;  
Then kills me just as quick as she can.

I have waited it out,  
Not an ounce of misplaced patience.  
Seems I am better without this naked inspiration.  
If no one is listening,  
My muse won't refuse to hide too.

My God delivers me from evil;

Then she treats me like I'm some sort of fool.

Not a shadow of doubt,  
Left this stouter meditation.  
Shivers run through my mouth,  
While I shout related statements.  
Like I am preaching to a choir,  
Who's attention is stuck on the band.

My God delivers me from fire;  
Then burns me must as swift as she can.

## Time, She Doesn't Change

Time Sleeps,  
Until very early in the morning.  
Still within her rest she's mourning.  
Tucked nice and tight tin quits and covers.

Change,  
It is a flavor she distances yet,  
She tastes it.  
Almost out of force of habit.

She eludes my perception endlessly.

Though how could a boat sail but the sea?  
Time is but a leaf,  
A leaf lost in the wind.  
How could she begin if she will never end?

Time keeps,  
A little locket of her passions.  
Only time will tell,  
Judging by the way she grasps it.  
Selfishly clinging to her own desires.

She is so vain.  
It is evident by how she strives to contain it.  
She cannot stop the changes.  
As she coasts along it's waning pattern.

She eludes my perception endlessly.  
Though how could a boat sail but the sea?  
Time is but a leaf,  
A leaf lost in the wind.  
How could she begin if she will never end?

Time stands,  
Safely locked in stagnant worries.  
Some which crushes hope and youthful yearning.  
Though now she is accustomed to such banter.

Change,

Is what she fears, As if she cannot face it.  
Whilst change sits.  
Laughing alongside Time's silent trauma.

She eludes my perception endlessly.  
Though how could a boat sail without the sea?  
Time is but a leaf,  
A leaf caught in the wind.  
How could she ever end if she did not begin.

## A Summer in Jonesboro Arkansas

Oh God, What have I done?  
Abandoned and disrespected the woman I love.  
I suppose at the time, enough wasn't enough.  
I didn't notice I was overflowing my cup.

In the past, my heart was fickle and strange.  
I didn't understand what my soul contained.  
So I neglected what would still suffice me today.  
Left my treasure to rust in the rain.

So I pray, If God would save someone; He'd save you.

Lord neglect me, because I am merely a fool.  
I did not comprehend the love I once knew.  
She is pure gold, I am a broken tool.

## Cave

While my love lies,  
On her back; When she's asleep.

She'll close blue eyes,  
And wisp an essence of me.

With haste she'll rise,  
Fight the tides to get back to me.  
As if my demise is determined by her complacency.

We meet inside,  
Of an etched stone memory.  
Where lips and eyes,  
Entwine most delicately.

With our dilated eyes,  
We stare motionlessly into the stream.  
Consumed by our own time,

We're lost to society's.

## Ambiance

The softest strum,  
Sung by an acoustic guitar; guides my soul today.  
The most peaceful purr's appetite spurs,  
And sends me on my way.

## "Sex and Attitudes."

I don't mind,  
I'll acquiesce; allow this fleshly mechanism to speak.  
Yet never grow, somehow it always shows..

I realize,  
These quiet places, and summer scenes;  
See the best of me. So very comfortably..

I've got a love,  
One I only want to give once.  
Give without a fault and with all my heart..

We will have our bodies laid out..  
Against the stark black fabric of Luna's tired light.  
The stage will be set and placed just right...

Then I will pay no mind,  
Or attempt a thought to ever be foreseen;  
Or contemplate much more of anything.

Finally in that moment we will realize,  
This lens is focused on this peaceful scene.  
Upon what perfection brings.

There with my love,  
I feel her energy through flow through me.  
It spreads as a flame.. From name to name..

Whilst our souls chastise..  
These modern guilty lust filled heads.

So we can spread.  
So we can spread.

## **Naturally**

From the buck to the fawn,  
Underneath the dawn, whispered low.  
Among the bubbling river's calm.  
A most sincere spiel, with a beast like flow.

From the bottom of one's heart,



A vibration that shakes them both to the bone.  
Neither must be cold any longer.  
No longer must be either alone.

So with this embrace as a gift,  
And with Gaia's blessing well deserved.  
Beneath Earth beats along side to a motion,  
Continuously dancing effortlessly on her astrological curve.

Then back down with the flow,  
Existing together is simply their only goal.  
You see, love is universal and translates naturally,  
From the buck to the doe.

## I Scribe

I scribe all day, and all night.  
Until the pen can no longer write.  
I punish it ever so passionately with strokes of such profound audacity.  
I am so bold with the ink that it drips.  
No gratification can please me such as this.  
I feel it quiver as it's blood flows from it's neck to it's hips.  
Then so the pen drips, drips;  
Until it cannot bleed anymore.  
A sacrifice for the meaning it marauder for.  
I am simply pleased, in such a demise.  
I refuse to lie, or don a guise;  
It's with gratification I watch the pen die.  
Finally, it gives me chills to cast aside;  
It's dilapidated corpse and say goodbye.

## Common Judgment

We're all alley cats wandering the walkways of the zoo.  
Overwhelmed with astonishment,  
At the chimpanzee and kangaroo.

I'm only halfway listening, to what I think I know.  
I am solid and stubborn on my front porch position,  
Screaming at the morning frost and evening snow.

Though I am baptized to a passionate conviction,  
That spurs me on as I go.  
Truly I can only aimlessly stumble,  
a child in my parent's clothes.

## Assumption

Our entire lives are based on what we experience,  
But also, and even more dangerously;  
What we assume.

## Earls, Kings, Directions, & Things

My God, You've left; and changed my direction.  
My Lover evades me quiet, alone.  
My Sleep deprives my most heartfelt intention.  
My brother he, is already wielding a stone.

My father's leap, discards his greatest redemption.  
My mother, she just soaks dirty dishes in foam.

**My stride is kind, and rushed; guided by a solid intuition.  
My sight's still blind, I won't be making it home.**

**We sit, and watch the earth unfold and we listen.  
We regard the struggle as, "A King for a Throne."  
With nations blazing out a path to fruition.  
It's almost as if our blind faith will lead us along.**

**Our father's judgment, has left us lost in the struggle.  
This world is less that quiet, and much more bitter than new.  
So if it's our legacy verses our dearest intention,  
Our hypocrisy won't deliver victory to you.**

## **Dear, Don't Leave Me Waiting**

**Reawaken that spark.  
Feel the motivated glow of inspiration,  
Pulse throughout my skin.  
See the silver of purest nectar from my veins,  
Sit; propelled in the fluid for a moment.  
Then release me quickly with haste,  
And don't leave me waiting.**

**Dear, don't leave me wanting.  
Envelope me in your dependable warmth and nod my head.  
Flutter my eyes, to the rhythm of your enchanting song.  
Help me forget, Pray I don't remember.  
To sleep another night..  
Nay, for my soul to take it's flight;  
Admits this cold December.**

## **American Perspective**

Freeze, Let us sit together in this silent moment  
in the attic above the kitchen.

Let us be still, to hear the dust settle.

Overwhelm us with the charming aroma of my childhood fancies. Remind  
us of the bounty of a mind untouched. Fill our noses and minds with  
sweets and serenity. In the attic above the kitchen; the crawl space behind  
the nook. Sit with me in somber realization.

Without hesitation my companion, let me take another look.

To a time before reality was so exhausting and extensive.

To a place where love was simple enough.

It seems that in the years of our growth,  
we've built such efficient defenses.

That we have forgotten about the innocence of the attic  
or the nook above the kitchen.

# "Jail House Jesus"

Tommy Bryant

When I leave these concrete walls,  
I'll step outside and think about;  
How undeniable my God had turned out.  
Whom crafts some profound reason to hide me behind a lock and key.  
Is he probing for a reset in my mind?  
Does he want a different human being?

Now while I sit,  
I etch drawings on white walls;  
Of places no one could ever see.  
After patiently given time,  
the convicts all decide that I had been anointed.  
Without haste or hesitation they all gather at my cell whispering and  
hoping to see,  
"Is he actually the son of God?"  
They beg and bribe me for relief.

In reply I sigh,  
"Your money never mattered men.  
Understand that your money was always plagued by your familiar and  
consistent indecision, whilst you find a part to play.  
The real truth is that only faith bears life's true price tag,  
from your face down to your soles.  
Faith's cost?  
Well, that's the time you spend curiously  
mulling over where you'll go."

