

Poetry Series

Brian Hinckley
- poems -

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Brian Hinckley(07-30-81)

I started writing early in my life. Most of my works have been short stories, but I have drifted more to the poetic in recent years. I fell in love with poetry thanks to a professor I had in high school many moons ago.

I am currently a student at Buffalo State College in Buffalo, NY, studying Literature. Writing, which as of right now, is a labor of love for me. I write for myself and not for others. I love what others say of my writing and thank them for their comments, but I know many writers and poets with much more talent than I.

I have one sister, Jennifer. Of course, I also have my little love, my terrier, Ozzie. I am a big fan of the National Hockey League's New York Islanders as well. I have a dream to visit Ireland again and am seriously considering moving there after I finish my Masters.

'Why love if losing hurts so much? We love to know that we are not alone.'

-C.S. Lewis

(her) Hands

Those ivory fingers flow smooth
over the sandpaper of my hand.
Tips dulled, but not incurious,
map the history of my skin,
tracing rivers and mountains
through those trembling lands.

Her alabaster skin, smooth -
playing counter-harmony to mine.
Tracing knuckle and feeling
the warmth radiate, glowing under
a sun shining high at noon,
her hand steady against my touch.

Soft as pearl, her hands enthrall -
touch, feeling, sensation, assail.
Sliding through my fingers like silk
and around my body like snowfall,
silent, soft skin searches mine,
each fingertip impressing a smile.

Searching hands turn searching eyes,
while searching eyes turn to smiles.

Brian Hinckley

Addiction

Bursting at the seams,
the words roll from my tongue.
Searing like hot iron,
they burn your soul.

I dream in vivid colors,
they twist and spin in the darkness.
Tearing open your heart,
my words flow in you.

Your body and soul are mine,
trapped in my words.
Violent or soft, you don't care,
you enjoy the ecstasy I give you.

My words drip like honey
on your waiting tongue.
Savor it, taste it,
they go down smooth.

Looking everywhere but up,
you search in vain.
I am higher than you, above you,
but my hand is always waiting to pull you up.

I don't say what you want,
I don't feel what you desire.
Candy coated lyrics
keep you coming back to me.

Sizzling heat
sears your soul, demanding more.
You need more, but baby,
I think you're addicted to me.

Brian Hinckley

Alabaster Sky

Where sky kisses water and deep purple blushes the sky,
She sits on crystal sand, dreaming the islands appearing in the blue,
Though one hint, one notion, lurks behind wistful eyes,
Though as beautiful as the sun setting before her, she wishes companionship.

Grace untaught by mortal hands, lurking ever so close to immortal beauty,
She does the mundane; simple actions that give simple pleasure,
The world sees what it chooses and stands shamed in her presence,
Not unlike the unruly schoolboy, scolded for being so immature.

Beauty seen in all eyes but her own, dark pools of brown diamonds
Sparkle on an alabaster face, stunning the watchers into statues,
Or should since the precious gems they long for sit closer than the stars,
Shimmering in the sky, where the water embraces the night.

Who cannot see the beauty? The wild abandon she brings?
What gods give us this gift? Nameless though they should be praised?
You will find her, gowned in the twilight velvet of night and
Embraced by the heavenly bodies themselves, shining on her alabaster skin.

Be not turned back from her, though paradise lurk, ever vigilant,
Behind that radiant smile, one that starts the sunrise anew,
And give her your heart and she will do the same, though you must earn it truly,
She is a gift from above and to be blessed to be with one such as she,
Is the greatest gift, indeed.

Brian Hinckley

All And Nothing (You Want)

I make mistakes,
sometimes making you upset.
I am far from perfect,
this fact try not to forget.

I tried to be what you wanted,
I tried to be what you hated.
I tried to be you friend,
but my feelings remained unstated.

I wake today,
acting like it never occurred.
I live my life,
knowing what I feel is absurd.

I watch you from my seat,
smiling from down the aisle.
I sip my drink and watch you,
hoping what you find is as worthwhile
as me.

Brian Hinckley

Angel Of Love

I walk empty halls
feeling oppressive loneliness.
My mind dark and empty;
save one thought.

She replaces thought;
her eyes locking my tongue.
My angel of love,
my angel of death.

She taunts me with her words;
she teases me with her actions.
My angel of love,
my devil in disguise.

The halls fill with voices
as classes let out.
The sea of humanity parts
as she walks by.

With unbending purpose
she approaches me.
My angel of love,
my muse.

She sends my world spinning
with the touch of her lips to mine.
My angel sends my world crashing
as she walks away.

Why I wasn't expecting this,
I do not know.
I watch her as she walks
and smile.

My angel of love,
my heart in black heels.

Arrows Fired

Arrows fired
deep in heart.
Ruining lives
and tearing us apart.

Burning passion
scorching hearts.
Breaking friendships
into hateful parts.

True love
hurting in your heart.
Changing lives
crippling equally the dumb and the smart.

Why is love made difficult
when you know who you want?
Love is difficult
because it is fate you taunt.

Brian Hinckley

Artistic Musings

I write beautiful music,
yet never strum a string.
I am an artist,
who marches to a different beat.

I can make a masterpiece,
yet never make a brushstroke.
I am an artist,
creating beauty with the tip of my pen.

I produce the best works I can,
letting my soul burn into the pages.
Works of art stream from my lips,
feeding your starving minds.

Some work for a broad audience,
yet I write for an audience of one.
I have always written to please her,
yet I do not know who she is.

A shimmering pedestal
is what I have placed her on.
Beyond my eternal reach,
so I throw my words to the wind.

Higher and higher they carry,
possibly falling on deaf ears.
I am an artist,
who does not know defeat.

Brian Hinckley

Atypical Bedtime Story

Over there
was a city of greatness.
To the left,
a village of prosperity.
A land ruled
by a noble and wise king.
The people were happy,
until that fateful day.
Like locusts
they descended.
The horde of barbarians
destroyed both city and village.
If this were a fairytale,
a hero would arrive and save the day.
Life has no fairytale ending,
only the struggle to survive.
Survive we have,
unlike those in that ruined land.
You see, son,
we were those barbarians.

Brian Hinckley

Burning Faces

Burning faces
stare at me accusingly.
Burning faces
sear my soul with horrible accusations.

Blamed for all,
praised for none.
I stand alone,
ringed in flame.

Burning faces
shout obscenities to me.
Their words strike like cinders,
digging deep into me.

I curl up and weep,
not knowing where to turn.
I feel the flames draw near,
the burning faces gloating.

I wake up
from that hellish nightmare.
With sweat standing on my brow,
I dread the flame
and the faces of those that used to love me
that hide behind.

Brian Hinckley

Casanova (Soul Reclamation Project)

He's sharply dressed
and kills you with a look.
He leaves behind broken hearts
and never looks back.

He's the kind of guy
every man wants to be.
He is a casanova
in an age of posers.

He speaks in a voice
that's as smooth as silk.
Cautionary note however,
he speaks with a forked tongue.

The girls all want him,
but only a fool loves him.
He is the king of the party,
yet lives in a lonely kingdom.

I changed my wicked ways
and cast womanizing to the side.
No longer casanova,
I watch the posers and laugh.

Hate me or love me,
I no longer care.
Reformed under trial by fire,
I'm now just me.

Brian Hinckley

Caught In Your Web

Patient spider,
you wait for my mistakes.
You see me twist in your web,
feeling the strands pull tighter.

I no longer see you,
patient spider.
You watch my struggle with calm eyes.

Was I a fool
to be caught in your web?
It was designed to entice;
that it has done.

I see you sway towards me,
patient spider.
You want to give your fatal kiss.

Caught in mesmerizing eyes,
your kiss is all I want.
My mind still struggles with wrong and right,
my patient spider.
You have me caught in your web.

Brian Hinckley

Chasing Stars (A Bedtime Story)

Chasing stars,
his arms were never long enough to catch her.
Impossible goals light his hearts path,
he never caught her.

Living a life of illusion,
the poet walked a life of delusion.
Given to romantic flights of fancy,
he soon realized that love is chancy.

He pined for her for many moons,
trying to win her fancy with numerous tunes.
Nary a day went by where he did not try,
never given a glance from the only star in his sky.

Sitting among lavish treasure,
the empress lived a life without pleasure.
Wishing for someone to sweep her off her feet,
dismayed it was a poet she did meet.

Bored of his words and promises she grew,
she only wished he would find someone else to pursue.
Told a poem that rang in her soul,
she knew she had finally found her goal.'

No one remembers the words of that fateful poem,
but they remember the love they shared.
Chasing impossible stars gave them all they wanted,
their very own happily ever after.

Brian Hinckley

Circular Logic

I travel in circles,
my life forever looping.
What happens to me today,
I am doomed to repeat.

Silver lining exists,
hiding among the dark clouds.
I aim to find it soon,
though fate is a fickle mistress.

Rinse and repeat,
I did it wrong the first time.
Back and forth,
I cant do it wrong again.

Life comes full circle,
though it also loops throughout.
I can only give to the end of my rope,
hanging desperately to the frayed edge.

If I can avoid the pitfalls of the past,
I can break the chains.
If I can not rest so much on the future,
I can enjoy the present.

I will speak to my Muse,
begging her to unbind me.
She will laugh and kiss me,
all the while sending me back to the start.

Brian Hinckley

Collecting Rain Checks

The halls echo my footfalls,
shattering the silence around me.
I feel the cool air rush in from the door opening,
but I look up and you're not there.

I check my phone,
but no missed calls.
I look outside for you,
but find only blowing leaves.

Dejected for a moment,
I open the doors and step outside.
The brisk October wind flows around me,
bringing a smile to my lips.

I look up at the barren trees,
watching them wave to me as I walk.
I smile back at them as you call,
my smile widening into pure happiness.

You apologize for missing me again;
again I say it's no problem.
We make plans for the next day,
but I know that they are tenuous at best.

I still smile as the rain begins to fall,
enjoying the cat and mouse aspect of our lives.
You don't know what to make of me,
yet you catch yourself smiling as well.

I gather this rain check,
stashing it with all the others.
I will collect on them someday,
and make up tenfold for lost time.

Brian Hinckley

Corporate America

Coffee replaces blood,
televisions replace the mind.
Just another day here,
in corporate America.

Driving to work,
one by one.
We march to our deaths,
in small metal coffins.

Eight hours a day,
sometimes more than forty a week.
Lives grinding away tick by tick,
Death watches and waits.

We try to find moments,
yet they hide in the mundane.
Erased from the computer,
there is no room for those anymore.

Day after day,
week after week we burn.
Our candles run on caffeine and electricity,
burning hot and fast.

We all eventually fall,
giving in to corporate America.
No time to sit in idle,
Death is on a schedule.

Brian Hinckley

Cosmic Visions

Cosmic visions
Dancing across the sky
Heavenly bodies
Memories of you

Daring freedom
Fighting the chains of bondage
Can you escape
And be truly free?

Love
Hate
Want
Need

The core of your soul
Divided by fours
Circular in nature
Nature in chaos

Give in
Give up
Get up
Get in

The horsemen ride
Thundering hooves across the sky
Sun fades to darkness
Darkness to light
Never ending circle

If you have a moment
Crossing the dark surrounding
Look down and backwards
Somewhere in time I am waiting

Flow backwards to go forward
Turn around to look ahead
That is where I am

Caught between the inbetween

Brian Hinckley

Counting Game

Four pages written
and nothing to show.
My heart in black ink,
when reality is even darker.

Five sponsors
on his shirt.
Too many names for
one man.

Six ounces in this mans drink,
he will be thirsty again.
Too small to enjoy,
he should thank free refills.

Brian Hinckley

Dancing In The Corners Of My Mind

We once lived in a world of music,
a world where the tune infused our bodies.
The dance floor was ours alone,
be it at home or on the town.

Suddenly the music stopped,
your body slipping from mine.
No warnings given,
no soft kiss goodbye.

The music never came back,
not after all these years.
Some have tried to make me return,
but you stole that part of who I am.

I dance only in my mind,
but occasionally when I am alone.
I also sing like my heart is breaking,
never having been repaired since that day.

I want to dance again,
feeling the flow of the music.
I want to feel a body against me,
combining into sweet liquid motion.

The music fills my spirit,
soothing my demons.
The dance fuels my despair,
slicing old wounds with each step.

So tonight I sit here watching from afar,
wishing I had the strength to take you in my arms.
Some day I may put the past where it belongs,
but sadly tonight is not the night.

Brian Hinckley

Dark, Mysterious, And Obviously Out Of Your Mind

You intrigue me,
dancing the way you do.
I am hypnotized,
locked to the flow of your body.

You're dark and mysterious,
also quite obviously out of your mind.
I cant help myself or my idle hands,
they want you and your touch.

You're like liquid cocaine,
igniting as it flows through my veins.
You're the worst type of addiction,
the one I actively try to keep.

Where do we go now,
my dark and mysterious psycho?
You hold me in thrall,
and I cant be happier.

Lead me deeper into the night,
like a pied piper you control me.
Kiss me until I drown in ecstasy,
death will never feel so right.

Brian Hinckley

Death Of A Giant

No more swimming
in your money vault, Scrooge,
the well has dried.

Banks failing and
people panicing,
the grand fall of a giant.

Recovery might not
be in the cards this time,
the dirge has begun.

Break out the suits
of deepest mourning,
because morning might not come.

Numbers become meaningless
and fear rules the streets,
the gloating is heard from overseas.

The giant lays dying and
heaving his final breathes,
mourn fast for time is running out.

The giant may live or die
and we will need to go on,
but the real question is, will we?

Brian Hinckley

December Snow

December snow falls among naked trees,
blanketing fallen leaves like soldiers on a battlefield.

Paths covered with footfalls from the past,
slowly filled with crystalline flakes that gently bury times passage.

We walk until we stand before a single tree,
undisturbed by the bitter chill and frostbitten wind.

Wreathed in blinding light and surrounded by brilliance refracted off the falling
snow,
we dance to music that exists only for us.

Minutes or hours or even days pass while we remain lost in our private dance,
only stopping when I shatter the moment with a soft kiss.

Your eyes grow wide and the smile fades from your face replaced by shock,
my actions stripping the moment of everything it held.

You turn and walk away with silence drawn around you like a cloak,
I stand beneath that lonely tree with the bitter chill mocking me and my foolish
choice.

Brian Hinckley

Devil's Duel (A Love Story)

You want me to be a yes-man,
bending to your will.
'I'll never do it, ' I yell,
'I'd rather burn in hell! '

'Your loss! ', the devil shouts,
'I could be the best you ever had! '
Raining fire down upon me,
he forces me to you.

'You think you have me now,
but you have never known!
I ran from the devil today,
but the battle isn't won! '

I'll turn on the devil,
bringing fire of my own.
'You forced a rose on me,
now it's time you feel the thorn! '

We'll battle and skirmish,
each never giving in.
The girl with the bright blue eyes,
she's the devil in disguise.

Brian Hinckley

Did It Happen?

Odd thoughts,
racing pulse.
Did what happened
really happen,
or was it just fantasy?

Oceans of feelings,
raging seas,
fling my mind about.
Did what happened
really happen,
or was it just a memory?

Two clicks
and the chamber is empty;
but no gun to my head,
the gun was never real.
Did what happened
really happen,
or was it illusion?

Living a life
where I am center stage,
grinding words
for the world to enjoy.
Did tonight really happen,
or is it tomorrow that's the lie?

Brian Hinckley

Drive It Home (Dangerous Curves Ahead)

Feel the road below you,
churning hot rubber over cold pavement.

Gravel spewing behind you,
the miles dissolving rapidly away.

Drive it home and make your point,
the road twists and turns so make sure you're clear.

Riding this mighty stone serpent,
you are undefeatable.

Your fumes hang thick in the air,
marking your passing though you've gone.

Pistons thrusting like a hot lover,
pushing you to the limit.

Drive it home and make your case,
you know you want it so take it.

The road is your life,
the car is your soul.

Push faster and break through,
make time's flow seem stagnant.

Drive it home and let it stick,
you know you never stood a chance.

Brian Hinckley

Duty Of Desire

Caught between desire and duty,
the right choice becomes blurred.
Do I give in to heart or head
when you smile at me?

The right choice is the hardest,
tearing me in two.
Do I give you my heart or my mind
or do I give you both?

Lost and confused,
I search vainly for help.
Do I feel relief or pain
when your smile is not for me?

Heart, soul, body, and mind,
all point to you.
Do I tell you how I feel
when I know we have no chance?

Brian Hinckley

Emerald Dream

I walk down
emerald halls,
floors covered in moss.

I walk down
emerald halls,
doors made of vines.

I walk down
emerald halls,
roofed in shimmering skies.

I walk down
emerald halls,
never wanting to leave
my emerald dream.

Brian Hinckley

Enigma

Wash away the feeling of not belonging
and keep me in your embrace.
I long for your kiss and touch,
like a man dying of thirst longs for water.

He doesn't know who she is, nor where she came from, but she runs through his mind constantly. She is his best friend, his confidant, yet knows nothing about her. She has told him everything about her and has been open beyond words about her feelings, yet has not said a single word.

I need your voice to cut into me
and your mind to dazzle me.
Send me spinning and never stopping,
just keep me from falling, I beg you.

She is his beginning and end, forever keeping him guessing. She brought him to life with an offhand remark and killed him in the silence ever after. He knows he is lucky to have her in his life; he knows he is a fool for letting her in so far. His savior and murderer, wrapped in a shining ball of enigma.

Angel or devil,
I welcome both.
Kiss me or kill me,
as long as it's you.

Brian Hinckley

Epic Smile

Time slows;
then stops.
You have an epic smile,
shining brightly to challenge the sun.

You laugh with your soul,
eyes sparkling in the light.
You have an epic smile,
one I will never forget.

My heart leaps at your voice,
a smile shattering the gloom of life.
You have an epic smile,
brighter than a thousand suns.

I will think of you often,
though truthfully I already do.
You have an epic smile, my muse,
one that will always be with me.

Brian Hinckley

Eulogy

Grieve for our loss
and give your love to the dead.
They fought bravely,
overcoming tremendous odds.
We move on
only by their sacrifice.
Lower your heads,
offering prayers for their souls.
Anger and fear
may drive us to retaliate.
We must fight these feelings
and let grief run its course.
Raise your voices in song
and celebrate the gift of life.
These revered few have given it to us,
let us not take it in vain!
Stand up and raise your heads,
feel the love their shades send us.
Depart, dear friends,
enjoy the give they have given freely.

Brian Hinckley

Everything I Do

I can't love you,
no matter how I try.
You are better off without me,
because of everything I do.

You are beautiful,
stunning in your flaws.
I look inside myself,
seeing the dark side of me.

I still think of you,
after all this time.
In the dead of night when I awaken,
all I think of is you.

It can't be love;
it must be lust.
My thoughts are a mix of a saint and sinner,
because of everything I do.

Best we part ways,
before I learn the truth in my heart.
Walk away while my back is turned,
I can't watch you leave.

I will feel the loss,
ripping me apart.
I will finally see the truth and why it could never be,
it's because of everything I do.

Brian Hinckley

Exploration Station

Exploration Station,
running at half capacity!
Falling from orbit,
we are out of time!

Exploration Station,
burning in the bright blue sky!
Streaking like a comet,
emergency hatches open!

Exploration Station,
crashing into the sea!
All hands still on board,
exploring the great unknown!

Brian Hinckley

Eyes Of Envy

I watch you kiss him;
holding him like he was me.
I watch you laugh,
a laugh that was once mine.

You walk hand in hand;
each holding a portion of my heart.
As you separate it falls,
torn and discarded.

You told me I was difficult,
you told me I was wrong.
I told you I was myself
and nothing more.

With eyes of daggers
I watch him.
I watch him steal the kisses
that belong to me.

I watch you hold him
with arms that are mine.
I watch you.

My thoughts snap free;
scaring me to reality.
You were never mine,
you belonged to yourself.

You were never an object,
save one.
You were always
the object of my affection.

I watch him
with eyes of envy.
I turn and walk away,
green monster whispering his counsel.

Falling Back To Earth

A glimpse of sunlight - piercing the darkness
was all we were, but not anymore.
Blame could be cast on one thing or another,
but the blame is where it belongs - on me.
I flew too high and now must fall,
streaking like a comet through the night sky.
My wings melted as I closed in on your sun;
I tempted fate and took a chance - foolish mortal.
Lesson learned and filed under heartache -
words mesmerized me and kept me entranced - until now.
We will keep up our game and play it out to the end,
but detachment is key - even as pleasure wracks our bodies.
The Tin Man without a heart, standing cold and hollow,
follows the girl with dreams and desires - and her little dog too.
I bust out the broom and sweep up the shards,
putting them together with careful precision.
Keeping what I know clear in mind from here on out,
I wont be as careless again.

Brian Hinckley

Faults

I wish I could kiss away the scars,
gentle lips like a healing salve.

I wish I could hold away the nightmares,
comforting arms around you until daybreak.

I wish I could caress away the tears,
rough hands wiping away those streams from alabaster skin.

I have my faults and they can annoy,
distract, upset, and infuriate.
Through all my faults I hope I can be enough,
to crack a beam of sunlight through the darkness.

Brian Hinckley

Flirt

Eye's dancing,
sparkling at you.
Eyebrow raised,
questioning.

Slow smirk,
matching wink.
Signal strong,
are you receiving?

Smiling coyly,
head tilted.
Ask yourself,
do you take a chance?

Leaving silently,
door closing.
Wanting more,
do you have the guts?

Car waiting,
door open.
Smiling at you,
doors don't stay open forever.

Brian Hinckley

Florida Girl

Her laugh spreads
like a contagion
and her voice
could shatter hearts.

She smiles
like the sun rising
and she jokes
like the great comedians.

When she is pensive,
she paints.
When she is sad,
she turns for comfort.

I offer what I can,
praying I can
give enough, only
my best is never enough.

She interests me deeply
and talking to her is amazing.
She is intelligence and insight,
beauty and humor,
rolled into one.

She is something special
and she does not realize it.
She deserves the universe
when I can only give her my self.

Brian Hinckley

Fresh After Your Heart Is Ripped Out

Fresh after your heart is ripped out,
you feel the loss only in the moment.
You don't feel the loss of what was
or what might have been.
It is not until later do you feel the wrenching of despair
of what you truly lost.

As you sit upon that throne of hearts,
looking down at your accomplishments,
will you feel full?
Will you have crushed enough people below you
to feel finally complete and whole?
Have you gathered enough hearts
to replace the chasm where yours is supposed to be?
I think not.
Monsters in fairy tales
and scary bedtime stories
rarely stop what they are good at;
what they are bred to do.

That is what you are.
A monster in the truest sense of the word.
You left me for dead,
but I survived.

I may be broken
from years stolen and years forgotten,
but I survived.

You never expected me to,
did you?
The voice that tells me that you did this to test me,
or to play hard to get,
I know it is not true.

I know what you truly do.
I have seen first hand the destruction
in the hearts of men who fall in love with you,
only to now have permanent residence

within that ruined city that once housed our future.

So, carry on, brave sneak thief.

Carry on, destructor.

I know what you do,

I will not allow myself to once again fall for your tricks.

You have lost all right to think of me as a friend,

I want nothing to do with you again, demon.

You live in your heart kingdom,

decorated with all the hearts you stole,

pin mine nice and tight to the wall.

We don't want it to escape, do we?

Brian Hinckley

Full Circle

I turn my back
for just a moment.
I can see you
and the tears in your eyes.

I turn again
just for a second.
I can see you
and the smile lighting your eyes.

I turn once more
and stay.
I can see you crying
as I keep you in my arms

forever.

Brian Hinckley

Game (You Cannot Win)

When the dice are loaded and the cards are marked,
you can't stop playing the game you cannot win.
Your desires and hopes could fall to the ground,
leaving your head and heart heavy; sick with sin.
You gambled with Fate and you knew the stacks were against,
but you had to try to play just for an ounce of knowing.
Now the die has been cast and you close your eyes,
you close your eyes - afraid at what might be showing.

Trembling hands no longer run her soft flesh,
no more soft kisses sending chills down her spine.
The dice roll craps and your hands part for good,
leaving you to live the lie that everything is fine.
But the dice could roll lucky and Fate smiles down,
what you both want comes to fruition and grows.
Your kisses ignite the sun and send the stars spinning,
you burst the dams and your love flows.

Either is possible as you play out your hand,
playing a game you cannot win.
You keep playing despite that fact,
hoping to finally be in a place you've never been.

Brian Hinckley

Ghosts

Creaking doors echo in moonlit rooms,
dishes rattle like bones in sunken tombs,
the ghosts have come to claim me.

I sit in the dark praying for light,
cursing the moment I knew you were right,
your ghost has come to claim me.

Shattering porcelain shatters the silent house,
under the shadows of a spirit-like louse,
his ghost has come to claim me.

Sucking blood and life in equal measure from dry skin,
letting you enter and take me - my horrific twin,
my ghost has come to claim me.

I loved you in life and I do now in death,
lost in your shadow since you drew your last breath,
Our ghosts have come to claim our love.

Brian Hinckley

Giving In To It All (But Not Just Yet)

Cold metal on soft skin,
clawing at my life,
seeking my heart,
but it's already gone.
Given to another
for safe keeping,
held in security deposit,
where I can't hurt it more.

If I am giving in,
thinking the battle lost,
I could let the metal in,
but the war hasn't ended
and my heart still beats,
hidden in hands,
gentle and loving.

Defiance raised like a flag,
scars shown that they tried,
but I won.

Brian Hinckley

Great Power, Great Responsibility

I can't move,
your gaze immobilizing.
All feelings fade;
my eyes locked on you.

You have always had this power,
and abused it just as long.
Snap of your fingers,
is all it ever took to get all you wanted.

Today I sit free,
your spell broken.
Seeing you with him,
I can't help but laugh.

With great power
comes great responsibility.
Some day you will learn that,
and for his sake soon.

Brian Hinckley

Happen

Odd thoughts,
racing pulse.
Did what happened
really happen,
or was it just fantasy?

Oceans of feelings,
raging seas,
fling my mind about.
Did what happened
really happen,
or was it just a memory?

Two clicks
and the chamber is empty;
but no gun to my head,
the gun was never real.
Did what happened
really happen,
or was it illusion?

Living a life
where I am center stage,
grinding words
for the world to enjoy.
Did tonight really happen,
or is it tomorrow that's the lie?

Brian Hinckley

Her Face

Her face
shining in the dead of night.
Her soul
shining to keep the light.

She brings me back
from the edge I walk.
She brings me back
with a simple talk.

Her eyes
shining across the miles.
Her heart
shining through all the trials.

She brings me back
to a place I need.
She brings me back
where I don't bleed.

Does she know
what she's done?
Does she care
that I feel?
Can she know
that the light has won?

Brian Hinckley

Hold The Bacon

Unlike the suave and smooth men surrounding you,
I burst in your vision with the grace of a pig on a frozen pond.
I amused you with my clumsy attempts to stand,
but when I got my balance I surprised you.

I'm a dork and a sappy romantic and oblivious to any subtly,
yet I drew your interest although only briefly.
In my normal way I became the clumsy pig on ice again,
slipping and falling from your eyes.

You still look at me after all this time as that pig struggling to stand,
yet I am standing firmly on the icy path to you.
I can surprise you yet again but not just yet,
I'm going to bide my time and wait until a chill other than yours is in the air.

Brian Hinckley

Hot Soup And Cold Bread

Hot soup and cold bread
mark the paths of my day.
Almost mocking me,
Panera gives french onion
a bad name.

My day has gone
from good to poor
in a single heartbeat;
continues to sink.

I let myself fall, again,
only to have it end as usual.
Hot soup and cold bread,
you are a poor substitute.

Brian Hinckley

I Can'T Let Go Of You

You moved on,
like a sailor leaving home for good.
Exploring and growing,
never settling for less than you deserved.

I tried to move,
only quicksand formed around my ankles.
I cant let go of you,
nor the memories of that night.

You were someone I loved,
actually you are someone I still do.
I deny it with my last breath,
but my heart knows different.

Pressure and pain,
forward yet backward.
Moving but staying still,
I don't want to hurt you.

I am not going to act on my emotions,
because it's not what you want.
You deserve more than I am,
yet I can only imagine what we could have had.

Toss and turn,
sheets covered in sweat.
The body next to me stirs,
my body restless in the moonlight.

I have only one option open to me,
and my mind knows I should take it.
My heart is the only obstacle,
it's a worthy opponent to my thoughts.

So I walk on,
giving my 'love' elsewhere.
Hollow comments and idle compliments,
I can't let go of you.

Brian Hinckley

I Circle The Air

I circle the air
driving storms before me
crackling energy
burning the ground.

I circle the air
feeding off chaos
thunderous claps
announce my coming.

I circle the air
free of emotion
horrible gashes
line my chest.

I circle the air
weakly falling
sudden rain
washes me away.

I fall to the ground
struggling desperately
eyes blur
and all is dark.

Brian Hinckley

I Have Something To Tell You

Halt time for just a moment,
let me tell you what I really want to say.
After I do you can walk away,
never hearing my voice again.

You wont like it,
but I cant help it.
I'm falling for you hard,
and I'm sure you don't care.

I go day by day wondering,
never grasping what you want.
Thoughts fly a mile a minute,
only to get lost in your eyes.

I wish there would be a time,
a time where you see me for me.
I never stop caring about you,
even when you're in the arms of another.

I stand in constant vigil,
ready to protect your aching heart.
Always the street sweeper,
never the knight in shining armor.

All I wanted to say has been said,
feel free to walk away.
I cant act different from who I am,
I've fallen for you and you don't care.

Brian Hinckley

I Never Learned How To Play Fair

Watching and waiting,
hoping I get my chance.
Winning is the only prescription;
losing is death.

In all of life's aspects,
I have to be the best.
To be what I can never be,
I'll dredge the deepest darkness of my soul.

I'll say I love you,
my heart in my eyes.
I'll grease your love strings,
only while it suits me.

I'll take the job with a smile,
working as hard as I can.
I'll screw over all I need to,
rocketing to the top.

You think you know me,
but you don't have a clue.
You think I'd help you when your down,
but I'd rather step on you.

I never learned to play fair,
not in any aspect of life.
I will win at any cost,
even if it means losing you.

Brian Hinckley

I'LI Be There (His Words Spoken To The Wind)

When wild vines choke the road and thick leaves block the sky,
leaving you lost under a canopy of darkness - I'll be there.

When the paths before you look foreign and strange,
and the signs all point to nowhere - I'll be there.

The day you decide to use me and betray the feelings we once shared,
turning forked tongue toward my waiting ear - I'll be there.

When the end comes and forces us to part and you walk away,
leaving me alone on a rocky pier - I'll be there.

Soon enough you will realize what you have lost,
and in a vain attempt to reclaim my love.
You search for me where I was as if frozen in time,
but you find only a memory with words frozen on its lips.
'I'll be there.'

Brian Hinckley

I'M Yours

You give a feeling that burns the wrong way
burning in heart and mind
I was true with all I said
I'm yours
I'm yours
I'm yours tonight
and every night

Your body haunts my dreams
leaving imprints in my brain
I want to call you and whisper in your ear
I'm yours
I'm yours
I'm yours tonight
and whenever you want

Drive me crazy with a smile
drive me crazy with a smile
DRIVE me crazy with a smile
you drive me crazy
I'm yours

Let the moon swallow the sun
and the darkness blanket the earth
Don't let the sadness take you
I'm yours
I'm yours
I'm yours tonight
and all the tomorrows

Brian Hinckley

I'M...

I see you there, burning, waiting for me to taste you,
put you to my lips and feel you enter me.
Exotic and dangerous, you invade my thoughts,
to touch, to hold, to taste you - I'm weak.

I want to give in to you, just as you want to give in to me,
our embrace burning both of us with our mutual fire.
Consume me, defeat me, let me take you in,
you're in my bloodstream and I like it - I'm yours.

You're bad for me and I know it, but I can't help it,
I should leave you be and go away, I know it.
I want to quit you and sever you from my life,
but I can't escape how you make me feel - I'm alive.

Burn me down and take me for who I am,
charred remains of a heart once empty.
I can't get you out of my mind and I don't want to,
you consume me, devour me, swallow me whole - I think I'm in love.

Brian Hinckley

Inaction Impossible

Heart flutters;
hard to breath.
One step either way
and things change forever.

Stranded;
no assistance to be seen,
ice freezes in my veins.

I lose my mind,
seeing both possibilities.
Torn in half,
I want to slide down both.

Two halves
fluttering in the breeze.
Someone put me back together
and make me whole.

Brian Hinckley

Ireland

Shimmering seas
beckon me home.
On a distant shore
my heart waits for me
to return.

Her emerald eyes
gleam in the sun.
Her captivating figure
pulls at my heart.

She sits lonely,
whispering me home.
I want to swim
the empty in between.

My lovely lady,
you have known me for so long.
You are my hearts desire,
draped in a jade dress.

When we are one,
our dreams will be reality.
I love you, my dear,
my Ireland.

Brian Hinckley

Is It Bad?

Is it bad
when I call you at night?
When your voice lights my night
like a shining star?

Is it bad
that I love you?
That I never
want to let you go?

Is it bad
how I want to give you the world?
How I hurt
when you are in pain?

Is it bad
that I think these things?
I believe not,
because I love you.

Is it bad
that love makes me this way?
I wouldn't know,
because I never loved like this before.

Is it bad
that you are my guiding star?
That you hold my heart
in your gentle hands?

I think not,
because I love you.

Brian Hinckley

Just Another Day (In Nebraska)

Rolling clouds bound across the sky,
lightning dances in that darkening harbinger.
We glance to the sky like so many before us,
just another day in Nebraska.

Wind whips across fields of grain,
bending them to nature's domination.
Windmills creak and groan,
spinning ponderously in protest.

Darker and darker clouds form above,
sending a bright noonday sun into hiding.
Swirling like a whirlpool and just as deadly,
the twister touches ground.

Erratic patterns of death and destruction mark its path,
nature showing that nothing is off limits.
Vanishing as fast as it formed,
it falls apart as the clouds burst open.

Brilliant sunlight floods the fields,
lighting the path the twister has made.
Houses needing to be rebuilt and fields replanted,
just another sad day in Nebraska.

Brian Hinckley

Leave

Leave it to me
to get it wrong.
When all I want is you,
I know I will never get what I want.

Leave me sitting
lost in confusion.
When all I think of is you,
I know I care too much.

Leave me here
if the words cannot be spoken.
When all I want is your happiness,
I know it is not with me.

Brian Hinckley

Let It Flow

The beats of life are in you,
thumping and writhing.
Dance with abandon you never felt before,
just let it flow.

If you need to borrow some energy,
you can have some of mine.
I will shine my light for you baby,
just let it flow.

Give the day a chance,
but give the night to me.
Take my hand without fear,
and just let it flow.

Brian Hinckley

Let's Break Our Phones And Go Live On The Moon

All the small things in life are free,
for a reasonable price.
Tourists on vacation,
the world doesn't belong to us.

Let's take it back,
visiting hour is over.
Free the world from bonds of tedium,
but then disappear forever.

People can find us,
living on the moon.
Your world is no longer good enough for us,
the moon is ours for good.

'The pressure you put on me sends me to my knees. Covering my body in your heat. The mix of sweat and sex hangs heavy in the air; liquor and sin mix in a sickeningly sweet concoction of lies. Your love is as true as your orgasm.'

Fly the steel birds,
rising up and up.
We have moon lasers trained on you,
please stay still.

The moon is ours,
from now to eternity.
We left you a world without bonds,
stop trying to force them on to us.

'I never lied when I said I loved you. I never lied from the day I walked in the door. The times we spent were the happiest in my life, but there cannot be an us. Then or now, but the future, you know, is unwritten. So stand up and hold me in your arms. Kiss me like you want to. The moon is ours, love... but we forgot our phone chargers...'

Brian Hinckley

Lies Don'T Need An Airplane To Catch You

Cosmic inclusion,
societal deletion.
Your lies don't need an airplane,
they'll run you down.

Will you come again,
only to leave me alone?
I'm in your company,
yet the barrier between us is growing.

You say you don't want me;
you say you don't like me.
Your lies don't need a train ticket,
they'll meet you when you stop.

The hope inside you dies,
like the dreams inside me.
Love wrote you a letter,
but it was sent to Hate.

You don't need to run,
your lies know where you'll go.
May as well stay and face your fate,
because your lies don't need an airplane to catch you.

Brian Hinckley

Life In Flames

The fire burns,
flames licking the rafters.
I stand in the inferno,
can of gasoline in my hand.

I lean into the flames,
lighting my cigarette off a picture frame.
A smile lights my face,
despite my fate.

I fueled the fire,
giving my last thoughts to you.
Watching our lives to burn to cinders,
I can only laugh.

You will come home,
despairing at your lost material possessions.
I will be laughing,
all the while the flames close in.

Brian Hinckley

Limited Time Offer

You are given your ticket,
yet never any directions.
Trial and error is your guide,
spinning around in circles until the end.

Life is a limited time offer,
revoked at a moments notice.
Precious as a jewel,
but coveted like lead.

Short and hopefully sweet,
life can pass you by easily.
Keep your arms around it,
never letting it slip from your grasp.

You're not alone,
though you will think otherwise.
You're looking to the sky for help,
but someone is much closer than that.

Fall into my arms,
I'll never let you fall.
I'm a limited time offer,
only able to help for so long.

Let's walk this tightrope together,
traversing life's perils hand in hand.
I love you and everything you do,
though I will sometimes act like I don't.

I'll write you a promise,
here and now.
I will never leave you alone,
even when the stars go dark all around us.

Brian Hinckley

Liquid Love

Tossing down drinks
that flow like waterfalls,
I glean only fragments
from the world around me.

Lights become tactile,
sounds become flavor.
Reason falls way to desire
and she is what I want.

Rich and dark,
like she should be.
She never says 'no;
you're never not good enough.'

In my mouth,
in my mind,
in my soul,
she comforts me.

My liquid love,
I would do anything for you,
but as Meatloaf so emphatically said,
I wont do that.

Brian Hinckley

Love Falters (But Never Fades)

Love is born like a child,
unsure of it's full potential.
Careening like a drunken sailor,
love is born off-balance and naive.

Love grows into adolescence,
jealous and arrogant in equal measure.
So sure of itself in everything it does,
love doesn't notice when it falters.

Moving into adulthood,
love begins to gain wisdom.
It can see the faults it always ignored before,
with regret it can end or with forced ignorance it can continue onward.

As love ages into maturity,
it looks back at all the missteps it has taken.
Love may have abandoned the one it was with years ago,
it has never faded in the passing of a lifetime.

Brian Hinckley

Love In Three Verse

Silent screams,
buried in liquor fumes.
Passionate kisses,
taste of self loathing.

Morals fall to the floor,
like the clothes you wear.
Your body moves like a serpent,
your kiss just as deadly.

I love you,
even though I hate you.
Your love is poison,
and I'm addicted to death.

Brian Hinckley

Love Is Dead

Artistic brain-drain
occurring after loss-
when words fail and wither
on parched, broken lips.
Not knowing self from Self,
bouncing from warm bed to warm body-
Loss of identity and direction.
Wandering, wondering-
wishing on a shooting star, but
the stars above are ghosts long dead.

Artistic suffocation
occurring during rapture-
two bodies entwined;
legs, arms, hearts, all broken and
remade, though easily broken again.
Lost in a kiss, embrace; drowning in
raw lust, all stale and purple-
writhing under the dead dead stars.

Brian Hinckley

Love Sickness

Love grows like a tumor,
hidden below the surface.
Spreading through the body,
slowly killing you.

My love for you grows slowly,
tendrils wrapping around my heart.
Sliding between flesh and bone,
your infection grows.

You spread to my arms and legs,
slowly making me lose control.
Legs now walk towards you,
arms wrapping around your waist.

Crawling up my spine,
you encircle my brain.
Sliding into every thought,
my love for you shows in every action.

You have my body,
the sickness terminal.
You have my mind,
fevered love in a sick mind.

Brian Hinckley

Love, Loathe

I can picture
every move you make.
Stealing my breath
with every glance.
I love you
and I loathe you
for what you made of me.
When every line I write
is about you.

I wish I could stop,
but I know I never will.
Controlling me,
though you don't know.
I wish I could stop,
I loathe you,
I love you.
The lines have blurred.

Someday I'll learn,
but not today.
Today I love you,
and tomorrow we'll see.

Brian Hinckley

Lovefool

What a fool I was!
Letting my heart
out of its cage again.

What a fool I was!
Thinking that this
time would be different.

What a fool I was!
Pretending that there
existed something between us.

What a fool I am
for thinking this was
the last time I will let her
make a fool out of me.

Brian Hinckley

Man Of Steel

Born in heat unimaginable,
the fires of desire
hold no sway over me.
I gleam shimmering silver,
in the light of the sun.
My steel torso
is molded to perfection,
holding a treasure of springs and
clockwork that make up
my soul.
I stare with eyes of glass
at a world afraid.
Frankenstein's Monster,
evil incarnate, they scream.
I gaze upon them with
robotic unconcern.
I walk away,
iron soles cracking pavement.
Society shuns;
I coldly ignore.

Brian Hinckley

Mental Jungle

Thoughts race,
bunching and bounding.
Tall reeds of memories sway
as the pack streaks by.

Mental jungle,
lush and green.
Parts are slashed and burned
by the thoughts of you.

You set fire
to my mind.
I can't see through the flames
of my own making.

Racing faster and faster,
the pack flies towards you.
Dancing a seductive tease,
you smile as you see them approach.

Taming thought,
you continue to set me ablaze.
I burn for you,
but the flame can't last forever.

Brian Hinckley

Million

Economic woes and
foreign foes.
A million ways to die,
but no way to really live.

Time's flying by and
money woes make the strongest cry.
A million ways to fall,
but no one to catch you.

Hope in short supply and
debts at a record high.
A million reasons to give in,
but no reasons to go on.

How do we stop the free fall,
when the odds are stacked against us?
Where do we turn,
when no one is there to help us?

Look to the sky and
find the clouds up high.
A silver lining exists there somewhere,
but a million dark clouds stand in between.

Brian Hinckley

Moment In Time-Beauty In Motion Seldom Seen

The sun glistened on the multi-hued wings like drops of water reflecting off a stained glass window. Rising higher and higher, shooting rays of light in all directions, the wing streaks. Quicker than the eye can see, the delicate wing reaches its crest, shining for all the world like a priceless gem.

The grace of movement in the simplest lifting of that fiber thin wing out matches any human construct. The young dragonfly flaunts his beauty briefly for the benefit of the world, before he continues his movement.

Soaring down, faster than a human can run, the work of art descends, seemingly fast enough to disperse the rays of light that were formed on its ascension.

The light fades as the dragonflies body blots out the sun, depriving the world of beauty only momentarily. The rainbow-stained wing is not worried, for it knows it will get its chance to shine again.

Brian Hinckley

Moment In Time-Epipheny

Her sorrow snaps him from his brooding, like a dog doused in cold water. His eyes glance up, see the tears running down her face. Knowing what he should do, he is frozen in his own indecision. Should he comfort her? Will she let him? He strums another cord on his guitar as he stares into her face, drinking in it's tear-soaked radiance.

How can he just sit there, she thinks. How can he watch me cry and not offer anything? Doesn't he know he is part of the reason I cry? She does not wipe the tears from her face, the warmth they let off helps ward off the chill of this late November night.

He can not remove his eyes from her face. He feels like he is caught in a web, staring at his soon to be killer. He realizes in that moment that it is true. She is his killer. Every time she cries, a part of him dies. He can feel it in his heart, the strain, the ache, every time a fresh tear is made. Could it be love, he muses. He has never known love before. Every relationship he has been in as been a relationship of lust. He strums another note.

I can not take this anymore, she silently screams. I am going to leave him tonight. To hell with love. Her tears flow faster, soaking her shirt now. The sorrow in her heart could never be matched by those tears, she tells herself, as she lowers her head into her hands like a broken hearted child.

His hands close around hers, causing her head to snap up in sorrowful astonishment. He says nothing as he looks deep into her red streaked eyes. He knows what he has done. He knows what he did the entire time, he just could not stop himself. That was always his problem. He thought too much, took too long to act and it always cost him. He was determined not to let her slip away from him, not again.

Like a key in a lock, they both knew they were destined for each other. It is going to be difficult loving me, his eyes said softly to her. I love you, her lips slowly parted. I am not an easy man, his eyes said sadly. I love you, her eyes slowly closed. I love you, his mouth finally said, as he kissed her.

Brian Hinckley

Muse Unbound

Given often to poetic speech,
I sometimes forget the subject.
I think in flowery prose,
leading my words to be less direct.

When I write,
my thoughts form perfect.
My imagination explodes,
my passions begin to connect.

Driving beyond conventional thought,
my prose become heated.
Faster they burn to the page,
my fire never becoming depleted.

I live in a world constantly in flux,
music and prose dance about me.
My muse guides every thought,
constantly whispering 'Set me free'.

Brian Hinckley

Neon Glow

Watch yourself move,
highlighted in a neon glow.
Music rules the night,
rushing through your veins.

Your body moves with liquid fusion,
the neon glow glistening off your sweat.
The movement comes unbidden,
like a seizure of pure pleasure.

You look radioactive,
bathed in a neon glow.
Geeks and Freaks liken you to a superheroine;
Punks and Thugs liken you to a challenge.

You are something that needs to be conquered,
a neon glowing prize to be won.
They all lay lines and try to show they have game,
but you keep dancing to the music in your blood.

You laugh at thier attempts to take you home,
refusing to leave the nights neon glow.
You steal a kiss outside from random boys and girls,
but you never leave the music that is consuming.

Daylight starts to stain the night sky,
and the neon glow begins to dim.
The music begins to fade,
but you never stop dancing.

You ride home with random bodyskin,
giving a kiss and a promise for more.
A morning he will never forget,
making love to you under a neon glow.

Brian Hinckley

Nightmare Of Heartbreak

She strings me up,
like many marionettes.
Eyes gleaming with malice,
she turns towards her tools.

Blades and jagged edges
stretch as far as the eye can see.
Trying to break my strings,
I struggle to escape her.

PAIN! It sears my brain!
Digging knives of jealousy deep,
she draws a stream of crimson blood.
She stands before me laughing.

My strings are solid steel
and rip into my wrists.
She has me helpless,
just like many times before.

AGONY! It tears my flesh!
Scrapping jagged saws of dishonesty across me,
shaving my body clear of flesh.
She stands before me laughing.

If I was a creature made of wood,
my shavings would float softly to the floor.
I am a creature of flesh and bone though,
my essence forming sticky pools around her feet.

I hear her walking away laughing,
the sound hurting more than the blades.

Brian Hinckley

Nine Lives Spent

Details of my life come by unbidden,
lost in a torrent of fleeting moments and thoughts.
Past becomes obsolete and forgettable,
with only the present becoming pertinent.

Nine lives lived with only one mattering,
leaving me content and amazed I have what I do.
One life to live and love,
leaving me to make the most of what I have.

The one who completes me understands me,
with a deep appreciation for the lives I lived before.
She knows she is my only,
and I can only hope that I am enough to satisfy her.

Brian Hinckley

No Escape

I spin and twist
Trying to break away.
Images of you
Chase me eternally.

You are always with me
While at work or home.
You are always watching me
Every time I kiss her.

Her lips should taste
Of the love I should feel.
Her lips taste of yours,
And the love you have stolen.

I travel the world
Trying to forget you.
You follow me like a specter,
Your memory haunting my every move.

I can't forget you
And I never wanted to,
But I need to move on
Please release my heart.

I bounce from person to person,
Measuring them against you.
None meet what I feel for you,
Those close to it I push away.

Pausing to breath,
I know the truth.
I blame you,
But I was the one who left.

The guilty
Make the first move.
Now I live with it,
And the punishment I created.

Brian Hinckley

No Strings Attached

Her eyes burn through me,
searing my heart in a single glance.
My eyes roam her body,
every inch of me looking for romance.

The sway of her hips arouses me,
causing my head to swing in tune.
My arms wrap around her,
caressing her in the light of the moon.

Kissing her upturned lips,
everything suddenly feels right.
We wont worry about tomorrow,
but will get lost in each other tonight.

Brian Hinckley

No Vacancy

Stop! Go back!
There is no place for you here!
You know
you are not welcome!

Turn away! Hurry!
This is where the heart breaks!
You have
been here before!

Please stop! Turn back!
You don't want to be here!
You are
not welcome anymore!

I warned you!
Now you pay!
You never listen,
after all the times I told you!

Lock you away!
That's the only punishment!
You are stuck
with the choices you made!

No Forgiveness!
You will listen next time!
You pay the price now,
and pray.

This is where the heart breaks.
There is no reprieve.
You came of your own accord.
You never listen.
You'll be back,
you always are.

Brian Hinckley

Now Is The Time

Grieving time in Buffalo,
for the lost who went before.
Fear of what will happen
and what fate has in store.
Time doesn't slow,
nor does it abate.
The chance to live is now,
we must act before it's too late.
Where will we go
and what will we do?
Will we hate or love,
will be we proud with what we grown into?
Now is the chance
that others have not had.
With my heart in my hand I offer it,
life is too short to live it mad.
Give your heart and soul,
body and mind.
I give mine freely,
to a woman who is like Kind.
Her name is Hope,
though that's not really her name.
She is my guiding star,
for my raging heart she did tame.

Brian Hinckley

On The Line

My thoughts are out now,
heart on the line.
Take me as who I am,
or let me go free.

Tests and pop quizzes,
these are what I get from you.
Forgive my duality,
just don't leave me on the line.

Give me a chance to show you,
show you everything I have to give.
Don't minimize how I feel for you,
my soul is on the line.

Tossed and battered,
our hearts are similar.
I'm calling you just to hear your voice,
don't leave me hanging on the line.

Pictures and music,
memories of us together.
Never a kiss shared nor intimacy explored,
we never put it on the line.

Safety in shelter,
contentment in silence.
We never took the chance,
though we both knew I put it on the line.

Brian Hinckley

Once

Once I had the world, or so I thought,
I had the girl, the job, the car,
but circumstances wouldn't pan out,
and alone I went to a land very far.

Once I thought I was happy with where I was,
but the days became the same, blurring in my eyes,
caffeine and alcohol became an interchangeable buzz,
I left before my bad habits could surprise.

Once I gave a girl a ring and thought she was the one,
I carved the diamond out of my heart, trusting her for all time,
but she used my mind and soul, locking me under the barrel of a gun,
I left and did what I had to do, saving my sanity from her filthy grime.

Once I thought I couldn't love again, but then I met you,
the one who taught me that love comes when we least expect it,
I offer up what I can, giving you love and affection for all you do,
you, that missing part of my heart, the part no one else could fit.

Brian Hinckley

One Night (Hooked)

All it took was just one night,
a night when everything came together.
Something sparked that lied dormant,
a question born from a kiss.

When my back turned,
the question vanished.
The liquor fumes faded,
the miles apart grew louder.

The question remains with me,
bubbling near the surface.
Distance hasn't erased it,
you and the kiss linger.

Knowing nothing may ever come,
reality hasn't abandoned hope.
Aware of the difficulties and differences,
the chance is ours for the taking.

Brian Hinckley

One Night In The Florida Heat

Turn the lights off,
feel our bodies entwine.
Our love is hot tonight,
burning the sheets off the bed.

Taste my lips,
the touch of my skin.
Thrust and passion,
both ignite the darkness.

Pull my hair,
feel my teeth on your skin.
Wrap your legs around me,
pushing us deeper.

Endless ecstasy,
explosions rock our bodies.
Sweat covered sheets,
scorched and burned in the moment.

Brian Hinckley

One Step

One step at a time and
we move together.
An intricate dance,
waltzing around the world.

One step and we are in New York,
mesmerized by the lights of Time Square.
Shows on Broadway fill our nights,
exploration fills our days.

One step and we are in San Francisco,
laughing as we go from shop to shop.
Dining with the Golden Gate bridge in front of us,
snapping photos with Chinatown behind.

One step and we are in Dublin,
stepping off the plane weary and excited.
Drinking the nights away in Irish pubs,
Soaking in the beauty of the land in the day.

One step and we are in Berlin,
Smiling as we mock those around us.
Drinking games and singing mark our days,
Opera and dancing fill the space from dusk till dawn.

One step and we are in Paris,
wine and cheese surrounding us.
Mornings occupied by beauty and art,
nights of song and dance.

We dance around the world,
over and over again.
One day there might be a time to stop dancing,
but that is when we are old and gray.

Brian Hinckley

Perfection Never Seen

With lips thin like ribbon
and tasting of wine.
With eyes like quartz,
seeing past my words.

With arms like vices,
holding me forever.
With a voice,
clear and crystal,
telling me of her love.

Perfection attained,
dreams come to reality.
Only reality never comes,
only the memory remains.

Ideal love trapped
in a dreamers mind.
She exists only for me.

She is perfection,
though never seen.
She is my everything
and my nothing
rolled into one.

Clinging to her,
I refuse to surrender.
My heart yearns for her,
although my mind knows
she is only a dream.

She is perfection never seen,
save in my dreams.

Brian Hinckley

Poetic Reasoning

What if I offered you what you wanted, but you turned away?
Giving you all you need with the desperate hope you'd stay,
knowing that I stood no chance from the start - punishing
myself with your love, but living every moment accepting.

Within this moment, I wish to hold you - spilling my heart,
but with that not possible, I content myself by sharing my art.
I write this for you and pour out my soul for you to drink
every emotion and kiss from this text - this indelible ink.

I can only hope the arrows I fire strike true in your soul
lighting the spark that now burns inside you beyond control.
If you feel for me as I feel for you now, let your kiss steal me
and dance with me, love, under the broad leaves of the pleasure tree.

Brian Hinckley

Precious

Eyes of sapphire,
lips of ruby.
Hair of citrine,
voice of diamond.

Dark and mysterious,
you gleam like onyx.
A quarry of treasures,
you are priceless to me.

Brian Hinckley

Pretend And Make Believe

Pretend that you want me to leave,
letting me walk out the door.
Pretend you didn't cry,
while your tears stain your cheeks.

Make believe that you aren't jealous,
as I walk with another girl.
Pretend you don't like me,
fooling your heart to its core.

Pretend I enjoyed it
when you led me on.
Pretend that I'm the one who did this;
that I don't deserve you.

Make believe that I am not worthy,
but in your mind you know it's the other way around.
Pretend that you don't love me anymore,
though you know it isn't true.

The games between us keep us apart,
spinning us around to other people.
Maybe someday 'we' will turn into 'us',
but for now we will pretend and make believe.

Brian Hinckley

Prisoner Of Love (Or Lack There Of)

Grinding away your heart,
he never gives straight answers.
Back and forth he goes,
never giving what you need.
Time and time again he pushes,
shocked when you push back.
Time and time again you give in,
shocking yourself when you give up.

Liquor fumes and cigarette smoke,
your love reduced to unfamiliar lows.
Once upon a time you knew he was the one,
but now you know how wrong you were.
You send your mind back,
living and reliving the times we shared.
Back then you were sure what love was,
back then you use to smile.

He never deserved you,
you hear me say.
He never wanted love,
only an easy lay.
He never cared about you,
wanting only to possess you.
He never says he loves you,
like I use to say.

You scream in your mind,
praying for the strength to break free.
On the wings of your heart,
you would come back to me.
Only I am out of reach,
a door you closed long ago.
You left me for him,
burning bridges as you went.

I told you I forgave you,
words never heard from him.
Back in present day,

you begin to cry.
With him you cry in sadness,
with me you cried in joy.
Eyes brimming with tears,
you think back to better years.

Brian Hinckley

Probability

The funny thing
about imagination is
there are many ways
reality can play out.
One of a million.

One door of
a million opens,
while the others
slam shut.
Only one way to go.

You have no choice,
you walk through
only to see
a million more choices.
The game is afoot again.

You lead yourself on,
hoping for one, but getting another.
Diluting yourself, but
never shocked at the outcome.
You know the rules.

Shrugging because you
know the game continues
every time
you make a choice.
You keep playing.

Eyes forward,
you continue on.
A million doors close,
but there is always one open.
You take your chances.

Brian Hinckley

Queen Of Refuse

With eyes like diamonds and hips like a knife's edge,
your body was made to cut through me.
Your mind is a gem and your voice is gold,
you have gone beyond precious.

You stand up on your pedestal and watch us scurry below,
those priceless eyes unwavering and uncaring.
You shout out commands as a general would to his troops,
your golden voice taking a razors edge.

What once drew me to you now forces me back,
stripping away all pretenses of who I thought you were.
Behind those gems and priceless metals,
you are something much cheaper.

The voice that once was golden rings with brass;
the eyes of diamonds were merely glass.
Your body which once could cut me down is dulled;
your mind only a worthless pebble.

You're now cheap as glass,
but not nearly as useful.
You could have been something great,
but now you're only trash.

Brian Hinckley

Rain

Brush my lips and
cover me with your kisses.
Your love falls on me
like rain.

Dance around me and
let me feel your flow.
Your love falls on me
like rain.

Let me love you and
get lost in your embrace.
Laying in the grass,
your love falls on me.

Brian Hinckley

Raincheck

The halls echo my footfalls,
shattering the silence around me.
I feel the cool air rush in from the door opening,
but I look up and you're not there.

I check my phone,
but no missed calls.
I look outside for you,
but find only blowing leaves.

Dejected for a moment,
I open the doors and step outside.
The brisk October wind flows around me,
bringing a smile to my lips.

I look up at the barren trees,
watching them wave to me as I walk.
I smile back at them as you call,
my smile widening into pure happiness.

You apologize for missing me again;
again I say it's no problem.
We make plans for the next day,
but I know that they are tenuous at best.

I still smile as the rain begins to fall,
enjoying the cat and mouse aspect of our lives.
You don't know what to make of me,
yet you catch yourself smiling as well.

I gather this rain check,
stashing it with all the others.
I will collect on them someday,
and make up tenfold for lost time.

Brian Hinckley

Reality Doesn'T Apply

I remember falling,
falling into brightly lit darkness.
Blinded and weightless,
yet I could see I was too heavy to move.

I remember the roar,
being deafened by silence.
I tumbled head over heels,
yet I never moved.

Falling in a hole so small a gnat would get stuck,
yet big enough to swallow the world.
Talking as fast as the wind blew,
yet it takes years to reach your ears.

Words become nothing when heard,
yet not listened to.
Thoughts shine in eyes,
yet are never given voice.

Your mind is closed,
yet you will never admit.
Your heart is closed,
this you already know.

Heart and mind,
shuttered behind windows.
Peering out at the world,
wishing they could break free.

I admit that I don't hold the key,
yet I throw myself bodily at the barrier.
Battered and bruised,
I toss my final breath at that wall of emotion.

I lie gasping,
clawing at the stone.
A dying moment,
a chance flickers and fades away.

Falling yet never moving,
here yet always there.
A dichotomy of self,
blinded by the darkness.

Brian Hinckley

Rememberance

I remember a time
when the lights
in the sky
were stars;
not planes.
When the roads
were lined with
bikes and people;
not trash and drug dealers.
When schools were safe,
or at least safer;
and children did not hide in fear,
but played until the twilight.

So long ago,
but only a few years passed by,
our lives have changed so much.
Our obsession with ourselves,
deep seeded and problematic,
hid these changes
in plain sight.

What is the answer,
if there even is one?
If simple words,
written by someone as simple as me,
could solve these problems,
I would no longer have to remember
a time when the lights in the sky
were only stars.

Brian Hinckley

Rick Dipietro

With an infectious smile
and a joy for life,
Ricky waits for the season
to begin anew.

Injuries and tough losses
are shrugged off and moved on.
Brilliant saves and miracle wins
are what marks his young career.

He is considered one of the best,
up there despite his youth.
He shrugs the praise off
and smiles.

Donning the blue and orange,
he takes the ice.
Save after save,
he sets new Islander records.

Despite all the accolades and critics,
Ricky just smiles.
He has found a home on Long Island
and a family in the fans.

Brian Hinckley

Sainted Sinner

Saints or sinners
all blurred lines.
I feel the scream
boiling inside.

I cannot move,
stuck in the between.
I scream aloud,
shattering the last human parts of me.

I can no longer love,
the devil succeeds.
I can no longer touch,
the savior succeeds.

I scream in frustration
at what I have become.
I am hollow inside,
begging for release,
for just one night.

Brian Hinckley

Sally

I gave you it all,
you gave nothing in return.
Put down the drink, Sally,
and talk to me.

We danced
the night we met.
We drank
like it would never run out.

Today we live in our little flat,
o'er looking the harbor.
You don't dance anymore,
but the glass n'ever let your hand.

Sally, I love you,
but I cant stay.
Ya live in a bottle,
a beer soaked genie.

I admit that I drink my share,
but you are of a higher order.
Ah, t'hell with it and let's hit the pub, Sally,
drinks be on me tonight!

We'll go dance and sing,
trading shot for shot.
Later we'll make passionate love,
but Sally, my girl, leave the bottle out.

Brian Hinckley

Say You Don'T Love Me (And I Will Show You A Lie)

You confuse me, muse,
and in your confusion I swim.
Do you want me to love you,
or leave you be?

Veiled hints and veiled clues,
your mystery runs deep.
Try and tell me you don't love me,
and I will show you a lie.

Brian Hinckley

Shattered

My porcelain form,
shining majestically
in the refracted light,
glows with serenity.

Chaos shatters
my marvelous body,
raining parts of me
upon the earth.

My body broken
and spirit scattered.
What is left of my eyes
fill with loss.

Never again
to sit in the light,
I am collected in a dustpan
and easily discarded.

With callous disregard,
she buys a new statue.
In the garbage I lay,
never to be thought of again.

Brian Hinckley

She's A Tragic State

She's a tragic state,
seeing shadows behind every compliment.
Armor of hurt and betrayal gird her,
impenetrable by the sincerest of men.

She once held me in sway,
much like many unlucky men before.
She's a tragic state,
running from all those that care.

I tried to bring her sunshine;
she turned it into darkness.
I tried to bring her joy;
she drowned it in her sorrow.

I walked away from her tragic state,
no longer entranced by look or smile.
She's a tragic state, that girl,
one I cant help or get caught in.

Brian Hinckley

Shindig (We Just Love Having Fun)

Bring everything not bolted down,
including the kitchen sink.
Bring your friends and family,
let's start this shindig right.

Blast the music and hoist the drinks,
two things our guests never agree on.
Light the grill and bring out the football,
this party is starting to heat up.

The yard lights up with dancing and laughing,
everyone flows together in liquid motion.
Applaud the karaoke singers and beer pong winners,
the party never stops.

Twilight brings torches and bonfires,
catching people sneaking off for random hook-ups.
The music gets louder and the night gets darker,
our neighbors would be pissed if they weren't already here.

Generations mix in the yard and the closeness is palpable,
young and old combine and party in to the wee hours of the night.
We raise our cups and sing our hearts out,
showing the world that pure joy still exists.

The party begins to wind down when the sun rises,
exposing a battlefield of people and trash.
We smile and laugh and clasp each other on the backs,
we know how to throw a blowout.

We have fun because we like fun,
no matter how much you disapprove.
Our lives ring of laughter and music,
we know you envy us though you frown.

Sit on your high horse and judge us from afar,
we don't judge you for doing that.
Maybe some day you will hop down and join us,
you will always be welcome.

Brian Hinckley

Sin Nostri Proditor

Bloody chains of fearful reactions,
caught sickening in the soft flesh of reason.
Instant anger, hot and sharp, digging deep,
reason, cool and serene, cries out as it dies.

Delving into madness with silent steel,
pitching sanity into gravel landfills.
Vulgus publicus sifts broken-hearted,
children lost in the devils playground.

Away foul betrayer, shouts the six-foot soul,
hollow and tomb-like, lost in the confusion.
Anger and Degradation, kings that sit upon a throne of skulls,
laugh as they shine the key to our immortal prison cells.

Lies! Lies! You spew hate-filled venom about the crowd,
Anger justified because of your boisterous silence!
You! You! You are the foul betrayer, Six-Foot Soul,
stay in your crypt and wither, nostrum populus need you no longer.

Brian Hinckley

Sinking

Air fades,
only darkness remains.
Watching light fade above,
Sinking.

Time ceases,
memories flood.
Trying to scream,
no sound escapes.

Pulled free,
light rushing around me.
Helping hands vanish
as I begin to sink again.

All I get is dragged
up and down.
No respite,
I resign to my fate.

Drawing in,
I sink faster.
I wish others
to never see a fate like mine.

Brian Hinckley

Social Butterfly

Always watching,
I conceal a smile.
You drift around,
a butterfly in a garden.

Your wings brush my lips
granting me your kiss.
Of all the flowers here,
you have chosen me.

Flowery images
fade from view.
My arms slide around you,
cocooned in the moment.

You melt into me
equally as lost.
Tonight we are one,
tomorrow who knows.

As the sun bursts,
beckoning in a new day,
I continue to watch;
I continue to smile.

Brian Hinckley

Song Mash 2

You're home and I am here alone, my dear.
Always stupidly sarcastic,
my hyper spastic superhero girl.
My love must be a kind of blind love,
I can't see anyone but you.

I know all about those other guys.
They can't make you laugh, no,
they can't make you feel the way that I do.

Don't it always seem to go
that you don't know what you got 'til it's gone.
Tell me did the wind sweep you off your feet,
Did you finally get the chance to dance along the light of day?

I dare you to tell me to walk through the fire,
brand my soul and call me a liar.
I dare you to tell me
I don't love you.

Brian Hinckley

Songbird

Her voice
cuts like glass.
Striking my heart,
I fall in instant love.

Higher and higher
she soars.
Hitting notes that
could make stones weep.

My eyes glassy;
my breath caught.
She sings with all her heart;
I can hear it breaking.

The song draws to a close,
her voice still ghosting the room.
In my mind she still sings,
a songbird soaring on golden wings.

Brian Hinckley

Sonic Boom And Glowing Firefly (A Love Story)

Sonic Boom and
Glowing Firefly.
They lived together once,
forsaken lovers in a troubled time.

Sonic Boom worked all day,
suffocating in a suit and tie.
His skin shed when night fell,
moving from club to club with deafening speed.

He lived a life of music,
playing in his rock band.
He lived at sub-sonic speeds,
stopping only when her fire got his attention.

Glowing Firefly moves with grace unseen,
her light mixing with the neon signs above her.
She dances and moves like the wind,
her glossy lips shimmering in her smile.

She worked in retail hell,
selling food and drink to the starving masses.
Nighttime left that world behind her,
but that was before she met him.

They met over a bottle of vodka,
falling in love on the dance floor.
Sonic Boom and Glowing Firefly,
they began their journey that night.

For months they owned the night,
traveling bar to club to party.
Many daywalkers disapproved of their love,
but it didn't matter because the night was theirs.

The feelings of those in the light grew,
forcing the lovers to make a choice.
That night Sonic and Firefly met,
that night they left the city forever.

Sonic Boom and Glowing Firefly,
star-crossed lovers who defied the odds.
It is said they moved to another city far away,
where they continue their love under the neon lights.

Brian Hinckley

Spineless

I sit back
slowly drinking my coffee.
I watch the people
go to and fro.

Suddenly the world freezes,
like a sudden photograph.
She walks into view
and with her comes my fear.

I watch her from afar,
scared to even say hello.
She controls my heart,
yet she doesn't know I exist.

I sigh and sip my coffee,
content in my thoughts.
She would never go for me,
she is way out of my league.

She leaves the room
and time begins again.
Another heartbreak averted;
another love lost.

Brian Hinckley

Spring Of Life Renewed

Where does life turn,
taking you where time moves out of control?
Broken and bleeding, life begs to be saved -
and only the scorn of the world answers back.
Ripped open, with organs exposed,
Life stands prostrate before ungentle eyes.
Heart slowing,
eyes tearing,
blood spurting, dark and viscous.
Muscles tensing;
veins collapsing -
Life dies only to be reborn,
hoping against foolish hope it is better than the last.
Hope can spring from that Life,
born mewling and screaming to be cared for.
A new Life to repair the last;
child-like Hope re-ignites the body.
Heart racing,
eyes drying,
blood flowing, deep in refilled veins.
Given a second chance,
You need to grasp Hope, holding her to your bosom.
Take the gift given to you and cherish it,
lest Fate, the ultimate judge on high, take it
from your neglectful hands.

Brian Hinckley

Star-Crossed

He leans into her
only to find she's gone.
His heart falls
shattering on the cold ground.

He walks away
wondering what he's done.
He walks away
never to be seen again.

His memory lingers
in the hearts of his friends.
His memory lingers
in the heart of his love.

She never meant to leave
she wanted to stay.
She pushed him away
knowing his heart she would cleave.

Now as two stars
they crossed quietly in the night.
They both cry for what was
and what can never be again.

Brian Hinckley

Storms And Stones

I gave everything
for one smile.
I tried so hard,
you never moved.

Like a stone,
you sat in granite stasis.
Cold and unyielding,
like a harsh winter storm.

I chip away
as fast as I can.
My fingers numb
from the cold.

CRACK!
Your shell shatters,
leaving you helpless.
Isolated safety
lost because of me.

Storm swirls
as you curse what I have done.
I weather you,
my eyes never wavering from yours.

Your storm passes,
and warmth envelops me.
You know why I did
what I had to do.

You might not
stay with me,
but right now
you thank me.

And for now,
your smile
is enough.

Brian Hinckley

Story Of A Girl (From Her Eyes)

Eyes of fire
scorching my soul.
You look not at me,
but through me.

I mean nothing to you,
less than nothing.
My words ignored,
my cheek slapped.

You hit with disregard
of how I feel.
You scar my soul
equal to my body.

I try to leave
and break the cycle.
You laugh as I walk away,
knowing I cant live without.

Treacherous love,
you torment me so.
My heart belongs to him,
but my tears speak otherwise.

Please release your grasp
and let me leave.
'Never', you say,
as I fall on my knees

and cry,

Brian Hinckley

Super Killer Gigantic Robot (You'Re My Only Friend)

built him in the yard,
constructing him out of steel and love.
Wires connect to circuits and panels run to plugs,
this super killer gigantic robot is my only friend.

When I hit the switch,
he came to life.
His eyes glowed red,
and his weapons took aim.

I wasn't afraid of my only friend,
it was only that he couldn't understand.
He broke through the fence and went on his way,
I always believed he just wanted to play.

Three weeks later the news reported his travels,
he went from New York all the way to Seattle.
My super killer gigantic robot made tons of friends,
unfortunately death is the only gift he sends!

Come home friend and I'll keep you safe,
I can save you from all the world's scorn and strife!
I can hop on your shoulder and we can never be found,
we will find a super killer robot cave deep underground!

I look back at the day I made him,
wondering if it was wrong to give him weapons so grim.
Guns for hands and lasers for eyes,
he certainly took this country by surprise!

Super killer gigantic robot,
no one will ever understand you.
I gave you everything and all of my love,
but all you want is to rule with an iron glove.

Two years later he dropped completely out of sight,
until he showed up outside my window on a stormy night.
He had enough of this world and wanted to be stopped,
I sadly turned him off until he dropped.

The next day I dismantled my only friend,
he gave the world all the love he could lend.
It's not his fault you couldn't understand what he did,
he had the body of a super killer gigantic robot but the heart of a kid.

Sadly to say,
my friend is no more.
In my yard stands a new friend,
built so much better than before.

With missiles on his shoulders and rockets on his feet,
my new friend will be someone you all will want to meet.
The world has called me crazy for making these things,
but they'll never understand the happiness that each one brings.

Brian Hinckley

Supernova

Bang open the door,
feel the quiver of my heart.
Tear my eyes from yours
and let lust enter me.

My clothes ripped,
shredded and torn.
Thrown backwards,
heat on heat;
we're going supernova.

Lips to skin,
skin to skin.
We are burning, baby,
lets burn hotter.

Flesh and sweat,
mixing in the air.
Sickeningly sweet,
the odor is everywhere;
intoxicating.

A scream
and tightening grip,
we collapse into one.
Breasts heaving,
eyes glazed;
ecstasy.

Brian Hinckley

Swarm

A Nazi covered in bee's,
you are a joke.
Of all the villains Spiderman fought,
you can be defeated by RAID.

What special power
lurks in your arsenal?
What super mutation
can help you win?

A Nazi covered in bee's,
that is all you are.
You are an Eddie Izzard joke
in brilliant Marvel-made colors.

Quickly I toss your issue
as far from me as I can.
Swarm, I'm sorry to say,
you are a failed experiment.

Brian Hinckley

The End Of Days

When fire consumes
all my life's work;
when bitter cold
buries all my memories.

When the darkness breeds
evil beyond imagining;
when the light fades
and hope disappears.

The end of days,
bringing damnation.
The end of days,
my last hope for salvation.

I watch the flares
in the night sky.
I see the light
racing towards me.

I feel no pain
as my flesh is torn;
I feel no pain
as I no longer live.

The end of days,
come soon or far.
The end of days,
my last hope of salvation.

How shall I spend
my final hours?
Do I become
a devil or a saint.

My soul hopes
I make good,
my mind
knows better.

I am neither
a devil or a saint.
I live a life
I deem worthy.

The end of days,
the final reckoning.
The end of days,
my last hope of salvation.

Today I do not think
of the end of days.
Today I think
of a better world.

Today I think
of a place to raise my children.
Today I think
I will try to make it better.

The end of days,
the final hours.
The end of days,
I wish you ill will.

Keep back, world's end,
stay away forever!
I want my children to live!
I want my children
to see the birth
of theirs.

I sit back
and enjoy what comes.
The end of days will come,
but I can do my part to stall it.

Brian Hinckley

The Girl That I Adore

You are the girl I adore,
even though I am far from shore.
Moving the oceans to see
your holy ground once more.

Goodbye, my lovely girl,
I am sailing to another for more.
You gave me your body and heart,
but now I return to the girl I adore.

She lives in a land far away,
To Aldenland, I have no idea what's in store.
Leaving the land far behind,
I sail to the girl I adore.

I hope to see her face there,
the girl I adore.
I will beach my ship and
leave her nevermore.

Brian Hinckley

The Murder Of Hope

Step on it good and hard,
make sure it is dead.
Hope under heel,
grinding into powder.

Slide that knife across skin,
hard and deep to be sure.
In a ditch like a missing person,
Hope lies bleeding.

Salt that wound and burn it,
coagulating under your heat.
Blood and dirt combine,
this sickeningly sweet murder excites you.

Toss the weapons aside,
no caring if they're found.
Your murder was metaphorical,
no reprisals are forthcoming.

Brian Hinckley

The Place Where I Am

The velvet cover of night
slides across the sky.
My phone rings
and time slows to a crawl.

Her voice stirs my spirit
and lifts my heart.
She has a way about her
that makes me want hold her.

We talk about everything and nothing
and it makes my night.
She is my light and dark,
she is my heart and soul.

Daylight stains the sky
as sleep fades from my mind.
Though dreams of her were stolen,
she remains.

I roll over and text her
hoping to make her morning.
I go to class and think
I hope she is having a great day.

The place where I am
is exactly where I want to be.
My life is on track,
with her as my guiding star.

Brian Hinckley

The Seasons Of The Games We Play

The games we play keep us occupied,
winding down the year without our notice.
Under the sugary-scented tree we meet,
a single kiss among the falling petals.

Falling leaves turn to falling snow,
settling around us as we continue to play.
Under the frost wreathed tree we meet,
a gentle kiss among the swirling flakes.

Snow melts and turns to warm rain,
falling to the earth as our games never cease.
Under the budding tree we meet,
a passionate kiss among the crystalline droplets.

Rain stops and turns to pure sunlight,
coating us in warmth as we finally stop our games.
Under the tree in full bloom we meet,
a soft kiss full of meaning among the sunlight slanting through the leaves.

Brian Hinckley

Thunderous Silence

Again I sit,
alone in the dark.
The night chills my skin,
sending shivers through my body constantly.

The dark consumes
everything it touches tonight.
My thoughts remember different nights,
I held warmth in my arms.

She pushed away
the darkness that surrounded.
Her lips forming a smile,
her presence was all it took.

I left her,
promising I would return.
I promised her I would
return to her arms very soon.

I wait patiently,
as patient as possible.
I will return to her
and become lost in her warmth.

For right now,
I sit here alone.
Surrounded in thunderous silence again,
my mind and heart with her.

Brian Hinckley

Time Goes On

Once more the calendar flips,
days pass into oblivion.
Shared moments gone forever,
once more the calendar flips.

The grains of time strike loud,
echoing in the empty vaults of eternity.
No moment can ever be relived,
the grains of time strike loud.

Love today will not be tomorrows,
ever changing and ever evolving.
We can only hope to keep our hearts resolved,
love today will not be tomorrows.

Once more the calendar flips,
another year to right the wrongs.
I pray I can do better than he ever did,
once more the calendar flips.

Brian Hinckley

Try, Try Again

It's alright,
try again.
I'm here to help,
use me as you wish.

It's okay to fall,
pick yourself up.
I will stay with you,
just don't give up.

It's fine to fail,
it's not the end.
I'll stay until you succeed,
but then I have to leave.

You will reach your goal,
becoming who you wanted to be.
That day I will walk away,
knowing there is no place left for me.

Brian Hinckley

Twisted Verse

Fading vision
gives way to sensation,
drifting bodiless
through empty dreams.
Lost souls
demand you to join,
damning you
and the dreams you have.

Ghosts haunt
empty halls of memories,
giving way
while your demons haunt you.
Silence reigns
while your heart yearns,
screams shatter
the silence around you.

Your heart
bursts forth like a rocket,
shining bright
and banishing the darkness.
Body gains
cohesion and leaps forward,
dreams gain
strength and become reality.

Brian Hinckley

Two Hearts (Two Minds) [two Loves]

When you love a person, you love them without conditions,
you leave your childishness at the door - you love them.
You learn to give of yourself and you learn you are not alone,
but it's hard to love - when your love is not your own.

You wear a smile as easy as a mask to cover the pain below,
turning from the one who you thought you loved once.
The heart demands another though the mind is torn between,
how can you love someone else - your heart becomes torn.

One half flutters and spins, living in the world you have,
bathing in the safety of comfort, never moving though screaming.
The other half drifts away to a place where you can be yourself,
no judgments nor demands - you cry over what might be.

One path or the other, the mind cannot choose either,
the heart shrieks and screams, but comes out as a whisper.
Both may love you, both may lie -
but one love is rushing forth; the other one dry.

Brian Hinckley

Two Sides To Every Coin

A day of mourning,
a night of celebration.
Two sides to a coin,
ever spinning through life.

Work drives the day,
liquor fuels the night.
The give and take of life,
more taking than giving.

Feed the mind,
starve the soul.
Something is lacking,
yet we don't know what.

Human connection,
relationship detachment.
Yes or no or maybe,
questions with no answers.

Time loses meaning,
meaning loses form.
You're my ever flipping coin,
feeding my soul while losing my mind.

Brian Hinckley

Unchained And Unfettered

Energized, I stand before you,
for once looking at you
eye to eye.

Liquid pools plead;
you realize,
you now need to fight.

You used to intoxicate me,
more than any amber liquid could.
Now I am unchained;
unfettered.

Your entwining spells once encased me,
but now I stand liberated.
My eyes now sparkle
in ways you never thought they could.

Cryptic and incongruous,
my answers rarely match your questions,
leaving you wanting.

Standing strong,
I no longer feel the pull
from the chains around my heart.

My words echo,
lost to you.
I smile when I think back,
and realize I was right.

My steps echo,
moving farther from you
on unfettered legs.
Freedom is intoxicating now.

My thoughts echo,
roaring in your mind.
With my mind unchained,

Possessing the roar of a lion,
I am a mouse no longer.

Brian Hinckley

Uncontrolled Random Thought

Loss of control and
feeling
sensation
thought
lost to desire.

Where do I fit in
with you
when your heart
divides
multiples
twists
an ever changing ripple
in time.

My desire and
love
like
hate
want
rotate like electrons
around a nucleus.

Feelings fall
trying to collect them like rain
I don't know if
I care.

Fall where they will
giving pause in your life of
impulse
drive
dreams
desire

A halt, a moment, a sensation
all we are given
when it comes to decisions about each other
yes

no
maybe

Chances taken
fall like dominoes in time
Chances missed
fall like nails driving through you.

Desire.
Like.
Love.
Infatuation.

You think you know me
but you have no clue
Inner thoughts tumble and churn
I would surprise you

Deep in mind
shallow in speech
I am done with games
do what you want.

Brian Hinckley

Vixen

You look at me
with smoldering eyes.
You part your lips
ever so slightly.

Enthralled as I am,
I know your subtle game.

An enticing dress
covers your long legs.
Moving with fluid grace,
almost without thought.

All eyes watch you,
as you soak up our adulation.

My mind clouded,
foggy with your essence.
Subtle changes free me,
clearing my head.

My eyes become shrewd,
I see your wake.

I watch them
watch you.
In the air
I feel their lust.
Watching with idle amusement,

I silently laugh.
They don't know you.

I smile at you,
wondering if you notice.
Your hold on me severed,
my heartstrings untugged.
A vixen in flesh;
an angel in soul.

You have them fooled,
but me no longer.

Brian Hinckley

Wait And Watch

Watching and waiting,
stuck in park.
People come and go;
I am the only constant.

Live and learn,
I bide my time.
Mirthful eyes
watch them pass.

You had your chance,
but squandered the opportunity.
I am beyond your reach;
better off for it.

I closed the store,
suckers no longer for sale.
No longer waiting, but
laughing while watching.

Brian Hinckley

Walls

Walls are built
to keep others out.
Though our walls are built
to keep the pain inside.

I'm here to help you
tear down your walls.
My ram is love for you
and I will breach sooner or later.

When I say I'll be there,
I will.
When I say I'll love you,
I will.
With every word and gesture I make,
your walls begin to crack.
With every kiss I give you,
your walls begin to fall.

When they fall and tears roll down your cheeks,
and the pain comes flooding out,
You can fall into my arms and cry,
because walls aren't made to last forever,
not in the face of my love for you.

Brian Hinckley

Wanderlust

Driving until
there is no road,
I begin to walk
and never stop.

I reach
lands end.
Taking to ship,
my journey continues.

Collision with ice,
I walk the frozen tundra.
I circle the world,
uncaring of my path.

It amazes me,
our blue gem.
Standing in perfection,
that is only seen afar.

I walk the land,
the sea, and sometimes air.
I see wonders
you have only dreamed of.

My only regret,
as I walk these endless miles,
is walking them alone.

For one night,
I stop in a town that has no name.
For one night,
I find love.

Wishing to stay, but
wanderlust overcomes.
I take to my endless trek,
never to be seen again.

We Can Start Over (All We Need To Do Is Hit Restart)

I showed you how much I cared
to the point I did things I never dared.
What good did it do me
when every night you're in the arms of another?

If you want me to abandon you
tell me and I will let you go alone.
Don't act as if nothing is wrong
when you play these games.

Let's just say no,
this was all a misunderstanding.
Let's backtrack a bit,
and let me introduce myself again.

We'll get off to a better start,
one where words were never said.
Maybe then I can delude myself,
forgetting I ever liked you more than a friend.

Brian Hinckley

We Will Not Die!

Oration,
Exploitation,
Innovation,
Reclamation.

Words stolen and
sold for pennies on the dollar.
Thoughts murdered
for the sake of prosperity.

When the voices fade,
the song is lost.
When the singers leave,
the show is over.

Raise your voices,
as well as your pens.
Shout to the heavens,
'We will not die! '

Ovation,
Exploration,
Intuition,
Imagination.

Break out from the bindings
and free your minds.
Write as if possessed and
sing as your heart would break.

Life is waiting
for you to take hold.
I am waiting on the other side,
baring my soul through my writing.

Brian Hinckley

Wedding

Shamrock glades
cover the hills.
On this joyous day
the emerald mounds sing.

Dual weddings,
dual vows.
Four hearts entwined,
forever and ever.

Love by brothers
now shared by four.
Their hearts are large and
accommodating to all involved.

Family and friends
share this moment.
A county rejoices
as four of her own find love.

Cork sings back
to the emerald hills.
A joyous occasion, it is,
when love is found.

They drink whiskey and porter,
wine and spirits.
They dance to tradition and new age,
classic and slow.

Two brothers separated,
the first time in life.
All four hearts, though,
remain forever together.

Brian Hinckley

When Our Powers Combine...

Water and Earth,
together we make mud.
Fire and Air,
combined we burn hot.

Infinite combination possibilities,
followed by infinite choices.
Together our flame could be doused,
but it could also burn hotter than ever.

Who knows what could happen,
but it has to happen first.
Turn out the lights and feel my lips on yours,
let's combine our elements.

Brian Hinckley

When The Past Comes Rising To The Present

The past churns like a creek bed,
sending old memories floating to the surface.
What was once now is again,
a fresh cut over the old scar.
Past loves and old friends once forgotten,
now shine in your eyes like a Bluera y remix.
Old laughs and ancient hurts sting equally,
churning the creek bed even more.

The muddy waters hold no reprieve,
the past overwhelming the present.
Eyes closed and a prayer on your lips,
you beg to forget all over again.
The mud will settle eventually,
though the feelings it stirred never will.
An innocent phrase or a line from a song is all it will take,
sending the waters in motion again.

Dodging the world as if it had the plague,
memories stay buried for now.
Sooner or later the waters will muddy again,
bringing the past to the present yet another time.
Pray the banks don't overflow,
flooding your present with the past.
In the mix you'll pray for death,
though you'll never get it.
In the moment past and present combine,
you can only breathe in its noxious poisons.

Brian Hinckley

When You Get A Moment

When you get a moment,
I will steal a kiss.
Your lips on mine,
a kiss that never fades.

When you get a moment,
I will steal a kiss.
My arms around you,
our warmth heating the night.

When you get a moment,
I will steal a kiss.
We work well together,
I think we could be better.

When you get a moment,
I will steal a kiss.
My smile grows at the thought of you,
my lips grow wanting.

When you get a moment,
I will steal a kiss.
Our wit and insights combine like no other,
leveling the town with our brilliance.

Brian Hinckley

Where The Shadows Fade

A smile and a kind word broke through,
like a ram battering through a wall.
You're light touched my heart,
where the shadows begin to fade.

It's been a long time since I left this way,
touched by your warmth and kindness.
Where we are going, who knows,
but the ride is going to be the best part.

Life
Vitality
Energy
Laughter

You broke through my shadow wall,
breaching it with your inner light.
I feel connected and in tune,
like a song that touches your soul.

You are on my minds radio,
and I am listening intently.
You are in my eyes movie screen,
and I am looking more closely.

Sarcastic
Funny
Open
Smile

You have gone where few have before,
where the shadows fade.
You have made me happy,
and in such a short time.

It might not last,
but we will enjoy it.
It might end tomorrow,
but tomorrow is a long way off.

Brian Hinckley

Where Will This Go?

Nerveless fingers
caress your face,
or try anyway.

You sap
my energy
with smoldering
eyes.

Mouth dry;
eyes locked.
You have me
completely.

Where will
this go?
Only time
will ever tell.

Brian Hinckley

Why Do You Bother?

Why do you bother?
Am I some project
some charity case?
Do I make you feel
as if you are doing something good?

Why do you bother?
I am not perfect
not in any way.
I am flawed beyond reason
a shell
hollow and cold.

Why do you bother?
Showing me tenderness
when none is deserved
smiling and laughing
why do you bother
when I am nothing
at all.

Brian Hinckley

With Cold Eyes You Judge Me

With cold eyes you judge me,
casting guilt and hurt in my teeth.
You burn me with words,
freeze me with your touch.

You do not understand me,
you never have.
You always played up to me,
stringing me along and along.

The strings were like barbed wire,
your lies making them strong as steel.
They bit deep drawing blood,
as you danced me around.

Now I lay broken
cast down to the ground.
You lost your amusement in me
and threw me away like garbage.

No one wants what you have left,
no one wants the emptiness inside me.
I weep in the corner
for the life you stole from me.

Brian Hinckley

Worry

Worry can gnaw, gnashing teeth that bite in,
chewing a person from the inside out,
no matter what the real reasons are,
worry can devour the sinful and the devout.

Did one say the wrong thing, wrong time and wrong place,
causing a rift where once there was none,
or did one conjure up problems in ones own mind,
mixing worry and doubt in thoughts own cauldron?

Worry can carry one to places they never wished to be,
tossing and turning day and night, forcing one to think,
to another or the same, either possibility can occur,
but either choice can make ones heart sink.

Can it be that one can, in the silence of ones mind,
fix a rift that does not truly exist,
bringing one and their other together again,
one believes so and, despite it all, will persist.

Brian Hinckley

Yes Is The Answer (Until We Are Famous)

Yes, give me your heart
and everything attached.
My kiss in no magic spell,
but its potency is unmatched.

Yes, give me all you have
and everything in between.
I will rain ecstasy upon you,
likes of which you have never seen.

Yes, just say yes
and I will give what you need.
You will tremble at my touch;
from my hands you will feed.

Yes, you like it my way
and you will never leave.
You know I am what you want,
only you are afraid to believe.

Yes, take my hand
and walk away with me.
I will never betray you,
until our names light up the marquee.

Brian Hinckley

Zero Hour

Time, the gentle killer,
ebbs and flows with inhuman determination.
We fight day after day trying to slow its passage,
yet day after day the grains fall through our hands.

Run and run through Time's never-ending halls,
the ticks of seconds and the chimes of hours sound all around you.
Run and run yet never take a single step,
Time held you fast with the grip of death.

Take what you have left and forge ahead with your head held high,
Time is patient, ever vigilant, and will wait for you when the last grain drops.
With a gentle grip and eternal eyes guiding your last step,
you will finally make your way down that infinite hallway to your next great
adventure.

Brian Hinckley