

Poetry Series

David Lacey
- poems -

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David Lacey(2/3/87)

'We don't read and write poetry because it's cute, we read and write poetry because we are members of the human race.' - Dead Poet's Society

Born in Middlesbrough, North East England. I studied Art, Philosophy and Classical Civilization at college, all of which have had an influence on my work in various mediums. I went on to study Contemporary Fine Art practice at York St John University after a year failing miserably at being a Theology student.

I now reside in Newcastle upon Tyne playing mandolin and guitar in the infamous Laundry Basket and doodling away the days in an office dreaming of the time when I can live from ink and paints alone.

I explore themes of mind, consciousness and exploration of inner spaces alongside narratives of folklore and mythic structure. Symbols hold great meaning for all of us, each as unique as a fingerprint in their correspondences to each and everyone. As an artist I enjoy learning from and developing the relationships various symbols hold in our hearts and minds.

I hope to one day own a spacious studio space where I can fling inks, write and paint to my hearts content.

I also hope people enjoy my poetry and if not enjoy it then at least to question it and give it a moments thought. Sometimes I look back and have to unwrap the riddles I have left myself. I hope the symbols and stories found within can be to people something individual to themselves.

Some of my poetry becomes lyrics for my music some of which can be found at

Images of my artwork can be viewed at

David Lacey.

17.46 - A Time Out Of Time

17.46

Tornado! Windmills rush in dirt spin,
Whirlwind songs for angels to sing.
I await, besides my friend of burning sand
Rolling skin another sin together
Mixing up concoctions for the night.
Elixirs for the soul.

Here, still and calm
I know the storm
Slow stream they gather
Upon the horizon and I am ready
Promising to myself never to be scared
When offered the key to the kingdom of shades.
The smell of the city is in our skin
My hair declares the desire for water
Yet I know that tomorrow is the day of my cleansing
Tonight I am red dirt, naked angel making marks
Flirting with the devil in my heart.

17.59

Strange waves of emotion are moving over my whole,
My soul is shaking and voices once unheard
Now screaming for attention,
The music flows and I am more, more in shapes and sound.
The rhythm of the heartbeat moving in time with my own
And the talisman is complete;
love then sweet serenity.

I feel my face, my body out of place
still Above the echoes and the screams
of all that lay unknown within these dark dimensions
I hear the voice of my heart,
keeping my peace and releasing me
from the thoughts of blue and sinking.

For forever I am thinking,
Taking in vibrations,
the colours, the light that surrounds
and embracing the darkness that moves below

I can feel my gaze shift; reality
Yet still I can write and think
at least think that i am thinking
and look and know a familiar smile
my family there hung in galleries of my mind.

Strange things have happened this night,
Yet ever as we are changing
We are deranging from the moment of our birth
Growing towards decay only to start the cycle anew
Yet there are no cynical motives here
For the cycle is to be embraced
Just as is the drum beat
Enticing us into tribal motions
Chanting as we are entrancing
Ourselves with words beyond
The meaning of the day realm.

To a friend today I handed
One hundred years of solitude
This I offered as a gift
To open his heart
To herald the soul of the world
He is a writer, a poet,
Manifestation all that we may dream of.

If you want to know I'll show you
I'll show you what it takes to embrace
All creation beyond a morbid wish for death.
As I handed him solitude in a world
Far from his own we quested upon
The subject of Choice in death,
We questioned the subject of life reborn
We breathed fresh breath anew Upon this plain,
This very plain.

If we had the choice

to know the afterlife
as we would Wish it
would we choose to be reborn
or to drift in a cloudy cotton
forgotten drifting candy heavens?

What then?
What now?

18.28

Come ride with me another realm
Forever lost this frozen fantasy
We can love and love it all
We can rise and we can fall
We are as rocks We are as sand
We are the land and the land is us
Lost inside of us breathing.

19.51

I have talked to voices old and new
Whilst jaws and glares locked tight
In a grip that if the winds would change
Would leave a face only a mother could love.
A kiss for bliss and wish for dreams
A dream of bliss above.

23.39

Many hours have been lost to obscurity,
Ever so strange the twilight shades
Ever so deranged and more so by the second
A thousand worlds are one before my eyes
As I twist and turn within my seat.

Time to sleep.

Who knows what dreams they may yet be forgotten.

A Beauty Blonde Lay The Town To Silence

Forever I've sought to know you
Beyond a silhouette upon the horizon.
I open my arms to cushion the blow,
I open my heart to Avalon.

Loves cascade forever flowing
Reveals the turning of the leaf.
A beauty blonde lay the town to silence,
The night is then at peace.

What defense could they utter?
Shutting up shop, pulling down shutters,
Simply to keep from their sight.
The beauty of this dark blonde night

For people know this without knowing
The silver glimmers of her hair
Form the threads of destiny
That wrapped in dreams somewhere

By the hands of fate are weaving
Through bloodlines running strong
This beauty blonde, our silent friend,
Sister to the sun.

David Lacey

A Botanical Bounty

A botanical bounty concealed within chasmed beauty,
Bound in primeval anticipation, Fingers grow furious in their grasp
As the poet dreams of the poet Queen, The poets dreams begin to lapse.
Evocative in duration, incantations of sedation, meditation, masturbation
Which is it that will lead the way? Which will last beyond the day?
Lead us through from the past, to the present, into the unknown.
Which will leave us with something new to say?
Which will empower us with the strength,
To turn back the force of a thousand sprites?
As we shower, basking in the sun's embrace
Why should we spurn he source?
Why should we turn our backs upon the light?

As spirits fair of love locked hair meandered by the riverside
Slack jawed skins shook begrudging grins, trying not to stare.
Their way never to run, but to hide behind the possibility slim,
Of coming home untarnished, unscathed upon a whim.

Bearing varnished vanities breeding upon the insanity of need
When all you're wanting is a place to call your own,
A place to feed. A place serene in solitude within which
You may find yourself alone, A place to call your home sweet home.

A far cry away from the looking glass taunting,
As cryptic secrets keep on haunting, slipping in the shadows
Of Love. Of Love's long lost dream never knowing, never shown
To what extent the meaning of her visions reveal in streaming
Knowledge from the heavens. Be it the flight of the bird?
For all birds have flown without reason,
Below the stars above still gleaming,
In waiting for Love to recapture the moment
In waiting for Love to adept to discontent
Anything to recover, for her alike no other
Loves long lost dream.

David Lacey

A Child Is Born

A child is born as dueling parallels become one,
At this instant a star dissolves into the expanse of space
To be reborn as the most fragile of entities.
The death of the star is mourned throughout an eternity of sorrow
As news of new life is spoken upon the tongues of men.

David Lacey

A City Of Thieves

Within a city of thieves
There lies a treasure unknown.
Upon an autumnal breeze
The birds of prey have flown.
Upon the bridge across the river
Lay a man buck toothed – insane
Upon the bridge across the river
Lay a girl of mirrored shame.

Both conceal a secret
To both the secret is concealed
All that lay between them
A pale shade of realities veil.
Our vagabond is weary
He seeks room within the inn
He's begging for a saviour
He's begging for some skins.

To chase the rainbow dragon
It's all he's ever known
Within his heart the future shines
As he sits upon his throne.
Majestic in his manner
He is the Emperor it seems
Yet his rule is his kingdoms hammer
And it hath shattered fragile dreams.

The Empress sat beside him
Laughs at the folly of fools
She awaits the kiss of morning
To send the children out to school.
Versed in Homeric hymn they sing
Bringing love of the muse upon the wing
Ringing bells as Le Fey ride on in
Procession with the Queen of Twilight Realms.

All is lost within their hearts
Though inherent gold is clear to see
Blessed are the memories of

Those that made us free.
Those who died for love of family
Those who died for love of friends
Those who died without a memory
Those who died without an end.

Each thief reminds the other
Of his love for kindred blood,
Each loves and hates his brother,
Each knows that he could
Kill without arrangements,
He could kill without a care
He could kill for lack of faith
He could kill for faith is there.

In passion he may ravage
In passion he may rule.
Will he await the kiss of morning
To know the beast of midnights duel?

Will the question be un answered
Or forever lay unasked
Will the answer be remembered
Will our caring ever last?
Are we not those past and future souls
That make us one in union whole
Are we not those ever singing birds?
Are we not those who wish to be heard?

So sing, sing for the day realm
Sing, sing for the night realm
And know the kiss of our twilight queen
Know the kiss of living dreams
And through nightmares shall you stride
Unashamed, beyond the bridge
Unafraid to walk and never thinking to hide,
Thus is our potential to stand beyond the
City gates and to know the beauty of our land
But to understand that we must suffer at the hands
Of those that would cloud our judgement if we are
Ever to strangle obscurity and hold in sweet caress

The most clear of truths complete.

We must stride throughout the mountain range
We must swim the ocean sky
We must know friends as never strangers
We must know to never sigh
Unless in acceptance of our nature
And of our natures creation grand
We must know to question always
In an attempt to understand.

We may at times learn more from thieves
Than we can from saints and mothers
Just as upon the summer breeze
The future may be muttered.

Guttered fools fed upon the bread they find
May be no less blind than the highest priesthood
For life in its forms holds its own storms true
For each of us unique. Fear not the raindrop,
Fear not the hail, praise to the mountain top,
Praise to those that sail the ocean sky and
Never sigh upon there failings. Fear not the storm
Upon the horizon but embrace the calm you feel
For it may no longer be known to you as real
After eternity within the vortex unwinding.

Unique in destiny are we, each path known
Only to the fates, never early, never late
Do we walk the path of our own choosing.
Snowflake, hailstone, raindrop, each unique,
Each have destiny untold, each are a tale unfolding
Into Our Mothers spirit, feeding her, pleasing her
When we are not raping and abusing her but
Blessing her with libations and requesting her
Acceptance. Within this city of ours, within this
City where the hours are days, where the years
Are millennium upon the soul, each one of us is
As whole as we could ever wish to be.

Each has the ability to see all that they could wish to see
For to leave is to run but to return is to live

For to leave is to turn from the sun and all the love we could give
To those souls upon the bridge across the river shallow,
Pale veils of realities illusion bind them still in watertight.

For each are as radiant as the spirit of nature divine.
Each are as sublime as they are in and out of time.
Within the city walls I feel at one with all
With the filth that soaks the streets
With rag skinned harlots calling out to me
Here I feel free in knowing I can leave
But upon the breeze I hear a call to my spirit to stay
For these days are the days in which thieves delight
Beyond a want for wrong or right
Each from the other may take
But in unison they partake and love binds them,
Though they may be blind to its power upon them.

Such honesty in their eyes for each would admit
To you the profession they choose,
Assassins, Merchants, Dealers parade these streets
Yet in every face you meet shall you be greeted by
A glint in the eye that welcomes you to heaven.

The country folk beyond the limits of the city walls
Hold no interest nor pity for those souls bound upon the bridge
For they know nothing of their suffering but of the beauty
That is there's, for the country beyond the core is fruitful
And in merry hamlets across the globe may any man
Live in ignorance of the suffering of his sibling spirits.

Within the city we are confronted by that which we could so easily ignore,
And of course many choose to do exactly that, yet those that see are
strengthened
And to embrace nature we may run but embrace ourselves we must always
return
At times back to the hub of our awakening, for it is when people meet that
history
Is made. Who knows what corners to avoid,

Beauty cannot be thus if it does not awake the demon dormant within us all.

Cutthroat mentalities hold no prejudice upon nationality

For any soul may be target of those without regret.

In the centre of the city there is a marketplace
Here there stands an elder of the city,
A silver beard wisps its way towards the ground
And behind a mask of ancient truth stare
Eyes of wisdom beyond the capabilities of man.
He watches over the proceedings, watches men
In their greed claim to know what they need
When it is no more than a material illusion they pursue.
Throughout the rush of the place, he perceives faith in the
Workings of the Fate and their tiding and he consoles
Himself that no man alive may hide from the thread cut short.

Death awaits each of us as a destiny foreseen.
Death awaits each of us as a celestial screen
Death awaits each of us as a blanket sleep
Death awaits each of us as an ocean deep

And we may swim within its waters
And we may adorn our words with morbid themes
And we may know death as our lover
As we may know death in our dreams.

Within a city of thieves
A lustful honesty breathes
To be by destiny relieved
Upon frozen fallen leaves.

Would you breathe for death?
Would you die for breath?

David Lacey

A Copper Plated Poseidon

A copper plated Poseidon stands testament to the immortality of the Gods.
Water runs smooth shivers down his spine. Black swans soaked in morning
Dew drift upon the wings of one another nearby. Close to the scene stands a
memorial

To all those souls sent to the slaughter of the Somme. A church stands,
Un-forgiving in grandeur, concave mirrors flip reality upon the slip side.

David Lacey

A Declaration Of Love Revealed

Know that if anything happened to you then I would die an eternity in an instant,

I can picture now the deconstruction of my faith in the world and I know that all That I could dream of was hearing your voice upon the wind. I have full faith in Fate and that those who wish for a love of life will have the universe conspire for them.

I know you shall be fine, I know you will have the time of your life but this will never stop me worrying for so deep is the grandeur of my emotion, I understand however that you may feel strange, and at times that I myself am a little deranged but know that my heart is constantly calling out your name and though it could

Never be you who made me blue, it is my inability to cope with my feelings for you,

For I know that no commitments are to be made and I know that perhaps that you are to

Meet the love of your life upon your travels but I need you to know that at this time I can not comprehend that fate could throw my way such a soul of beauty without reason.

Know that at I am an appreciator of all, and that I have fallen for you, if you can not return affection I beg you know the honor I bestow upon you in holding you in the light I do. Know that I'll always be there to comfort you, in and out of my own blues, I'll be there. I can be happy in the knowledge that you will be happy with or without me

Yet I can not be free until I have spoken of the feelings that leave me unreal and broken.

Here is my heart, take it, you don't have to give me yours.

Through knowing you I have been shown that there is beauty beyond the curtains sewn.

You have given me a new faith in man, something that I would never have known to ring

True again. I hold you in the highest of esteem, I deem you an embodiment of the goddess and though I know I may appear a mess, and though I know you would never wish me undressed I still need to let you know so that you can go and flow and show the world the love I perceive gleaming through the windows to your soul.

Perhaps now was not the time for us but I can't help feeling that I'm at times in

need of healing for I feel love sick beyond repair, I don't know whether or not it
was best to share
These cares of mine but I feel by rights that you should know, and though I have
told you
Once before, I live in the shadow of the thought of you walking out the doorway.
I feel at times that if only I had the words to say I could let you know for sure
That you are the cure I seek. I would not ever wish to weaken the hope for
happiness you
Carry so merrily in your stride. At times I envy you, still I know it's wrong, but
the green
Eyed monster rears his ugly head and at times I feel half dead, though I may be
singing
The happiest of songs.

I feel perhaps as though I am too selfish in burdening your day
With all the thoughts within my head, with every word I say
Yet know that I shall be praying for you, towards unity, towards clarity
I shall pray for you and will always welcome you with open arms
If you are willing to receive me. Be free of commitment, be happy
Be all you know you can be and I will never resent you, I may simply
Resent myself at times for allowing to be swallowed by the blues.
For outside there is a world a splendor, blooming as it swoons
Inside at times I stay too long upon the dark side of the moon.

Sorry about that but you know it's been getting to me for a while
So much that at times I find it hard to smile, but then I realize that
I should embrace the blue skies of your company for we each are upon
Our paths and I am purely grateful and full of appreciation for
Meeting someone as such as yourself, and in us both taking the time to relax
Beside one another.

I feel like I'm repeating myself
At times I feel like I'm walking in setting concrete
Yet fear shall not defeat me
For I have a wish alike you to be free
To be happy
And to be all I could be

And one day we may be whole as one together
One day we may simply be birds of a feather
But know that whatever the weather
I'll be there to offer you shade, or shelter from the storm.

I would speak of love more freely if I did not feel as though I may
Scare you in doing so, but something through you flows a radiance,
A beauty of golden grace, and my heart doth weep in knowing that
I keep constantly turning down the opportunity to be with you.

What a fool I am at times, maybe I should listen more to this heart of mine
Even though its voice may scare me, I know that to be free I must as a child
Make merry the skies of misery, fly don't sigh for me, fulfill your destiny.

David Lacey

A Deeping Sleeping Self

A deeping sleeping Self awakes
Into the world idea shakes
Foundations of establishments
Traditions one and all

Out of flesh and out of blind
Inner vision never mind
Never knowing something
More than anyone it seems

We're living this illusion
As we're living in this dream
O what could it mean,
What does it mean living in this dream?

There could be something lost inside us
Hid behind the eyes we see
All it is that I am you
You know that you are me

David Lacey

A Droplets Ripple In The Ocean

Having chased Knowledge down and feasted upon her dissected corpse
They are left awaiting the flavour of Wisdoms flesh.
Never to know that they are wishing for tomorrows sorrow today
They are as cursing themselves with the words they say.

The past is before us now as clear as an azure sky
The future untold behind us as we try within the present to rise
And through contemplation may we know the secret surprise
That awaits us at the moment of descent when we die.

A droplets ripple in the ocean is felt in the smile of a child's emotion
And we are heard, our voices echoing throughout the stars
And unknown gods behold the wisdom of our ancients
Upon the breeze moving tenderly through celestial mansions.

They hear the songs we sing, they know too well of the love we bring
They know to that we are as wingless angels willing to rise
Dreamers unwilling to close our eyes to the reality that we were born to fly.

David Lacey

A Feathered Angel Of The Highest Sphere

Thou art a feathered angel of the highest sphere
With a tongue of lunar wisdom.
Thou art a un-weathered soul in a world of torrent fear
And I seek embrace within your love.
How foolish I was not to speak these words
Openly from the start but with anxiety I could
Not part for thou art a more deserving beauty than I
But if you can find love in the memory of my eyes
Than I shall forever strive to make happy and joyful your skies.

David Lacey

A Flight Of Fancy

A flight of fancy, fine and dandy
Flying free as can be
A night of passion seems all the fashion
Or so it seems to me.

David Lacey

A Flood Upon A Mushroom

Every single passing moment, falling into place,
Nothings simply black and white here, alls in inner space.
I've walked so many miles to be here, to be with you when you smile
Why am I still stood here waiting, do you deem this punishment or trial

Are you the queen of hearts, my friend, or is there patience in your blood?
Is everything you hold within locked away or understood?
Colours running deeper than I ever thought they could
Tainting the memories of something I could have done but knew I never would

I'm searching for an answer, I'm running out of time
Down the rabbit hole, I'm here, there must be something lost to find.

And then when I keep secrets, of all I've held and hold
And when I'm running from the memories that used to make me cold
Now and then they warm me up again, the blood within my veins
is pumping through my heart again, no more falling with the rain.

A flood upon a mushroom, a garden ruined in time
And always running onwards, I'll dream that you are mine

David Lacey

A Flourish Of Horns

A flourish of horns
The power is ours to bestow
To name and to envision

Time has made fools of us all
No school of thought can save us now.

David Lacey

A Fool In Love

A swollen heart of infected blues weeps un-sleeping throughout the nightmare,
I feel unworthy of affection, as though I walk without direction,
Always searching for an answer to the questions that lay forever undefined.
All around me is chaos spinning within a churn of emotion, yet I am stationary,
Un-moving upon a physical plain and sinking deeper within what I once
considered
The most delightful of emotions. Sinking into an ocean of false regret I find it
harder
And harder each day to laugh and I say I can forgive and forget myself. For I
know that
More so each day the world is moving on beyond my boundaries yet here I
remain.
It seems I have planted the seed of emotion and now must practice my patience,

Awaiting the process to develop itself whilst I leave time upon the shelf.

Everything about her I adore, what more could any heart want for than for love
to be
Returned? Inside the flames of desire burn away the constructs of my mind that I
have
Been so happy for so long to find myself within. She fuels the emotion within
which I
Swim unknowing of her splendor, unknowing of her grace, she alone may paint a
smile
Upon my face, yet it is with my own inability to handle a love unspoken for which
I cry.
For though I try to reason why I know I may never kiss her alike I may never
kiss the sky. Still I know I should waste no time in sighing for there are a
thousand lives to live
Upon this plain, yet a thousand sunsets I would gladly miss if I could take away
the pain,
The fear, the tears that keep me drowning. I would gladly miss the sunset if she
could spend just one night in my arms without regret, yet the moment never
reveals itself and I
Remain a fool in love.

David Lacey

A Freedom To Exist

This world is a freedom to exist,
Who am I to resist it?
And my love....
My love is a blanket best kept warm,
My love my shelter from the storm,
The storm of Fate in her unwinding.
Find me in yourself.
Love me and no one else.

David Lacey

A Heavenly Rose

Thou art heavenly rose below an endless sky of calmest blue,
For my love of you, I can define no boundaries,
Promise me the freedom to know every door of your love
And I shall promise you every service beneath the sun,
For ours is the fun of flesh to seek, as is the love that makes
Our knees grow weak, I want you, need you, wish for you
To find yourself within embrace, naked and clothing tears
Of joy in the knowledge that I am there for you, below the blue
Caressing the scent and sweetness of such a heavenly rose.

David Lacey

A Love Of Natural Harmony

Climb the path to wisdoms door
Fly on wings of ecstasy
When kissed by love don't ask for more
Than union with duality

A love of natural harmony
Reveals the beauty of your eyes
Is Love's great love equality
Or a wish to kiss the sky

Love is love in symmetry
A union in equality
And I find it
I find it in your eyes.

David Lacey

A Love Of Truth

As she enters the room, a disconcerting expression
Drips from upon her smile. Confusion fades as
Two souls entwine in unison. They feed upon integration
As Unity conceives, giving birth to a truth no older than the day
A Love of truth swells through compassion.

David Lacey

A Monument To The Ghost Of England's Green

The room now lay empty
A ghost shell of tales I would tell
To children gathered within the arch.
Beyond the graveyard walls
Far beyond the cemetery gates
The priory stands
A monument to the ghost of
England's Green.

David Lacey

A Multitude Of Shades Unseen

Adorned in elder forest green, a multitude of shades unseen
The child respondent in his quest rests below the suns rays beaming,
Spotlighting the show, feeding ardent glorification of
Fairy tale moralities, his father the King of tones awaits the crumble
Of celestial thrones, awaiting an ethereal crowning, a procession to take him
home.

Conversing forms of yesterdays world curl beside the fireplace as spirits heckle
each other onwards, upwards to finish the race first and never last.

To look to the future, never to languish in the past, this is what we're told, yet
how are we to look when we're bent double, broken, and old.

A life time of doing as we're told, where has it gotten us. Where will it lead if not
to feeding the consolations of our heart ache bleeding?

Wounded, grounded, floundering around awaiting the sound, the ring of the
trumpet call. Awaiting angels to burst from heaven, from a cloud of shimmering
stardust, thrusting forth in the glory of motion an ocean of perception, revealing
doorways, revelling in the current, flowing ever onwards into the depths.

Turning in the cycle, slumbering rhythms choose their moment as they pass in
rainbow paths our way, blessing the new day by the death of the last in promise
that this day will die, In promise that no day is set to have the last laugh in the
sky.

As always in the moment, the seconds through the hours are ours to laugh away
in blanket contentment, don't resent the safety presented forth to your form,

Who could resist the fire when all they wish is to be warm?

David Lacey

A Pastel Pink And Lilac Sky

Sink with yourself. Think.
Seek within yourself. Sink.
A pastel pink and lilac sky
Cast a spell of mellow moods.
We ponder the past and wonder why
We must sigh in constantly playing the fool.

David Lacey

A Perception Of Truths Surreal

She holds dear to her heart
A perception of truths surreal
Peeling back the layered veils
We seek to know what it is
That we may define as real

David Lacey

A Portrait Of Aspiring Perfection

A portrait of aspiring perfection hath been painted
Through the creation of evolutions tidings.
A portrait of respiring reflections lay untainted.
Leaving my thought in meditation hiding.

They cry, the muses of my soul how they cry,
Forever sighing as I am forever wishing to be whole
And in so doing I am assuming myself to be but half.

David Lacey

A Power Is Rising!

They are sailing for distant shores
Trying to find a little more
Trying to escape the trail of industrial horizons.

Driven from our paradise where are we to turn?
Who will open up their doors to us?

Relics of the person I once was are floating
Endless dust desert trails, seeking a soul that they can trust
In re assembling the form I knew before the storming of my years.
The looking glass is beckoning bliss with the promise of beauty
The reflection is a hollow facade, a mask of light in falsity.

Contemplation
Meditation
Appreciation

Each is a road worth wandering as
We turn within the shadows of ourselves.
Staring into the flames of visions empowering,

A power is rising! A power is rising!
Does it come as a surprise to find it in your eyes?

How can we strive towards that which we are?
How can we pray for oneness with the divine
If we are from before the moment of our birth a miracle sublime?

We are as angels with broken wings,
Devils walking upon the surface of our mother
Seeking in the arms of another the warmth of a lovers embrace.

Open up your eyes,
Wider than you ever thought imaginable
Until they slip beyond the sand castle walls of logics limitation.
Allow the tides of imagination to rise.
An ocean of souls, lost to the torment of heartbreak
Are shaking the foundations of my asylum sanctuary.

Let the nymphs of forest shadows to their dwellings within the womb of the earth

How many are there that are lost to the dreams of the night?

How many lost from the moment of birth?

Can you hear them?

Upon the wind as it whispers in wavering.

Savour the taste, taste the flavour

Don't waste it now, your one chance to loose

And gain a world beyond the realm of pain.

I need someone to have faith in me

Someone to help me paint myself a smile.

For I do not plant the seeds of ecstasy

But I help grow them all the while.

I dance the Dance of Seasons turning.

Beneath the yoke, the bright sun burning.

And I must have sailed for a thousand years

And I must have shed the skin of a thousand fears

Knowing all along that I sailed an ocean of fallen tears.

David Lacey

A Rainbow In An Oilslick

What are the people saving for?
Stashing paper gold away within cold grey chambers locked
And kept secret from the world. Saving for what?
Saving to be saved? To fly across the globe in some hope of revelation
When the willow man of the garden can speak the wisdom of the ages.

We turn the page as the story unfolds
Forever young and never old
Here we are the fresh flesh of youth's bright and spirited curse.
The years are spinning beyond control.

Under the illusion
That greener fields await
Beyond sinking grey horizons
Will it come as a surprise
To find they have no eyes?

They are hunted alike vermin
Throughout this land of shadows
Casting arcane mirror images
Upon the sleeping reflection
Of a rainbow in an oil slick.

Gather your love within your shell.

David Lacey

A Requiem Is Sewn

Of foam born offerings a requiem is sewn,
As the pillars of society slay our un-known champion
In what they claim as an honour of sacrificial circumstance.
Blown out of proportion, who knew? Who could have known?
That laid upon the alter stone they would find archaic angels bound.

David Lacey

A River Of Orange

A river of the freshest orange makes her way towards my all,
I am the ocean of karma waters within which she may fall.

Here I swim within myself to honour the perfection of my bodies aspirations,
Here I swim within myself as a thousand spirits soar upon the joy of respiration.

A land of emerald grace hath absorbed the seed of faith and grown
Towards such magnificent proportions that I would never have believed
Had I not know that I would never be deceived by such angelic forms.

A bridge across the ocean casts shadow down upon the waters below,
The monsters of the deep stir in bubbling hibernation for the day,
They wait as the monsters of sleep their time to rise, their time to feed.

I am one alone within the waters orange, un-able to see below the surface,
Unable to see beyond my faith I am left as upon a raft of hope for happiness.
No one hath ever seen the land to which the bridge leads us in his direction
Yet in the distance the silhouette of hills are notated by the erection of their
heads,
They too cast their shadow upon the waters deep though not a sun is there in the
sky.

Am I to remain upon this voyage for eternity's duration or am I to land upon
those

Distant shores of promise that I was offered in the state of dreamtime
wandering?

Have I left my love ones behind to no avail or is there reason for my failings in
love?

For here, alone and still upon a karma tide I feel as one with the ocean all,
I feel as though I could fall into the sky and swim just as I feel as though
I have the power to move the mountains, arranging circles out of ancient stone.

The sky is an ocean deep and I'll never swim whilst I sleep again.
The sky is an ocean deep and I'll never swim whilst I sleep again.

David Lacey

A Rose Arose

She beckoned my kiss with a glint in her eye
Winking out of time with the motion of her pose.
It seems now that she can not comprehend the Love
I send to her in riddle for as always the words dance
Around the chance of misunderstanding. Yet the song
Remains consistent within its inconsistency.

Desire not to desire nothing for it is a fearful desire in itself.
More than any heart can bare is the desire not to care.

I have been told to forget the girl, she whom I would save,
Proclaiming a saviour before the world.
Yet how am I to replace the memory of the form that
Formed the foundation of adoration?
How can I compensate my soul in loosing the portraits
I keep of her hung sacred within the corridors of the
Labyrinth entwined?

Forever I'll see to know her Love
As the caress of her glance eternal
Flits upon the silver screen still flickering.
Hopefully one day she will turn and say
'I love you, I know now I always have'
Too many times she hath turned me away
Yet still I seek to hold true her Love as real.

David Lacey

A Shimmering Dance Of Unspoken Shadows

I remember now a sky of aggressive vibrations,
Bleeding red rushes of madness upon the horizon.
Above the town a heavy haze hangs below the clouds
Tainted are the colours of the rainbows glow.
Painted are pictures of faceless crowds.

I'm awaiting the surge, knowing not what will come of
The experience, the clouds outside foretell a pleasant
Eve of awakening, Inside I'm shaking, knowing that soon
All will be lost below the waning moon.

A collection of musical arrangements revolve around my form
I wish to pick the strings of steel above the hollow but know
That first I must swallow the pain of removing myself from such
A wallowing refrain. Golden glows of summers promise
Kiss the movements of the sky, a face within the cotton, she
Has hair of shoulder length, she glows, oh how magnificently
She glows surrounded by shades of expanse.

□

A shimmering dance of unspoken shadows feeds the sky still bleeding,
Upon the horizon a grey silhouette is seen, no longer do fields
And rolling hills of green possess this valley in their spirit,
They have been cast down, this town, built upon a bellowing
Industry is guilty of nothing less than smoking a perfect sky to
Some tainted yellow, denying the youth a sky they will never know.

Paint me a picture of this land how you would understand
It without the torturing hand of man and his creation.
Upon the Surface of Our Mother they spread as disease, turning
The most beautiful of scenes so easily into a profit of destruction.

Never before have I seen the world with such clarity
Everything sharp, everything crisp,
This feeling is a lens upon reality
I see the same as the next man but perceive its proportions differently

I believe in the universal soul
I believe in an integrated whole
As above so below

So the world should rightly know

Feed the night

Feed the light

Gargantuan obscurities pass by my window coated
In a lilac tone, upon the horizon the sun is ending his course
For the day, upon his way his radiance shines upon
In various angles towards the blood end of emotions spectrum.

Small wisps drift on by; some would have you believe that where you go when
you die

But I believe that we return to the one, as atoms into the earth, as souls into the
Universal soul. Listen to your heart yet never ignore reason when survival
Is at hand. This age scares me so in its blind faith or secular atheism, can
We not have faith in truth and truth yes truth alone, is it not upon the basis
Of truth, trust and unison that we build our homes and our circles of family and
friends?

I believe that this life is an opportunity to mix with souls and learn for that
Is what the soul doth yearn for, a truth, an unquestionable truth that everything
Is as real as his dreams. Nothing is as it seems and omens beckon throughout
The day, and just as even the mightiest Oak knows not to bend against the wind
Sometimes it is wise to be passive to the rhythms of Life's ever present river
flowing.

Is it not our time to rise as the sun is near to setting?

Does it come as no surprise that you can not remember to forget?

David Lacey

A Sickly Shade

Towers cooling bellow smoke into the purity of the skyline.
Tainting yellow, a sickly shade the skin of those fools
Who would dig a hole with the palms of their hands,
If only to find a spade.

David Lacey

A Simple Truth

The hills, the valleys of this land
Are not so hard to understand.
If we perceive with childish eyes,
We can make happy and true the skies.

David Lacey

A Skin Of Sin

I have forgotten the dream of my fathers
I have forgotten the work of their hands
Caked in blood lust sweat and sore
In Dwarf King Valleys mining ore
To build the world around me now
Why is it that I forget? How?

Come bathe my bones in ocean salt
Come wrap me in a skin of sin
Come burn my flesh upon a pyre
Come run the race to win.
I continue through dimensions unknown
Penetrating celestial courtrooms.

David Lacey

A Thought Upon The Power Of Words

Words have the power to please the soul of awareness
Words have the power of ecstasy; they have the power to heal or to scorn
Words have the power to rebuild worlds that have been torn apart by words.
Words have the power to invoke, to choke and to joke,
They have the power to bring you to your knees just as they have the power to
plea.
Words have the power to incite trance like states, they have the power of fate,
They conceal meanings deeper than the greatest oceans and are a method
By which we express the emotions we feel, just as we may use them to question
What we consider to be real. You can incite love, hatred, fear,
You can bring a tear to the most stone cold of king giants and you may
Describe the sorrows of the world yet through words we may also share our
dreams,
We may ponder upon the events of tomorrow and we may laugh with one
another.
We may love and express love through our words though at times we go
unheard,
We may share in our experience as we may laugh alongside memories ghost.
Words are the host to our instinctive knowing of all we wish to express,
Words are the dressing of our wisdoms blessing, with words we may put the soul
to rest.

David Lacey

A Thousand Souls Upon The Shore

Can you find your peace in a house of glass?
Can you see the future in the past?
Can you hear upon the howling winds
The songs that siren lovers sing?

A thousand souls upon the shore
A thousand souls they're seeking more
More than any one soul can bring.

David Lacey

A Time Before All Time

Angel wings and angel forms
Within the clouds before the storm
Sang in merry memory
Of time before all time

Demons in the darker corner
Wishing death your life this way
Sing with angels Sing the words
Are born again each day

By the river asking questions
What then has become of life?
Cut the ribbon, cut the chord
The flesh cut with a knife

Blood it feeds the soils and roots
Sticks the blood onto my boots
Within the clouds before he storm
Sang in merry memory of time before all time

David Lacey

A Truth Beyond Compromise.

She bears the emblem of the crescent moon upon her chest
Sinking, seeing the warmth of her bosom, I'm in need of a rest.
She speaks to angels who guide her thoughts, she's seeking
All it is that mortal man hath ever sought,

A truth beyond compromise.
A truth as true as the sky
In revealing her emotion.

Rippling oceans shatter the establishment calm Of palm tree laden bays
Tourists, pleasure hunters are spread into dismay by a blood of the
Goddess' tears. Brooding on her fears, she's wasting away the years,
Too long she hath been tearing, frantic at her hair.

He cares but can't reveal
Or speak of the way he feels
Still his heart doth weep
In and out of sleeping.
Still the Love he keeps
No other treasure doth
He wish to seek.

David Lacey

A Void Of Blue

Fields of green surround my soul
Fields of green they make me whole
A concept lost eternity
A concept forever young to me

A void of blue engulfs my soul
Leaves me drunk within the bowl
A flavour of eternity
Reveals to me identity

Curious of the falling night
Lost within the calling light
A flavour of eternity
Incites my curiosity

Still all is one within my form
Peace before the foaming storm
All is falling endlessly
Within a heart of boundless purity.

Ah! Sweet ecstasy.

David Lacey

A Walk Within Valentine Gardens.

To you who drank from blue bell goblets,
To you who sipped from the chalice of Harmony
I wrote this song for thee.

To you who smooth my soul with questioning
I request you treasure the memories I leave you
As I will forever hold true the memories I keep
Of you hung safe within the galleries of my mind.

I lied when I said to I felt no extremity within the realm
Of emotion - Yet with each thought an ocean I feel
As though I'm drowning in a sea of Sorrow, Engulfed below the tides of Woe.
The helmsman of sanity's sailing is shaken, awoken are his senses.
Constantly building his defences he'll always be late for the morning show.
Seek Persephone in procession with Harmony.
Arise a Rose, blooming as the Moon caress' the midnight sun.

The games we play, throughout the day
Doth sway my heart in swing.
With happy a heart alongside merry a cheer
We allow our hearts time to sing.

May you always remember the blessings of youth.
May truth forever guide your path.
May you find love in the form you seek,
May you never be weak in confrontation with the storm.
How glad I am we met.
Such a break as you are from the norm.

When the night is cold,
When I wander, slow and old.
I'll keep safe within sanity
The etchings of you I keep above
The highest watermark of memories fading.
I will warm myself with the memory of a flower
In full bloom, swooning in sight of the silver moon.

In times to come, I hope you find your fun
As you enjoy the days whilst you are young.

Just as I hope you retain a fragile beauty throughout the
Passage of the years.

David Lacey

A Wingless Angel Draped In Red

She seeks her shelter from the falling sky
She asks her shelter from the highest tree
She seeks an answer to the question why
Why it is that she has come to be

A wingless angel draped in red
Her wings are lost she sighs
There's no halo now upon her head
And the fear that she may die

Alone, alone so far from home
A wingless angel cries
She awaits the demon by her side
To kiss between her thighs

Thunder roars beyond her head
This wingless angel draped in red
She lies beside her demons
On a bed of human bone.

Alone, alone, in tears she falls
Upon her virgin knees
All is lost as thunder roars
There's no one to hear her pleas

She runs to seek her shelter from the falling sky
She asks her shelter from the highest tree
She seeks an answer to the question why
Why it is she lost her wings and the heart
Of a soul that sings, bringing joy throughout the day.

David Lacey

A World Apart And Distances Growing.

A world apart and distances growing.
What have I got to do to stop you in your path?
What have I got to do to stop you from laughing in my face?
Laughing at the faith I wear upon my sleeve.

Make believe, fairy tale wisdoms extinct.
Romance is dead, the rose withered,
The green eyed monster rears its ugly head.

Distance yourself from the past,
If you remember the good times,
You'll recall, well, they were too good to last

Drifting, kiss me, lift me up man, and give me a little push,
Set me on my way,

Spit it out
All you have to say.

David Lacey

A World Of Rolling Dust

Dogs are chewing there own legs down to the bone
As children play within the bloodshed attempting
To keep happy and bright a world of rolling dust.
Open bullet wounds in the Childs side reveal the
Uncaring justice of Ares, the wood nymphs of the
Wild night are praying to Bacchus, calling him to
Fuel the ecstasy of man towards love of his brother
Upon the vine they call, falling upon there knees in prayer
They await him in silence to stem from his
Father's thigh, Zeus god of the sky is watching as
Ever leaving to men and the Fates their destiny
Yet as he watches he sighs for it seems as though
Man has lost his knowledge divine, he hath separated
The science beyond a need to know each other for
Once in the world all wisdom was as a circle of
Kings who ruled over a kingdom unison
Yet now it seems that each hath created his boundaries
Each resents the other to occupy his land and so
Man hath forgotten the eternity within the palm of his hand,
So man has lost his ability to recognise and understand
That divinity lay within himself, the only resemblance of
His nature is the one he finds in the eyes of the ones
He loves; those that make him swoon with the delight
Of the blue moon full, for in the eyes of a true lover
We may uncover the secret of the midnight suns concealing,
Through love we may recover and heal those that we hold
Just as we below are as those above, forever young yet an eternity old.

David Lacey

A World Reborn Beyond The Dawn

When I look at her I feel a longing for companionship
Beyond that of which I can supply for my own requirements.
Her eyes ripple as an ocean of tears comes surging,
Eroding the valleys of memories echo unheard.

Tear back the wrapping of your Logic
Peel back the skin of your Truth.
For the seeds lay reborn relics of a proof in resurrection
Through death, through dirty comes life anew.

Surviving we are upon the hope of a world reborn beyond the dawn.
Still we're crying over the mistakes of the past.

Leave us lost within a blue,
For a deeper blue I've never known.
We lay frozen – Un-aging within
The moment of expression.
I find myself alone.

David Lacey

Above As Below

We find Universal wisdom, universally challenged.
As Atlantian mystery arouses the imagination,
Spirits rise to the occasion, striding in procession,
Dressed in dreams un-tamed, un-named shadows roam,
Hooded, Cloaked from the street light shedding down
From the Heavens. Above as below there are as many
Heavens as grains of sand. There lay untold as many secrets
As you could ever hope to understand.

David Lacey

Action Reaction Consequence Guilt

The dryer turns a tumbleweed churn
As we ponder the realm
Of midnight oils bubbling, blurring
In the cascade of rainbows glamour fading.
Here we are left
Wondering what it is we have learnt from the experience.
Have we learnt to appreciate the moment in the present's presence.
Are we to be left upon the shelf with no defenses, helpless?
Or are we forever to drift inside the river or our knowing.

My form aches from exposure to the eye, the void of the sun unfolding.
Can you see the stars in her eyes, Can you see you the story untold
Beyond the page, beyond the end of demonic manifestations raging Forth bold
from the ether, scattering tribes, bribing in temptation
Selling enslavement in the guise of redemption
Empty threats for empty minds
You have your fun I'll have mine.

Action Reaction Consequence Guilt
Each a wall I've built up a round my soul
Each a wall that makes me whole.

I remember the girl of checkered fabrics
Waving goodbye sweet dreams forever to skies
Of blue, Sinking blissful in slumber
Into a blanket of morning dew.

Here I am left wishing wasted,
Here I am running to be chased.

Escape beyond the reason you find upon the mantel ticking over,
Picking no tone from another in endless clockwork symmetry,
Seek a reason beyond the bowl the elders say
What's meant to be won't pass you by they say

As she comes running fast headstrong alike the last rays of the setting sun
Dying as the race is run only to come together when the morn hath sprung
Win me love a love is won, Sing a song beneath the sun
Swallowed into dream time, sanctuary from this blue of mine

The deepest blue I've known

David Lacey

Addiction Goliath Futility Tamed

The blood of the wasp lies heavy upon your hands
Inside your skull lies as vast a land
As of that lies beyond your flesh.
Our bodies as projections of our deepest desires
Are tied to the mast, cast upon funeral pyres.
All For the crime of no longer knowing what we want
□

The blood of the wasp lies heavy upon your hands
It's too late now for any consolidations
For any plans of grandeur.
Welcome to the city. Welcome to the hive.
Bless the wasp, your pity
It's all that keeps his dreams alive.

The blood of the wasp lies heavy on your hands,
Outside the god's are counting out every grain of sand,
What better way to spend each day living life eternal
What better way than to keep on keeping on inside the inferno.

Tonight we face the daemons of our own insanities,
Of our well kept insecurities alongside our horrors unleashed,
To light the torch before the race it's all we ask,
Screaming profanities at those monsters of mist
Those who would cloud our clarity and lay our souls to waste.

So we ask.

Be destiny the persecutor or be it the blamed?
Be fate the firing squad by which our souls are maimed?

Addiction Goliath Futility Tamed.

The Black Rose has found his piece of ground
Never will he leave this season he has found
Unsound weeping as he grieves he's seen no
Death to mourn yet at times the digging thorns
Shred cloth be it fresh or be it worn.

Sour eyes wash over the face of time

We're loosing sense of ourselves
Loosing sense of everything
All we know is to exist, our purpose
To lie complacent upon the shelf
Hiding within our shells until we crack
Until we are released to prosper
Within a wealth of wisdom.

Fairy tale moralities come crashing down
When perceiving the world with a constant frown
I awoke this morning to the most startling sight
The sky as I had never seen before.

Through enchanted eyes it came no surprise
That I should separate colour from form and
Be left perceiving a world of perfection
Of harmony inconsistent from this gormless normal norm
The beauty of chaos leaves us at a loss for words
To describe the crying morning. To sing to dying dawn.

What did you learn upon your journey through the wilderness?
Through the recess of your mindscapes meanderings?
For what is it you yearn? Some company so your opinion
May be found through rebounding ideal on walls of blissful ignorance
Leave them on the ground, leave them for someone else to find.
Leave them to say that once somewhere a hope was found.

Time distilled the hour, the seconds came as days,
One moment as a lifetime, one moment more to play
The games of youth, one more moment to relive the
Memories of the sun kissed fields of living memory.

What more proof could you need that the truth you feed
Are no more than lies cast, set by ruthless greed
Those who can not bear themselves to arms to die
Nor for the dark voice filth fed beasts of their hearts,
Those who can not bear to lie in the past.

Apologetic tendencies tend to flow unheard
Prophetic dependencies leave you without a care
Secure in your belief, that the law of fatality
Will govern the mood and the ark in flood and food

Secure to the belief that the hand of fate is in control.

What kind of world is this we live in?

I ponder lay with eyelids curled,
Within the sanctuary of heat I ponder
Whilst I walk within my seat.

Fathers abusing their children,
Mothers killing their young
Selling her clothes for gin
For sin a penny she has none

Children beating teachers,
In re payment of a debt,
Through generation rebirth
Degeneracy has crept,

Latent in the young ones,
Smoked out in the old
Running out of ammo
They start to do as they are told,

Fold out of existence
Put up no resistance
The pigs in their persistence,
Will always flog down the rabid crowd.

So this is fate as they say
The way we play the games we play
The way we run when they chase us
With batons for fun to spray

What does it matter whether or not you believe?
What does it matter whether or not you deceive?

Eight diamonds are sewn upon the sleeve
Upon the turning of the leaf.

Up steps the child of dignity, honest in his reproach
Down plays the joy of vanity her very skin to touch
To revel in her splendor too suckling sweet for sour

Outside horrors await our flesh to melt to drip devour

Stoned are the shells of dreamers
Carving into gravestones
Left alone to dance are dancers
With long since mangled toes
Sidestepped ways to shredder
Each process in machine.
Each a dream within a dream
A process in the dream machine.

□

Now laugh and shake away every nightmare
That follows you into the day realm of your breathing
Pass wake and say I can keep steady at the helm
I can keep steady on what love I have to share□
Still lies dead what love was ever hidden there.

Up steps the child of vanity the vulgar ones approach
Forgets the child of innocence has remembered way to much
Regrets the child of envy he never were to touch
A love ready for the breaking will it ever come to such.

All you wish is to collide with her flesh
To pound grind to come from behind
Slip your fingers between her thighs
As you linger and sigh away
In secret bliss for the blues today.
I'm shaking just thinking of waking
Next to the girl who's making me crazy,
Making me lazy, making concentration impossible
Making meditation hazy.

Memories are slipping as I'm loosing grip on
What ever strands of reality I may still hope to perceive.

David C Lacey

David Lacey

Adorn Death

Adorn death
Breathe breath
Know life anew.

David Lacey

Adorned In Temperance

Virtue lies within Joyful participation, a duty, a willingness to play.
Dance light hearted, celebrate Time in her essence, celebrate the day.
Dance seen, unseen, dance to turn the world.
A collective of pixies entices you to chance,
To join the herd in procession.
We alone hold the key to pleasures unseen,
Make a game of the day for it is sour eyes that
 Stretch time beyond the Pendulum Mans swaying.
Their songs they sing as they bring in the harvest of tangible harmony.

Do you believe in life eternal
Beyond the torrent of Death
In her ever present raging,
Can you perceive a soul an
Eternity old, beyond the cycle
Of aging.

Born of Loss, friendly expanses move in the mimic of mimed trance.
Corn Mother, born lover, phantomwise she haunts the skies a wraith
Adorned in temperance. Never again to be seen by waking eyes she waits
For you beyond the mirror tarnished.

David Lacey

Adorning Velvet Sensibilities

A faith in fear is no saving grace

Small worlds abound upon the purple journey sought
Small worlds for small gods within which we are caught,
Trampled by a knowledge of un-knowing
Defeated by the acceptance of surrender
Bitter from the chill of a bleak yet beautiful December.

I Promise To Pan
That Never Shall I Fail
In Being The Man I Am
And That Forever Shall I sail
The blue abyss to know
The warmth beneath the desert's snow.

The journey purple bends my mind
It leaves me wild and hard to find
Lost within my kingdoms dream
Where nothing's real or as it seems.

Here I am, awaiting a flicker of emotion to rise
Staring stone dead statuettes in their eyes
Awaiting breath anew to be cast by the lips of death.
The curtains are drawn to the sky re born above my tower
Here I am, in need of a shower, black holes swallowing eternity within my eyes.
The void is calling, the fear is falling and we are as shedding skins anew,
Turning bright and vivid colours our feathers that once were blue.
Who could have known?
Who could have shown us the way in our unwinding of the labyrinth?

The god of the corridor is stirred from slumber
Where is the girl I dreamt of devouring he cries?
Under what skies does she move?

Adorning velvet sensibilities

Alas I Know Not Where To Go - Letters From Amsterdam

Alas I know not where to go
Within this realm of shanty town insanities
Canals of ink weave between the fallen leaves
As footsteps upon the pavement beat out of time
With the miming of addict merchants rustling
Within the bustle of a thriving city life.
Blue skies over Amsterdam delude the mind
Of the love soaked mariner
The waves carved a line of froth that existed
Beyond the skylines fading
We boarded upon our Journey
Unknowing as to what we were to accomplish
No ground has been gained through disillusion
Yet these days I lay less confused
Upon the subject of my mindscape
Voices from the streets below echo
Throughout the stairwells of this hostel
This sanctuary of ours within which we
Pass away the time just as we pass away the hours.
Squalid surroundings ground
The child of un-sound reason
Lost within a realm of reflection.
Sow me Love – A love has grown

David Lacey

Alas She No Longer Bears Her Heart Upon My Sleeve.

Alas she no longer bears her heart upon my sleeve.
Alas the leaves of summer no longer weave the melodies
Of yesteryear. I remember a time, a place far beyond the
Horizon, a wonder world of waterfalls.
Now, lost in an underworld of catacombs
I find myself searching for the ghost of memories fading, calling.

A thousands dreams of ether bore children forth from wine.
A single word from Rumour casts a shiver down the vine.

Spreads word as pestilence upon the mother of all
A mother that was once mine, beyond the skies of winter herald.
Beyond the emblem of the moon wallowing upon the blanket
Shallow in the sky.

Awake it's morning, a new day is dawning,
I feel like smoking away the blues.
The sky outside it's blue today
Bluer in a deeper shade
All it is I can do is fade
Claiming that I love you

All it is and nothing more
Dreamers washed out on the shore
Confused as to what their waiting for
Nothing seems as it was anymore.

Dressed in dreams a thousand colours
Fade into the blue
Dressed in silk ripped at the seams
Still it looks good on you

The sky outside is melting fast
All we can do is hope it will last
Dreamers lost upon the grass
Fading slow, Fading fast
A thousand shades within the grass
An eternity in leaps and bounds

Unfounded visions of a future surreal
Peel away the veils of colours fusing
See beyond the spectrum, Beyond the light
Bright in majesty, noble in stature,
Shimmering in rapture, Shadowed paparazzi there set to capture
His soul, set to turn the wheel on a noble soul
All it is that makes us whole they'd see thrown out to the hounds.

As gods of our domains we lay as the dogs of our own destruction
All it is that lay in a name the construction of a soul unwinding by the instant.
Unwinding in the present only to find time descending into the past,
Here complacent in confusion, wild eyes settle placid in calms
Here I lay in the palms of your hands. Take me. We'll walk this land
Of nightmares.

David Lacey

Albion's Sage

The demon has returned to claim the souls his fear saw laid to waste
He's tasted blood and wants more. Opening up the doors to old routines
I find myself un-whole, un-clean in a state of disarray.
How is it things got this way I wondered
Whilst outside the world was weeping.
Still I keep on sleeping, keeping up with the promises that left unspoken,
I hear the voice of Albion's sage upon the winds ever present whisperings.
Listen to the rustling of the leaves, follow the intuition that guides you
unknowing
Learn to listen to your heart, for he speaks more sense than that of which the
mind could
Understand – Let your soul and heart walk hand in hand
Take in the beauty of this land and know that it is not acts of grandeur that
Place us in favor of the God's but the most honest of dreams.

David Lacey

All Beauty In Youth

Lost to the camera are they that pose
Lost as the cloud, lost as the rose
No beauty is there without the beholder
All beauty in youth and youth grows older.

David Lacey

All Dreams Are Counted Here.

These girls don't even know their names
Nor of the world in which they play,
All in secret gardens grow,
A fairy mound and woods of snow.
So crept a single infant tear,
Into the looking glass so clear,
In ripples which were counted there,
Thousands in their moment there.
All dreams of blood and crying then,
Became the dreams of dying when,
All became so clear,
All dreams are counted here.

David Lacey

All Hearts Into The Sun

Why it is the sun is burning?
Why it is that we are growing?
Each day towards the next,
Staring into the past as we gaze unto the skies
Wishing upon stars, long since lost unto the ether.
We are new here, yet still so rotten old,
Consciousness devouring,
Universal showering,
We grow and we are grown.

Upon the earth that we call home
All life and love depends,
We dimensions letters send.
Calling home lost spirits,
Come father, come mother,
Into the great wild wood unknown,
Stretch your hammock webbed amongst the branches.
Let us watch the spirits dance,
What shapes in lessons will we learn,
And call again home,
So many years from now
Still in asking why?
We forget for asking how?
How is it I'm here?
How is it I fear,
The land I knew when I was born?

Tell me,
Does the moon fear the rising dawn?
Does the sun fear the shadow of the night?
All is light,
All tight the energy embracing,
Heart beats set control to racing.
Keep your pace.
Know your face.
Find your time in time and space.
All love forever one,
All hearts into the sun,
And I shall see you there,

Feathers wrapped in beams of hair,
Phoenix from the ash,
Future from the past.

David Lacey

All I Can Do

All I can do is offer you a shoulder upon which you may cry
All I can do is offer you a shoulder upon which you may sigh

David Lacey

All It Is I'd Give For Her Summer To Be Mine

Black and white stripes rule the torso of her design,
As skin tight denim rides the contours of her thighs,
All it is I'd give for her summer to be mine
For her winter to be concealed within the sky,

Awaiting the child high from herbs to get up off the curb melting, Awaiting
emotion to be felt in the movement.

Awaiting descent into Madness' palms, knowing she'll keep
Her calm in the heat of passion, riding as though it were the fashion to
Dash the dreams of lovers young as they lie upon the pavement.

David Lacey

All It Is That Paints Me Blue

All it is that paints me blue
Lay within my thoughts of you
All it is that taints me blue
Drips dismay from morning dew.

David Lacey

All That Is Forever Was

All that was forever is and will be forever more
Cast a circle, kiss the wind, and walk on through the door.
All that is forever was yet remains just like before
You say this feeling's all of my love yet I'd vouch that it was yours
All that is forever was and will be forever more
Dance in circles, hear sirens sing, walk on through the door.

I'll meet you on the other side of Dawn's fresh twilight gaze
I'll greet you with a smile as we walk on through the maze;
This Labyrinth of splendour in which we may spend our days
Will lead us round in circles, will leave us sorely crazed.

Ever walking hand in hand join with me in unison
Grant me the grace to share with out the beauty of this land,
For let it be known that it has past been said that it is not we
Who inherit the Earth from our ancestors but it is we who
Borrow the love of our most gracious mother from our children.
It is they upon their clouds of cotton candy innocence that understand
And love Our Lady the most; it is for them that she plays host so
That they may understand that the ghosts of their forefathers
Are those same spirits that may once more be born unto this realm.

We are those that uphold a truth in unison with harmony,
We are those that were never told to keep steady at the helm
Yet now as I emerge from a life of decadent indulgence I perceive
A vision forming, now as every moment alongside every movement
Is significant as the farthest star, now liquid branches move in languid
Formations, casting shadows that open stairwells to the kingdom of
Shades. Upon a bridge of ivory the spirit of temptation wages duel
With the angel that guides my hand, they fight upon the subject of my
Soul, the angel fights to make me whole whilst the demon consoles
Himself in knowing that the battle may never be won, for they are as
One in the same and know that neither will strike the other severely
In fear of disrupting the balance of their natures law. The demon tempts
Me with scenes of drug fuelled orgies, he promises wisdom through
The blanket night, promises light without light, clarity without purity,
He promises the kiss of a thousand virgin souls, he promises wealth
Beyond the reach of green eyed dreams yet the angel whispers
Honesty and perceives in my eyes a wish to know the truth of my

Creation, he knows that I wish to hold true the girl of dreamtime
Wandering and he knows that I would be happy in her arms alone.
The angel promises romance to exist beyond its burial within this age,
He promises that beyond the turning of the page that no more wars
Will be waged in the clawing for black gold, he promises that I may
Grow old with dignity if I commit myself not to purity but moderation,
The devil screams excess it demands my greed enflamed but I
Understand moderation to be the key within a realm of appreciation,
For if we are to indulge we are also to refrain, if it is to be a golden
Summer we require a springtime rain. If we are to know pleasure
May it only be from a knowledge of pain and through self
Control we may keep steady the reigns that bind the blind horses that
Carry our Soul Charioteer, through woodland clearing and forest
Fears, it is through moderation and an open mind that we may learn
To grow, it is through acceptance and appreciation that we may learn
To know the honour of our brothers alongside the beauty of our sisters?
If we are never to open our hearts alongside our souls how are we
To know the beauty of our brothers alongside the honour of our sisters?

David Lacey

All That Was Forever Is

All that was forever is beneath a blanket love
As all that falls forever tries towards the skies above.
All that was forever is within this heart of mine
Though we change I'll have for you all my earthly time.
Whenever you should need it, whether day or night
Forever shall I shine an ever burning light.

David Lacey

All To Sooth

Brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, all are lovers here
Beyond the kiss of the Luna Goddess's blessing
We are naked; moving dressed in the deepest emotion,
Deeper than the still calm void depths of the ocean blue.

All for you
All for truth
All to touch
All to sooth.

David Lacey

Allow Him The Freedom With Which He Was Born.

Through teenage wastelands I have come to know truth beyond all reason.

Freedom flies upon the wing
We sing the songs we were born to sing
Bring me Love for a Love is won
Run a race – A race is run
Seek a Love to make you young.

Allow nature to educate the child
Allow him the freedom with which he was born.
Allow nature to reveal the harmony of her wilderness
Before from the child his dreams are torn.

David Lacey

Alone In Love With An Elven Queen

Smoke serpents no longer govern
The skylines of my surroundings.
I find myself in the valley green,
Alone in Love with an Elven queen

- Grounded.

Seeking the child unfound
That I hath been promised
Through dreamstate visions.

David Lacey

Alone!

I found her whilst I was Alone
And she at home within her dwelling
Could sense in me my senses swelling
She asked me for my name.

Alone! I cried, Alone! Alone!
Lost from love and far from home
Come join me on my throne she cried
My husbands dead and brother tied,
Bound in blissful agony in kingdom over yonder sea
Married to the princess V. Virgin Venus is her name.

Left here now in palace walls
With banners hung and trumpet calls
What a life is this for a Queen like I?
When every night I lay down to die.

You. Alone! No longer shall be
Together your name, Together we'll be
Come, come and come again
But leave me and you lose your name.

David Lacey

Always Hoping I Was For You To Kiss Me As I Wished

Always hoping I was for you to kiss me as I wished
In every life I've lived you've been eluding my seduction

Blonde perfection holds true to ideal the promise of our imaginations
domineering
In uniform she shone throughout the grey – making whole the day by her
presence.
How deep a blue I feel I'll never know – Nor do I believe it could be real a love
If I did not hear my heart declaring constantly the need for Loves energy to flow
Yet all I have these days are the etchings I keep of her, sacred within the portrait
Galleries of my mind. Abstracted landscapes surround the girl.
Grounding my visions flight, as I ponder upon the action out of sight
I'm missing you and knowing that never would you wish to know
The bliss that I could show you.

Taken away by those that would claim they taught the young
The gifted were placed lost within the void, the forest hole.
The waves down upon the bay crashed upon the rocks
That hath long been soothed by the smoothing hands of Poseidon's tidings.
Early morning by the sea I submerged alongside the black rose
Bearing our skins to the northern waters we were frozen, yet our spirits
Raised in the knowledge that whilst others bathed in sanctioned waters
We were one with the nature of all, yet from our hostel we noticed not
The coming of female youth, those that would so happily steal the clothes
Of the rose and I, left naked, bare and defenceless we had no other choice
But to run our way back to our dorms – hoping for some shelter from the storm
Yet access we were denied – whilst they adorned themselves in glamour.

David Lacey

An Air Conditioned Hell

A surge of memories comes thrashing
Through the canal's of my mind,
They leave the streets upon which my
Thoughts walk drenched in sorrow,
Here I am, shaking in anticipation,
Awaiting the dawn of tomorrow's awakening,
Here I am, purging the demons of the past
Through the deconstruction of my sanctuary,
Trying to hold on to some faint reminiscence
Of the life I used to lead so well.

These days I find myself in an air conditioned hell,
Turning over and over at night
Within the heat and the sweat of my own devils rising.
Within he turns, within he burns away at the substance of my heart, telling me,
demanding of me that I tear myself apart,
Away from the joy of drifting upon a shifting mood.
He says give in to the flood, deny your mood any ability to float,
Coat yourself in a suit of sorrow and obey the ghosts
Of tomorrow in their projection. He whispers in my ear to fear the rejection of an
angel's tear, he asks of me to waste away the
In my approach, touching upon the divine but never knowing my
Potential to be fulfilled. He asks of me to deny my will and I can not
For I have not Forgotten the way of our forefathers finding,
The way that they journeyed the landscapes of their minds
And the way that though blind prophets have seen
All that could be and could ever had been.

David Lacey

An Angels Dream For All To Know

Whispered on the desert night
Drifts the secret of eternal light
Yet frozen in the sands of time
Lies lost this wandering heart of mine.
Free me now of loosing grace
Paint a smile upon my face
Free me of the sands of time
Thaw this frozen heart of mine.
Hold true ideals as virtue loves
Sail below the skies above
For as above so lies below
An angels dream for all to know.

David Lacey

An Emotion Blue Within Which To Swim

So convinced of her skills within the art of sweet seduction
She knows she must do naught but smile a shine of beauty
Incarnate your way. She animates the bodies of those lost
Within mental hibernation, as she crosses their paths.
Laughing sweetened melody laughs. Grasping she is if not
Absorbing the possibility that there is no eternity nor infinity
To be found within the arms of the Goddess.

Through the raging of her storms, souls sway in acceptance of her form
As the beauty that broke perfections mould.
We celebrate her beauty radiant
As we dance in elation at the coming of the spring.

Bring me love upon a wing
An emotion blue within which to swim
Bring me love and a song to sing
So I may make happy a wedding bell ring
Songs of Love I could forever sing
An ode to angels with broken wings

David Lacey

An End To Sorrow

How many years now in the making?
How many tears have you been faking?
Making up for lost time still it seems
So easy for childish fears to keep me shaking.
I sleep all day as the fear of waking
Breaks so easily this soul of mine.
An end to sorrow, an end to pain
To live tomorrow, to breathe again
It's all I ask and nothing more.

David Lacey

An Endless Deep Obscurity

All is one within the sky
As every bird is free
All is one within the eye
That allows us truth to see

All is blue within my heart
All is one in me
All is blue within my heart
An endless deep obscurity

All is one beneath the sun
All is one in me
All is light beneath the yoke
That allows us truth to see

All is one
One is truth
My truth is one in me
Still all is blue within my heart
An endless deep obscurity

Ride upon the midnight wave
Beyond the shade of mysteries tree
Seek the truth in unions kiss
Seek union to be free.

David Lacey

An Eternity In Leaps And Bounds

Profanities, obscenities, with insanity beckoning us in the night
I don't get any time to call my own,
I Don't get any peace so far from home
And I've got a feeling I won't get find any pleasure
Seeking hidden treasures
In the nightmares of this town.

Dreams upon the horizon lie out of reach for a while
Sit back with a smile, blaze away the days. Up in smoke
Let the tokers joke, let them try and catch the breeze,
It's not as easy as they'd have you believe.

Trying to conceive some shattered form of reality,
It makes no sense to me.

Peering into the distance growing between our forms,
Into the eye of the sun
And down on my knees before you now
Your turning me away.

Ride a wave of passion until you crash upon the shore
What more could you ask for
Than eternal bliss
This you've got to ask yourself
Would you miss the blues
Would you be able to see it though with nothing to compare your happiness to?

What is there that lays beyond our reach,
High up in the skies?
Pondering as bloodshot eyes keep me hiding from the dawn,
The light of day can ease my troubles; take away the pain by morning due,
As we watch the rain dance upon the pavement

You look at me, I look at you
Tomorrow never knows
What dreams lay unwoven, untold.

Let the page turn, the story unfold.

Come let's get together, one more time to see it though.
Another way to blue and back again for you my friend.
Before the rain can reflect the rainbow lost in an instant.
As we find ourselves passing on by the days wishing away the hours,
You'll have no one to blame when the final grain has rested in its place
Or so they say just never to my face.

Will you hold on to faith as the void beckons you to burning point?

Suppress the memories that keep you sane
Unleash the daemon; tear away this veil draped upon this reality of yours

Into nightshade, shadows play
As angels dance the streets by day

Over and over I've ran it though in my mind,
The answers so hard to find when the question lies unset.

What meaning is there to be found, if not appreciation of the will to question.

An Eternity in leaps and bounds.
A future lay ungrounded as unfounded visions
Of a reality surreal peel,
Build me up to break me down.
Around around the tearful clown turns
With worries left in the shadows,
As we stride into the light of day

If only to find a new way to say I love you.

Reinvent the ways to blue and back again
To see it all go round in again in circles for all time

An eternity in leaps and bounds
Here I lay broken, unfound, sound of mind, succumbed to numbness,
At peace with faith as dreams tear vivid passageways into the blanket of the
starry sky.

The midnight hour approaches,
Throw caution to the wind and dance the night away.

Up in smoke with nothing to say,
Maybe I've been smoking too long
Reinvent the ways to blue and back again
To see it all go round in again in circles for all time
It won't be long, enjoy the ride, smile and realize
You can't push back the tides in your stride.

David Lacey

An Island Sky

Isolated upon an island sky.
Locked away within a sanctuary blue,
Revising our revision upon subjects
To which we give no heart.

How can I start as I am shattered in parts?
Laid in pieces as I am upon an ever
Shifting porcelain desert sand?
Awaiting as I am, the girl to take me by the hand.
Leading she is to a foreign land the mystery she conceals.

Peel back the vision of your schooling.
Reveal a vision of youth sublime.

Seek your time in understanding.
Allow Love to guide you by the hand.
As we are blinded beyond understanding
Blinded by delusion of grandeur
We seek a cure to the allure of leather clad mistress'
As they captivate their captives through
Undercurrents of seduction
Leading us into submission, reluctant.

David Lacey

An Ode To Un-Named Gods Un-Tamed.

An ode to un-named Gods un-tamed.
Never to be seen by waking wise.
Roaming through the wilderness
Crimson fury in their eyes.
Recognition fuels their strength
They seek a guardian tribe.
They seek their recognition so they may
Dwell secure within a swelling pride.
Still they retain a power that surpasses
All but the Fates who rule as the hand unseen.
Waking eyes seek no surprises.
They expect the sun in the sky by day.
Seek the midnight source unseen.
Let it guide your way.

David Lacey

An Order Of Decay.

The morning sings a song of sadness
As the chaos of the day becomes an order of decay.
Each second loosing prestige unto the next
Each future deluding itself to mimic the past.
Look – Stare into the looking glass
What do you see? Aging skin, smoked yellow teeth
You've grown fat on whiskey boy.
Still, it is no sin to swim the waters of indulgence.

All senses overwhelmed,
From chaotic earth the vine has stemmed
We are left suckling pigs
Dancing Dionysian rhythms in mountain top abodes.
Here below the crimson sky
We erect our temple within the movement of the dance.
Demented glares abstracting stars
Receiving transmissions – evolving within transmutations.

To Gold! To gold! The secret told.
Forever young and never old.
Come dance the dance divine
Come be suckling upon the vine.

David Lacey

Anarchic Copulation Condemned

Anarchic copulation condemned
Blamed as the stem of degeneracy
Whilst they lie ignorant to the irony
Of their accusations – Feeding as they are
Children insanity from infancy.

David Lacey

Angel Locks Decorate The Horizons Smile

Angel locks decorate the horizons smile
Making a mockery of mans immunity towards
The omens that would so happily guide us in our miles.
Turn outside the circle a while – Embrace the tides.

The fear of life extinguished
Lingers upon the shoulder of anguish
We create the daemon within
A dragon whom we must vanquish.

David Lacey

Angelic Proportions

I perceived this morn, this very morn
A child of angelic proportions born,
He cries for he hath had no warning
That he would never live to see the dawn.

David Lacey

Angelic Qualities

Never did I tell you and I thought that you should know.

The first time I saw you in my mind I perceived a girl of angelic qualities,
And even though she was wingless she seemed to fly,
Her eyes a light unto the world, her eyes shimmering void
As though an ocean deep and sleepless dwelled within.
I knew before I knew you that I would love you and I
Knew that I would never tell you in the time we had.
I perceived you to be so far beyond me, a goddess,
Your own beauty beyond boundary.

Journey well soulful warrior and sleep tight within sweet dreams.

David Lacey

Arcadian Sanctuaries

We are a generation reborn; we scorn authority in every form it takes.
We abhor the souls of conservatives as they preach hypocrisy upon the silver screen.

Preaching through an illusion of democracy. We may as well have the monarchy re-instated to glory full, if not simply for someone on which we may solely place our blame.

These dull suited shirts smile whilst confused in bewilderment.

Free the way for procession
In celebration of asylum.

How am I to create if all that grates upon my mind
Are the desires I entertain, in and out of time.
Blind to temptation how is it we may seek redemption
Within the enlightenment of Arcadian sanctuaries.

How strange it is that I should refrain
From the words that remain as an
Echo in the caverns of my soul.

David Lacey

Archaic Memories

Shifting towards the instinct to hibernate
The notion of a month or two without motion
Thrills me to the marrow
Leaving me forgetting tomorrow
And loosing sense of yesterdays regret.

Here I am, as the autumn sun is setting
As Winter arises Goddess of Death and New Life.
Cutting the air ice winds with a knife
Sharpened towards the precision to bite.
Cloaking the world in a seasonal night.

Archaic memories of a former life flit before my eyes,
The skies are grey as though draped in elephant skin
The warmth of the feeling within reminds me of a time
When I was one with all the world and love sweet love was mine.

David Lacey

Archetypical Etchings

Black bear skins swing, clinging to the shamans skin.
Dance the night aflame. Keeping in sight the boundary
Frameworks that keep your sanity in place.

Laid bare, the fragile order of power is showered in anxiety,
The people are un-happy in not knowing why it is they must
Work so hard. Archetypical etchings upon souls inscribed
Leave shadows of memories past.

Beyond time, within the moment, we find ourselves in Rome.
Whores lay stark upon the rooftops, screaming profanity for more
Than their share, as wives are left at home to care for the young
Lecherous fools prey upon their daughters. What horror could
Peel at your morality more so than this?

David Lacey

Are Wings In Death So Often Grown?

Are wings in death so often grown
That they could be a part of me?
Lend me love in misery
And you can call my heart a home.

Know elder Gods are fallen here
In graveyards lost to rising dust
Find yourself the one you trust
And never trust in fear.

Walk the path to wisdoms door
As Wisdom blooms in melody
It makes me smile - sweet ecstasy
I could never ask for more

Waves of crimson anguish rise
Leaving me a ruined state
Could this be my fate - too late!
I no longer walk beneath the sky

So dance a dance of fallen cheer
Dance a dance of harmony
Dance with me - sing melody
We shall dance the falling year.

David Lacey

Armoured In Glamour

Armoured in glamour she was defenceless still when bound
Willingly to play – Unveiling the serpent's eye she looked naught less than
surprised

To meet with such throbbing an evil bearing unique with the innocence of
adolescence.

Still I long to know you, and for you to take from me this purity I keep

Still I long to know you, and for you to wake beside me from your sleep.

David Lacey

As Dreams Of Eden Weave

As dreams of Eden weave the summer settled leaves
Upon the stability of long established trees, the winter
Adheres to autumns pleas and waits a while to take her throne.
To send autumn home as the cycle turns, she tells her sister to
Watch and learn, stripping the trees of their splendour, leaving
Them bare boned skeletons frozen in hibernation

Angels fallen in snow unsettled,
Scatter limpid flaked wings in their wake.
All it is your birds are calling for they say,
One more song to sing, one more dream from which to shake
The nightmare of descent, cascading into darkness the nights
Know no boundaries of time, playing their tricks upon the
Perceptions of the mind, never knowing when to sleep, when to seek shelter
How are to keep our sanity dry as the snow melts to liquid cold.

Running down the stairwell, wide eyed starry gazed children
Await the festivities as the elders blow upon their palms, gathered
Around a fire, keeping their calm whilst below the surface excitement bubbles
Frothing, their stomachs yearning upon the aroma of spit roasted beasts turning.
Slothing in the mould of an armchair caress we envision royalty, in procession,
In flamboyant concession, in obsession of possession, still this won't keep them
warm
As winter whips the winds to fury.

David Lacey

Ascend The Throne.

Arise, ascend the throne.
Accept the crowning of adolescence.

An embodiment of perfection
She know not the vanity of reflection
Un aware of her beauty she grows ore so each day
Breaking the mould of perfection in modification
Her eyes at a glance seem to dance with the
Streetlamps that shine above her shadow

David Lacey

Ask 1: Savour The Time At Hand.

All I'm asking for one favour,
Wont you lick the skin with a different flavour.
Savour the time at hand.

What is it you want from me?
What is it you want to know?

How will it be, how will it end?
Looking through you,
Looking through me my friend

Wipe away the tears
Leave them for another day
All to be caught chasing sorrow another way.

As dreams are scattered forevermore,
We find ourselves lost in the daybreak forgotten until tomorrow.
As we sit. we play as toys in time,
Come and spend some time at mine,
Maybe it'll do you some good.

Forget the words, forget the dream
If that's all that it means to you.
Destiny is ours to see it through.

Reinvent the day a different way
tainted visions of divinity
They don't seem to mean that much to me anymore.

Endless wandering in circles.
Down, round, picking up the pieces from the ground.

I've watched you fall, I've watched you all
Dance the night a flame.
We'd do it all again given the chance.

Twist back, turn,
Burn away desire within sins of the flesh
Cornered, isolated from dream state

Where are we going?
Are we early? Late?

David Lacey

Ask 10: Eluding Seduction,

I could never forget you,
In every life I've seen you've been
Eluding seduction,
Beckoning desire in temptation.

I can feel frustration kicking in,
Your my addiction, no more no less,
Undress beyond a wall of sleep the
Images kept, etchings upon the soul.
It's this that makes us whole
within boundaries set in stone

Get your head clear, I know it's hard blinded by fear,
That it might not be the way you perceive it
Reality can be deceiving, daunting at the best of times
Just keep on moving, conceiving
Embryonic tides, lost in sweet emotion
Ride a wave of passion, Crash upon an isolated beach
Out of touch,
Out of reach

David Lacey

Ask 11: To You I Leave The Sun And Moon

To you I leave the sun and moon
and dream that I may catch you soon,
Dreams float on gently as the breeze,
Please me don't tease me babe,
It isn't so easy anymore

Your standing in the doorway and I cant take it anymore.

Slip on slide,
Back to hide
Behind the rules
That used to tie
Y0ou down.

Let loose with a frown,
Don't you wish to see the light?
Don't you wish to know your wrong from right?
Don't you wish to search for ancient wisdoms in this land?

Take me by the hand as we walk the nightmares of this town

David Lacey

Ask 12: Bare Your Wounds

Don't let it bring you down babe,
As the dragon crashes with the pain,
I see it all go round again.
Maybe not by the same name,
Maybe it's just history repeating itself
Over and over and over and over,
Find me a lover, lets run for cover,
Sanctuary, hidden from the cascade of tears
That's what we need, a place to hide our fears.

Sweetness in your youth, know no lie from truth.
Ignorance is bliss. What did I miss?
The world go by, take it in, exhale and sigh,
Open your eyes to the new day,
It may always be the last
Embrace the moment,
Hold no regrets,
Forget the past,
Whatever it is the proverbs say,
Find another way to drift away
With hazy Jane
Always she's there
To take away the pain
To kiss the clouds with silver linings.
Wouldn't it be fine if we could all agree to disagree?

What is it I feel when you are near?
Is it real babe? Do you fear me?
Why is it I see hesitation in your path?

Again and round the same,
The same as always and forever more,
pick up the pieces of the floor,
Rearrange them, with the dawn.
Rebirth. Reborn.

Out with the old in with the new,
Answering questions you thought you knew
The truth, but then again they lied to you.

Everything comes together in the end,
Come together one more time my friend.
Trip on, slip on, take a little chance on me, I
I'll take a chance on you, tell me true babe
What is it you have to say when blank
Expressions confront your form?
This girl, in possession of her innocence,
You know she's a break from the norm,
She wont conform to their rules,
She's learnt to bend, then lend a helping hand.

Bare your wounds, we'll find out soon
What is lost and what is found
Along with all that lies out of bounds to us.
Bare your wounds you'll find out soon enough
What it is that makes you bleed, what is it your needing
Girl, another soul off which to feed?

Free me of my bondage to this plain,
Again and again the dragon crashes with the pain
We all go round the same.
Grounded in reality, the truth wouldn't mean so much to me,
Yet this world is strange, the people stranger,
They'll give you shit even if your born in a manger,
Born with a star to call out your name.

David Lacey

Ask 13: Appreciation Is The Key

We're all in one, and one the same,
Nothing more and nothing less,
Life is nothing but a test,
Temptations of the flesh devour
Our souls when we're always asking,
Wanting for more. appreciation is the key,
The way to set the daemon free,
And love, love will always find a way,
Madness ensues, chaos pursues,
Your heart lies broken,
With every promise you ever made

The foundations laid,
Your dues are paid
You've made the decisions you have made.
Now what is left for this old soul?
Slipping into the void.

David Lacey

Ask 14: Restless.

A whirlwind of echoes, restless.
No one gets there peace so far from home.
Invocations stir the midnight hour,

This time is ours
Open the circle
Realise your form
Let teardropp angels guide your hand
Let them be your protection in times of need,
All i need is you, its the addiction I feed.

David Lacey

Ask 15: Retreat Within

Retreat within. Drift out into inner space.
At peace with your face leave your mask upon the shelf.
Take a deep breath. Take another look at yourself.
Tell me what do you see when your looking through me.
The looking glass it tells no tales.

Always one more time, one more time to see it through.
Another way to blue and back again to catch you
When your falling, to reach you when your calling out my name.
What is it that beckons me towards your form?
Is it madness? Sanity would be as shelter from the storm.

You with flowers in your hair,
dancing as you just don't care
The universe is yours in one
But ask for all you'll receive none.

The universe will conspire for you,
Help to make your dreams come true.
Dream a dream for daybreak,
If we can make it there we make it anywhere.
Sit back, laugh, relax without a care in the world.
Run your fingers through my hair,
These memories of you, their always there,
Etchings upon my soul. Is it you that makes me whole?
Turn the page, let the story unfold.

David Lacey

Ask 16: Piece Back Together The Jigsaw Of Your Mind.

Piece back together the jigsaw of your mind.
You'll be surprised at what's left there to find.
Lost unfound, grounded in reality,
The truth wouldn't mean so much to me.
As it does now since you set me free,
Free of my bondage to this realm

One last kiss before those lips i miss
An eternity and who knows more
What is it all for? What is it for?
Open up the doors and walk freely in this place.

Always looking back
Over your shoulder
Your only wasting time
Your asking me to kiss your skin,
Well baby, you kiss mine

David Lacey

Ask 2: Take Your Place In The Tapestry Of Life.

It only happens once, play your part, as best you can
Who can ask anymore of you than that you tried, failed still
its no surprise to me that they would always hold us down.

Get your head out of the clouds, you'd hear them say,
Then running circles shadow play.

A return to the elemental, a state of calm,
Slip in lucid tides, hide away behind a wave of passion,
Ride the wheel, turn back the tides,
Tell me how you feel is this reality for you,
I don't know what it is no more.

Open up the doors of perception, clear the mind of impurities,
Drift away in placid calms, I wont do you know harm babe,
It's beyond me to do so to think like a genius, to act like a fool.

Turn it all in, back again, another point of view
Another face you thought you knew.
Tell me, tell me true, is it me you love babe or is it you.

Sometimes when I look at you, I feel your holding back a flood of tears.
Building me up to break me down after all these years.
Leaving me wondering, how could they do it to me?
Why would they do it to me?

Take your place in the tapestry of life.
Within you lies eternal youth,
What more proof could you need
Than the hedonism, that you feed
Close your eyes, just slip outside the box.

Take a walk, we'll talk a while
Sit, lay back with a smile.

It wasn't much man, but it came on strong.

Tranquil skies, calmer tides

Nothing left to hide.

One more chance to re arrange, to once more dance the night a flame.

David Lacey

Ask 3: Into The Eye Of The Sun

Stand alone, go walk in dreams
No place but where you land
Take her by the hand,
Slip on slide, don't hide away
Give or take, we'll make it.

Calmer tides, you know I've tried
To fly but always fail
Into the eye of the sun
Into a story begun
A new dawn fading as we turn the page into obscurity

I'm lost my friend, broken sprits, tend to cry for help, when there not Wanted
anymore
Shown the door, I've been shown so many times before

No pathway set in stone. Just cast away the veil you've laid
No stairway to the throne, what's there to say, when nothings real
You've paid your dues, we've seen it through
So many times and cried
why is it they always lied to us no matter how we tried?

David Lacey

Ask 4: A Hollow Shell In A Fragile State,

Take away to break away
From routine cast or set in stone.
Lost so far from home,
We're scared of shadows in the night.
Always straying from the light,
Forever to know no wrong from right.
Fight the good fight,
Listen to the dictations of your heart,
There is no other who knows where to start.

When we're slipping into the void,
Don't get annoyed when they say to you,
All the lies we spread were true
Your looking at me, I'm looking through you,

A hollow shell in a fragile state,
No memory or fate,
Never early never late,
Always and forever,
Seeking hidden treasures,
We don't get no promises from heaven,
Turning circles in the day for leisure.

The day is done, the race been run,
Another way to blue
Back again, for you my friend,
I said id see it through

Always one more,
One more
Time to see it through

David Lacey

Ask 5: As Clouds We Sail Bearing Silver Linings

Sweet dreams to you,
my sun, my moon.
The stars with you
I'll share them soon

Speak to me your words of wisdom,
I'll make sure to take down all you say.

Out of touch and roaming free
The looking glass has nothing on me,
As clouds we sail bearing silver linings
Knowing everything will turn out fine.

Close your eyes, just trip inside
Float outside the box for a while,
Into the void, we fade and smile
With grace we ride the storm

With nothing more to say than
It's time to change the day,
To rearrange
To follow Mr Rabbit down the hole

David Lacey

Ask 6: Break Routine

A call to arms
To anarchy reborn
Reclaim the streets
Get back on your feet
Freedoms no right to give
It's only a life we're living babe,
You'll find another in your path.

Break routine
Break through the scene
To a canvas of pastel shades
No more black and white babe
We'll make it ours if we make it at all.

Chase the dreams
You loose upon your way.
Chase the words
If you have something to say
Re-arrange them each and everyday,
Know the meaning, know the truth.

Hear the magick, turn the wheel
tell me is it real.

I've said it before
I'll say it again
Where do we go from here my friend
Take a step back
Come on take two
Looking at me, I'm looking through you
To skies I knew from years before.

Open up the doors of perception
Don't deceive me just believe I know your face
Not the mask for your parade, don't loose faith in the charade
The worlds most intricate facade.

David Lacey

Ask 7: Looking At Your Skin So Pale

Take a step back from the window pain
Let the dragon chase again
One more time we're through,
Another way to blue,
Back again in time to break the news,
To break the Dawn, To be reborn

Looking at your skin so pale
You never fail to amaze me
every time I look at you I need you,
feed me.

David Lacey

Ask 8: Walking Down A Path Of Blue

From ashes
Though it's sad but true,
I no longer feel the words
For you
Walking down a path of blue
I'm looking back,
Looking through you.

To Guess a love I never knew
To you, I'd give the sun and moon,
You dance the dance of
A thousand queens
You turn me round,
In every way that could mean

David Lacey

Ask 9: Nostalgia Sets The Mood,

Take these etchings from my mind,

Stepping back to take in the view
Tell me something I never knew
Take me to the places you've been
Let me in to the things you've seen

A soul on ice
Behind the sun
Turn the page
The end begun

Why is it we can't leave these ghosts
Behind us in our path?
Stop now babe, whilst your ahead.
If you don't stop soon, you'll soon be dead.

Playground antics, shattered illusions
It's all getting to my head.
One more time to see it through,
Once more dance alone with you

Remember back to way back when
We would loose the game and then
Laughing when our time was done
Having all we needed, wanting for none.

All given to you in dreams,
Gifts from moon beam maidens.
Ripped up at the seams,
Going back, back

Nostalgia sets the mood,
Passing faces stare blankly,
We all know who to thank,
The passage of time dissolving
Slowly as queues in a bank.

Astral Incantations

Astral incantations feed the breeding of meditation within constraint.
We lay upon the brink of insanity, sinking beyond the call of vanities restraint.
An Oasis of tranquillity beckons us into the shade, fading, wading
Through endless dreams we are naught but ripping at the seams of
A reality sewn tight by the hands of Fate in her spinning. Against
The tides we stride in futility, know the need for passivity in the
Undertakings of your day, know that you can make it your way.
Dreaming your dreams, saying the things you feel you have to say.

David Lacey

At Peace Within The Soul Of The World

Here, sleeping, at peace within the soul of the world
The abyss of closing lids forbids the clothing of the sun,
Here I am, a story begun in a new heaven blooming
As the moon in feminine virtue pursues the stars in their descent.
They're dancing now, dancing for us as we are angels
Lost upon a material plain, lost within the labyrinth of our supposed sanity,
Fighting to slay the beast of vanity that clouds judgement out of time.

Deep vibrations are shaking this land to its core.
I can hear it, tearing soulful chunks from the foundations of the valley
The Earth mother is crying, dying at the hands of
Her children frenzied with fear of the unknown.
Acid rain showers are melting the faces of
Business men as they stare uncomprehending at the sky.
The rain gods are angered at the bellowing of toxins
Into their lungs. Vengeance is assured.
Hear now the rain begins as still
The Earth is shaking; the curtains are flying off the rails,
And each in their own world united begins to come to
Terms with the failings of heartfelt aspiration.
What madness it is to be here upon the shelf of indifference,
Understanding the love of our kindred spirit yet at
The same time understanding that we are as and one
The same as that all surrounds us upon his plain.
The Earth shakes, I shake, the Earth loves, and I love.
I am one with the soul of the universe and my heart
Is my ear to the understanding of truth beyond logic.

Three skins are there upon the path to green meadow wandering.
Saliva fluid liquid caress doth bind the skins in their attachment.
Two are there to remain, the third binding in its absence.
Tobacco from the earth is our elemental grounding, burned
By passion enflamed into the air to condense upon the windows pain.

Such love have I of all that may never love me back.
What pain it is at times to be lost within the poets world,
How many lonely nights by the fireplace curled with
Nothing but the whisperings of ancient muses in your ears.
Love have I of those private moments yet to spend the

Present ever thinking of the past is to do nothing but sink.

David Lacey

At What Cost Shall We Sink?

Exalted Queen, Lady in White
Remain faceless until the time comes to rise
Within the solitude of our silence
We expose our defences to propositions that we
We would given the chance, never see through.
As each doorway lends itself to confusion.
Whatever happened to the world our forefathers founded?
The world our ancestors were caged for defending.
Where were their ideals lost?
Avalon? Babylon? Atlantis?
At what cost shall we sink?

David Lacey

Autumn Haiku - David C Lacey

Time is meaning all
The face of clocks then melting
Autumn catching hands

David Lacey

Avenues Of Time

Into the abyss, I flew, crystal bliss I'm missing you
All the blues we were fed at school that helped make the fool you see before you.
They'll always drag you down, no matter how hard you try
They'll never tell you when it's time to run from the falling sky.
Go catch the breeze its not as easy, never as easy as they'd have you believe,
Taking leave of your senses, what do we do, left with no defenses wearing our
heart upon our sleeves?
Three wreathes woven, intertwined a feast a sacrifice held in honor of some long
lost love,
Tonight we dine by candlelit fineries, pretending we know something of the year
that bore our wine.
How times have changed, too many friends we have lost to the void of obscurity.
Clarity in its most abstract form calling on insanity.
What is it we're searching for, an answer to a question that lies undefined?
Still lie three wreathes woven intertwined, as clouds bear silver linings
We know everything will turn out fine, at least for a while, at best with a smile
I'll keep forever etched upon my mind, holding on through the avenues of time.

David Lacey

Awaiting Our Dues To Be Paid.

The sky is falling or so I'm told, still reflections tell no tales
You may try to catch the looking glass out, Why try to always fail?
Cast away the beast of burden, he's cursed us now too long
Won't someone let me know what is it we're running from?
As we lie hogtied, burnt, beaten, left to the wilderness
Pulsating, seeking release from this plain.
We'll never get anywhere fast, it's useless
Like a angel placed upon the hillside to sit, to watch the race
As we take it at our own pace, displaced from our forms
Here within a house of glass, with Paranoia staring through us,
Blank expressions rule the day, blank expression are the norm.
Background conversations, halt for the procession of the airwaves
In harmony a river of souls descends into darkness, chaos ensues upon the
stairwell
Here we lay lost within our space, waiting for the final piece in the jigsaw to be
laid
Awaiting our dues to be paid.

David Lacey

Awaiting The Gates Knowledge

Awaiting the gates of knowledge
To be thrown upon we learn patience
To be the greatest virtue of all.

Awaiting the throne of your Queen
To be empty you find yourself wishing
Away the clouds only to find you
Miss them when their gone.

Always to know that it won't last long the happiness I'm feeling as it comes in
leaps and bounds.

I lie silent in slumbersome tones, praying for home,
Praying for the day to be re born with all the grace,
With all the perfection of the last.

Awaiting tides of laughter to roam
Free from the pit of foaming insanities.
It's hard to find the words, so hard to
Scream profanities when all you do is go unheard.

David Lacey

Awaken Child

Energies move slow smooth motions. Our rivers flow in rhythm towards the ocean

As steady we remain – How is it so that we can bend to the blowing of
The winds and still be mountain upon which natures children sing?

How is it I can be as deep as the depths of the blue yet at times remain as
shallow as

The reflection of the moon upon the lake. Awaken child of the nightmare
Share your worries – share your cares. Welcome in the world outside your
window.

Embrace in compassion the bird of the morning show. Let her know your Love.
Let her know the flowing of sorrow within the bounds of knowing.

David Lacey

Bear Me And I Am Born

If I die in the gutter today, stumbling blind and stuttering,
Will you help me on my way?
Will you place copper lids upon my eyes?
Will you pay my fare across the river of life's forgetting?

Opium fuelled madness,
A heart lone sadness
Bloodshot eyes
Bloodshot skies
Barren desert distress

The earth is mine to wander
My mother to love
My lover to adore.

Close the blinds to find your mind
Take the time commit a crime
How does it feel?
Do I seem real to you?
Do you feel as though you could reach out?
Could you touch me if you wanted to?

The kiss of bliss is mine to miss
What strange a life, a world is this.

Electric light made day from night
The blind by touch received new sight.
Still they may stare into the eyes of the sun god swallowing.
Still we are left wallowing in pity our own
Still we are to call the hive our home.

Leave the city bleeding
Go breed within the shadows
The catacombs of hearts torn and hollow.

Wear me I'm worn
Tear me I'm torn
Bear me and I am born

Beauty

Beauty cannot be thus if it does not
Awake the demon dormant within us all.
Beauty cannot be thus if it does not
Allow us the room in which to fall.

David Lacey

Beauty Beyond Boundary

How my heart aches to see you pass without smiling my way.
How my heart would ache in knowing only the ghost of your laughter, .

I look at you and I perceive a beauty beyond boundary.

I fear that I may walk the line upon the verge for the rest of my days
Knowing everything would have been alright if I had simply found the words to
say.

All I have to give I would for one moment of embrace.

My heart is racing, I'm seeking my faith within your eyes, forgetting the skies
that call

Upon my form to sing of their glory.

David Lacey

Beauty Grows A Golden Grace

They rise from the mould, bold before the story told.
Whilst within the eye of the beholder beauty grows a golden grace,
With an elegance befitting a queen, she lay slumbering,
Numbed within the dream, confounded as to what the visions mean.
Our mother turns in correspondence with her learning, as
Inspiration flows forth from within unity, preaching the resurrection of
Clarity. She examines the screen, silver and shimmering.
As locked within her heart is shivering, she's wavering in a windless
Rush of echoes, the ghost of the morning show appears beyond eyes
Sewn shut with the smothering of Sleeps teardrops. Cut off from the world
The best we can do is to adjust the lens in an attempt to achieve redemption
From a society that would drag us into the dirt. If only those of an Atlantian age
could see us now, as we pollute our lungs with an exposure to industry.
Love hath left the land of hand, left him with naught but a memory of her melody
fading. Sheltered shade speaks safety to the soul of solemn silence.
He knows not where to go, laid bare defenceless, fearing the sentence of
His coincidence as it resides the voice of our heart. Our race lay broken in parts,
we calamitous creatures of clay are the lost of a dying breed, the last of a dying
creed. We who revere the trees in their splendour are laughed at by those who
would not know the glory of veils unpeeled. Illusion fuels their ignorance,
dissolving all that's real. Reciting under duress how are we ever to know the full
caress of the words in their wonderment. Cement for me freedom within the
turning of a leaf.

David Lacey

Beauty Sleeping Breathes

The silhouette of the horizon is wavering, as a mile a minuet we pass
Chalk figures etched into the hillside by ancient hands echoing the grandeur lost
of our kingdom green.

Searching for love in the shade of the hangman's tree,
I'm seeking freedom in the shadow of misery.

Beneath a blanket death the springtime maiden - beauty sleeping breathes
Beneath a blanket of fallen leaves, there she receives comfort warmth from her
mothers bosom
Suckling upon the roots of the world tree no serpent is she that sets us free.

The Willow man is singing, heralding the Oak kings return.
The Summer Sun is rising and to no surprise smiles return once more upon the
faces
Of those who can find no joy within the hibernation that Winter decrees.

The shadows of the night reflect themselves in contorted passion,
Strange gnarled expressions whisper in my ear the secrets of now and then
The fear of darkness is the fear of death enveloping, suffocating the skin.

David Lacey

Beauty Surrounds Me

Beauty surrounds me in every second of every day
For so is the way of the world, yet within the shadows
Demons crawl fulfilling the desires of decadent men.
Are we not those that would inherit the earth?
Are we not those that have the power o fulfil all it is we wish for?

David Lacey

Beauty Unknown

Seducing undertones, her voice lights new life into my world.
Her form lay as a mystery to the imagination, she teases
You with a coyful play on words, the irony of the situation as
Always goes unheard. Drawing out her sentences with playful giggles
She's punishing you with innuendo. It played upon my mind for hours,
The voice of a ghost, the ghost of a girl, a girl that will never be ours.
What beauty unknown lay attached to those angel toned words I may never
know,

David Lacey

Bed

Bed bed
It's good for your head
Close your eyes
Pretend your dead

David Lacey

Believing Whilst Bleeding,

Thread chords now cling tight to the stems
Of a form from which they used to sway,
Everyday in passing reflections laugh harder
Tearing vibrations through the looking glass,
For everyday that passes I've smoked another field of grass,
It seems I've dreamt away in blue any vision I held true of the past.

Old heads sing slow a song born aloft illumination,
Cloud burst light from emotion graces the day.

Sunken eyes of solace placed perfect in proportion
Demand in domineering servitude complete and utter adoration.
Shrinking skies of bloodshot glazes fade into the void,
As I toy with delusion, fusing confusion.
Skin so pale a whiter shade never have I seen.
Her hair befits an Elven maid but there breathes a Raven Queen,
Beneath her mask lies another, a portrait of true dreaming.

Her chest bears the mark of the moon in descent,
Of the crescent. Emblem of the Empress.
She who lies unimpressed by our explanations,
She who lies unimpressed by our explorations.

Here I am seeking an answer, some form of resolution,
A conclusion with which I can be satisfied,
There you stand denying the questioning of truths true reasoning.

In and out of season you're wilting,
Outside still the sky is melting
Slow and silent soft felt fabric drips,
Don't slip I heard them say as they dissolved
Their cheeks upon bathroom tiles,
Tripping taking in the cool for a while,
Defending the exchange of foolish ironies
As the water heated skin to a
Solution, all it was they sought was resolution.
As I am seeking now an answer I'm sure will
Leave all I hold as pure weak at the knees in the knowledge
That there is no cure for the sickness I continue to host

Within my shell. An addiction to hell is less than I need,
As upon a hope for happiness I continue to feed.
Believing whilst Bleeding,
That there exists some form of meditation
Beyond the need for masturbation,
It's all I need, an illusion to feed,

David Lacey

Bells Chime The Hour Of Our Awakening

Velvet corridors form a labyrinth of purple bliss within the city walls
Our journey is begun, now, as we follow the summers trail
Sailing in the shadow of the sun.
The stars are our guardians by nightfall

We are as one within the all
Fallen from no grace but that of unknown unity
To experience life upon this plain
To experience love, joy and pain
We must be placed within terrestrial form
In skins that age with the storming of the years.

A knock upon the window pane
Who is it?
Who flies this high at night?
What angel is this?
What devil's mistress?
Who are you?
Where are you?

I am your reflection lost.

Bells chime the hour of our awakening
As we are shaken, dragged from slumbering mass
And thrown into a world at war within itself.
The youth of the day are hiding,
Terrified of the grim reality that awaits them beyond the gates of graduation.

David Lacey

Beloved Vagabond

Her eyes a window to the world have forgotten the light once blinding.
Empty streets surround me. I am alone.
One with the mist that envelopes the city sleeping
Chimney stacks and smoke black bellowing are my horizons.
Who is this shadow in the night unwinding?

Is it he our beloved vagabond?
Once more upon his journey searching
Hooded and cloaked within the shadow of himself
Guided by the midnight sun?
He calls for understanding as he walks in foreign lands
Never an outsider but always an outcast
He passes the woodsman wandering... he shall kill game for the pot
He passes the songbird singing.... he shall make welcome all that winter forgot.

David Lacey

Beneath A Twilight Kiss

We danced a thousand years
Beneath a twilight kiss
We cried a thousand tears
As we sailed a rivers bliss.
All it was we asked for
Was laid before our forms

David Lacey

Beyond The Horizon A War Is Waging

Beyond the horizon a war is waging
As raging forth is the beast of mans decay.
Upon dusty desert trails they are seeking;
The homeless ever running throughout
The hills upon which they used to cast there gazes.

Now crazed and loosing sense
Of reasonable instinct
Defence hath become an attack
Upon the nature of man himself.

When one suffers we all suffer for our race,
Faith may heal but never with the zeal
Required to race cannon fire in the name
Of any Lord of the feathered heavens above.

Imagine the dismay,
The bombs ever falling as thunderous rain,
The pain of children lost,
The pains of desert frost
As striding through the night
They search without light for fear
Of more tears falling upon their forms.

This storm of mans decay,
This dismay shall lead us nowhere
But leave us drowning
In the blood of our fellow man.

How is it that we can do this to one another?
How is it that we can not love for fear
Of loving too strongly that which our ancestors despised?

The lies of politics will get us nowhere fast in search of a lasting peace
And only through truth and a willingness to accept one another can we
Begin to pick up the pieces of our races ever failing yet eternal grace.

Ceasefire it seems lies not with the desire
Of these wallowing placid generals,

Whilst their men are sent to bombard the enemy
Thou they know not where he lies.

Once more has the name of unity been shamed
And painted red with the blood of the dead.

David Lacey

Beyond The Palace Gates

Beyond the palace gates
There are gardens lost to Eden's ghost.
Truth and truth be told
Forever young and never old,
Embrace me I'm cold.

Here we are fresh youth
Flesh proof of life's decay
Find me, lord of the day
Entwined in the arms of the goddess Night.

Find me set within my ways
Find me set in stone
Find me and you've lost your way
Forever I'm alone.

Go you! Find me a wife
Embodiment of all that is love divine
With ocean eyes that catch the drift sublime.

Bless the world in the days undressing.
Caress me, touch me, and never leave me.
Believe me when I say
The night and day become me.

Lord and Lady ecstasy
Divinity
Reality
All are the web in weaving
Express yourself
Undress yourself
Kiss me if you're leaving.

Here we are a generation reborn
Scorned by our father's hand
Taught to rape not love the land.
Chimney stacks. Torture racks
Stretching our mother's lungs.

Stretch me out of time.

Where am I?

Where is my mind?

The hills are giants sleeping

Keeping watch in slow movements

Changing with the moment

Rearranging the faces of ochre and umber.

Emerald gales and cloud shadows.

My friends they are lost as I,

Seeking all that was promised to us

Through fairy tale philosophies.

Sing a lullaby lament for our good friend Socrates.

David Lacey

Beyond The Veil Of Midnight Shadows

Only the gods shall know our destination
Beyond the gates of earthly ends
Yet we as Gods may know creation
As our best – most beloved of friends.

Beyond the veil of midnight shadows
Beyond the call of dancing lights
Beyond the shriek of mourning widows
Shall await our Father White.

Our Virgin mother holds her shroud
To conceal her deepest mystery
And all is loved as one below
The shade of rooted trees.

The wisdom of the old is new
The sky at night reveals
The freedom of the old is true
The eyes of night conceal.

David Lacey

Black Is The Day Realm Beyond Reason,

Black is the day realm beyond reason,
As in and out of the season we remain steady at the helm.
Always on the verge of pushing over the edge our minds.
Upon the flip side are we to find no place to hide our faith
Before they come gunning missionaries, preaching for fun.
Hoisting grim statuettes of sacrifice upon the host.
As the ghost of a mushroom floods the world in tears.
As we reside within fear, helpless, deranged.
Black for the silence of the form devoid of life.

David Lacey

Blanket Syd

Here we are as smoke rings in the atmosphere stirred by our maidens
Churning, as spinning in orbit she incites gravity to push.
A rush of nightmares insist upon visions blurred,
I dreamt the night before last of otherworldly eyes beckoning
In the form I recognized as the girl for whom I longed.
A thousand girls have passed my way most without a smile to share,
Thronging in the nightmare riddled with familiar faces.
This girl she's there beyond the stair fall, beyond dream time
Lost in reality skirting upon the edge as she wills the fall of
Restriction, dissolving friction in an instant, innocence beyond the
Keeping of youth's grand adventure.

There lies another soul; a lover lost playing the fool.
There she lay begging to the camera, stammering whilst she feeds
From the pool of Apollo's seed. What greed it is to witness, beyond the
Tendencies of the voyeur.

Dominant in submission, forget restrictions, let it ride.
The wave rises in flowing, I forget the moment, no regrets for the present.
Nowhere to hide, no need to run.

Here I lay on blanket Syd
Awaiting the journey,
Holding no expectations on the trip
Slipping into calms unseen, unknowing
Where I am or where I've been I feel
Reality fades, into shades of floral curls,
Peeling from the lampshade skin shed feeds the dead
Those that lay within singing soft laments by the night,
In repulsion of the nightmare.

Here I lay on blanket Syd
Wondering what it is that lies hidden
Beyond the boundaries of my quests flowing,
Knowledge to quench the thirst of wisdom,
I seek the wisdom to listen and nothing more,
□
Think not of return to your form, drift, lift, shift,
Think not of the rift between your friends

For all it is we need in the end is someone to care for,
Someone to kiss

My lips have not known touch for an eternity,

Far beyond the valley our maiden lies beyond the wall of sleep
They call it insanity we know it as vanity

Placid is youth beyond the reach of Father times forgiveness.

Stare beyond the screen,

The girl she'll never know the way she makes me grows.
All she knows unknowing all revealed uncoiling.
Glowing in the embers heat in resurrection

Ride beyond your reflection as Venus calls feeding aphrodisiacs to the stars
Know in rotation that you are one in the same, God, Christ, the all, a pantheon of
Wonders, of characters born to places unknown, this is all we know, to question
Wonder in miracle, to think in fickle shakes, brittle to the touch, shattered souls
Lay beneath a sky dyed mellow yellow.

Shallow in fading here are souls are Laid to waste in the shade by crows calling in
confidence,
Striking conversations in reverence of ancient forces, ancient sources.

Broken earth lies shaken in the wake of the dogs outside hounding, howling the
tamed
awaken the homeless who say silent, all they want is to lie unstirred, uncaring.
Deep within a root bears witness to the quake of his mothers shaking,
Embryos lies tattered in the womb, shattered the memory of idealism lay
wounded.

All it is I have to find the girl who can appreciate a soul lost in the absence of
reality,
Appreciation of another is all i seek in a lover, that and eyes deep in which to
sink
That and a heart within which to nestle, hiding from the world outside wrestling
still with the notion of Love free for the taking beyond the hills.
There maidens dance for elders who lay undisturbed

In the telling of their tales, reciting the past to such extents as you would
imagine a moment could
Last forever in description.

Here we lie beyond restriction with the hope for happiness bounding
Here we lay lost unfound hearing all there is that lies unheard
Caring for those who long since cease to care,
Tending to the elf lock I find within my hair I realize I may well not be there,
Here, there, everywhere we turn we find them 5 leaves clinging upon the branch,

Chancing on the dance Impish Fey speak omens into the soul of the world,
The world as one, as a body lost in the void, spinning pulled by the force
Of Gravities unknowing potential.

In a return to the elemental we fear nothing but the
Shadow of a stranger, the danger that rings with the unknowing
The danger of sirens calling, of falling in and out of temptation.
Tomorrow the rise of a soul to supplant the daemon held strong at the helm of
this
Form, I feel as though possessed, as if obsessed with the image of her holding,
Of unloading my heart unto hers taking on the weight of her own,
This is all I seek a heart with which mine can find a home away from home,
Still here I lay prone to false ideals, hoping in dance that I may chance a life
anew
Beyond the horizon, beyond the fall of horizons eternal width,
Out of vision the world burns a soft flame,
In and out the same we find ourselves a clown shouting
Obscenity at the prospect of profanity,

Wave upon wave your grace in saving washes upon the shoreline fading
Hour upon hour wasted, wine upon the vine tasted,
Through Sweet and sour places we keep on wading through the faceless
Those who choose to adorn no mask for their parade
Who can blame them, for all it is a dream in the end,
Beyond safety, beyond the surprise, Who may picture the picture in the need of
Desperation, Deserts desperate for respiration, for the soak await the cloaking of
the night realm
So they may gather in the cool a pool of condensation on which to feed on which
to breed,
Upon which to die and bleed eternal beyond the inferno.

My muscle ache to type, Lost a mind beyond the hype of knowing the present

from the past.

In knowing it will never last what point is there to be found in crying about what was never cast

Nor set in stone, here alone I feel all I ever could feel, my skin fit for peeling, I feel the need for

A life a new, the new year dawns beyond the hills, Still the dogs of our creations hound us in prowling,

Howling for the blood of the serpent that slay the raven, the raven that slay the worm in his crawling,

Howling for the blood of the servant who sent the queen raving with ideas that the sky was falling.

through corridors of ice we thaw, slow but sure,

Knowing patience to be the cure.

Convincing tricks played upon the eye by the mind reveal a kind of horror that is hard to find, as shadows mix to the fade.

Let us forget the reflections in the mirror, let us pass to fields of rainbows set to yield a passion in fashion.

What are you seeking within the day but another way, Look back not into the haze, Un-phased pass out upon the grass awhile?

Smoke a little rainbow, await the day to pass.

I await the time I see the girl next so I may ask her what her dream entailed, whether I passed the test of failed

Close your eyes in the knowledge that your loosing a race that is never to be won.

Alike the last rays of a dying sun we know that all it is another story begun, Unfolding into the cosmos my mind bends circles around the room, swirling to curl,

Skirting upon the edge of madness, lost beyond the wall of sleeps un sung innocence,

What defense do I hold in not knowing the story untold?

Eyes skirt upon the verge of flirting,

Fluttering a heart of butter melts below her stare,

A world within a journey, to journey within a world

In trance I lay chancing upon my dreamtime sanctuary

Beside the fire curled. As the colours whir, as the

Cauldron of life's ocean stirs to wake a soul shaken within a flare
Of movement. Here perceive the moment in descent.

David Lacey

Blanket Syd - Explosions In The Sky

Explosions in the sky. The dancing starts to the entrancing stars,
Through shimmering shades, a thousand unexplained chances are revealed,
Nothing is concealed from these eyes of beatific vision surreal.
Here I am, sailing the celestial passageways of my universe,
My universe so distinct, beautiful and real that I could not imagine another
That I could love more with all my heart, yet I wish to share my world.

A ball room dance ensues and madness pursues my vision.
A thousand partners dance holding each other close.
She paraded with herself in her arms, knowing that she would do no harm to
herself.

The grate beckons holding fire, hell opens up its heart to you, hell breathes.
Step into the furnace, the fiery forge of your mindscapes creation.
Seeking revelation what will you find, as the mind of the acid soaked mariner
prays he wont go blind.

Will you find a new vision more beautiful and true than ever could you imagine?
The fire breathes with the spirit of unison, the embers flow in liquid movements,
Beyond within and without the moment I am beyond within and without content.
Through descent into madness I am seeing the trees reflected backwards into an
eternity
Of long lost echoes, all around they cry and dance and scream with the joy of
loosing
Their burden humanities. So frail at times is my reality, so pale and thin at times
is sanity.

A giant African head sculpture erupts from beneath the ground,
As it rose it turned its head to face me, deep, sunken, hollow eyes
Of dark and sickly sweet mysteries faced me as my heart a pacing
Set out upon a path to strengthen faith to an extent that I could laugh
At the horrors waiting upon my shoulder, this lance of hope is my love.

Laid upon my back I could not know anything to be true
But the stars and their dance upon a blanket of infinite blue.
The trees take on their own personalities, they reveal themselves to you,
Each aspires towards the sky, waving their arms in soft servitude beneath
The hand of the winds ever present blowing. Here we are as beasts of youth,
Parading around upon some unknown ground, disguised by the valleys green.

The trees penetrate our mother the earth as a thousand un tamed nymphs

Dance before my vision. Through a mist of obscurity, a veil of misunderstanding
I saw a new world, a new heaven breathing life beyond the blue of mysteries
shadow.

I hear voices upon the wind; I feel more than I could ever understand as real.
No illusion of sanity can save me now.

Old loves never die but are shrouded by new loves envy of the old.

There she was, dancing in parallel with herself, the perfect synchronisation,
One dressed in the purest white the other in the darkest shadows of mysteries
abyss,

Both looked with longing eyes towards the horizon of eternity's bliss.

What does it mean? Is it a dream? How is it the ghost of a girl can gleam so?

A thousand nymphs run wild within the forest night, dancing they are as the
shadows

Of lanterns twist the perception of this mind of mine, out of time, out of place
with

Smiling eyes of faceless dreams I am as one with the roots of Unison.

Isolation beckons upon the horizon, there lays in wait an island in the sky for
you.

The wind whispers, the forest mumbles, we tumble onward upon our knees,
Underneath the trees we are as happy as we could ever be free, free from the
Bondage of our material gains, free from the bondage of our material pains.

Let it rain, let it snow, let the sun glow bright as the rivers flow,
Let us know, show us the way and reveal the day painted in a thousand
untainted colours Anew. Beyond the blue within thoughts of you I'm sinking,
always am I thinking,

Painting pastel pink the valleys of this land alive through smiling eyes.

I can hear the voices of my companions echo around the fire, I feel at one within
myself and at the same time completely at loss without myself, I feel alone,
isolated so far from home, surrounded by those who would never try to
understand the land that I perceive.

She of duelling parallels knows her way though at times confused,
I at times feel abused, bruised by the beatings of my imaginations creation.

Her face broke throughout the clouds, her hair wavering upon the current of the
wind,

Until now she had been a mystery to me, she who offers me her hand in guidance.

Upon my Journey she smiled a smile so coy she did naught but toy with my emotions,

And within the ocean of the sky she swam, effortlessly, aimlessly, her essence unreal,

Her presence inciting passion and unreal waves of emotion, confusing the way in which I could feel. A caterpillar a thousand miles long awaiting the cocoon. A thousand grey Sculptures of a thousand individual souls, each separate and unique yet swimming and dancing together within the ocean of the sky.

The sky is an ocean deep

I'll never sleep again

The sky is an ocean deep

I'll never sleep again.

Creeping shadows leave me weeping,

Old friends abound adorn themselves in forms anew,

Loose limbed mammals in tune with their animal nature dance.

The valley breathes, the trees speak through the movement of the leaves,

The valley breathes and the poet's heart is thus relieved.

I perceive a world somewhere in between my ability to see and the objects of my focus.

A river runs by gently, smoothing the stones. Ripples echo endlessly as raindrops drip from the tips of gently sloping leaves. The trees are crying, death for the green is dying. Try for me I'll fly for you and everything I'll say is true, believe me, beyond, within and without every blue that comes my way throughout the day surrounded by thoughts of you I shall be there, blanketed at times by fairy tale wisdoms, blanketed at times or simply out of my mind, but there and always easy to find. Never can we be blind again, never again will we have to run from the rain for we are those who know to embrace the storm, and we are those who wish to reach beyond uniform conformity,

We are those who wish to ignore all notions of normality, for such illusions cast too heavy a burden for the soul who wishes to be whole again, the soul who wishes to be free.

David Lacey

Blanket Syd - The World Anew

All I seek is a lust beyond the want for climax,
I seek a beauty with which to trust my soul;
A beauty to make me whole in knowing
We flow as one in the same.

Inside placid beasts lay tamed
As angels outside play games un-named.

Gabrielle opens up her eyes to you, turning her head ornamental,
Beseeching to minds lost in wonderment oriental philosophies on which to
ponder.

She holds within her form the innocence of the lamb still she retains a knowledge
of the flesh.

She feeds the imagination with promises of sexual gratification fresh as golden
fabrics flow in swallowing her form. Her head turns upon a spine cast within the
kiln as Blanket Syd distorts the visions of the helmsman holding fantasy captive
within the bounds of reality.

She stands domineering in her stance. Daring you to dance for her – she's daring
you to throw inhibition from upon your shoulders - She's daring you to know
Love as your lover.

Red skin gum sticks the joint your holding stiff with your thumb.
Roll. Succumb to the numbing of the senses as the imagination leaps
In bounding, the imagination lay forever lost in searching – attempting to find
that which was never there to be found.

Bend the words upon a whim
Skim the surface, don't break the skin.

Remember, I remember the first time I saw myself from the past
A beard full in flowing clung to my cheeks, my knees forever weak within an age
of longing.

Stroke the beast that keeps you calm
So soft to touch upon the palm of your hand.

Lost is ever generation, lost beyond a care.

How old these souls must be now in reflecting upon the time they spent trashed

Crashed out with Joplin's tones upon the airwaves, screaming the blues to a tune
Of orchestral happiness – Still the blues shine through forever bound within the
tragedy
Of a flower born aloft upon the wind. For every song she sung a thousand
generations will cry
Awaiting her kind to be born again – The myths are made once your dues are
paid then poets will sing your laments.

How culture must resent the descent of youths talent deflowered.
The music's over yet still she holds strong the crowd.

When I think of all the souls I've known I know I loved them all.
Never half but always whole.

They say kissing builds up the muscles in your mouth.

Keep on feeding each other, if your too tired to chew pass it on
Next comes some poor fool lost without his cane.

The oracle serves well the mind of the acid soaked mariner
Lost upon surface of disillusionment – the depths of the abyss they beckon
Calling for confrontation – Push away the daemon for a while

Smile.

Lost in his manor, seeking solace in the arms of a strange unknowing caress
You can hear them calling upon the edge of sleep, keeping dry sanity from the
rain.

Rise from the floor your throne.

One ear feels thick to the finger
Almost stuffed the other cold
As I shuffle ever knowing each second I am older
Yet time dissolves as we feel Our mother revolve
Turning, spurring on creation anew – Creation through destruction breathes
As nutrients are embraced by the soil of the earth as a given gift from Autumns
trees.

I know now that meditation is to be found within the realms of masturbation.

I feel sound within myself yet can seem to lift no idea of construct sane from

upon the shelf.

Still Gabrielle sings, whispering soft melodies through the winding corridors of trees.

She offers out her hand to me, promising freedom - She promised I would see the World Tree.

She sings soft as an angels charm, claiming that she hath known no death in life.

In you I perceive a beauty of wonderment

Into you I wish I could flow alike a river

Swollen with freshly thawed waters

Dripping to sip she's sipping from the drip.

Three hours since my soul supped maddened bliss,

I wonder is this night to be mine alone.

For frozen, inescapable horrors lay slumbering upon the

Verge of perversions fantastic.

Gabrielle stirs my soul once more

Opening up the doorways of my heart

Parting the tides below which I have been hiding.

Magick resides within, empowered words vibrate from upon the paper

Surging through the eyes of the observer.

All we need is to know there is another who understands us

All we need is to know there is another who will love us.

I perceive a beauty untarnished

A beauty; raw and unpolluted

Nature at peace within the most harmonious of forms

Still her proportions differ from the norm whilst riding

The waves of storm clouds over head a-gathering

She herds the clouds with the palm of her hand.

She's asking you to sing

So that you may know

What Love it is she brings

Beneath a blanket snow.

Love could never know the love I have for Love

War could never know the war I would wage on War.

Hate could never know the hatred I feel for Hate.

Patience beside her virtues waits shaking her head
By the cemetery gates – awaiting us to turn –
Knowing we shall one day learn to take within our stride
The undertakings of the Time's tides ever crashing –
Ever weathering the pride we take in our forms
She awaits for us to know her shelter from the storm.

Outside the winds await in bated breathe
Un able as they are to rest upon the edge of space
'Nothing proves a greater obstacle than first thought possible.

Out of the corner of your eye images flicker
Portraits turn as canvas eyeballs tumble in their sockets.
Lips of plastic are waxing.
Feeling inferior can lead us nowhere
But the interior of an asylum you would
Not seek as your sanctuary.
An asylum where they would have you sane
Rather than speaking with the spirits of the Dell.

They play, bubbling upon the edge of the imagination.

Are we not painting in sounds the portrait of an generation
Lost to the comfort of islands in the sky?

You've seen them laugh, you've heard them cry
Now you know what it is to wonder why.
Why it is we may feel out of proportion with our surroundings
Believing through distortion that we are grounded as
The patterns of surrounding tapestries merge as fuel of
The imaginations wanderings.

No one sees it but I see in her eyes the signs of a soul fully wasted
A which forbidden fruits hath tasted.

Speak truth beyond truth if you think you can find the words,
All it is not to go unheard,
All it is to deny the movement of the herd.

Appreciate the gratitude you find in servitude
Towards the honour of a higher cause.
Pause; consider all it is that fuels

Your attitude upon this journey of ours.

Pass away the days, pass away the hours.
For they are ours to pass away.
Make Love throughout the day
And Hold true the blues you feel
If they are all you consider as real
But know that you may peel away the
Veils of this reality we hath inherited
And you will see the world anew.

David Lacey

Bloodshot Skies

To fly on the wings of a dragon trailing destruction in her wake,
This is all we know a nightmare set so far in stone it's impossible to shake
In foundation, as consolidations are offered upon the sight of tragedy,
Offered the witness describes in colour the plight of imaginations pallet running
dry.

Too many tears I've cried for the girl of skin tight denim wears
For the girl destined never to shed a tear for a love she could never
Comprehend. Understand me when I say, I never wanted it to be this way
Striding forth into the foam, roaming, searching for a place to call my own,
This is all I ask.

To swim the deepest blue in an attempt to drown my love of you
This is how I start the day, defences laid bare in every way.
As rose petals fall to autumns calling, embracing the ground as they land from
flight,
Mother earth in her yawning, awaiting the dawn
As consolidations are offered upon the sight of tragedy
Offered free tears the witness describes in colour the plight of imaginations
Pallet running dry.

To awake early morning by bloodshot eyes, I'm running free from bloodshot
skies,
Running, rubbing the red dirt deeper, weeping in motion.
Flooding the floor by the fears of the ocean as liquid emotion heeds Luna's calling
Turning upon the tides a drift, shifting upon the ripples
Hear the Goddess calling you, felling hearts of pity, awaiting a return to the city
from
The green. Weeping Willows herald the return of winters yearning, dying to be
taught, Tied up to be caught in the fall.

David Lacey

Blow A Kiss To Those That Know

Blow a kiss to those that know
Flow a river through the snow
Know a love can grow, can grow
Know beauty is the flowers show.

Dream a dream of pastures green
Know your dream and all it means
Come out dirty, come out clean
All from knowing you can gleam
Alike the brightest star may seem.

David Lacey

Blue Queen

One last time I am to suffer in agony for my love of ecstasy
One last time I am to offer myself to the gods of midnights hour.

Fresh death within a cage of flesh is calling
Upon my knees I find my body falling
What elder god's shall bear witness to my sacrifice?
Who shall be the suckling babe upon the blood of the night?
Who shall be the chosen light to shine upon the end of time?

A halo of light surrounding
The memory of life forever grounding
Until we drink and take joy from the river of life's forgetting.

The prophet and the underground

Upon the shoreline there is a child by the day
Asking questions to all that pass him by,
He seeks the city beneath the waves
He seeks a womb anew within the tomb of the Blue Queen sleeping.
Yet as the moon arises to take reign of the night
His skin sheds from his form and he is the serpent sand,
The movement of the torching dunes, he carries the answers secured within the
day realm
And delivers them to the minds of those who dare not ask yet are forever
searching.
His lover is the Lady of the Water, and from her sleep within the golden realm
she awakes to bless with bliss her lover,
Silver lips, ice blue eyes,

She who is the muse of this shoreline lover, this serpent of midnight sand
Each day the sea is absorbed into the sand
Each day the sand, a thousand shells lost to the movement of the waves slips
back unto the sea.

When he is weary of the sun he gathers his possessions - a conch shell a gift
from his lover,
a batter hat that keeps the sun from his head and his walking staff decorated

with various gifts from the ocean.

The bird his friend is the wind and the wind that carries the waters to the
mountains to water the land upon which the man lives,
The man can fly upon the birds back but can not see through its eyes
Where as when the blue queen dreams she sees all that the bird sees

David Lacey

Bodies Of Ivy

Bodies of Ivy rule over the kingdoms luxuries as the Queen looses herself
Deep within the reminiscence of her presence elemental; they the spirits
Of the forest contain a beauty eternal – yet still they keep exposed a temper
Temperamental. They worshipped their ancient mothers with the passion they
shared with their lovers. If made to cry they would hide their sighs from Father
Sky.

Seeking knowledge of Karma tides. Under the skirts of Old Mothers they hide,
Biding their time with patient pride.

Taking the form of Elves in the presence of Merlin. They are awaiting still a hero
Mortal travelling lonesome throughout the glen – those mortals who would so
often

Fall into a maddened Love surreal. Imprisoning their lovers within the chains of
oblivion

They sink; Prince Paladins into an eternal sleep internal. Keeping safe the
memory of

Their homelands –

Doubly lost within a labyrinth of Ivy as 'Eternity challenges the sandglass.'

David Lacey

Bone Ash

Bone ash
Dry falling
Green Skinned
Green fingers calling
Dig into the dirt I'm dug
Deep into black socket portals
Leave me immortal in death undying
Leave me in sighing for the sins of the world.

Could your flesh it be my own?

David Lacey

Boon Spoke To Me His Words Of Wisdom.

Boon spoke to me his words of wisdom.

'Within the palm of your hand
Lay concealed the Love to calm this land
If only you could embrace the day
If you could understand the words you say.

Would you perceive a race run through passivity
As the only way towards obtaining the clarity you seek?

Within the palm of your hand lay the power to transform this land.'

David Lacey

Border Dwelling Souls

Border dwelling souls bind their shackles to corporeal bodies
Without reason, for the rationality of the soul is split beyond
The whole in an act of insane treason. Spirit remains to guide
Our most divine and sacred aspects, Spirit remains to guide
Our hands and to teach us our respect of Mother as of Father,
Of earth as of sky, Spirit stays to teach us to think just as it teaches
Us to sigh.

David Lacey

Born Of A Dream

From destruction is born the new day, never wrong, never right,
Still we should listen to the Good Folk as they shed down upon us
Skins of Wisdoms ancient, weaving as they are their tales by the light.

Born of a dream, weaved upon a melody of waves,
First there were three, soon sprung nine fair maidens
From the Freshest of springs, bringing the songs they were born to sing.

David Lacey

Botanical Affinities

Botanical affinities share in essence the possession of loyalty,
Accompaniment through incarnation, through time immemorial.

Down below lie feral dogs, competing with crows
For their share of the dead. Awaiting an end to rites,
Still they haunt the battlegrounds of bloodshed,
Haunting the night of our fallen fathers,
Mothers charred, children hath been sent roaming
Into the wilderness, forever scarred by the moment.
One moment in which love was shaken from the child
As he entered her forest for revenge.

David Lacey

Breathe Anew Beyond The Blue.

As Luna darlings rise towards expectations
Preparations are set in motion upon the first
Day adrift the ocean of May. Generative energies
Flow in abundance through this land.
Reproductive tendencies breathe heavy, growing in pace
Riding the wave of passion with grace.
Taking hold of the opportunity to embrace purity
In its simplest of forms.
Embrace the calm before the storm.

Rituals held in celebration if sexuality are held in honour
Of Our Mother Earth in her eternal magnetism.
Earth Mother, Earth Lover. Eternal and Encompassing.

Festivals of fire heed the birth of summers breed
Rekindled flames flourish in essence. They burn in reverence
Heralding the return from absence of their Father Lord Sol.

Driving livestock through the flames
Dancing circles, chanting names
Crawling without any shame
Inciting radiant games.

David Lacey

Breathe To Me Inspiration Fresh

Breathe to me inspiration fresh, upon the crest of emotions waves.

I remember still the day we left the school we called our own.

Know we are grown, now we are grown. at least by the standards of the years of uniform conformity, and still throughout the grey you shone a boundless beauty breathtaking.

I would never fake my moods for you as I would hope you would do the same for me.

Let us see through the days together, shedding tears for the by gone fears of yesteryear.

I remember you crying, holding on to the form of a friend of yours I never knew.

I remember trying to build the courage to comfort you but always feeling I was un worthy of

Your cries upon my shoulder. Now we are older and wiser we hope.

David Lacey

Breeding Inertia

A call in the night awakens you to loneliness.
Don't forget the Frog King for he lay placid
In the valley breeding inertia. Unforgiving.
Always dreaming of a form greater than that
Of our own within which we believe we would
Find the confidence to embrace the year a new
We will never be anywhere but blue.

David Lacey

Broken Mirrors Haiku

Broken mirrors laugh
Father time is sighing slow
The countdown is now

David Lacey

Broken Shadows

Lament for disillusioned youth,
Take a little time to gather your breathe,
Restless, still we evoke the moon
To follow in our stride

Running backwards out of time,
To find a place Ill call my own.
So hard to find your peace,
When yourlost this far from home.

The tempest clouds cast broken shadows
Over the gathered crowds as silence hangs so heavy in the air

To look back now, you'd be pushed to know you were ever there at all.

Drift on down the river of existence,
Know all your knowing, show me the way for a while,
So I can rest my weary eyes,
Swallowing up the last rays of the dying sun.

You're looking for love in all the wrong places,
Faking your smiles to all the wrong faces.

Time to change, to rearrange the mantle and the moon
Bare your wounds girl; I'll find out soon enough
What it is that makes you bleed.

David Lacey

Brood

Sucking dry the blood and marrow yielding
new lines, old skins to shed each bearing down the forces
that tear and seek to bind
lost within again the shadows of each former self
and all that we have sought to be
identityy parading maskerade
another sick parade of plastic agonies
and falsities in romance out the window.

will it last until the thaw
this feeling of greatness, smug and rubbed
up wrapped and concealed in warmth of arms
one heart to calm the other,
one brother kills another
all rage the war is waging
and the page is set to burn
turning chessboards into ash

the tray of grey is overflowing
bottles they need filling
all with new words to seek
no more sit ins just more shootings
for the media hounds to feed
into the minds of mothers
who are worrying their breed

as the brood is down there sleeping
keeping time in conscious flow
there's movements in the shadows
a million eyes
a billion legs
more and more becoming
from strange the sounds
cataslysmic the energies
the ecstasy orgasmic

now tasting new the light of years
salt and sulphur in tears of fire falling
new names chosen

old names calling
back into the fade of blessed times becoming
i am numb
i am become
we are one and all together
the inside and the out
the saint is in the sin
the life that we are living
if a game then we can win.

David Lacey

Build Me Up A Wall

Build me up a wall on which to sit and watch the race.
Sit and watch it with me the illusion lost in faith.
Illusions of society breed when all are strangers here,
Lost in inner space hoping everyone will trust your fear.

Know they won't just string you up for all that you believe,
Everything you hope for, a utopia of dreams.
Each of us to do what they wish, well I wish that you were here,
But then who would enjoy this island of my love, without this fear.

No one to make you wear belief upon your arm,
No one wishing you any pain, no wish to harm.
And the colours so vivid in liquid movements shift so that you cant see
The islands of the others, so close, so sit with me.

Maybe it's not an ideal in which we can go follow to the sun
Maybe its an idea to which creations just begun.

Blurred through its illusion, of everything we feel,
Everything is lost here, in a time that's gone surreal.
Everyone is running round, in circles in there mind,
could you draw the perfect circle? is there one to find?

Are we lost to ask and wonder why, yet never know?
Are we only part of an act, a circus., carnival freak show?
Each of us a freak, unique, it seems when we're all alone,
Yet each of us finds spirit the same, ask your soul to take you home.

Take me from this place, I feel cold, I'm turning grey,
A shade is lost in black and white, there's not much more to say,
My lips wont move anyone, at least for you to understand,
Just know I need your help, take me, walk with me hold my hand.

I'll loose myself in everything you give to me each day,
All I know is everything's lost in everyway,
I'll try to find it someday, when the questions have been set,
Until that day ill sit here, remember to forget.

Buried Beneath My Pillow Surreal

Here I lay in complacent calm, lost in analysis.
Thawed is the memory of hibernation within
The realm of my ignorance. Here I would weep
If it were not for the ignorance in bliss I keep
Buried beneath my pillow surreal.

Awaiting the trip I seek to know
More than reality would have me know
Perhaps she will reveal to me in dreams
Just what it is the visions means.

David Lacey

Burning Sand Haiku

Love can find a way
The way is shattered burning
Sand in eyes to feel

David Lacey

Burning Soft The Midnight Oil

Whisper soft, whisper slow, shifting as the green man knows,
Drifting soft, twisting slow, listen as the river flows.
Knowing all there is to know, to set your foot beyond the valley known
For echoes set on wings of a wind forever long since flown
Ask me how I know, ask me and I'll show you, all it is to flow.
To languish in temptation, squalid in appearance.
Always lavished in redemption, rarely valid in clairvoyance.
Burning soft the midnight oil as the witching hour approaches
Turning as the nightlights boil everything she touches.
Pendulums cast to questions asked with no honor in reproach
Ask the pendulum man to swing it'll never be too much.
Morning comes a running on fast, she won't stay long she knows won't last.
She knows the time to sing as past, laughing laid upon the grass, below the
waning moon.
Falling in and out of season, bloom, go swoon in tides of reason.
Drowning in cascading tears, we're running out of fear.

David Lacey

Button

She emits such a magnetic hold upon my soul
That I may not contemplate existence whole
Without being bound in time and space
To the girl that makes my heartbeat race.
Rachael, sweet Rachael dearest, grace art thou
In faith my heart endows its love upon your form.
You of the heart of pastel pink upon your chest,
You of the smile that could settle rage to rest.
You who art bestowed with the bosom of a mother goddess,
You, you are the girl who blows me kiss's upon the breeze
Within the world of dreamtime wandering. It is you I seek,
You who are the girl to make my knees grow weak.
Rachael, sweetest rose, dearest, grace art thou
In faith my heart endows its lust upon your flesh,
From you of the finest form divine does radiance shine
Through an eternal window from the deepest abyss.
Rachael, sweetest rose, one kiss, one moment of bliss
It is for this I ask before the present past becomes a
Future lost surreal, Dearest, know the way I feel.

David Lacey

Call Upon The Oracle Of Your Intuition

Call upon the Oracle of your intuition,
Fall within the miracle of each experience unique.
Hear her sigh as her thighs quiver in an agony
Of the sweetest anticipation. Tragedy in her eyes,
Sunken Blue are the skies above the landscapes
Of her vision, she seeks fusion with the one.
Look upon the world as if you had no name
For all that confronts you in its entirety,
Look upon the world as if you were once again young,
As if you were once more imbued with childhoods innocence,
Know that an eternity explained lay within
The blades of dreamtime meadow glades.
Dazzling shadows abound race throughout the shades of
The forest wild, alone, there lay the child of sweet
Content, laughing away the hours,
Counting down for sunset, to admire the suns descent.
He knows this time, this place, he knows this age is ours.

David Lacey

Canal Rats

A candlelit smoke
Upon the river boat,
Canal rats for the weekend.
Strange days,
Strange friends.

David Lacey

Canvas Blank

The canvas blank confronts me
Screaming set me free of agony
Paint me – Taint me
Allow me my story to tell
Be it of heaven or be it hell?
Who shall know until they listen?

David Lacey

Caravan I

Caravan I across the blue
Sail through endless skies
Embrace me in your eyes
A black knight falling
Luna calling in silhouetted dramas
Theatres of shadow play
He's only trying for the light
He's only trying for a day.
My skin is creeping
I fight now whispers of forgotten loss
The one moss unsleeping breathes
Life upon young life dying
New worlds for poets sighing
His voice it crawls beneath my skin
Who let him in?
When will he leave?
Who will believe me when I say?
I can not remember escaping the day
His voice it shatters my soul
Creeping still and forever unsleeping
Hold on to tiring night.
Loose me in your sight to find me
Be kind to me
I'm more than I appear to be.

David Lacey

Care To Share With Me A Smile?

I have seen you cry and claim no love as your own
When from my heart a river poured in love for you,
A river that engulfed my soul, drowned me whole
And left me lonely, lost and limp within the nightmare.
Care to share with me a smile?

.

Deserted in a moment of dire desperation
Here I am, crying again, wishing the pain away
Praying for redemption only to forget that
Mine is the power to change the mood that sways me.
Where are they now? The friends that once were mine.
They have left me isolated within a spirit consumed by darkness
Leaving only sadness and pensive thoughts drifting in my world.

David Lacey

Carousel

Unwrap the skin your living in
Examine the muscles and ligaments that turn in clockwork motions Within you
See the chaos breeding there
Inside the dream of playing chess
Just one more game
Just one more win
The king that i am finding
All crown within the dream of self

This skull is breathing Death
And i am smoking in his spine
All the world to now become
Celestial mansions in our wake
As shadows hold our step
Find me the love to forget

Find me the life to lead I'm breathing
Sick of deceiving myself and more the smiles that now surround me
All dark the night but bright the day is dawning
Let us sit until morning
And drink the dew alike nectar there
All dreams in carousels of musing
And tempests holding our tongues

Here we are forever young and dying
Living winter then the next
To spring and life all bringing love again and green
This vegetation flesh
This carousel of dreams.

David Lacey

Carved Sigils Upon His Crown

There's a devil in the corner of my room
White eyes bubbling from the surface
His skin the texture of a school boys table,
Experiments gone wrong, holes drilled deep
In an attempt to know what lies within.
Carved sigils upon his crown, visions of
Generations past move within his eyes.

David Lacey

Casting Incantations

Casting incantations directed towards our abodes
The keys hide by the riverside to catch you on your own.
Some say this is reason enough to chase the crossroads home
Yet whilst we know our powers are strong we may never expect our goal.
We may never hone our skills, to our regret.
We may never bring home a kill before requesting game from the house upon
the hill.

To understand is to question, to answer shows your ignorance
Don't cast your curse my way whilst sat upon the fence
Come down, Come to town, we'll each show you around they say
Still you put it off for another day, until there you are, caught out in the blue,
Sipping mountain dew with the ghost of a girl you thought you knew but were
never sure.

She spoke of prohibitions; she liked to call them principles
Nevertheless a number of rules she dictated to her disciples
With which she claimed they may govern the use of divination,
By which means she claimed they may carry on healing,
Those feeling like they could never go on, feeling they'd never last long enough
to rise,
To take their elders by surprise in the revealing wisdoms of a prophetic nature,
Stammering in trance at the sight of the birds mid-dance,
In catching the end of the show only half we'll ever know.

Why is it that no one told me that this is life as the days go by
This is life in which we redefine our meaning, to see clearly,
It's all we ask. Casting incantations so the time it may last.
As we grow within the static our perceptions widen, poised for conception.
Fed pity in a labor to which was born a savior, a savior fed deception
As the temple lie in ruins.

Sinking deeper into appreciation maybe we our bound to seek the keys together.
Perhaps a world apart, adorned our chests in feathers, where are we to start, the
end my friend.

To believe in truth, in light as it guides us through shadows.
To will it through, to know right, to see malevolent spites pierced, strung upon
the gallows?
Their bodies clustered in a fluster of anguish,

In which they are left for an eternity to languish,
As we strive onwards, the righteous, we who have been disregarded, who have
suffered too long.

Is this what we are to expect from justice, a judge with no concept of right or
wrong?

To believe in truth, in light as it is blinding

May lead us to accept a truth that does not exist, If just so we can resist in
questioning that of which no truths can be known, That of which we have no
knowledge to throw upon the flame, no knowledge
even to name what we can never describe, an eternity in leaps and bounds a
future prescribed?

To know, to will, to dare, to keep still your tongue as they stare upon unruly
masses of hair,

A chaotic ensemble glaring, oozing it's aura in reproduction as Flora frees her
pollen for abduction.

Should we be grateful as the living heads of state awake the nightmare?

In which they expect us to share? Bloodbath, Slaughterhouse sensibilities,

Is it this that they expect of us, to don a uniform, to smile, respect and conform?

Whilst still we're chasing the eye of the storm that sulks in the darkness,
Bulking in a recess of fears, drowning in a waterfall of cascading tears.

If only they'd listen to the Rede as it says

'An it harm none, do what thou will'

Find the time to live if you've got so much time to kill

Perhaps the rule of three fold should be upheld above the law,

It would never leave the vultures of vengeance ever wanting for more.

David Lacey

Chancing Upon The Enchantment Of Trance

She calls you from beyond the stairwell,
Ringing the blue bells of springs beauty sprung.
Won is my heart, yet Love lay un-sung.

I amongst the Roses bloom
In velvet purple garments swoon.
Beneath the stars, beneath the moon
I alone still play the loon.

I amongst the Fey do dance
Chancing upon the enchantment of trance.
In circles we turn.
Burning our soles upon the floor.
Who could want for more?

I amongst the grass still grow
Upon the hill beneath a blanket snow.
Thank the goddess, let her know
I send regards sincere.

David Lacey

Chaos Enshrouded

All about lay Chaos enshrouded
As we dedicate ourselves into meditation.
We bend as we break the rules of our schooling
Still we seek to penetrate the skies through the windows secret.

That same window pane upon which our dragon
Hath crashed so many times in vain.

Penetrate Wisdom beyond the recollection
Of sensory experience yet know that we are
To lay without resistance to the rhythms
Of life's ever present flowing.

Seek to know the truth beyond
A blanket snow of Virgin Innocence.

I'm left indifferent to the callings of my defences.
Seeking as I am, sense beyond reason
Seeking Love beyond acceptance of Our Mother
We are but constructing the boundaries of our own self confinement.

If we are to break free of these shackles of our binding
We much tackle the subject insistently.
We must be resilient in defiance.
Yet remain open to the truths spoken beyond the comprehension
Of our souls.

We are lost hearts defeated
Our glory is the realization
We are whole within ourselves.

Still every now and then it's nice to place
The illusion of a reality confused upon the shelf.

David Lacey

Chaos Rules The Garden Of Her Harmony.

Out of the calm expectancy we claim as security
Rides a child of glowing radiance, born of the blood moon tamed.
He sleeps within the garden evergreen
Keeping clean the blue that glazes the dreams of children
Reflecting upon their means.

We as dogs are reared from birth to conform within uniform.
We are taught that man in the lord of nature yet fickle by
His own existence. We learn beyond the translucent panes
We know as escape that upon our hands the blood of our
Mother stains. It pains me so to see the mother that bore me birth
Laid placid in acceptance of the turning of her children.
She is butchered. Chaos rules the garden of her harmony.

What are we to do as brothers of the grain?
Are we to watch our mother writhe in pain?
As we abuse the Love we receive from her nurture
Using the excuse that we are by the nature of our stature destructive.
Ever excusing our actions with the construction of abstractions
All we are doing is refracting the truth upon a reflection distorted.

Creating only obstruction to the construction of a palace Avalon
Within which we would wish to dwell.

We may always glance at the philosopher kings of the past
We may forever ponder why such ideals faded and didn't last.

Rome died a death of decadence debased
Through slavery, through organised brutality
Such an illusion of glory was formed
Upon these ideals the building blocks of all
Empires are placed. Upon these ideals breed
Storm fuelled eyes within the most placid of Emperors.

David Lacey

Christ Hangs Upon An Iron Cross.

Christ hangs upon an iron cross.
Rose thorns pierce his temple
As Our Mother Universal stands
Carved in solemn mourning.
Plated in polished brass
She holds her hands outwards from her form.
Below Christ lay in soft decay,
All around his people pray
Wishing away the days in anticipation
Of a heaven promised to them by a dream ideal.
Still as a testament to man the Cathedral stands
Un-piercing but resting gently upon the skyline.
His form dissolves untouched.
Fainted frescos reveal an aging Christ,
Beside angels all around.
As we stood, silent, staring at the relics
Of a fallen age. The Saint lay beneath.
Beyond he seal of the tomb.
Buried beside the head of a king.

Outside the walls of this asylum sanctuary
A confusion of French girls spin the dream entwined.
Tapestries of indecipherable tongues leave me blind
Un-knowing of anything but the tones of the chords
They play upon their lips. Swaying their hips in the
Most feminine of manners – breathing glamour moves
Slow and graceful at its own pace – Holding true a throne of honesty.

David Lacey

Closing Doors Haiku

The doors are closing
The world plays hide and go seek
As the game forgets

David Lacey

Cocoon Born

Never have I hear a Blackbirds song so sweet.
Never have I had the ground unhinge beneath my feet,
Awaiting suspension between the plains of existence,

One as all the same.
Form, Un-form.
Cocoon born.

No one ever warned us that we would one day grow our wings.
Morning bird takes the child unheard shaken from his dreams
Movement in the herd portrays a portrait to which all's not as it seems.
Nestle to the pillow, Close your windows open dreams.

David Lacey

Cold Marble

So sure that the dream would last forever
Here I am now, just able to see the high water mark of emotions tide.
Shattered and left a hollow state,
My clay frame cracked.

Buck toothed hill dwellers swarm the shadows
The clock is breathing, organic mechanisms
Hidden beneath the orchard the child at the dropp of an apple yearns for
wonderland.
As Alice walks in shadows she tries to understand.

Dying coral - drifting currents
Carry the ocean - we are the sea bed of future times
It is we who are the fossils of the future
We who now await the sun
We the young - born to be forgotten
Born fresh amongst the rotten
And lost to memories decayed through intoxication.

All we are is all we ever were
All we ever could be
Laugh for the time is now and never any other in fading.
Cold marble pressed against sweating skin
The floor of my asylum is a rivulet of luxury
Decadent memories of a former life stir reminiscence upon the midnight hour
I'm falling in failing to rise
Keeping open with a hope in faith my eyes
Still I fall
Still I am calling on lost gods.

I can hear above a promenade of whispers faint murmurings,
Memories of a life long since lived.
Clouded shadows guard my window pane.
My dog is a dog his own
Guardian of my home and soul support in times of need.
How many perversions can share he nightshade deadly to the virgins touch?
Old friends are loosing sense of themselves
The words they re arrange themselves
Leaving me in a placid state

I celebrate this secret bliss of mine
In holding hands with father time
Woven tight with silken gold
We are forever young and never old.
Could it be that I m to adorn the mask of disbelief
When all that surround me is a miracle sublime.

This moment yours and forever mine.
This moment out of time.

David Lacey

Come Together

As mystery ferments within the womb of Our Mother
We anticipate the rebirth of appreciation.
Meditate within your shell,
Build your heaven from the remnants of a hollow hell.

Ramble little lamb, forever onwards towards the horizon,
As clouds above form as child flown chariots, raining down
Strikes on inspiration. Forget regret.

The Muse she stirs my heart a blur,
As spiral constructs obstruct the glare
Of Apollo in his pride

High above, oh yellow yoke
The higher he's a getting
The sooner will his race be run
The nearer he'll be to setting.

Towers cooling bellow smoke into the purity of the skyline.
Tainting yellow, a sickly shade the skin of those fools
Who would dig a hole with the palms of their hands,
If only to find a spade.

The void beckons beyond the flick of a switch,
In absence of substance the soul feeds upon itself.
Catering for carelessness, placing consideration upon the shelf.

Sing Bard Sing
Oh what a Love it is you bring.
Satisfy my soul in grooving the
Story untold.

An ode to un-named Gods un-tamed.
Never to be seen by waking wise.
Roaming through the wilderness
Crimson fury in their eyes.
Recognition fuels their strength

They seek a guardian tribe.
They seek their recognition so they may
Dwell secure within a swelling pride.
Still they retain a power that surpasses
All but the Fates who rule as the hand unseen.
Waking eyes seek no surprises.
They expect the sun in the sky by day.
Seek the midnight source unseen.
Let it guide your way.

In the duration of our souls existence eternal it lay as an internal necessity
Within the process of harmonious balance that one day we each will meet
Its half to make them whole. Opportunities wasted may one day be placed
Again before your soul. As wine ready to be tasted. Don't spit it out. Don't waste
in wanting. Seek not profit as your goal as a prophet, understand your dreams.

Destiny lay as a thread defined
Within the dreams that form within our minds.

Born of ether
Calm the child
Send him to the valley wild.
Within the green,
So he may dream
Of a picture he can paint.
Un-tainted by the perversion of perfection.
How are we to prepare if Fate is so willing
To tear the fabric routine without reservation.
How am I to set my path if the Fates are so
Willing to laugh down upon the face of my
Reluctance to dance a game of chance.

Through reflections we find no affection for the form of the soul
That lay before, the questing soul, a filling hole, seeks the doorway
Concealed to be revealed through pious sacrifice.

Say.
Say what you are wanting to say,
Play it your way.
For you know as well as any

That your way is the only way
To play the games they'll want you to play.
Have it your way,
Say.

In an age of lawlessness
We find Justice laid out upon the floor,
Empty bottle in hand, howling for more.
Intoxicated and deranged,
She knows no longer the balance of the scales.
She knows no longer her failings derailed.
As she wades through the filth that swamps our streets,
As we grimace in paranoia in confrontation with the
People we meet, How it saddens my heart to see this town,
This world of ours tearing itself apart.

Slip inside the looking glass
Within a process of meditation
As a shaman lead the trance in frenzy
Whilst dancing to the beat of rhythmic intoxications.

Excess skin hands loose from the bones of her construct.
Ripples encircle her nipples as she moves,
As the fabric constraint maintains the firm of her bosom.
Fishnet stockings dissect the flesh revealed.
As eyes furious in their monitor
Collide upon her frontier.
Imagination fuels desire as burning in and out of fashion
The hidden torch of passion lay ready to feel the crashing of the tides.

Only the blind may face Apollo without fear of obscure visions.
Only the man who wishes to keep in tact the illusion of sanity
Would wish to wipe away the tears. Be not scared to embrace the
Vision that greets you as you glance to grasp for just one moment
The form of Apollo's glory.

David Lacey

Conception Immaculate

Hail in memory of the lamb, benefactor to mankind,
Born to a virgin mother in a far off land.
Lo, a Son, as the Oracle had foretold,
Child of God, God child, Syrian, Born to the land of Sidon.
Conception Immaculate, Born Pythagoras, Son of God.

David Lacey

Confusion

Here I am, a poetic soul lost within the confusion of fairy tale romance.
Here I am, a prophetic soul lost within a realm of ever dancing shadows.

Outside the world is waiting still, there she lay upon the hill beckoning me,
Painting flowers blue and grey, there she lay, awaiting the sun to rule the day.

The clouds are blanket comforts, offering shade at the most poignant of times,
This world is mine for a while, a bubble un-burst reflecting auras of emotion.
The sky is an ocean deep; the sky is beckoning sleep beyond the call for weeping.

Earthed through the act of breathing alone, I know my soul to be growing through
Rooted to the home I know so well as my sanctuary. Soon I am to leave,
Soon I am to breathe again the world anew and know a city green as my asylum.

I am a man who would seek to know you if I did not believe that I was already
Doing so through growing to know myself. I am a man who may never place
The voice of my heart upon the shelf and though ignored at times the calling of
My soul is ever present. I am a dreamer through and through, I have no excuses,

And through dreams I believe that a new heaven, a new reality is revealed.

I am a man who wishes to fulfil the potential of his love, his source. I am a man
Divine as you, I am a man divine as all of your creation. I am an honest man
Though at times confused.

Within a realm of unfolding visions I rest before drifting
And I perceive you in the most feminine of manners, a long flowing emerald
gown
And you offer me your hands. This I'll never understand and your name I dare
not
Seek to know, but to know myself and flow as I grow I seek, throughout the
realms
Of sleep shade shadows.

I am a man of imbalance, I am a man of obsession, I am a man of dream time
bliss.

I am a man of many thoughts, I am the man whom cupid caught, wounded here
I lie.

I am a man of the sky, I am a man of the fire, I am a man of ecstatic desire
though at
Times it takes all my energy to respire, towards unity I aspire, through a balance
of shades.

I am a man of patience and I inhabit a world surreal. Who are you?

David Lacey

Conjurer Of Relics

There he laid, a conjurer of relics,
There he laid, a fire born phoenix,
There he lay upon the shelf
Wondering how he hurt himself.
Burnt through cinders embers glow
Knowing all there is to know,
Revealing all there is to show.

David Lacey

Consider Your Position

Why would it be that we would scorn the name of our saviour?
Be he Christ upon a desert trail, be he Apollo the light of all,
Blazing his trail upon the midsummer's sky,
Be he Dionysus dancing in revelry with bacchants before being torn into a
thousand pieces,
Each as Osiris promises our release from the sphere in which we dwell.
Each in their promises offers salvation from this cold and material hell.

Dance wild within the nightmare; share your thoughts with those that care
And know that they are there for you, those sympathetic souls that will
Help you through towards a dream state sanctuary you would be proud
To call your home.

We are not to distract from reality but to realise
The wisdom that we hold within the palm of our hands.
Each man as a God, each woman a goddess, and so is our race dressed
In the most divine of blessing, for as above so shall it be below,
And for those that know this is a blatant and not so recent an observation.

Integrate the whole of your existence as you embrace every breath you take,
Make the day for the keys of creation lay within you just as you know the
Darkness to reside in the corners of your heart. Purify the abyss with radiance.
Allow the divine potential that swells within you to rise and through resurrection
Shall you see the world anew, meditate beyond your state of mind.
Find all there is to find, for the world is yours for your appreciation.

Our saviours teach this, forever dying for our ability to see the world anew,
For if we were we not bound in shackles we would never know Freedom's kiss.

Persephone breathes upon the most blissful of breezes
My spirit is free, equal in one with all, ever calling upon the gods
Of nature's abundance to know the happiness within which I swim
For sheer experience of its form. Death is no death but change anew
Beyond the cocoon of decomposition. Consider your position.

David Lacey

Corporate Death Juice

I love my Corporate Death Juice
I drink it every day
It tastes as sweet as honey
My teeth are in decay

Aspartame for breakfast
I'm on a diet don't you know
See how good I'm feeling
Now the rivers cease to flow

I slip another penny
Into vending their machines
I've got sugar in my soul
Corporate death juice on my jeans.

David Lacey

Cosmic Man

A cosmic man,
A cosmic woman
Both of which
Lay entwined in passion.

David Lacey

Create To Conquer

Allow yourself the time to relax, lost to the rivers flowing.
Rest your weary head sweet traveler for no tax shall be charged
For your stay within the day, still remember to retain your glowing.
Know through dreams that we may discover a reality more real than
We could ever have imagined. Listen to the voice that resides within
Your chest. Allow yourself the time to rest, not every moment is a test.

Know that even in the midst of chaos
We may be calm and contemplative.
No restrictions are there within ourselves
That we did not create to conquer.

Sit down; allow all that is happening around your form to flow.
Know and understand your role within the circle whole.
Observe, spectate, take in all that surrounds you.

Do not attempt to paint the circle blue
Or even in the most evocative of shades
Allow yourself the time to fade,
Surrender yourself without resistance to the
Movement of the moment until little by little
All that once seemed chaos reveals Its harmony to your soul.
Be happy, be free, be all you know you could be.
Just breathe and you will see just how it is you make the circle whole.

David Lacey

Creation Hath Worked Its Mastery

Creation hath worked its mastery
Into the existence we know as our own.
We are as the statue of David if he were
To claim his existence free from Michelangelo's hand,
We are a work of perfection that has the ability to deny
Our creator, nature hath a power to paint a picture,
A picture born with the ability to deny its painter
Any right to claim its existence lay within the imagination
Of the artist.

True art takes upon a life of its own,
Its home within the heart of the observer,
Those un-reserved enough to allow the
Canvas marble to speak unto their Hearts.

David Lacey

Crying Upon Her Knees

Dreams of enlightenment come hither through the void
Weaving their magic upon a child so coy
He dare not run lest he upset and uproot the soul.
Beauty, grace have reared a face to rival that
Which launched a thousand ships.
Yet when the night draws in we find her
Crawling, crying upon her knees.

David Lacey

Cultivated Constraints

Cultivated constraints render revolt in the adolescents mind
Wasted in play the day dissolves into a solution sweet yet hard to find.
Whispering winds toy upon the Joy of greeting those they meet.
Within the dale long forgotten souls beat the ground with defenceless feet.

Glaring through the window pane Apollo's light seeks no refrain
There lay a child, born wild into the seduction of his mother's breast
Lay to rest the child who will grow naught but weary within this dread reality of
ours.
Awake yet constantly dreaming we're coming close to knowledge of reality.

Amongst the glories of wisdoms ancient our souls are pastured
Grace follows cosmic rhythms in pace as above a flock of blackbirds
Swift in formation, beneath a sparkling sky, dance a dance in meditation.
Consider the muse born of harmony aloft the winds of the songs that dreamers
sing.

Woodland nymphs frolic throughout the country side
As urban jungles bellow Serpents of smoke into a cradle sky,
They're suffocating us – we the infants of the fruit tree.

David Lacey

Curiosity

I always said I would never take the magic carpet ride
Yet curiosity took hold and I had no place to hide
As I spiralled into a wonderland of my own surreal creation.
And here I awaiting Alice to return, here I remain
Burning the images I keep of her and praying,
Hoping for the ability to cope with lasting
Another age in anticipation of her presence.
I burn so that I may paint anew just as
Springtime green stems from winter blue.
She rises, Goddess of the blanket sky
She rises, the kiss of dawn in her eyes.

David Lacey

Dancer's Mile

A joker's smile
A dancer's mile
Feet swollen
Ankles broken
Lost hope remembering
Find me now
Adorned in mornings shade
Living the night still breathing
I can make it till morning I know.

David Lacey

Dancing Within A Circle Of Choice

Here I am at one within my shell
Here I am at once
Heaven and Hell
Night and Day
Here I am at once
Within the words I say
No more loosing sight of my self
Than finding a new heaven built upon the ruins of forgotten ideals.
Nothing is unreal
If we hold the power to imagine.
Dream
Dream a dream for the daybreak
Though the night realm lies unsure
Dream
Dream a dream for creation
Within your dreams go seek your cure
To those thoughts that keep you sleepless,
Those thoughts that keep you waiting to kiss the dawn with paling lips.
Cocaine eyes beckon a stomach of lead
Cocaine eyes reveal a hunger fed.
Here lay the secrets angels lay unspoken
For they are broken in the head.

Dancing within a circle of choice
Aspiring towards the voice of the muse.

David Lacey

Daria

She appeared upon my doorstep with eyes of radiance divine,
Athena herself may envy her from wisdoms palace in the sky.
She carried with her a portfolio of canvas cast splendour containing
Abstract figures entwined in shades of azure upon coconut
Skin fibres. Scenes from the Nepal sent shivers down my spine
As I lost myself in the picture she revealed through the blessing
Of her smile. Upon the garden we sat and conversed upon the
Subject of perversion when it comes to expressing emotion
Within the stroke. I spoke of music and of smoking as we
Joked long into the afternoon. Soon she was to leave for some
Far off desert trail, yet my soul shall never fail in recreating
That summers day and hearing echoes ever present of all we
Had to say. I pray to hear from the Goddess again, she of golden
Skin and of eyes as deep as the greatest veil of all abyss.
I told her of my painting and she asked to be shown my art
And so after gathering my works together I produced for her
A revelation of my soul, I wrote my address upon the back
Of the painting I gave to her as a gift for simply being there
And she walked into the distance as I turned to close the door.

David Lacey

Darkness Envelopes Her

This night banshee's herald death upon the moment of twilights touch.
Seeking solace in the arms of wisdom are we to be left beyond reproach?

Darkness envelopes her, swallowing the days descent
The blade she holds, formed of a shamans dream is shimmering
Dark light for a dark knights purpose, she rides to rise and
As she drifts throughout ethereal glades, moving in time with the shadows
performing
She is the storm of midnights howling, she is the silhouette against the moon
Shrieking her laments in a monsoon torrent of tears.
Darkness envelopes her, smothering the memories that once kept her sane.
The heat of the night is as Nile desert air and moving upon its currents
Are strange and wondrous creatures, merging the past into the present.
Who are these creatures she asks?
These souls seeking towards a face amongst the faceless.
Tears shed in a moment of remorse are swelling,
What story are they telling?

Distant starlight burns away the memories of reflection upon looking glass eyes
How strange it is that the hours they pass only to be forgotten.
Come laugh with me sometime, come be fresh amongst the rotten.
Adorned in the feathers of elder gods we may amount the pyramid rising from
blood soaked sand.

Dreams forgotten within the twilight of memory
They await the motion of the moment to sway them.
The city shall take no pity on them
As they writhe, lithe and breathing agony.
What horrors await unknown?

She sleeps within the shadow of herself.
She is an Idol in death, a decomposing Christ child in the summer heat.
Maggots are breeding in her body dying, feeding upon the source of life.

Bound within an asylum built upon foundation insecurities
How am I to gain confidence in the smile that shines a diamond mile.

An Indian Summer is rising
Small worlds are colliding

In the arms of the one they love
Souls are entwining as the threads of destiny untold.

David Lacey

Days Unsleeping

Days unsleeping where will it end?
Smoke your soul away my friend
Learn to keep the devil at bay.
Though still you letters he'll send.

No more to know
No more to see

Nowhere to go
Nowhere to be

That's the mystery my child
Each born wild and to be tamed
First you are bathed
Then you are named.

Wash away the flesh of the womb
Open your eyes into the white room
Bright light bursts into cavernous cave.
Banished from a world of dreams,
At least for now to touch the earth.

How long shall we last?

Each of us our time
Our space beneath a burning sun.

And what to believe?
What we are told?
Stories of old?
Of Adam and Eve?

No sin my child is yours beyond ignorance of a world without.
No crime beyond the time and faults your own.
This earth our home is not your prison.
You'll see no bars, only clouds of obscurity that threaten your vision.
As though lost within an oasis mirage of reality.
It shifts as sand and desert dunes
Each to its own and distinct tune.

Yet the harmony prevails and on each wind a melody sails,
Calling from lost attics and from cobwebbed corridors
Into a new and blinding light. Only to see in closing our eyes.

Into the carnival madness stride. You've got nothing to hide
'We're all mad here'. Nothing to hide and nothing to fear.
Only the eyes of the wandering fool.
Merging through membranes into the next fall of the arcane.

You are the fool and the king of kings.
Know this above and before all things.

David Lacey

Dead Bodies And Cardboard

Born beneath a dying sun
Mourn for them the dying young.
Lament for those whose song
By siren chords has long since been sung.

Lament for those, skinned and hung from the city gates.
We pray for them this nightmare shall prove easy enough to shake
As the sky bakes slow in furnace fumes, igniting the skies in fury.
There, low and behold the addict merchant selling his soul.

I dreamt last night of a girl I have not seen in years
Years which can not match the tears nor fears in number.
Little did I know that she slept, slumbering numb beneath the mountain.
Dreaming of Pan, of ancient scented night.

King of Hedgerows, Prince of Circus Shows
Queens of the Flow gather in flowering
Embrace the bloom, the pinnacle of the chase.
Race the moon to see her face.

How long have you been guardian to this shell?

Your hell is cold.
Your heaven warm.

I was never told
I was never warned

Of eggshell time within fragmented dimensions
I'm left with no path and no hope of redemption.

Was it the promise of salvation
That woke you every Sunday morn?
Show me your scars, your crown of thorns.
Show me the Christ child in the eyes of the new born.

The youth are crowded in the shade
Digging there with diamond spades

Fading in the shadows cast and fast enlisting.
Cringing at media portrayed portraits of their generation,
Supposed portrait of a nation.
A nation underground unfound
Here no one makes a sound.

How is it these fools, these ministers of schools
Can keep it all so cool as they push for blanket death?

A blanket to cover the Death of the soul
A blanket to cover the Death of the mind
A blanket to cover the Death of the body
A blanket to cover the Death of the blind.

I see children torn from the playground
Force fed knowledge and left to suffer no wisdom
Taught to regurgitate for the hand that would beat them.
Beat them if only they could.

Show me the skins on the leash of the freaks
Show me the bold worship the meek.
Show me the snowflake cold in the sun
Show me the restless, the new guns, the young.

Three birds sitting
Watching
Cold eye on warm life decaying
Maggot child of a million unseen eyes
How long can you last?
The children will not fast forever.

Dead bodies and cardboard surround
A pony dead upon the ground
Scorched earth, broken earth
No survivors found.

No one made a sound.

David Lacey

Dead Leaves

Dead leaves in new breeze
As frozen pockets of time
Become things we feel

David Lacey

Death Old Friend

Unsure, Apprehensive

Yet born to persevere throughout confusion,
Through fear he strides below two moons,
Some lonesome traveller confronted with anger
Wrings out his rags blood red, none spared for his victims.
He claims there's no crime in a duel, a duet, a ballet,
Merrily he's on his way, beyond the curtain call
Singing as he staggers, hoping to keep the wolves at bay.

Black milk skins wrapped in virgin linen.
She knows she must ride, that she must rise.
Seek out the spinners of the night,
Washerwomen wringing their rags in delight
Awaiting as they are the time to come when
Their souls may be released.

Death

Signalled out for us?
A certain time?
A certain place?

Are we to share our final moments with
A long since past familiar face?

Three days left for you, your shroud is waiting.
Can't you hear them singing?
Spinning as they are throughout the night.

Run towards the canopy of some ancient revered willow
Have no disrespect for the harmonies of life,
It will only ever lead you into trouble.

Can you hear them singing?
Ringing bells in the springtime
Bearing witness to the reincarnation
Of our beloved mother the Earth.

Death, death old friend, death breeds life anew.

David Lacey

Deaths Projections

When the heavens change, stars re arrange themselves
Upon the blanket sky. From the hollows of the mountain comes
The herald of Our Mother, tears frozen in her eyes.

The destruction of Eden
Is the deconstruction of the soul
Without our mother natures nurture
How can we ever come to grow?

I'm not here to represent
That which has already been presented
In the form of Our Lady the Earth.

Eden weaves the summer leaves
As brothers green breathe in life anew.
Summers gone, the Autumn come
There're no more skies of mellow blue.
With Winter comes crisp virgin snow
Capping the valleys height.
Summers gone, it's been too long
It's still so far out of sight.
From deaths projections bend the expectations
Of a shadow shifting in moods.

The greatest irony man has ever known is to deny his creation
By use of a will that hath grown as it hath flourished through the years.

David Lacey

Decay

My body in slow decay
I think I built it this way.
Time for change to rearrange ourselves upon another plain.
Perhaps I'll choose a different name.

David Lacey

Deep In Penetration

Outside the sky melts fast in felt fabric strips
Dripping only to have colour caught in the cauldron
Inside the sky melts slow, deep in penetration
Lilac clouds drift on easy with the breeze
The wind it whispers secrets unheard
Think it over, the holy word.

David Lacey

Desire - Embrace In Liquid Warmth

If desire is for the demon breed
Then the demon breeds inside of me
If lust is for the devils kin
I am of lust and lost within

The evil eye is searching fast
Throughout the pages of the past
And smashing through the looking glass
Comes a torrent of nightmares feeding,
Breeding as I laugh.

Faint yet fluid embassies of love embrace in liquid warmth
Together they stand, together they fall
Shot down in a mockery of justice
Two brothers - ghost companions upon a deserted dust desert trail
They are sailing the void seeking to know the kiss of infinite wonder.
I wish for them to know, for them to rise and see what I have never seen
And one day I hope to join them, searching the underworld for my
Loved ones, only to ride, breaking the borders of mythology and
Blurring the definitions of reality. Can you hear the world serpent
Moving beneath the waves, son of the father of lies, swallowing
His own tail, who will save us in the end of days?

The tempest is thundering above my head
I can hear the calling of the restless dead
Sleeping hollow in their graves
Numbers placed instead of names.

Have faith in love if nothing else
And when all else is despair
Remember you can share a smile
And for a while someone may care.
Awoken by the girl for whom I long
Calling my name from the world below my tower
They story inverted hath left me a prince perverted
Awaiting a maiden in shining armour
Enticing her through fairy glamour into my power.

No one warned me of the revolution

Always seeking to touch the untouchable

Always seeking to reach the unreachable

Where am I to be found?

Lost upon some isolated beach

Dancing circles in the ground?

David Lacey

Dig

Here a sight for sore eyes lay Lust in compromise with Harmony upon the shelf.
Find a place without yourself where you may lay forever young. Delve.
Pursue magick within the moulting cage as it lies shelved in derangement
Amongst the insane, those laid out upon the pavement strumming soft melodies
sweet aloft
In vibrations changing out of place. Remedies fix on inhibitions, here the
Shamans mix
Lifts the soul upon the drift to flow beyond the rift. Here Time upon the shelf lies
Content within herself, Content in inner space, allowing a shift in the passage of
the wheels
Eternal massage of nature's skin. Dig. Let me in.

What strange a friend is this that would act a fiend in spite of bliss.
What dangers lie upon the horizon we may never know, I'd rather miss.
The river stagnant requires a place to flow. I know this.

David Lacey

Dionysian Fool.

The shadow of the man I am
The shadow of the forest Pan
Dionysian fool.
Strange reflections upon this hour
This time this place is ours
Never mine alone
Of the earth I love my home

From pain to pleasure, seeking treasures lost.
The guillotine – Empires rising – blades falling
Piercing fresh flesh torn and bleeding
Here I am in suffering
Confess the order rearranged
Chameleon skin in changing
Shedding the memories of the dead
Ripe death in composition.

David Lacey

Distill My Soul

The sylphs of mountain high give voice to solar winds.
The sirens of the sea - The sailors death she sings.

Lament, lament now that the shadow of the sun has cast faith and indistinct
upon the hope of salvation.
Can you hear them still?
Faint murmurs?

Nothing to salvage is there left drifting in the sway.

Be still my head
Distill my soul
Take me half
And make me whole.

A multitude of madness
Generations lost to sadness
Bleeding
Begging for a better life.

They would lock me away for seeing all I have seen
They would praise me for the things I could have been.

David Lacey

Divine In Contemplation

The goal of man is to be as god,
To reach out to the divine in contemplation
And so return as far as possible to the divine source.

Seek the hidden truths contained
Within the scriptures of your lore
Seek to restore your unity
But know you must remain
For this life is one worth living
Our love is love worth giving
And though the priesthoods of our race
May claim knowledge beyond the consideration
Of most, what they know are but ghosts of the truth
Our grandmother's contained in their eyes.

The gods of every sphere know true a heart of gold
This they know as every soul is a story to unfold.

Each will know true the kiss of the gods within their time
Each will know their soul as one with yours as well as mine
Each will know the midnight sun to radiate and shine
Each will know the all as one, those shackled and those blind.

Consider not that the scholar lost within a realm of scrolls
Shall ever know more than the rambling man who allows
Dawn to kiss his soul. Embrace the freedom of the valley,
Allow the muse room within your garden sanctuary
And there she may sing soft lullabies to your children.

David Lacey

Do You Fear The Kingdom Of Shades?

Cycles in and out of time are moving endless circles in our minds
And we are one with the all. And we pretend that this is it,
Seeking to jest with lords and ladies at banquet halls
When the truth of humanity is to be found in the shadows of the city.

Here we are primal; here we forget what society expects of us
And we run, sometimes wild beyond the walls of our asylum
Sometimes wild within ourselves, tearing at every part of our sanity

We are as immaculate angels concealed within a human form so
That we may know beauty beyond what we are,
So that we may strive, and love and live to love.

Forget not that our ancestors strived to honor and love the world
Of which we were part, and now we are as ignorant children refusing to do our
Mother good when all she does for us is life.

Ask me not of suffering, or pain upon this plain
For the Balance is kept
Maybe by Gods, maybe by fate,
Maybe we can never be early or late
But believe it not
For who are we to surrender choice unto the gods

You have a voice
Use it

For we do not write to be read
We write to be heard.

Breathe and be relieved
That you are here
Now
And so easily you could not be
Look unto the skies and see what you feel
Look beyond the skies and see what is real.

The moment ever ending
The moment ever decomposing into the creation of the next

How many millennia hold there secrets in the loss of the serpents kiss?
Upon the shore there is a child, wild eyed in search of wisdoms bliss,

Faceless shadows form upon the surface of the void
Worlds are colliding, boundaries breaking
The flames of the inferno rise
And within the eyes of the devil
Stirs love sweet love to his surprise.

Would you dance with the devil
If he offered you the world?

Do you fear the kingdom of shades?
A cold and pristine beauty reflects within itself the origin of the soul
Here I am, confronting the god head of death,
Breathing fresher breath than ever I have known

See through death towards the other side of morning.

A Crystal Age is rising
Here we are at the dawn
Able to see what we never shall see
Able to hear what we never shall hear
Able to love all it is that we fear

Journey through the eyes of Orion
Throughout the abyss unfolding
Seek the source of wisdoms flowing
Seek upon your journey to know.

We run alone so far from home
Beneath a blazing sun
We claim our thrones of human bone
And claim our love is won.

Staring into the eyes of a Titan raging
What do you see?
Do you see the future past as the present now
Do you question how and why we're aging?

What is an answer with the question unset?
What is sorrow with naught to regret?

David Lacey

Do You Fear?

Do you fear you have faked your emotion in an elaborate illusion of truth?
Do you believe that man is lucky in his limitations? As an eternity upon
This plain would shower upon any man the suffering of the years,
The death of all he would see and never join back within the circle,
He would never know the third realm, for before birth is the past of
Our souls, the mortal realm is a present whole, just as death is the
Undeniable future for us all. So do you believe that man is lucky?
For if a god is immortal but forgotten unto the achieves of mans history
Does it mean that they suffer an eternity in silence when no mortal
Shall offer libations for them until some ancient relic is found beneath
The surface of some red dirt desert sand? Are we alone the hands that feed
The gods as they walk throughout the realm of man jealous of his ability
To die and be one with all? Are we not they who would fall upon our knees
To know all there is to know? Restore the volume of your hearts first sigh.

David Lacey

Do You Swallow?

Come dance with me this forest night my child
Come be wild amongst the trees
Can you not hear the vibration inciting?
Can you not hear the gods of scented nightmares calling?
We fall this night to rise
Will you follow?
Do you swallow?
Look into my eyes

David Lacey

Does Man Create His Gods?

Does man create his gods or do gods create themselves in likeness to man?
Was it not death that first stirred in man a curiosity of his greater self?
Was it not death and knowing our loved ones and enemies to fall into the dust
That caused us to pray and pour libations in their honour?
Was it not the unknown that caused man in curiosity that would make
Alice proud, to ponder the shades of his intellect in an attempt to shed light
Upon a truth concealed within the looking glass ripples of fresh water springs?

David Lacey

Down To The Bone

Left alone to devices my own
Feeding off love, chew down to the bone
The world surrounds it grounds me
Find me and you've found me.

Who are these people?
These masks parading vanity.
Leave me and believe me when I say
That no promise of insanity could stir me
Myself away from the day at hand and changing.
Do you find me strange?

The melody fresh is the freshest breathe
The harmony arranging
Holds me safe within myself
Holds me as I'm changing

David Lacey

Drape Our World In Fantasy

As I twist in braids my uncombed mane
As I sit and slowly go insane
As I wait and dance within the rain
Still I love the pain of living
Still the pain of love is giving,
Of feeling and healing with emotion
Attempting through a heart's redemption to seal the wounds of worry
And drifting an ocean deep of sleepless fear
Rising upon the winds of confidence
To shatter the defences of the insecurities
That we have developed in our step.
Hear I am, trying to help you forget
All that you allow to never set upon
The horizons of your mindscape.

It is not to escape but to embrace
The hands of fate and still know
That always and ever we have the power
To drape our world in fantasy.
To adorn a desert in blank canvas snow.

No mockery of reality is this
For imagination is wisdoms bliss
Alike the kiss of the girl I'm missing.

David Lacey

Dream A Dream For The Day Realm

The mountain breathes, sleeping gently
Dominating the skylines of this land
The abyss lay calm, the void toying with your curiosity,
Inciting alarm, lightening the load of the magick
That resides within your palms.

Dream a dream for the day realm
If the nightshades leave you insecure.
Forget the girl as you are seduced
By the maidens green of the meadows dream,
Rolling pastures unfold beneath the skies of azure.

You shall see the girl again, what use is there
In dwelling upon a single tear?
The fear keeps on swelling up inside
That she may never return from her hiding
To cast back the tides by the moons parting twilight kiss
It is this that I am missing.

David Lacey

Dream Time Bliss

I have seen you fly with the wings of butterfly Fey.
I have heard you sing in the realm of dream time bliss.
Yet never have I felt soft tender kisses,
Never have I known the lips I'm missing.

David Lacey

Dreams Haiku

Love yourself always
Dreams are living memories
Lives the soul forgot

David Lacey

Dreams Of Avalon

Into the wilderness blue she strides turning her head from temptation,
Within the heart of her soul lay the prospect of pure redemption.
Clarity she seeks upon her Journey as I sit and ponder within myself.
Open are the realms to long lost memories of crying beneath
The covers of a blood red blanket asylum. I remember now, burying
My head into the pillow of forgetfulness, I remember now how I felt
Whilst travelling home bearing the tears of regret,
I remember now leaving the beauty of frozen mountain ranges behind
Me as I strode on into the heavy unknown.

Such a strange memory it is to have awoken at this time yet I have grown
Upon and beyond the tears that kept me drowning and I have become
All to aware that those are the memories that ground me alongside
Reminding me of my freedom.

I pray you are never but a memory of a former life
But that I know you to be near throughout my existence upon this plain and
beyond
Though I understand we may be worlds apart at times, sometimes with distances
growing.
Spoken is my heart too often, numbed is the sensibility of my reason,
Yet it would seem high treason of the soul to silence the spirit of passions
saviour.

Dreams of Avalon within the dreams of Albion's children settle within the
Twilight can be heard upon the wind, his piping heralding on the dawn of
summers glory.

David Lacey

Dreams Upon The Horizon

I don't get any time to call my own,
I don't get any peace so far from home
And I know I won't find my pleasure seeking
Hidden treasures in the nightmares of this town.
Dreams upon the horizon lie out of reach for a while
As I sit back with a smile, blazing away the days up in smoke.
Let the tokers joke, let them try and catch the breeze for
It's not as easy as they'd have you believe

Here I am trying to conceive some shattered
Form of reality when it makes no sense to me

Peering into the distance growing between our forms,
Into the eye of the solar eagle I find myself
Down on my knees before you now
And Still your turning me away

Ride a wave of passion until you crash upon the shore,
What more could you ask for
Than eternal bliss?
Then you've got to ask yourself
Would you miss the blues?
Would you be able to see it though with nothing to compare your happiness to?

What is there that lies beyond our reach high up in the skies?
Bloodshot eyes keep me hiding from the dawn,
The light of day can ease my troubles, take away the pain with the morning dew
As I watch the rain dance upon the pavement.

You look at me, I look at you,
Tomorrow never knows
What dreams lay unwoven, untold,
Let the page turn, the story unfold

Come let's get together
One more time to see it though
Another way to blue and back again
Before the rain can reflect the rainbow lost in an instant

Always passing on by the days wishing away the hours
You'll have no one to blame when the final grain has rested in its place

Will you hold on to faith as the void beckons you to burning point?

Suppress the memories that keep you sane
Unleash the daemon, tear away the veil draped upon this reality of yours

Into nightshade, shadows play
As angels dance the streets by day.

Over and over I've ran it though in my mind
The answers so hard to find when the question lies unset

What meaning is there to be found,
If not appreciation of the will to question
An eternity in leads and bounds?

Build me up to break me down
Around around, the tearful clown
With worries left in the shadows
As I stride into the light of day

If only to find a new way to say I love you.

Allow me the time to reinvent the ways to blue and back again
To see it all go round in again in circles for all time

An eternity in leads and bounds
Here I lie broken, unfound, sound of mind yet succumbing to numbness,
At peace with faith, as dreams tear vivid passageways into the blanket of the
starry sky.

The midnight hour approaches as I
Throw caution to the wind and dance the night away,
Up in smoke with nothing to say
Maybe I've been smoking too long.

Maybe not long enough.

David Lacey

Drift Beyond The Shifting Sands.

She emerges through the twilight
Shimmering glades of sweetened
Shades compliment her presence.
She speaks in soft melody aloft
The harmony she sings.
Proclaiming a love of broken wings.

A walk within valentine gardens reveals
The temperance of the shade.
Allow yourself some room to fade.
Drift beyond the shifting sands.

She emerges through the doorway of obstruction,
De constructing the souls she comes across.
Upon the pursuit of elemental analysis,
Seeking bliss within enlightenment,
We are perhaps an eternity off the mark.
For is not bliss the gift of the ignorant
Those left unaware of their descent?

David Lacey

Drift Within

I told you it would last forever
Unknowing you would pass me by.

Now in sighing
Now in crying
Now in trying
To understand why

All I can do is drift within
The wonderland of the sky

Always you denied me access
Into the realms of your heart.
Always did you leave me aching
With a Love I knew I should have been making.

All I need you to know is that I shall remember you always
As the most bountiful beauty I have ever known.

David Lacey

Driftwood

The embers in their glowing
All secrets are they knowing
As the river ever flowing
Leads me driftwood out of time.

Lend me your mind so I may bend it.
Be my friend, come mend me
I'm broken, come whisper bliss unspoken.
Sail with me. Fail with me.
Become me. Numb me.
Forget me. Regret me.
Know me. Blow me.
Love me out of time.

David Lacey

Each Their Destiny To Be

The sea shells gather ash
As my bookshelf's gather dust
As the lies in which you trust
Once in furnace turn to rust.

All the people that you see
All the smiles that come your way
Each their destiny to be
Each to them a word to say.

Free yourself of shackles binding
See your self the light all blinding
As the secret you are seeking
Becomes the secret you are finding.

David Lacey

Each Upon Their Chosen Path

Each upon their chosen path contains
The ability to conquer those that would
Laugh at their faith and claim it superstition.
Each conquers without a word
For they are aware of the soul contained
And shared by all it is that surrounds them.

David Lacey

Early Morning

Early morning strike a pose
Come tell me of the year,
The year unto unfolding,
This new grasp of numbers
A Gregorian count in Roman miles,
No stars nor moons befriending.

This calander is ending,
To renew our trivial time,
All keeping watch as seconds
Weeping out of consciousness
Break silent waves in milky pours,
New waves, what are they waving for?

And smiles alike i should have known,
The secret grown inside me,
Grasping false hopes
Alongside red salmon running
Uphill towards pink doors and past,
And as i streamed the dream, i lived i died
I laughed, and learnt
To hope for nothing more
Than something deep to long for
More than the muscles of aching torn
More of sweat sat fat in seat and growing
This world, all seeds are sowing,
And reaping one and all,
As we wave once more in shades
Bo rainbow born to trust
All rust of ore
All glint of giants eye.

And a voice calls out from the blanket 'hush'
What is it your tapping for?
Blank pad in this insane hour
Leave white to think the night
Dream new words, new ways in which to write.

I beg to dream, to call for something more

And no longer to be forgotten.
Left rotten apples of tomorrows fare,
The church the bells ringing
And as i sit and stare a moment more
Into reflections hanging there
I cast all doubt unto myself
My actions indescribable,
My motives inexcusable
I feel I know, what is to come
And yet forget in seconds binding.
The past a world beyond us,
The future lost for finding.

Come let us breathe new life into candle flickering
And pour wax and oils and light,
New candles, new waves all bright and shimmering dust in dying time,
Come let the hours be ours, come let the time be mine.

David Lacey

Echoes Of Fallen Aeons

Our dreams are as real as we allow them to be,
Open up your heart to the world,
There's more to love than at first meets the eyes.
We must learn to hear the howling winds,
To here fables spoken upon them by the giants
For far of distant valleys, great murmurings from
Ancient caverns, echoes of fallen aeons.

David Lacey

Elastic Moralities

As she stirs your soul with the direction of a glance
You know now to be the time to dance, just ask.

Elastic moralities play upon the light fantastic
Monstrosities of subconscious desire.

I lay here broken, un-spoken lay the aching
Of a heart sick of faking his Joy through dismay.
Step into the fire of her eyes, allow the wisdom
Of the ages to flow, take in all she reveals to you.
All that's been concealed from you in nightshade.

David Lacey

Elemental Dressings

All is one within my heart
My heart is one in me
All is one within my heart
Which allows me truth to see.

Fields of green surround my soul
Fields of green they make me whole
A concept lost eternity
A concept forever young to me

A void of blue engulfs my soul
Leaves me drunk within the bowl
A flavour of eternity
Reveals to me identity

Curious of the falling night
Lost within the calling light
A flavour of eternity
Incites my curiosity

Still all is one within my form
Peace before the foaming storm
All is falling endlessly
Within a heart of boundless purity.

Ah! Sweet ecstasy.

Virgin souls of azure wings
Sing the songs that angels sing
To pacify the soul
To make creation whole
Within the moment forever unwinding.

Here we are the wind of night
Here we are the flame of light
Here we are the earths allure
Here we are the waters pure.

Endless

Boundless
Eternal
Elemental dressings.

David Lacey

Elementals

Everywhere she rides as everywhere she hides.
Stirring the blades of the field as she stirs the Oak ancient in position.
Cooling with her breezes she toys with our emotion
As we know she could so easily destroy us with her storming.

Desire for warmth guards our souls around the campfire of our seating.
Lighting stoves just as striking bolts from heaven.
From the depths of the earth she fuels the knowledge of
Creation throughout destruction. She warms as she destroys
Still she's toying our emotion. Are these Elemental beings not worthy of our
praise?

Rising from the crevice moist she seeps in creeping throughout the currents of
Our mother.
Falling from the skies - flowing towards the deep blue. Without her we would die
-

Whilst Earth Our Mother bears her fruit ripened through affection.
Providing for our survival the fruit - the grain - the animals we rear.
She is our support as it her pull upon our souls that holds our feet
Firming on the ground - even if we are prone to drift in shifting dream states.
With them we would die - In there presence of present union we must naught
but sigh
As we play with the harmonies that allowed our being to be.

David Lacey

Embrace The Nature Of Your Heart.

Embrace the nature of your heart.
Know there is no caress with which
We can easily part, as deep within
The soul seeks to know another as
A companion upon their journey.
We rise each day more so confused
That the day before. The night hath
Bred insanity within the sanctuary
Of a doped up soul, stoned alone.
I find myself dissolving within the
Fantasy of mindscape escapism.
I find myself revising consideration
Upon the subject of hesitation
Without a thought for consequence.

David Lacey

Emerge, Sustain, Fool, To Gain

Emerge, Sustain, Fool, to gain
All for a slip of the tounge, For a peck upon the cheek

Tambourine dust unsettled, Sweet dreams and all that jive
I must love you now and leave you, 'till you learn to push the tides back in your
stride

Thank the Goddess, her gift, her gratitude, servitude to her cause, for a dream
to keep you running.

Does the death toll, heavy on your conscious
Does your heart have any say in the matter?
Sentiments echoed down the years,
In succession, each in turn, turning on the child of the latter.
Through fields of maise, a maze of fears, through streams of tears, unphased
We'll keep on running 'till our time is done, Running, shunning those that have
been blinded by the light, those who get there kicks beating on the young.
I've been crawling on my knee's so long, so long now, I couldn't give you a
definition 'fun'

David Lacey

Enchant The Child

Enchant the child with false ideals
Make him pray before each meal,
You should wait to see if he does it of his own accord.

Free the way for procession,
in honour of the queen bee,
in honour of magpie sanctuary

fly on the wings of a dragon
trailing destruction in his wake,
dont shake me now im sleeping,
you can't eat your cake before it's baked

thiefs and poets, maybe one in the same,
maybe two in a million, maybe it lies in the name
like we lie to the beat, to the teachers at school,
when they claim we're a genius and we know we're a fool

take me now dont wake me, into a land of forgotten souls,
to reminsiere with the ancients, doorways revealed to us by twilight,
as the moons silver song comes to a graceful end,
mother pearl asking, enticed by the pendulum man turning by her side, catching
magick in the palms of her hand, content with the answers that her intuition
creates in a land wthout questions,
for we've been told too many times that it was curiosity that killed the cat.

Lost in the lakes, following the pipes of pan, those that can hereld the call of the
mountain, drawn to it in the dead of night as the clouds roll in to the valley, they
percieved as god's the wonders of the land, a land that untill that point had not
made its reality clear.

Down below there companions sat gathered around a fire, without alcohol
without intoxication they sucumb to the desire, speeding down teh mountainside
without haste

wasted, crazed, out of there minds, they'd give there minds to taste the
forbidden fruits of this land, to swin in its waters, to the blacket depths, how
deep can you go, ow long without breathing, how long will it last before you feel
the need to relieve your position, just how long will it take?

A Sacrifice of our comfort to the mountain,

of the mountain to their safe return,
with stories of flames, upon distant horizons,
of mountain goat and bulls that we're not theirs to tame,

still in the name of all that's wise,
they gathered there sense below the skies,
drifting home their separate ways,
each without the words to say,

one scrambling down the face of a giant, hanging low off his brow,
one sliding down the inside of a chimney stack, he couldn't tell you now, how he
managed to pull on through.

Yet he made it, the last in his fluorescent shirt, and a wig to suit all occasions, he
came rolling down the mountain to meet without arrangement
the first and second to win the race, did not have so much of a grin on their face.
Soaked through in sweat, battered with bruises, the rest of the herd want to
know if it was a ruse, a simple joke a trick that they may care to share with the
tribe.

Vibrations shattered inhibitions, the music set the tone, yet all was not so rosey
with all so far from home.

Time for us to sleep, nowhere to keep our sanity dry in the rain, spinning in the
darkness, losing sense of direction, still we gotta keep on moving or nothing
will ever change, we gotta take a chance

David Lacey

Escape Into The Story Unfolding

A canopy sea of aquamarine smothers the treasures of the deep
It is said that ancient citadels exist there, the dead forever unsleeping
The dead forever keeping watchful eyes upon there city beneath the blue.

Escape into the story unfolding
Escape from growing old in reliving adventures that never were ours
Fighting alien abominations within video game realities
Loosing ourselves in Middle Earth
How far have we come from the fire side escapism of our ancestors?

Western World, O great monster incarnate
Demon roaring, bellowing flames
Smoking the sky a ghastly yellow
What stewards are we?

Would they not cry?
The prophets of the past?
Will they not sigh?

David Lacey

Esplumoir

Before birth we lay as nothing, alas sweet nothing at all,
We are as the one, dedicated to naught but our Love of unison.

How are our souls ever to learn if we are forever earning
Our dues through celestial favours?
How are our souls ever to grow if all we ever know are the
Tastes of terrestrial flavours?

Through the gift of mortal tenancy we are thrown
Into the chaos that surrounds us throughout the day realm.

How are we ever to remain steady at the helm
If we are never given a vessel within which we may sail?
How are we to succeed in our Endeavour if we are never given
The ability to fail?

How are we ever to learn if we are never given the chance
To earn the respect of fellow earthen dancers?

Do not wish away your time upon this earth but know
That your birth was a blessing, a dressing of the soul.
Know that we can never be anything more than a whole
Complete if we are given no separation from unity.

Within our hearts lay a throne for the queen of appreciation.
She knows her place, she knows her face and she is proud
She proclaims her love aloud for every cloud that graces
Her skyline. She's doing fine without transcendence for she knows
That one day the soul of the world will embrace her once more.

Her awareness of herself she sees a gift with which she may lift spirit
For it is only when we are taken from our existence eternal and given
The gift of mortality that we realise it is the Gods who envy we,
Those adrift amongst a sea of souls. Some practice non thought
Denying their existence as an illusion, yet are they not confused towards
The fact that it is an appreciation of life that they are lacking.

For we hath been born without good warning of the world that tears
Itself apart outside, yet we are not to hide and wish away the clouds of

Grey, we are to love our existence and know that death is our only assurance.
Each will one day become one with the whole, each will loose sense of their
Soul, so embrace the day whist you may and know the search for truth is the
Most honourable of all, yet no truth is there to be found in hiding away
From the world outside your window blurring. Ground. Center. Earth yourself
And know that even though you may perceive all we hath received as nothing
More than an illusion, you will do naught but confuse yourself in trying to attain
A state of un-being before death, for we hath an eternity to enjoy the void.

David Lacey

Eternity! Thy Time Is Young

Eternity! Thy time is young
Alike the kiss of serpent tongue
Your mother's sleeping by the bay
Adorned in the last light of the day.
A lonely Oak hath fallen near
A nearby Satyr sheds a tear
Still he laughs on through the year
For he knows that death is life anew.

Through clouds of dank obscurity
The nature of reality
Is known to die and then to be
A circle of eternity

Love! For thy time is young
Love beneath a golden sun
Bless the meadows, blessed be
That I should find my love in thee
O maiden fair, O maiden dear
Hear my heart, my heart is clear
Through mists of dank obscurity
I adorn my love in clarity.
Beatific visions at first surreal
Reveal to me the way I feel
Turn within eternity
Turn within the wheel.

David Lacey

Evangelists Are The Beggars Of The Spiritual World

If our art in magic be the work of cartoon devils
Then what is it that they who would claim themselves
As angels upon this plain would call their prayer?
Are they not themselves invoking the gods?
Down on their knees, begging, pleading for miracles
Are they not themselves giving themselves to the earth.
How foolish it seems to define reality from dreams
When it is through our dreams that we aspire towards
The creation of a heavens bliss on earth.

Red dirt shamans sit casting sticks upon the ground
Reading the past, the present and the future in their fall.

Evangelists are the beggars of the spiritual world,
Those grim eyed men and woman that would attempt
In convincing you that they were your only chance of
Redemption. They perdition a cartoon lord who resembles
More father christmas than he does any hope of unity.
They ask for favours without hoping to give anything
In return, they ask for favours when it is they that
Would burn their brothers or sisters for attempting
To offer help in a manner they found un natural to
Their faith. What god would help our cause if we are
Not willing to open ourselves to the help of those around
Us even if they be those same souls that we would wish
To shun.

David Lacey

Every Word Unspoken

Follow me down unto the river bed
You'll know then when I'm dead
When every word unspoken
It lies broken in my head.

David Lacey

Evolution Is Creation Continual.

All around the waterhole they dwell.
Stringed puppets made to dance
Swelling prides upon the chance of routine parade.
Here I am changing with the moment
Hoping to hold true the movement of the tides.
Fade from an existence futile
Sink into the colours vibrant.
Home asleep upon a blanket pillow
Our minds do wallow
As we await in expectation the presence of a
Maiden painted a tainted green - For she
Hath been constructed upon the foundations
Of a resentful envy mean. Still reverence fuels her virtue.
Adorned in multi-coloured garments
They consume our forms without consent.
Beyond the priory walls
They are calling still
Within the mountain range
Lay wasted the taste deranged of monumental memories.
Suckling upon the mammary
Suckling upon the memory.
Loyalty unending cries
Weeping tears through bloodshot eyes.
Movement in the herd shivers vibrations
Throughout the plains of our existence.
Duplicate perfection passes us by
A tearful baby cries shedding fears of Joy
Whilst trying to smile beyond the wall of monsoon revelations.
Crying for his creators refuse to accept the reality surreal
That surrounds them as a child un grounded
Heralds the sound of fanfare revolution.
Evolution is creation continual.
Love is the appreciation of the soul that doth not know
Your shell as a home but as a sanctuary from the dogs
Of clouded vision that stalk us throughout our nightmares.
Share the warmth you find beside the fireplace curled
Seek to know your mind as one with the world outside
Your window turning whilst gathering senses from the storms
Of emotion swift - For now I am naught but driftwood

Passive to the flow of my rivers knowing.

David Lacey

Eyes Dilating

The rhythm intoxicating – eyes dilating.
Do you feel it yet?
Do you feel the blessing of your flesh?
You can dress the world in dreams my child
Or adorn it with your nightmares wild.

David Lacey

Eyes Wide Open

My feet are bare and restless
Asylum walls could not hold me
I am free here
Absorbed within the harmony of all
Free beyond fear
Free beyond the walls of my confinement.

I have seen the garden lost and secret frozen
I have seen beyond the velvet corridor labyrinth winding.
I have heard sirens sing from unknown shores
And I have known more... more than I could ever wish to know.

I have danced with the Devil at the crossroads
And paraded in cycloptic motions with nymphs of forest sanctuary
I have crossed dust desert trails and still I sail the ocean sky
Still I sigh in crying
And here I die in trying
To find solace in your eyes.

So many faces
So many places
Not enough space
Not enough faith

With dreams entwined by silver linings everything seems so fine
And Heaven scented discontentment's are no concern of mine.
Father Time is watching and passing as we speak
Distorting in the looking glass the day becomes the week.

One within the moment
One within the movement
And rising

One within the movement
We are petals in descent
Now and then the moment
Is the gift and not the present.

No clinics are needed for we the youth who are ourselves

Reconstructing our worlds with greener pastures
Eyes wide open
Chasing the stars in passing.

David Lacey

Faceless

I can see in the dirty water
The city lies beneath the tide.
All I'll say is that it must have caught her
Your daughter found her way inside.
Faceless there amongst the faceless
The murky depths a hidden place
We'll find soon, it's not hopeless
Could you for me describe her face?

David Lacey

Facing Death In The Reflection Of Her Child's Tear

Facing death in the reflection of her child's tear
A weeping mother from some other world
Is seen to be holding on to a hope in fear
Keeping warm the memory of love beside the fireplace curled.

Late at night she prays, un-able to sleep,
Keeping watch until the day that no more is
Laughter new and moving in vibration
But an echo of fond memories fading.

She blankets the child in her flesh
Kissing him and breathing afresh new love.
Smothering with smiles and affection
The reflection of death within his eyes.

Slipping once more into the shadows
From which he came
His mother weeping, still unsleeping
Awaits reflections of death within her pain

She is seeking for that which absorbs her,
She is seeking that which will engulf her soul in solitude
Leaving her mourning, lamenting death in timeless rhythm
Forgetting the harmony of which we are part
Forgetting the eternity that exists
When lovers spend more than a moment apart.
She forgets that there is to be no regret upon this plain.

What sickness is it of heart and of soul that allows
Salvation to be preached without the kiss of ecstasy.
What horror is this to believe our world so fruitful
So beautiful is fallen as if it were inherently evil.
As if by adorning coats of skin we were dancing with the devil.

David Lacey

Fading

I can hear you calling
Someone understand me.
Someone hold my hand.
Take me; take me from the land of falling shades.
Fading in and out of obscurity
The mystery has misted over
Clouded by the crowds that seem to hover around my lover.

David Lacey

Faint Embassies Of Love

The palace garden is Eden composed
Faint memories beckon throughout the shadows
Dawn is approaching - promising blue skies in her ascent.
Fresh love is calling me to seek
Fresh love to dress my soul.

A city within the clouds
The doorway to fairyland is opened
Can you hear the music of the good folk?
Flutes parading upon a symphony of strings
Wings from which the delicate smiles of flowered souls bring
Faint embassies of love.

Absorb me in the sky above
Dissolve me in the earth below
Great mother pulsing
Breathing
Accept me as your child
Bearing the seed of the sun god
I herald in the spring with a kiss upon the lips of beauty sleeping.

I am the watchman, forever eye upon the dance contorting.
Distortion beckons recollections fragmented
Dementia gripping, sanity slipping
Who is this pale and grimacing fellow in the mirror?
His eyes a sickly yellow, stuttering, muttering,
Upon the elements calling, before myself I'm falling
Gnawing on the marrow of my masters diminished
Forgotten and left rotten to the core.
Find me the door.

David Lacey

Faith In Destiny

Forever shall I be there, willing to hold you in my arms,
I'd never do you any harm girl, for it is beyond me to do so,
But think not of me sinking within the waters of my own embrace
For faith in Destiny shall keep me afloat yet know that my affection
Is willing to coat you in the most profound of loves,
For romance breathes within this soul of mine and seeks another
With which to share it's time. Forever would I be willing to hold
You, throughout the cold of winter, throughout our growing old
But only when you deem the time is right, for the mysteries
You perceived within my eyes are open to you if you will just
Join me one moment in naked embrace; I'll open up the skies of
My love for you and we may swim an emotion deep beyond the horizon.

David Lacey

Faith Truth Trust Love Peace

The true form of the universe
Is that unity to which we aspire.
As the cosmos conspires towards
The fulfilment of our most true
And deep felt desires we attach
Our ideals to this abstract.
All is the one.
From dawn till dusk,
Follow the Sun;
Apollo's light divine.
Place your trust in truth
Seek not your proof in
Sense experience.
Put up no resistance to
The harmony of the Singers.
Consult the Oracle if you must.
Faith Truth Trust Love Peace
All are aspirations towards unity.
Seek your release.

David Lacey

Far Away From Those Fools Who Would Obstruct Us In Our Paths.

Through deconstructing cupid's emblem
I have learnt to hold still the oil upon the spoon
In remembrance of mortality we must seek to enjoy our life's before our knees
grow too weak even to bend.
All it is I require is the love of a friend. Beneath the blood red moon.
Take in the tapestries of golden thread soaked in Apollo's seed,
Take in the pleasure you treasure within the palace of the dead.
For know that through change we learn of the creation of death.
We learn that through every breathe we may sail upon wings of symmetrical
construction
Far away from those fools who would obstruct us in our paths.
Let's take the time in consideration - Let's take the time to laugh
And know that though I may have been broken in the past
I have begun to piece back together the peace of the song un - sung.
Win me Love. A Love is won, albeit unrequited.
Tell me is it so?
Blue skies over Amsterdam reveal a kingdom far from clean

David Lacey

Feathered Night

The feathered night offers no sanctuary to those less fortunate than we,
We sweet dreamers of midnights canopy revealed.

The stars they promise twilight, the day again the same to night.

Find me in the shade of freedom, sunken roots in leather boots.

Ragged torn from my moment born, ragged torn and loving.

Moving in circles electric, turning and smiling ecstatic,

Come, come sail with me sometime, come sail the light fantastic.

No plastic smile can save you now.

David Lacey

Find Your Face

I don't know how it looks to you
But you know more than I want to you.

Pull back your hair for me and let me know how you feel
Run my fingers through your hair, can you tell me is it real?

Look me in the eye when you say
You're feeling blue in every way.
Reflections tainted through distorted eyes
Abstraction painted green the skies
Loosing sense of sense experience
Your body outside yourself and lost
Frozen deep in the porcelain frost,
Lost in inner space, am I
Faceless without a faith in the sky?

Find your face; leave your mask at home upon the shelf
Find your face, your faith, your self.

The true self White King is crowned
Only a shadow of the Ego exiled remains.
His memory dismantled in dark waters is drowned.

Ignore the feeling you've been here before
Start the dance of healing, leave inhibitions at the door.

For what is it you ask of me?
Is it not always for a little more?

David Lacey

For Blue Horizons Bound

Angels fallen in dust unsettled,
Scattered limpid flaked wings in their wake.
All it is your birds are calling for they say,
One more song to sing, one more dream from which to shake.

Into the town of our bearer we stride, head strong,
Flashing our feathers in pride.
Never to stop. To think from what horrors we hide
As we contemplate existence on the slip slid.

Trying to regain your footing, balance comes at a price.
As we slice the webbing of our capture, we hear her calling,
Falling, stalling on the verge of going over,
Never knowing if the one she calls lover will await her
Return if she leaves to sail upon the leaf of another.

For blue horizons bound,
The child is lost unsound,
As petals frozen mid flight
Will never touch the ground.

Trying to straighten out the boundaries of solitude
We run a risk of feeding an attitude
That will isolate us in stagnation,
Saturating infatuation as temptation is hung, drawn,
Quartered before our eyes, as we sigh.

Not for the tears of his blood begotten chest
But for the realization that it comes as no surprise
To see emotion in anguish. To see love in temptation
As the children cry to see their best loved friend
Wave goodbye wondering if he'll see them soon throned
Within the palace of the sky.

That we're seeking calmer skies
In this I can abide.

David Lacey

Forever

Taste the colours in your mind
You'll see them there not hard to find
Rise upon the chance to gain
Relief beyond a world of pain.

Bring your brothers and sisters hence
Let us climb the fence between dimensions shifting.
So many memories
The memory of a moment
Forever repeating
Forever uplifting
Forever my heart in beating
All time at hand is keeping
But still I lie unsleeping
Unknowing of my cause
Writing letters to god that never I send
Always to pause before 'Amen'
Speak and I will listen
Shimmer and I will glisten
All for a chance to know
One moment beyond the glowing veil.

David Lacey

Forever's Ever Changing

The canvas sky is a blanket night
Faceless death is sewn in dreams
We run in nightmares from the light
And nothing is as it seems.

Why is it, I sink when I think
That you're gone for forever more?
When forever's ever changing
And knocking at my door?

David Lacey

Forgot Your Phone?

Forgot your phone?

Have you forgotten you turned your soul to silent?

Always a mode, a function, a setting.

I fear there's something we're forgetting;

That the sun is never setting

And only rising on a foreign shore.

David Lacey

Forgotten Hands Haiku

Rain is falling hard
The yard is bricks and mortar
Built forgotten hands

David Lacey

Fresh And Rosy Fingered Flowers

Incantations, the flesh devours
The time the place we claim they're ours
As fresh and rosy fingered flowers
Bloom in and out of season.

How is it we can feel so alone
Surrounded by all and sundry?
How is it we can see real a love
Without ever having tried?
How can we be expected to tell the truth
When all we're ever was lies?
How am I to acquire he truth at all
If they won't allow me to kiss the sky?

David Lacey

From The Nightmare Shaken

Here walking amongst the ruins of heavens citadel
I can sense the movements of the past disturbing meditation
Echo's - reverberations from another plain.
From some small world dissolving
Time makes fools of us all.

From the nightmare shaken
How am I to awaken within myself acceptance of the silence that hangs so heavy
a shroud
Of death upon the chariot of the sun?

A sacrifice required?
Who shall be first fed, slain for the thirst of the dead.

David Lacey

Gabrielle Smiles

How my heart doth wander
Oh how my heart doth weep
In loosing sense of wonder
I'm not getting any sleep.

Tie me to the meadow
Hang me from a cloud
Whilst I'm gathering my senses
I think softly yet aloud.

Inside a world is waiting
Awaiting you to care
Step outside your aching
Still know that you were there.

Take in the skies with honest eyes
True a Joy will be yours
Deny your eyes – Confuse with lies
Your vision and conceal the door

Open wide
Dance wild.

Gabrielle smiles
A wistful smile.
Her wings are torn
Yet await her miles

Gathered petals in her hair
She stands ever daring you
Through eyes of honest passion.
To ride a wave of blue
Just to crash upon her shore.

David Lacey

Ghost Reflection

So much there is to see, never too much, always a blanket of ecstasy.
Pollute not the river of your knowing, for we glow – each and everyone.
Know that we glow, that we are as shining celestial mansions illuminating.
Blowing in the storms of ether elemental, I lay naked in your arms.
I am at one with the peace of the world, here in your arms, safe and serene.
Here I find my sanctuary from the world outside still turning.

Strange beasts fuelled on fearful agony rule this night for most.
Ghost projections host the reflection of the nightmare. Come.
Come share with me a smile, just one moment, one movement in descent.
People on the bridge above me, they know not that they proclaim
In their presence alone the grandeur of the world. Love all consuming.
I love them all but you the most, you my ghost reflection.

David Lacey

Gingerbread Angels

Gingerbread angels lay crashed upon the mattress
Grooving moulds into comfort holes,
Creating a void into which they may slip.
One bears the emblem of the Rose upon his arm
The other lay upon a sailing smile out of reach for a while,
He marries his hair with the cloth buttoned to his chest.
They rest. Eyes wide shut, stepping out into the expanse that
Is the Wilderness of our mindscapes.

David Lacey

Glastonbury 09 - In Search Of Avalon

Tomorrow we set sail on tarmac ocean soil,
To spoil ourselves, to ruin ourselves.
To bring our blood up to the boil.

Settle into the notion,
Seek the elixer not the potion.
The stone awaits you.
Calling you.
Don't pretend that you don't hear it.
Clear your mind to chaos
Order forgotten logic to decay
Rise in the night
Set in the day.

So many souls, the surface is shimmering
A million bright eyes, a million lights glimmering.
The city born of mud, given life by fire
As Each child is lost to their own desire.
Some see only demons here, others find no reason to fear.

Seek the dragon of the circle, he guards his wisdom well.
Drink from it as you wish, remember your story to tell.
Forget not the world beyond the hedgerow, but know.
Know that here all rivers flow
An ocean of souls devouring
With every moment empowering
Every moment a step in right direction
How could it be wrong?
I guess it must be right
I can feel the skies erection
I can feel the earth delight.

David Lacey

Gloop

In an endless timeless loop
The gloop of life begins
We find ourself a silent friend
And praise the songs he sings

David Lacey

Goddess Grant Me The Grace

Goddess grant me the grace
To uphold the truth I feel
Undress yet bless the faith
I uphold as all is real.

One for all is glory
Two to duel at dawn
The triad forms creation
Creation keeps us warm.

The purple hills of distant lands
Raise their heads to see
The love you hold within your hand
The love that sets you free.

I am still, I am frozen,
Time bears its brunt upon my surface cold,
Time makes fools of us all,
Time allows us time for growing old.

Call throughout eyes of soulful gazes
Call upon the need to ride, crazed
Throughout the wild forest night,
Call upon the light and know.

Goddess grant me the grace
To flow with the emotion I embrace
Undress yet bless all faith as truth
Beyond the boundaries of time and place.

The valley is free as we are free,
Free as a bee could ever be.
When all are free, all are happy
To be loose from the bondage of slavery.

David Lacey

Goddess Guardian Of The Nightmare.

O Mother of love unseen

It seems as though I shall know no love till my muse in my arms

Away from the harm on another plain

I call upon the moon - female energies divine -

Bring me the princess of eternity.

The stars are flickering candlelight

Testament to a time long gone

For upon the canvas of the night

Are sewn for us scriptures lost.

No longer do the stars that shine exist to us

The constellations transforming.

How my heart swells with the thoughts of the past

Sages long forgotten

Men journeying within themselves without boundaries upon his acceptance of reality.

Feeding the beast of the labyrinth calling.

Ecstatic visions empowering

To dream and to believe is to never be deceived.

Through days unsleeping we lay lost to the memory of forgetting

The hours have dissolved into a solution of grim and soulless solitude.

I have not yet set foot beyond the ivory gates of dream time wandering

Yet I am aware of the shadows that fall.

The unseen court parades the night

A thousand spirits rise as demons loose within the child's imagination

Form as Gods within the twilight realm

Dividing dream time reality from the waking consciousness.

I remember the days we used to lay upon the barren fields of winters reign

I remember the games we would play over and over, again and again

And now, years from forgetting here I am regretting that naught has come to pass.

Are we those that forget we are alive?

The elders of the tribe are gathered

Silence breathes heavy on the woodland air.

Darkness stalks the land unforgiving

Enveloping in dank suffocation all that is held precious within the heart of man, .

For twenty years I have grown,

Seeking to know all that can be known

Where are the kings and queens of our kingdoms dream?

David Lacey

Gone Blind

Fuse your mind
It's there to find
The world if you
Have not gone blind

David Lacey

Good Mother

What will make no sense to one man holds revelation for the next.

Bless the muse her word's of wisdom.
Bless Boon for a guiding hand.
Bless the Ice Queen Virgins of the valley
Whom pacified this land.

My religion my own, opinion my own
Grounded isolation, home sweet home.
Guard your secret well my son, remember as the Oboe done,
the way to flow, to call upon Pan, to know the giant's dance

Good mother adorns her child in spirit, maiden, mother, crone
Spin to measure to cut the thread of crowns hewn out of bone.

He may have no name, no distinct aroma
Just a song he whistles as he walks,
Vervain carried for protection, in honour of Venus turn your coat
To lift the mood.
To pull straight through.
To shift in modes of revolution.

Did they never tell you child, a circle with ends disjointed is no circle but a line,
No need to lift the mood, myself I'm feeling fine.
Still a little anxious, paranoid at times, Calling out in the night for a soul to
comfort mine.

Shines this sweet dream moon beam maiden as she heralds a call for new
beginnings,
Find the child of the moon to guide us in darkness, through mystery, obscurity,
we find her content with her reflection.

Freedom for the soul to unwind,
Freedom there to find the time.
Paint a picture, write a book,
take another look.....

The world outside is waiting
As fortune flares to favour the blind

To taste the flavours of a bending mind,
A way to travel, way to find, to unravel the tapestries that blanket your mind.
To breed some new ideals.

An end to childish fears, insomnia
Adjust your frame to support your state of mind
Propel to prosper from the flavour at your hands
Ascertain your champion will die without a cause
Proud out of proportion, speaks without a pause.

A kind hearted clown, from a town in the hills
Foolhardy, flatfooted, chewing his face off on pills
Does it appeal to you, or is it hard to swallow
That the sun in the sky won't return tomorrow.

Elephantine elegance, still vicious and depraved
The bane of your existence to which you are enslaved.
Forget the world of hacked up chests of unwashed vests,
Confined in space, Confused in chaos, No texture left for fabrics
torn at every seam.

Reveal to me a passage through this wilderness, towards our long awaited Lady
Hope, Justice, Clarity, not insanity, I'm sick of my reflections laughing at me
when I'm done.

Rising with the Mayflower,
Freedom chimes the dawn.
Cometh the child to power,
Freedom was never warned
He would be used abused so badly,
So sad it is to see
Freedom on a leash along side a Mistress
who will never let him be.

Insatiable lust in which we trust release me off my chains.
I'll find the ground, won't make a sound, still they'll have me in shackles again
soon enough.

Old man waiting by the side of the road, Keeps his soul a shaking
I have dreams that buckle under the load of a soul that needs awakening.
When the trees are whispering, what is it they say?
To pass on by the hours as there for all to waste away.

Old man drunken by the side of the road, a prophet in the making.
Told to sink, holds strong to the mould as he dances the circles he's been
engraving.
Lay down low besides the oak, Lay down bare defenceless, Slow down fast do as
your told.
I'm afraid orders may leave me senseless.

The Lake dictates a sonata to the sun, As the birds make sure to take down all
she says, resting there breasts upon mountains of the moon, cloudbursts in
monsoon, they say always of your own creation. It's always the way.

All it is retaining a high, nothing more than refraining to try, stretch your glare to
the skies, You'll see Freedom on a leash, a Mistress who will never let him be.

So tell me child do you fear the stars?
Do you fear the moon that glows?
Do you fear what may lie beyond the horizon?
Do you fear what you don't know to exist beyond the boundaries of the
imagination?

Two serpents lie in wait for you, one of crimson colourings, one of snow.
Awaiting the opening the gates for you, to take from you all you've ever known.

They're coming, running on the fruits of our labour, stolen in the intense they
were thrown into the basket. Still best to have hope for happiness, to heed the
call of the softest machine, Best to remain mellow, calm, unseen.

David Lacey

Good Riddance To Folly

Good riddance to folly
There's no need to say sorry
I would forgive you without request.
Should I find you in sorrow
I'll sleep till tomorrow
Then bless you with the time I spent resting.
To make the best of the worst
Fresh from the rotten
There's no need for forgiveness
For I hath already forgotten.

David Lacey

Hair Grown Wild In Honour Of The Goddess

Sick to the stomach of laughing always crashing on the verge,
Always one step away from perversion awaiting the surge.
I don't care anymore, don't know what I want anymore,
Why don't you just close the door? Maybe it'll be easier on us both.

Maybe when you open it they'll be a new light shining brighter
Than this dim lit lampshade you find before you now,
With the fabric round his chest growing tighter day by day.

The girls names stick but faces the blur, all upon the stir of memories tidings
Of festivities hiding beyond the veil of stars that blanket our crowns.
What cruel a hand of fate to land me in this place,
Leave me here my momentum stricken with the fatigue of loves great race run
Lost with so little grace one would laugh at ease at the runner as he comes in
last again.

Smile it not worth frowning for, you've no need to explain yourself, your state of
mind.

It's hard to find what we're all looking for, many stumble upon the path,
Many never find the time to laugh at those running when they claim it's for fun,
Deeper, leaking into the past.

Finally you've found your ground,
Found the sense in your lips to mimic the sounds of the birds in the trees,
The howling of the wind, the hum of the bumble bee of birds in spring.
Finally the river listens to our pleas.

Who knows where we go from here, To the mountain?
To dance, sing by the nightshades,
Awaiting upon the crossroads for our circle to complete itself.

So many years on and we're still hiding in the shadows, all for what, for them to
call it madness to lay in the meadow,
For you to enjoy yourself
To revel in the mysteries of life and death, to allow curiosity a fresh breath of
creativity.

Hair grown wild in honour of the goddess,
Her estranged beauty in face of dangers untold

Cares thrown to the corner, to lie tangled in a mess
Alongside the tapestries of change we are yet to unfold.

Where is she now, guarding the watchtower?
Awaiting the cycle to turn, the autumn leaves
To burn slow beneath the last rays of a dying sun.

If only she could see me now, trembling, cowering
Only to smile claim I'll stay forever young.
When we know, we both know, all know
That each young loves die old, left to grow cold to gather winter frost.

At what cost shall we declare our love is lost?
How can I spare a heart thrice crossed?
By forgetting her, erasing the memory?
Casting down unto the fire the etchings of my aching desire,
To throw from the galleries of my mind the only thing that keeps me sane,
Only for the act itself to find it's roots in disillusioned clarity.

I shall keep her memory warm beyond my eyelids, beyond the wall of sleep,
The etchings I've made, upon my soul, there mine to keep and deep down, below
the recess,
far into the abyss shall always shine a remembrance of her bindings of an asylum
within euphoria, bliss.

David Lacey

Hallowed Ground

We must journey this land before we leave.
We must believe before we can be deceived.
We must seek a world of clarity.

Never have I set foot upon more a hallowed ground
Never have I sat within the earth, waiting below a mound
For the winter sun to kiss, to bless all that's lost unfound.
Upon the Monks walk ancient seeds have been spread
Beyond the unravelling of time, drawn in dirt the circle
Bends less it be naught more than a line.
A blade of grass may reveal wisdom unto your soul
That until that point had remained unseen, sometimes
My thoughts thrown into the cauldron breed monsters
Far from clean. Delve inside the mushroom you found,
Upon such hallowed ground who knows what may happen.
The ocean breathes, once more caressing the earth with
The tides that break upon her shorelines. Our Lady breathes
Once more, as throughout every summer's rain.
Mist engulfs the treetops of nearby woodland slopes,
High up in the valley forest dwellers weep.
Trying to keep all they know alive, striving as Our Lady sighs.

David Lacey

Have You Ever Walked Alone?

There he lies ... gargantuan giant sleeping
Hiding from the memories that keep him casting a circle of sadness around his
bed,
The restless dead are waking as
The child within his form relives the touch cold ice marble of his fathers corpse

Dressed in Sunday best - there to lay the dead to rest
The people of the town are gathered - memories wavering
Each soul recalling their love for a man his child had never known.
How can he speak o those that surround him?
To those that call him friend yet would have him die for the sins of the world.

Have you ever walked alone?

Have you ever known desert heat burn blisters on your feet?

David Lacey

Heaven Scented Discontentment's

As sour eyes wash over the face of time we're loosing sense of ourselves,
Seems we're loosing our minds, searching, only to discover
That the blind have been leading the blind so long
They're forever lost to desert dust. Where do we go from here?

Are we destined to follow Mr Rabbit down the hole?
Always skirting on the verge never having the nerve to thrust deep
Down into perversion, never to trust in the diversion
Offered by means of lust, never to know.

Are we to continue upon our journey, upon our Trip
As we salt the snows of winters past, as we strive to avoid slipping
Upon a soul on ice, upon a coat of winters frost.

The summers gone the rains are falling,
As cycles turn to turn again,
As birds in their calling reveal in flight
A burning trail across the sky realm,
Sky bearing still, heaven scented
Discontentment's, Sky bearing still the intent of never asking why?
Why she may never take steady at the helm.
Why she was always beaten if she was to cry,
To shed a single tear, why?

David Lacey

Heavenly Bodies Celestial Calms

Heavenly Bodies, Celestial calms
Each held firm by the pendulum man
In his turning, In his palm lies
The ghost of memories past fading fast.
Rise son of Semele to ascend your throne
Rise beyond the crown of thorns offered to
You in sacrifice. In libation we separate
Acts of faith from the knowledge of belief.
Five leaves left, Islands in the sky
Generations lost, to never question why
Why it is there are no longer stars in the sky?
Why is it that the tears of angelic statuettes
Hibernate within ones own boundaries
Moving on to different pastures
We find the grass no greener on the other side
Upon the other side of morning, Beyond the horizon a
New day has dawned out of time,
Calling on Heaven to rise from ashes,
We're falling charred as embers
Bearing the emblems, the tartans of families
Long since stripped of their dignity
Eloquence is influence so the suits grey in attire
Will have you believe. Forget. Forget to regret
Languish. Not too long in temptations. Lavished
Flash. In redemption

David Lacey

Her Hair A Crimson Kingdom

Who knows of what will come?
If any sun shall shine on tomorrows horizon.

Here I am upon the border of worlds and I am wavering
Tears fill the eyes that once looked upon the skies in wonder.
Death has left me pale, a sickly shade and fading.
The moments in her arms were an eternity in waiting.

Her hair a crimson kingdom
Her breast a pillow sweet
Her eyes a world of wisdom
My alter at her feet

Now

She has closed the gates to her domain,
Left me an exiled vagabond, dismissed from paradise.

The aroma of morning spring
Is nothing to that of the scented dreams she gave me
As she lay nestled in my arms.
We were as serpents smothering.

I have learnt that the heart is my own
My heart – my home
You may share my heart
Just as I may care for yours
The heart is a window
The heart is a door

The heart is a kingdom pulsating
It's voice the whisper of truth
I have learnt that in offering your all
It's voice a wisdom to sooth.

Share your love with me sometime
But know this heart is mine
In life – in death – this heart is mine
And still I would have it as yours.

David Lacey

Her Reality Is Torn

Measure me my majesty
Pleasure me don't tease me
Seek your treasure in the eyes
Of the girl who bends eternity.

Her reality is torn
Her soul was never warned.
Now she lies alone
Ripping raw flesh from the bone
Of maggot infested corpses
Without remorse she is rising
To the sour surprise of all that
Have looked and found no anger
In her eyes.

David Lacey

Herald Of The Nightmare.

The tones they set my bones at ease
They make for my heart a home.
Have I left forgotten the devil sleeping?
Still his watch he keeps
Herald of the nightmare.
I can not see the light from here
From My tower amongst the madness
Come share a while my fears.

David Lacey

Here Again I Sit

Here I sit to pit again,
To ponder long my midnight watch.
To take heed and seek to clutch,
To plant seeds
And yearn to watch them grow.
Life and death of all are one,
Our breeding corpse beneath the sun,
That is as we are it,
Here again I sit.

David Lacey

Here I Am Alone

How strange it is that I should feel this way,
Disjointed, disillusioned, isolated from the day.
How strange it is that I could feel this way,
Disjointed, disillusioned, lost within dismay.

A deeper blue than I've ever known beckons beyond my shoulder
Each moment I grow older, each moment a lifetime's fading

Self pity breeds self destruction, yet how am I to construct
A world of splendour when I am forever scared to face endeavour?

Sick I am of fading in and out of blue,
Always I am waiting for the moment that I find you
Longing for the Love I offer from deep within my blue.

Outside you stride un-willing to hide
From insecurities bred through paranoia.
Here I remain, paining soft and slow,
Growing more and more annoyed with myself
For placing hope upon the shelf and allowing
Demons to toy within this heart of mine.

I feel as though I could unleash a flood of tears upon the world
That is if I were not so bound so tight within the fears I harbour.
In seeking the words to reveal the way I feel
I'm continually losing myself within a recess of confusion.

Why is it that I am forever scared to face the world beyond my window?

I envy you, you of honest soulful eyes,
Each second you amaze me as together
We attempt to seek redemption
Upon our journey through the skies.

Here I am alone, knowing that I could be beside you
Taking in the spectacle of ancient funeral rites.
Here I am alone, wasting away, sinking in the blue,
Here I am alone, smoking away the night.

Here In The Mounds Of Death

Feed the fantasy lost within a suffocating reality.

Listen, the flutes of the forest night are calling, can you hear?
Listen as you shed a tear for the last leaf of autumn falling,
Winter's dawn is rising fast upon the horizons of our vision
And we are as the children of Eve lost to blanket insanity.

As each day disappears into the last we are waiting,
Awaiting the guardian at the gate to promise flowered
Wisdom in a lover's kiss, yet there is something missing here
Within a world imbued with burning sigils of fear.

Into the eye of the dragon that holds the sky within his teeth
We stride, riding on unto the midnight sun
Never fearing the kingdom of shades
Nor running to hide from the waves of karmas tides.

Within celestial mansions built of ethereal elements
They reside; the Ancient Gods of our awakening.
The solar dragon is watching, keeping close and warming eye
Upon the valley green below
The Earth Mother writhes in ecstasy
Penetrated by the eye of the sun.

Here in the mounds of death, under fallen leaves
The Springtime maiden breathes
Knowing in dreams that her time is to come
And that it is she that will be celebrated
Within the return of the sun unto our realm.

David Lacey

Here Naked And Still

Sat here now, so many miles from home
I know what it is to be alone
I know what it is to wander the realm of dreams
I know what it is to rip reality at the seams

I have seen feathered angels adorn the garb of demons in fury
I have seen love quilt hatred in the hearts of men
I have seen the secret of now and then
And I know that I am true to myself
Here naked and still
Embracing the ice chill that pierces my chest

Strange heroes from a former world are stirring the mix of density's entwining
We are as angels lost, adorned in the garb of devils
Dancing a bacchanal circle, tearing flesh from the limb

David Lacey

Hilltop Laptop

In this world of mobile head f*cks,
Of midnight satellite beaming,
What space is left for dreaming?
Myspace? Yourspace?
Any time, any place.
Where is my face?
Who are these ghosts smiling at me through a portal lens?
Are they my friends?

I am left to wondering, left to kiss the invisible.
My fingers no longer dancing, trapped in a web of deviations.
Electric snake, electronic deceptions
Surfing isolation accompanied by a gesture remote.

I feel disconnected, more so with every tower erected in line of communication.
Always in hope I hold the world in my fingertips; I know not what to do with it.
More so and worse I am bored, bored with all dimensions.

Allow me my time within the screen
There I shall find the space to dream
There I shall be alone – Remote- In control.
There I shall be at home.

So leave me to my plastic throne here on hilltop high.
Leave me to my troubles, leave me to the sky.
And I ask only one thing of you, don't try to ask me why,
Just leave me here to die, beneath silent satellite sky.

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David Lacey

Hogtied

Separate your heart from your soul, can you?
Liberate your mind from your form, would you?
Would you like to be thrown to the wind, ashes to ashes?
Or buried with the worms, dirt to dirt?
Perhaps burnt upon the stake, hogtied in agony, bound
or set out upon emotion, to drowned beneath the waves.
You know your love it's your saving grace, locate it if you can
is it the left half of my chest, does it lie within the palm of my hand?
Its mine to give, my life to live, my choice to forgive, to forget
would you let it slide?
Could you?
Should I?

David Lacey

Hold Faith In Truth If Nothing Else

Feel the rhythm of your heartbeats grace
Feel the rhythm as your heartbeats race
Feel the love of all our race
Allow this love to heal your faith.
Hold faith in truth if nothing else
Faith alive, not upon the shelf,
Seek within, within yourself
To know true a heart of gold

David Lacey

Home

Home

Where a man can be himself

I feel replenished

Banished no longer to a self imposed exile in a house of horrors.

Where every second an hour trod.

Too many nights unsleeping.

Too many nights in keeping watchful eye

On germ green mould evolving.

Nunchuka in the garden

Follow the wind it whispers rhythm.

A dog howls. Calling to his neighbour

"Let's go walk these idiots" they say.

"Our human pets they need their exercise."

The radius of freedom?

Uncommon concept.

Lazy summers day

To converse with Buddha in my back garden

And sunlit neon butterflies which flutter on plastic string.

My friends they are surrounding.

Our greater love is grounding.

David Lacey

I Am All That I Could Be

I am all that I could be,
My future self resides in me.
That so much I know,
Yet for knowledge there is no cure
Perhaps best left to blank space pure.
Blank canvas, memory whitewash,
No face.

Rise ash into flame,
From born another name
And I'm sinking here
In the darkness that we call fear,
Into the shadow land,
Into another's hand,
Possession is ensured.

Of life I am but cured,
Dying of life and new,
All blues I thought I swam,
All thoughts I thought I knew,
But never did I know,
Never did I show you the way you made me feel,
One more kiss and I'll be real.

So serpent goddess, needle young,
Glistening lips and fork love tongue,
We are old who once were young,
We are strung our stories sung.
I am all that I could be.

David Lacey

I Am As One Within The Dream

A face within the window pane.
Watching upon a circle of youth unwinding
Finding the time to watch as summer sun returns
And there she stands upon ground hallowed by her touch
An aura of light surrounds her, radiance blinding, her eyes hold magic binding
And I am in awe of beauty awakening
I am in awe of all the world when I dream of holding her within my blanket love

She who has spoken words to tend the winds
She who listens to the songs I sing
Under what skies does she move?
Will she welcome the love I bring?
Happiness swells within this heart of mine
For I have found the girl promised to me by fairy tale destiny

When she smiles her eyes they gleam
And I am as one within the dream

David Lacey

I Am Man

I have found the girl that keeps me sane.
Her eyes they beckon an eternity to wander.
She knows my heart as she knows my name.
She is lightning to my thunder.

I am man. You are woman.
Together we resolve creation.
Together we turn the tides evolving.
Together all puzzles we are solving.

Come lay with me a while my darling
Come share with me a smile.
For only your smile may keep me sane.
Whisper your heart, whisper my name.

Adorn me in the fantasies of your choosing
As I adorn you with the wings of an angel fallen –
Callen to return yet choosing to remain
To whisper your heart, to whisper my name.

David Lacey

I Am The Whisper Of My Name.

Here lie new beginnings, new words,
New songs to the dance unheard
Always know that I cared.

Sanctuary – Palace – Empires fallen
All for the glory, all for the story of man
To those that can and do
To those that dream
Of more than just a silver screen
To vent their blues away.

What has become of me?
An angel in a devils guise?
Never a surprise to anyone but myself

I am the memory of summers past. Here I am.
I am the love which eternal shall last
I am the sun, the moon and the rain
I am the whisper of my name.

David Lacey

I Am You And You Are Me

We are as free as free can be
A construct of mentality
And if I can be you
And you can be me
We could walk a grand eternity.

Would you agree?

Yesterday's forgetting and tomorrows in the way
We are at odds with ourselves, chaos enthralling.
Order and reason long lost callings.
Join the big river harp in singing
Join the slide into blues and more
Each door a world revealing
Each solemn chord is somehow pleasing
As I cast myself from the shadows of my mind.

All is mine the world's remembrance
Oblivion beckons in the corner of our eyes
No time for sinking now!
Our ship still fit to sail
Let us cast alongside the west wind
At the mercy of our shipmates
At the mercy of our captains sanity.
What if we're to mutiny?
A vessel of vagabonds, the great unwashed.
I fear our lungs more blackened than our feet.
Here to raise a flag our own, crimson ivy crawling.
And from the skin of tarmac serpent my feet have scaled
Never to try and therefore never to fail.

Let us rummage our pockets once more
Let us find a new door into a world evolving
Hope in hopelessness. Free of restlessness.
Free from the world revolving.

I know what I am. At least I think I do.
I believe that you are me
I believe that I am you

I guess I am just filling space.
I think I am alone
I feel at home in life
The universe experiencing itself.

David Lacey

I Amongst The Dappled Green,

I amongst the dappled green,
Perceive a man his eyes a gleaming.
Still amongst the green I dream,
Lost upon my Journey.

I amongst the elder sages
Reveal an ignorance true of my age
Turning cycles, turning pages
Mellow within rage.

I upon the pillow sprawl
Brawling with the curtain call
I upon the Goddess call,
Praying for refrain.

David Lacey

I Amongst The Fires Freeze.

I amongst the fires freeze.
I amongst the elder trees.
Do hear the dryads sing.
Lullabies sweet in melody,
Soothing, smoothing winters descend.
Flower Fey rejoice
For the source is free
Hail Persephone
Upon her return from the underworld.
I amongst the ice enflame
To know the kiss of liquid warmth.

David Lacey

I Amongst The Glimmering Glades.

I amongst the children run
Throughout the glen in seeking fun.
As high above the children hung
Sway un-sung songs of silent motion.

I amongst the glimmering glades.
Dream of love as reality fades.
Dreaming of a form that would
Know mine as her own.

I amongst the faceless stand
Preaching tongues don't understand
Faithless pity rules this land
This land of shallow nightmares.

I amongst the clouds do swim
Upon a rainbow flow
I upon a wishful whim
Will one day come to know.

The love I seek is far from meek
The streets are mine for my feet to beat
Take a ticket, take your seat
Greet those that you meet.

'Good day to you, may the skies be blue
Whenever your feeling down.
For the dispersion of the clouds
Is nothing but the reversal of your frown.'

I amongst the lovers run
Running as the rabbit runs
Dying are the young ones
Beneath a setting sun.

I amongst the bluebells crouch
Seeking Fairyland moon by moon
Ferry me home in the palm of your hand
Know home, I'll see you soon.

David Lacey

I Await The Tree Of Wisdoms Fruit To Grow.

The horizon is a wavering constant
Forever beckoning wherever we may be.
Outside, slow, slumbersome clouds
Roll into the valley green, leaving me
Searching for a meaning to the dreams
That keep me awake at night un-sleeping.

I await the tree of wisdoms fruit to grow.
I await to know the seeds of tomorrow.

I await winters snow to thaw,
As here I remain clawing
At the boundaries of sanity
That keep the ghost of vanity
A shadow ever present
As opposed to a fading
Memory in decent.

David Lacey

I Don't Know Where Our Faith Was Lost

I don't know where our faith was lost,
Be it white sands or porcelain desert frost.

An eternity awaits our
Happiness in leaps and bounds.
As the future lies unfounded
Our heads upon the ground

Can you help me now?
When I don't know if I need any help at all.

Whisper softly in the night,
No regrets, forget your way to blue as
The alarm sounds,
As unheard of daemons stalk this land of nightmares.

Would you walk the path of freedom, or sell your soul to conform

It lies within the palm of your hand
The wisdom, the knowledge that you seek.

Come a little closer now, close your eyes,
let your consciousness go, flow with the music.
why must we taint the day in sombre tides,
In floods of tears the senses flare,
Tiptoe in the shadows, seeking solace,
Running from the sun.

Where will it end?

David Lacey

I Feel Lost

You may fear for me, for I fear the world
Beyond the bounds of the fireplace curled.
I feel lost, sunken deep within a solitude
That offers no solace, all I'm offered is remorse.

I could so easily believe that I had been deceived
At some point upon the course of my journey,
Yet it seems that it is I who has deceived myself
Making a deeper blue the sky, forever lost as I am in sighing.

I've fallen again alike so many times before,
Like so many loves I've known she offers me the door
Yet allows no clue to be known as to what lies within.
I feel as though I could swim an eternity in her arms
If only she would allow it, yet when she weeps alike
When she sleeps I'm never the one to hold her hand.
She wishes to escape this land and claims that there
Is nothing to tie her here, through blue eyed innocence
She perceives a world of nightshades as a dream realm
A world within which our fantasies are hers to fulfil,
I know she is right in following her dreams, I know
She is ever moving closer to the light that I deny from myself
In each passing moment. A movement towards descent
Keeps me falling throughout every moment my heart is calling out her name,

No one could tie her down, no one who truly loved her
Would ever wish to, this my friend is a feeling that was
Always going to do me harm and though the storm awaits
And is of yet unbroken, I know that every feeling I keep unspoken
Will leave me sleepless upon my journey home to the abyss.

I know I could travel endlessly
Within the recess of my mindscape
Yet alone, here, stoned, I know
I could never call forever
This empty heart my home.

When she speaks of foreign lands
Dismay doth take my heart in hand

Confusing understanding of how true
A selfless love can be.

The fear recedes within this heart of mine
I'm fading, sinking, half the man I once
Dreamed I could become, half the man
I was when my journey begun,
Here, I am half a song un-sung.

David Lacey

I Grow Old Within Myself

I grow old within myself,
I feel as old as the books upon my shelf
Growing dust and mould in a kingdom forgotten,
A sleeping beauty in a story forever untold.

Welcome my child to the palace of slugs
Here we are free to devour the green of our salads dressing
Here we are free to lay our stomachs to the floor.

I feel my skin slow oozing, my liver sick of boozing
Drinking never thinking, always sinking out of time
I lost my choice in choosing and now every second loosing
I keep drinking never thinking always sinking out of time.

I have become a friend unto the fiend upon my shoulder.
Now every second I feel a day older. Grey unto myself.
The mirror offers no comfort in reflection,
I draw the curtain shut. Here I am forgotten.

Here I am forgot.

David Lacey

I Know Not

I know not of what I speak
I know not of the day nor of the week.
I know not why when I think of the sky
My bones, my knees grow weak.

David Lacey

I Left Last Night For London

Leave your bed your sanctuary
Asylum from the nightmare
Leave your life, your sanity
Come smile come share a while

I left last night for London though I don't know the way
I'll follow cars and follow far and hope I find my way
Chasing tarmac serpents snaking breaking on my way
I left last night for London; I hope I find my way.

Bowler hats and tailored suits, will I find them there?
Fashion students with pierced lips and red dye in their hair?
Umbrellas soaking wet and dogs all sick of barking
A sign in every place a go telling me that there's no parking
I've lost myself upon the bridge, the tower bridge is folding
I find myself upon the verge with nothing I'm left holding.

A Double-decker phone box, will I find one there?
Surround by the punks and junk with wood glue in their hair?
Studded jackets, DM boots, will I see them there?
Stomping on the very ground that once was never there?

Her majesty, the Queen of England, will I see her there?
On speakers corner ranting rants, I hope I find her there.
I want to hear her shouting down all the sh*t around her
Until she can see as we the free that all that sh*t has bound her
No freedom found in palace grounds, no life beyond the walls
As marks of weakness, marks of woe come round to do the calls.
We'll skin her pups and wear them in our revolutions rising
No crown for we, for we the free, we see the crown is dying.

I'm sure she's sweet and has royal feet but that don't cut my bacon
We need the walls a crumbling down and all foundations shaken.
It's getting messy living here in England's green for sure,
And popping pills in Satanic mills surely is no cure.
Still we the young the hopeful keep finding our own way
Living every second and dying every day.

I left last night for home, I hope I find my way.

I'm sick of running sideways, sideways every day
I'm leaving now, I'm going home, don't stop me on my way.
I left last night, I'm going home, please help me on my way

Still playing guitar in many a bar trying to earn a pay
Living life nocturnal and dying every day.

David Lacey

I Upon The Monks Walk Wander

Do you perceive beauty in a raindrop?
Elegance within the tune?
Do you believe for a second
That man landed on the moon?

Honour thee, this night is free
From the shackles of expectation
Honour comes so easily
In dissolving reputation

I upon the monks walk wander
Throughout the hills of hibernation
I upon the monks walk ponder.
The theme of revelation.
Listen as the silence hands so heavy on the air.
Listen as the silence brings a selfish soul to share.
For no sound is there to drown the voice of conscience,
Who he would normally ignore un-caring.

David Lacey

I Was There

No rush
Don't push
It's only the feeling
The reeling from being real
And all the fingers
Thing and It and Why and What and Where
Five for the feeling that I was there.

David Lacey

Idiosyncratic Angels

Each fresh breathe breathes life anew,
As wisdom beckons through the starlight.
Through the eyes of an idiosyncratic angel I perceive a
Knowledge beyond her years, it lay dormant,
Sedated through the fear of simplistic Truths.
I, the same, claim no sanity just as I require no proof
That I exist beyond the circle turning out of time.

How is it your turning in your circle?
How is it you can follow true a square?
How is it we can question so existence
As if we were never there?

David Lacey

Idols Of Death

Cold marble pressed against sweating skin
The floor of my asylum is a rivulet of luxury
Decadent memories of a former life stir
Reminiscence within the hours of my awakening
I'm falling, failing to rise
Keeping open with a hope in faith my eyes,
Still I fall; still I am to be found
Carving circles in the ground
Crying out for a sanctuary in the sky.

We are as insane puppets dancing, fuelled by the motion to live
Pulling our own strings when we wish and sometimes the strings of others.

I sit alone at a table round
Where are the knights of my fable?
Where is the romance that was promised to me by fairy tale philosophies?

Some are coordinated by the will to live
Some by the fear they may die
Some by the notion to give
And some by a fabric of lies

Every man is born to die and in knowing this
Idols of Death beckon wisdom within a realm of eternal sleep.

Christ, Dionysus, Balder, Morrison, Joplin, Jones and Drake
All are Idols in death, deified as Achilles, as Drusilla,
Sister lover of the beast of men Caligula,
Luther, Ghandi, Lennon.
All are idols for the celebrity cult canon.

Even tyrants are mourned by those whose life's they destroyed
Deep within the memory of sleeping falls a single tear
Even for those that induce fear within the heart of man.

Through poetry we become philosophers, we become lovers, therapists to
unknown faces,
We are the makers of myths, continuing traditions forever growing
Shamanic dances, holding within our hearts the history of our kin, it is we who

seek within

Ourselves to know all that can be known.

The words have the power, the words exist before me
All I may do is re arrange them, bestowing rhythm and a passion for life.
We are as explorers of the vastest ocean known to man.
We are those seeking beyond a world of illusion,
We are those that see more than there is to see.
Through expression we live, love the greatest
And most common expression of all.

A relationship with the Muse, great goddess of unseen night,
She who trails the midnight sun and shines so greatly still.
Through poetry we learn to love the life we live, but not only
Throughout poetry, through expression, dance, singing,
To laugh to play to enjoy the day and to seek all that
Can not be measured.

Measure me my love, measure me my ecstasy.

David Lacey

Ignite The Flames Of Fantasy's Illusion

I'm searching for my muse, to inspire delight and confuse
I'm seeking my muse to ignite the flames of fantasy's illusion
Beyond the caging of this 'reality', cast off dull realities. Cast off.
It almost makes me weep to think of all the heat I've wasted
Trying to keep her memory warm. Outside the storm is raging.
Inside the beast is aging yet growing more accustomed to its form.
Born of the heavens she bears the ark of the Crescent Moon.
Insanity calls, beckoning you to fall out of tune with the chords you play.
No one can blame him, no one can name him, for he is the beast untamed.

David Lacey

III

What are these capsules placed before me?
Surely too large to swallow.
Here I lay, ill throughout the day.
Yellow, boneless and hollow.

David Lacey

In A World Beyond Words

The circle fulfils its quest eternal
Never resting and forever testing
The boundaries of our kingdom.
I am the King and Queen the same.
I arise the Prince of Shades.

Into the circle breathing anew,
I await the girl I love the most
To host my heart's procession.
Through labyrinth obsessions
I have sojourned learning to live,
Learning to love and to give.

I have grown as I am growing
I have known that I am knowing.
Show me all you have to show.
Come flow with me, come glow with me
Pure radiance divine
In a world beyond words
In a time out of time.

David Lacey

In Honor Of Your Friendship

In honor of your friendship
I allow myself the time to slip
Listening as I am to the whispering of the muse.

'Destiny is of your choosing
We run a race we can never loose
If we keep our trust in a faith revealing
And never a faith concealing'

'Seek the grail of your immortality within yourself, your soul
Seek not to fail nor leave dreams upon the shelf, seek to be whole.'

David Lacey

In Knowing The Truth To Lay In The Kiln

Love the girl, keep her memory warm
Offer in sincerity a break from the storm.
No man who would call himself wise,
Would deny the beauty of the skies.
No man who would call himself sane,
Would allow another the keys to his pain.
Mechanical majesty will never impress
Those dressed in innocence fuelled purity.
Reveal through mystery secrets concealed
Smash the hour glass, know time unveiled.

In seeking the strength to lengthen denial
We do naught but weaken the defence of a smile
In knowing the truth to lay in the kiln
I retain an innocence within which I may swim.

David Lacey

In Sleeping I Open My Eyes

A whisper in the shadows of my heart is echoing
Throughout the caverns of my mindscape.
The guardian at the gate awaits me,
Casting away foul entities and keeping watch for the return
Of Father Sky and his retinue. The wild hunt is prowling the stars this night
Seeking those midnight dancers whom wish to know the wisdom bliss of wisdoms
kiss.

Are not the madmen we lock away in grim plastic towers grey
Those same men who led us in past times, breaking the boundaries of reality
Beating branches upon the ground, sounding the horns of midnight's calling.
Leading the dance in ecstasy without a thought of sin,
Beating the barriers of worlds down with intoxicating rhythm?

Once it was we who would stand in conference with kings
What now for us? Now that we have been reduced to a rambling ring
Of underground gutter poets, striving for a better life.

What now for us now that we have been left, desolate in isolation
Surrounded by all and known by none?

Who can know of me
What I do not know of myself?
Who can love in me
What I do not love in myself?

Old friends are re emerging from the woodwork frame of past existence.
Gathering once more, small worlds upon the purple journey converge,
Merging in madness the sadness that beckons with the awakening of our
Souls shaken from the tranquility of our kingdom comfort.

In descent I am rising
In sleeping I open my eyes

Live the life you love

David Lacey

In Spring Groves They Are To Be Found

Ponder the perfection that resides within reflection.
Wander is wonder. In Spring groves they are to be found.
The Good Folk, by twilight, as by the oak they dance.
Dressed for procession. They dance, oh joy, to such merry
A tune it doth make my heart wither in weeping.

As dreaming, as asleep
Within the Oak, dryads ancient joke
As outside their life is to be ended
Upon the turning of a leaf.
Within the hedgerow await the
Children Impish of the forest.
Awaiting to test those who seek to rest.

David Lacey

Indian Summer

A concept eternal breathes,
Rustling the leaves of the wild forest night,
Indian summer is calling,
The men of midnight shadows await their time to fall.

David Lacey

Industrial Fortress

Where are they now?

Those voices that once held dominion over my mind.

What poor soul are they accusing of forgiveness in seeking beyond blindness

All that lay in wait for us within a kingdom of ever changing ages?

They story turns, my pupils burn and the world unfolds, never younger,

Never older but always the story is told. Wrapped in paper skin I'm dissolving

Into a solution of madness, revolving around a hope in revolution.

An Industrial fortress stands as solemn testament to the devilry of man,

Silhouetted against the sickly yellow clouds that smother the horizon

A labyrinth of pipes and towers forever cooling unwinds before the eye

They have proclaimed the death of the river man; they have proclaimed the death of the sky

And told are we as children lost that no Jack is there to paint the frost upon the window pane.

The forest night is dead it seems and peopled only by our dreams

Those ghosts of ever fading pasts, those memories which forever last.

The flames of the solar phoenix are flaring

The days are dissolving beyond recollection and no hope of resurrection is there for we

Sinful soulful warriors of midnight's canopy. Vulnerable yet free, bruised yet smiling and all the while suckling upon the roots of the world tree, weeping in freedom's name.

Free me

Free me of misery

Free me of ecstasy

Free me of carnage

Free me of love

David Lacey

Inside A Crimson Sky

Outside a sky of blue is fading in and out of grey.
Inside a crimson sky is dawning all throughout the day.
My senses are numbed as defences succumb towards a
Dread fear of revolution. The young are running faithless,
Beneath the sun a-shining still – Upon the hill we'll have our fun.
Turning cycles in evolution – Forever at our own pace –

David Lacey

Instinct Would See You In Chains

Bound by primal desire, instinct beckons me to pounce.
Instinct whispers 'take the girl without asking'
Explorations of the mind unfold unsavoury fantasies
Best left untold lest they hunt me down, frowning upon my voice.

David Lacey

Into The Void Of Our Reflection We Stride

Into the void of our reflection we stride
Aspiring towards perfection we are diffracting
The attraction of those that would hide their lives
Beyond the limitations of the flesh.

We should open ourselves to the love of others
Never cover the affection you have for your brother
Love and respect your mother the earth
As you love and respect the woman that gave you birth.

David Lacey

Intoxicating The Night - Am I Real To You?

There was lost a child unfound
Seated there and sitting
Sinking in the ground

Rise. As Pan in crimson anguish rise
Fulfil the prophecy of your eyes
Oedipus blind now
Blind now walking
Talking senseless rhythms
Intoxicating the night
Who shall lay by his daughter's side?
Where now shall he hide?

Drink with me ambrosia,
Nectre fallen from the breast of Aphrodite
Slither with me
Shed your skin
Let me in
Allow yourself the time to heal
Feel me
Am I real to you?

The court is gathered – arcane fires stirring

Into the glass house tumble
Fumbling - stumbling –
Stuttering – muttering madness
Crying tears of sadness
Filling your cup too heavy to bear
Tomorrow we journey upon trail lines set
The track in blur forgetting.

The prince of thieves has returned to rid the land of shame
Who would claim to know his name?

One was one of two
Two where two of three
The one that was not two
Became the third in me

Destiny
Eternity

All a sunder, lightning, thunder
From island paradise I have returned
More clear of mind and soul
More whole than ever before
And aware of the doors that await
Aware of the shadows that cast imagination adrift
Through breaking clouds we move in madness
Stretching calamity into a frenzy of motions
There below lay an ocean crystalline white and shining

Over shifting skins and rolling dunes,
Have I returned once more to strolling patchwork farms?
From eye of an eagle I am spectator to the spectacle
A dancer within the snaking of the river
The hamlets of hermits saddened by the century at hand,
The clock has moved in circles more than they can know.
Count the winters, tattoo the patterns of the snow.

I breathe within the fire.

David Lacey

Is It You?

What more do you want?
What more could you ask?
What else could ever last but the present
In a world ever changing with the moment?

We are alive within the one, the all
We are Adam, We are Eve before the fall
Still seeking a bite of the wisdom forbidden to us
By a god who would see us as sheep
Hiding naked from a god who would see us dreamless in our sleep.

I have been reduced to a maddened fool
Wandering alone the rooftops of the world
Dying for the chance to sigh at Beauty in her grace
Seeking with a faith in hope and a hope in love to find a better place
And here I am defenceless
A faceless clown in a sideshow of carnival debasement
A lion trapped in a cage of undue loyalty
But to who?
To the Ringmaster?
To the Puppet master?
To you?

Is it you who would have me alone within my world?
Is it you who would see me roasted upon flames rather than
Sat by the fireplace curled, unravelling the mysteries in the moment ever
changing?

David Lacey

It Is She Who Leads My Heart In Wandering.

It is she who leads my heart in wandering.
It is her ghost who shall guide me throughout the shades.
It is into a Love for her that I fade
Forever sinking into the nightmare.

The clouds create an impression of longing
As they seek to know one another.
I perceive a Lady of the sky
Throwing the burden of the world from upon her shoulders.
I perceive Death imagined – cloaked in shadows
I perceive a soldier of light upon his journey.

Each in turn they deliver a kiss upon the wind
From ever changing perceptions they are born
Wild from the imagination.

Seek not to transcend through what you consider the mundane
For it is part of creation whole – just as you – just as your soul.
Know the beauty of the day that surrounds you is just the same
Whether it be blue or grey whether it be sun kissed or be raining
Each is a turn in the cycle eternal, each day more we are learning.

David Lacey

Journey Santiago

Journey Santiago
Discover in your search
A land in Love with mystery
It's not far out of reach

Journey Santiago
Know Truth and know her well.
Forever on your travels
Hide not within your shell.

Forever Santiago,
Journey to discover
Mystery loves the land at hand,
Journey to recover.

Discover Santiago
Follow as the river flows.

David Lacey

Journey Santiago - It's A Life We Live To Love

Journey Santiago
Discover in your search
A land in love with mystery
Its not far out of reach

I know a girl and she says she's seen it all
She knows a boy who thinks he knows it all
She says she's the kind of girl who could be it all
She says she knows a boy who thinks he's fallen for her

In a land in love with mystery
We could be happy and I guess we could be free

He says he wants to know the secret of your eyes
He wants to slip between your thighs girl
But it comes as no surprise that you're turning away now
When he says

Every dream I have I am kissing you
Every life I've lived I've been missing you.

And he claims you are his world
He wants to lay down by the fire with you
He claims he can make you happy
In a land in love with mystery.

Journey Santiago
Forever in your search
Seek the love that makes you whole
It's not far out of reach.

Can't you see the passion in his eyes?
Can't you tell he'd sail the skies for you?
And still you're turning away when he says

Every dream I have is of kissing you
Every life I've lived, I've been missing you
Still it's true in a thousand ways
That you paint me blue in a thousand shades

Then leave me wading here
Shaking from the nightmare
Won't you share a while and listen
Won't you smile a smile and glisten
Lighten up the day for me
Join me in a love of mystery

She wants to know if you shed a tear for Alice
As she walked in wonderland
For she said that she may never understand you
If you don't know the wonder of this land

I guess it's true in a thousand ways
She paints me blue in a thousand shades
And still I'm waiting here
Shaking from the nightmare
I guess it's true in a thousand ways
Oh how she paints me blue with the words she says
And still I'm waiting here
Shaking from the nightmare

It's a life we live to love

David Lacey

Journey The Land Of Evermore.

Rest well my friend for it is more than expected that
You may request some time to indulge yourself in the sky.

Indulge your mind with the ever present whisperings of the muse,
The sounds of cascading water across the stones that break the fall
Smoothing as they sooth, forever are they speaking the truth upon
This journey of ours, this voyage of interpretation.

Journey the land of evermore, the land of babe Oaks and ancient kings.
Giants tear, uprooting the forest as our lady laments to sing.

David Lacey

Karma Skies - Three Wishes - Romantic Delusions

I wish for Karma Skies above Valleys Green.
I wish for the Happiness of those whom I Love.
I wish for a Unity within Peace so we may Dream
Eternal upon a Blanket Plain below the Skies above.

David Lacey

Keep All Your Letters Sending

Each moment, each tomorrow
A promise never ending
Write a letter to a friend
Keep all your letters sending
And still the journey purple keeps
My soul in circles bending
Each soul a smile to trust
Each smile is worth befriending.

David Lacey

Kingdom Of Dawn

Below a cold and paling moon I stand
Half naked, allowing twilight's spirits to kiss my skin
Lost in the aroma of the morning
Watching shadows stretch the length and breadth of the land.
Into the arena of dawn we stride
Happy in the moment there unwinding.

Smoking black these lungs of mine
Wasted, I'm wasted all the time
Drinking Jack at noon
Running from some monsoon fear of a reality
That never meant much to me,
I find it in the corner of my mind.

In an age of outcasts and outlaws
We are as performing within a circus of shadows
Still shackled within the cave of dull horizons
Seeking to rise, seeking to kiss the sky with our eyes.

She touches herself in the heat of the night
The kingdom of dawn is arisen above the sacred mounds of female divinity
Serene and blessed is the kiss of flesh upon ones lips

David Lacey

Kissed By The Spirit Of Innocence.

Our Lady Moon come sing, come smile,
Turning blood red rivers in your arms.
From rising tides, running to hide we leave
Her reflections to quiver upon ripples in the sky.

God's flesh may open the way for you,
You may find it on your own.
A third kingdom lies in wait for you,
There lies in wait an empty throne.

Perched upon a toadstool blessed,
Kissed by the spirit of innocence.
There lies the doorway of mystery undressed
Flow without your senses.

Your smile a sweet 'I told you so'
Your form as pure as virgin snow
Threads of radiance make the green child blush
Still he's in no rush to kiss the girl
Just to have her know the way he feels.

Soulful eyes absorb the sky,
As they reflect upon an emotion blue.

The wise old fool beckons us to turn our framework
For now our composition leaves our dreams suspended
Trying as we are to understand why she left us stranded
Upon this island of the sky.

To all who dream the soles of their feet away,
Ageless rainbow maidens within the blackthorn
Await you in their circle, they dance until the dawn.

David Lacey

Know The Rulings Of Your Heart Are True

How can we expect good from anyone and be disappointed when
It is not displayed when we do not act in accordance to the rulings
Of our own hearts? How are we to expect anyone to resist the temptation
Of exploitation if we are to be so happy in exploiting others ourselves?
How are we to expect charity if we are never the ones to give it?
How are we to expect Love is we are never the ones to live it?
Are we to expect anything, least we end up disappointed?

I feel disjointed yet anointed with the blessing of being able to
Undress this manifest reality we have been given and to see
The true wonder that lay within just as I am here to show my gratitude
For the world beyond my flesh.

Just as the blood of the wasp has laid so
Heavy on my hands for all these years so
To continue build upon its stain a monument of refrain.
I know now is the time to step into the world as a figure
Of whom I am proud to dwell within, setting modes to inner flight
The night's road comes to a graceful end as we sing of the songs of Love you
bring.

Know the rulings of your heart are true and if ever you should part with its
teachings
Know that there is no other voice that will guide you with a love so true that
could not be considered preaching.

The Love we live is a consequence of the Love we give whether or not we shall
receive any in return.

We are only ever to know that there is no good nor evil if we are able to
understand the marriage of heaven and hell.
For good appears as a passive quality, a reluctance to act upon the instinct of
intuition that guides us.

What the law of man doth say some times in no ways corresponds with the
rulings of the heart
Listen to the rhythmic hypnosis of your souls solemn chanting enticing you to
chance within the circle of the shamans dance.

Turn within the medicine wheel - spin to unravel - Trip to travel beyond the circle.

Temptations of the flesh devour as decadent dogs the fresh youth of adolescents
cravings

Nothing can be done nor should it but for helping those that would seek the
guidance of another.

Love each as your mother and understand that it is not the hand of mortal law
that bears down

Guilt upon our souls when we lie to one another - it is the law of our hearts to
which we must abide and before no other law should we ever stop in our striding
towards the light.

There is no wrong, there is no right,
For the evil which they would have
Us believe layeth within the devils heart
Is nothing but the energy upon which
The foundations of all life on earth is born.

All that is seen as sinful can be seen
As the fulfillment of desire -

Yet is it not a desire to know truth from falsity?
Is it not a desire to know true a reality
away from the blue within which we sometimes slip?
Is it not a desire for immortal life or for understanding everlasting
That man hath reared the sciences alongside the medicine of our time?

Still we strive ever onwards
Aspiring towards a perfection
That can never exist but within a dream.
Here Camelot remains - a romantic ideal in held
Dear by the soul of the heart.

Just as Atlantis arouses curiosity so to does
Camelot invoke a longing for a world that
Did never exist as we would wish it.

We are to expect nothing, but seemingly to aspire
To inspire and to conspire towards the fulfillment
Of our hearts desire.

Alongside helping others along their paths we are

Forever laughing in the face of those that would have
Us believe we hold no significance in our placement wherever we may be.

We are forever laughing in the face
Of those that are more concerned with the rat race than
Of knowing themselves as real.
We are forever laughing at those who paint upon their faces masks of utter
falsity in a hope to conceal.

We seek an Understanding of our being.
We seek an understanding of all we are seeing.

David Lacey

Lady Of Crimson, Lady Of Shades

Lady of Crimson, Lady of Shades, Queen of Hearts, Queen of Spades.
Wading through the darkness, they sojourned through the heat.
Awaiting the palace gates to open, for the King to offer up a seat.
As crystal merchants lined the corridors of the labyrinth,
Awaiting the beast to rise from his slumber, we rinsed our paws in awe
In wonder at the spectacle
As the princess was stripped of her dressings, I bore witness to blessings torn,
Born to bear the mark of a war torn sky upon his forehead,
The skyline rumbles, as fire tumbles froth into the air.
Suffocating in the stench of heartache, we're under fire, suffering confusion,
bewilderment.
All it is we ask for a place to turn, a place to rest
All it is we ask for the return of our Princess to the nest
Goddess of purity of values chaste, of dreamtime sanctuary I call upon you
To taste the flesh of those who would lay your temple to waste.

David Lacey

Laments Upon The Autumn Wind

Uprooted the dryads palace is cast upon the flames
That flicker in keeping warm the mansion upon the hill.
The old folk upon the green re-embrace the Joys of youth
Still they weep as England hath been stripped of her forests deep
No longer doth Avalon sleep in a silent splendour.
Up in smoke burn ancient Oaks as tears form upon my cheeks
More so each day we weaken the strength of our mother with
Insistent exploitation of resources. Fifteen fires burn a constant
Lighting the descent into desire. See beyond the vision ideal.
Make real the way you feel, weep for the dryads sleepless,
Cast as they are amidst the nightmare from their kingdom.
I hear laments upon the autumn wind, can you hear them singing?

David Lacey

Lazy Summer

Lazy summer promenade

Blonde girl - shallow eyes

Naked by a lake we swam beneath the paling moon

David Lacey

Lazy Summers Day

Home

Where a man can be himself

I feel replenished

Banished no longer to a self imposed exile in a house of horrors.

Where every second an hour trod.

Too many nights unsleeping.

Too many nights in keeping watchful eye

On germ green mould evolving.

Nunchuka in the garden

Follow the wind it whispers rhythm.

A dog howls. Calling to his neighbour

"Let's go walk these idiots" they say.

"Our human pets they need their exercise."

The radius of freedom?

Uncommon concept.

Lazy summers day

To converse with Buddha in my back garden

And sunlit neon butterflies which flutter on plastic string.

My friends they are surrounding.

Our greater love is grounding.

David Lacey

Let Me In

Now we are left suckling upon exhausts
The slow hum drum chur of droning tarmac snakes acting as our lullabies.

A feather floats down from the heavens
And I laugh - I laugh in the hope of crying.

Who are these girls wearing rose tainted shades within the shadow night?
Dressed for the parade unwinding?
I have no time for hollow masks.

I have gathered for you crystal stones from the garden lost.
The gate was hidden within the canopy of the Willow man

In the midst of the garden there was a girl
Crimson hair - starlit eyes
Angelic proportions - a smile to melt the heart of a tyrant
The ocean breathes within her eyes
And now in leaving her without a kiss
It seems that I have missed the opportunity to know love
But I shall strive towards the knowledge of her dreamtime sanctuary.

Every moment in passing was worth the wait
For now I have seen her
Looked her in the eye
Goddess of harmony
God head of beauty
I can not get you from my mind.

Strange Girl
Strange Boy
Strange World
Strange Joy

And laid within the arms of the girl whom I adore
What more could I want for?
Stroking the hair that hangs so loose around her neck

Blue veins - milk skin
Let me in.

David Lacey

Licks Abound

Licks abound shall only end in pain
Just as ye who knoweth truth may
Only gain ground beyond the sanctuary of your wisdom.
A life of wise content, drifting within descent
Shall only leave you awaiting the call of freedom.
Just as the farmhand, just as the shepherd
Is herded himself by his flock, always are his companions
Taking stock of their masters anguish,
They learn not to languish too long upon the temptation
Of leading the shepherd beyond redemption
Into the shadow lands that beckon beyond the illusion of self pity.
This our purpose, to exist, to live, breathe, smile,
This is our purpose, to wear our hearts upon our sleeves
Hoping no one will knock us so hard we won't be able
To get on back upon again to keep on walking.

David Lacey

Liquid Acid

Liquid Acid drifts upon the vibrations set in motion,
My mind eases itself in and out of meditation,
Inside the looking glass, beyond reflection clarity awaits.
Take the maidens hand upon the moment of her offering,
No hesitation should there be upon the opportunity of
Your deepest desires fulfilled, still think hard upon what
You wish for, think hard upon which doors you are knocking
When you already conceal the key within the flesh you
Deem your palm, seek your calm, seek your grace through
Illumination, seek to ascertain a knowledge beyond a reason
For contemplation, seek to know yet never forget to live.
They leave me here. Still. Always on the verge of slumber,
Awaiting her hand, the hand of the maiden green yet never
Has she offered me a kiss upon her lips, always does she
Stand with her hands upon her lips, pouting never shouting,
Calling as she is forever in her eyes the Gods of her domain.
Silver coinage lay engulfed within a sea of blood, beside lay
Memories of Virginias guilt upon which the foundations of
Nations were built. An electronic tuner lay upon the crest
Of an ever eternal ripple. Tempted as I am to touch the fabric
And create a world a new within which to swim I find myself
Too engrossed in the folds of the cloth, the wrap that covers
Me in dream states. Discarded shirts, Rolling Papers remind
Me of nothing I have seen before only the Purple Rose doth
Bloom ever changing in my eyes, only does her light illuminate
The source Solas in solitude. Reminders of a life I used to know
So well surround me through every waking state, fated to be an
Exile from my own understanding, I am forever striving to stride
Passion and Reason hand in hand into the reality I deem surreal
Outside, Inside I'm forever unfolding ever seeking the horizon.
Sipping sugared water churned with flavourings from a plastic
Container I realise now more than ever the need to return to the
Mother that bore me Our Lady the Earth, the yearning for fresh
Water Streams, for rolling hills of emerald glades, of ancient
Oaks looming their wisdom and essence over my very presence,
To dance in sacred groves and sing, to dance naked, free of insecurity.
To dance beyond the need for a reason, to dance in and out of season
To the music that sways you and sets your soul alight. Allow the
Spirit of the Universe to posses you into trance, chance upon a

Moment of revelation and turn circles without hesitation knowing
That you are as the river flows, never in one the same.
Liquid Acid drips within the cauldron of emotions stirred.
The world distorts, shades alongside the most vibrant of shades cavort,
Laughing sweet in pleasant glee at the melodies of whispering trees
I am as free as I could wish to be, I am as I am me.

David Lacey

Lost Amongst Dew Dappled Glades

What do you see in this dark hour my child?

I see spirits burning slow in tearful agony
Cold hour awakening, frozen waters biting
Numb the ankles of companions soaked in sweat.
What memories have we to forget?

Lost amongst dew dappled glades
The morning dew my ecstasy
I find myself, wishing to be of me
Yet bound - frozen and falling
Lost upon the ground
Digging for diamonds with a wooden spade.

I now reveal myself
To all that would listen to fear to hear
She your tears for the dead and dying
Each tear fallen, one more droplet in an ocean of mourning.
Tormented souls bent and broken
Secrets told and wished unspoken.

The poets place is by the river
Awaiting sting, awaiting shiver
The ripples rest my mind at ease
Here beneath these ancient trees.

Days unsleeping found me here,
Bent backwards beyond the verge of the abyss
The mountains upside down resemble the roots of floating palaces.
Unknown island worlds, unknown to those that would seek to know.

The full moon hangs full circle
Beyonds the windows lie
Tainted blue and painted by you
Every colour of the sky.

The burning sun is dying
And all its money spent
I have no time to beg or borrow

I ave no time to find tomorrow
Here in sweat box tent.

I can hear the fires crackle
Alongside the laughter of my friends.
Sweet are the birds of morning as they join our song off beat.
New worlds are formed
New words born aloft the graceful fabric of the forest air.
I wrap my fingers around my hair.
Pulling leaves and twigs from the chaos that stirs above my temple.
Ride with me this darkened night
Beckon with me the Queen of Twilight.

Such wonders has she that men turn blind
When in her heaving bosom find
The secret bliss, a lovers kiss.
Still she devours your mind.

What to do?
Where to go?
How am I supposed to know?

Dance in turn for the sun to burn.
I promise I shall return.

David Lacey

Lost To The Camera

Lost to the camera are they that pose
Lost as the cloud, lost as the rose
No beauty is there without the beholder
All beauty in youth and youth grows older.

David Lacey

Love As An Abstract Wilderness

High above Roseberry topping
Lay a cherry red shaded sunset.
As the shepherd weeps within his sleep
In dreams he'll soon forget
The sheep are grazing in the field
The farmer lazing upon the yield
Each lay as clay before the kiln.

Astounding visions surreal peel back our perceptions of knowing what it is to flow.

My form grows weary day by day
As flowers in the wind do sway
Up-rooted I'm adrift.
Upon a tranquil sea of souls.

Do you ever feel that reality steals its composition from dreamtime sanctuary.
Do you ever feel that you dreams unveil, reality as a secondary nature.

Love as an abstract wilderness
Comes in many guises
A thousand masks, she's been known to wear
Each brings its own surprises

I hope you find in happiness
Happiness in hope

David Lacey

Love Before The Fall

If ever there was one you lost
Either to the sun or to the frost,
Know this, a secret bliss of mine
That everything you ever loved
Alongside everything you ever will
Are one and one in the same.

Every time you love you shall love
All you have loved in the past,
Whether they be places or faces
Lost to memories archives,
They are there, in the trees,
In the sapling, in the valley
Whole they breathe, living still
To receive the love you allow to
Flow throughout your soul.

All you have loved exists beyond
The reach of Death's shadow cast.
All you have loved exits beyond
And shall forever last. So sit,
Sit upon the ground, upon the hill,
Still and embrace the faith you
Could so easily wear upon your
Sleeve in a world without suspicion.

Search the clouds for your loved
Ones smile, swim the ocean sky
For a while and know that though
They may be a thousand miles away
In a different world they remember
You as a soul they left behind.

Those that know are constantly shown,
Revealed to them is the secret concealed,
Healed are they of mourning
Just as peeled are the mysteries of deaths blanket.

All you love is one, and those that

You have lost whether to the hand of death
Or to the foreign soil of a distant land
Well just know that they are all that
Makes you smile upon this plain,
They are the girls you will kiss in
Every future life you bless with your
Presence and never forget that you are
As they to those that love you
And forever a thousand souls shall
Smile your way when they gaze upon
Far distant mountain ranges for though
You have changed and been known strange
To the senses in a thousand forms
So you have been the most familiar kiss
So you have been one in all with bliss

Thus is the love of all,
Thus is love before the fall.

David Lacey

Love Is The Light Of The Word

If I am to die tomorrow
Do not cry for me in sorrow
For life and love
And a love of life
All to me were plain
As though through a blessing in my name.

Ferry me home my beloved
Across the channel of the void
Allow me my home in the halls of the dead
Remember me well in the tales that you tell
Allow me to rest in your head.

Know that I dwell not in heaven
Nor do I wallow in hell
I am here and now
Now and then
Within you lost without you.

Wishing that eyes of love shall not be forgotten in these dark times
Love is the light of the word.

David Lacey

Lys Of The Shadows

Lys of the shadows beckons the healing of wounded shades,
Addictions in bondage are to flow and leave clean our lake of love.
The song of the universe sings in natural ecstasy and we may join
Without chemical imbalance, rapture, joy, a motivation to love.

I myself, Himself, with stars rested upon his crown obeys the
Natural law and promises that manhood shall be gained not through
The folly of youth but through the arms of tender emotions shared.

Magick stirs upon the midnight air, the cross roads of our life's
Are dark and unspoken shadows loom there, shamanic power is ours
To behold, just as true love is ours to grow old within.

Soon I am to leave the town of my birth
Once more into the world as I have so many life's before,

David Lacey

Mad Dogs And Englishmen

And so it came to be
That the children of Albion lay
Burnt to a cinder in the shade
Hiding now from the sun
That only yesterday they so much adored
And absorbed.
Peeling skins and aging grins.
Mad dogs and Englishmen.

David Lacey

Maddened Souls Of Slow Decay

We maddened souls of slow decay
We that embrace the death of the day
We that are saddened with nothing to say
We that are silent in thought as we pray.

We are as gods here
Free beyond the kingdom of fear
Free beyond the rising tears.
Free to embrace the death of the year.

Illuminated eyes of ecstatic vision
Fuel the fusion of divinity within our palms.
Here we are still learning, chewing upon the fabric curtain of the night.
Here we are still gurning, turning our eyes from the light that blinds
And bends and sends our minds running into a nightmare shared
By all those that have long since torn their clothes in seeking to care
For our mother crying, sighing as they are as our mother dying.

Dawn is arisen and the gift of light is given unto the new day born.
The ashes of twilight are drifting upon the winds as slow and soulless
Princes seek throughout the shades a pillow to fade upon,
A blanket to hide them from the sun that breaks in the virgin earth.

David Lacey

Make Me The Man I Am

I see you every night it seems
In ether dressed resplendent dreams
And every morning I awake
Without you near I start to shake
Alone my heart is breaking.

Make me the man I am
Tear me in tears away from my fears
Offer me the blood of Pan
Heal me; tell me am I real to you?
Does it feel like you could reach out
And touch me if you wanted to?

I find you in my waking states
A Goddess child of binding fates
A Raven Queen, Emerald temptress tempting.

Run unto the hills my child
Goddess fair of nightmares shared.
All hopes collected, new life resurrected.

David Lacey

Make Me Young Again

Pretty eyes
Pretty smiles
Make me young again

See Pretty skies
And all the while
I'll feel young again

Watch them walk and talk to say
You don't understand
Make me young again my friend
I'll take you by the hand

Birds are flying
Children crying
Make me young again

Dreams are fleeting
Dreams are sleeping
Make me young again

Watch them talking
Watch them walking
Make me young again

See in their suits
And shining boots
Sing make me young again

Watch them walk and talk to say
You don't understand
Make me young again my friend
I'll take you by the hand

Magpie singing make your move
I'll make you young again
Raven eyes the darker moon
He'll make you young again

Sunlight through the dappled leafs
Something now we can believe
Is light in moving madness
In this dark hour of the show

Push up then the broken hill
Cast your mind so far until
You can see the movement
And it makes you understand

And as it takes you by the hand
And makes us young again
It makes us young again my friend
It makes us young again

Spelling out the name of friends
Makes me young again
Light is shining on you
Make me young again

David Lacey

Material Sinking

Material sink

This thinking so deadly real

Thinking I am lost

David Lacey

Memory Slips As Memory Fades

Alas I know not where to go, for all the places I know, I've been.
Alas I have been shown not where to go nor can I remember all I've seen.
Memory slips as memory fades as shades they flip exposed to flames.

As insects roast upon the embers of the fire,
A blaze trailed through the void of darkness,
Breathing destruction upon dry bone leaves,
Bearing down destruction upon well established trees.

The crown of the forest resides his power
Biding his time awaiting the shower of inferno
Gatherings as the elders race forever young towards
the fountain groves to quench their tongues

A new race has begun, another year of wondering
Aimlessly it seems trying to find a meaning etched
Within our dreams. These eyes grow tired each second past,
I'll try still I fear I'll never last
I fear I may have lain placid upon the grass too long.

That I may never come to see the day pass in death
Only to see life breathe anew by the dawn.
Born of rosy fingered bliss, born wild of the sweetest kiss.
Of this beauty I was never warned nor could I ever prepare
For confrontation with the Emerald Goddess of lust loved hair,
Or of raven queens, black ribbons sisters in distress,
How could we of know she was the devil's mistress?
How could we prepare?

David Lacey

Moon Child

Moon child

Born wild

Never to be tamed.

Monsoon child

Composed child

Child of the un-named.

Rise child of the flower bloom

Swoon in as out of season.

Rise child of the silver moon.

Journey within reason.

David Lacey

Moonshine Find Me

Through vast pine forests they have searched
They are leaving the country
Seeking clarity within the labyrinth of city streets unwinding.

Moonshine find me.

I have awoken and for the first time in my life known the bliss of love as real.
And here I am at my journeys end
Having found my love in the arms of a friend,
And What greater love is there to seek
Than the love that makes your knees grow weak?
Can you hear upon the wind the stories of our forefathers?
A thousand dreams are sewn it seems from petals in descent.
And smiling lost within the moment present... what could I resent?

Fed upon the fruits of the earth
Drinking water from the freshest springs
Here I am within the moment of rebirth
Here to spread my wings

Ascending into flight
Rising out of sight.
I have torched the temple of my adolescence
And here I find myself building within the bounds of sacred measures.
Here I find myself building mausoleums to entomb the treasures I have sought
upon my journey.

Running wild into the woods at night, running from sirens
The girl is caught upon the barbed fence.
We study our scriptures under translation, losing more than we can ever gain.
Hollow trenches beneath his eyes
Gaunt

The night is a wild beast foaming
And we the children roaming
Dance for the chance to rise and to stare
Wide eyed into the eyes of eternity's unwinding.

Mountain Dwellers, Forest Fellers,

Man in his instance of recognition chose solitude above the plains.
We became mountain dwellers, forest fellers, now all that is left
Is for Industry to bellow, scaring with tar a sky once blue has been
Smoked yellow. To know for sure that there lay some truths untold,
It's all we ask, all we're asking for is a break from the obscene.
As images flicker un-imaginable rates I search for meaning within the
Signs of the months in their turning. Framed memories arranged in
Chronological orders feed the boundaries of my mind to breed beyond restriction.

David Lacey

Music A God Forgotten

Music - an expression of the soul
Instrument - projection of emotion
Unused it lay as a God forgotten
Possessing the most magnificent of powers
Yet unable to shower its potential unless there is
One alive who is knowledgeable in its art.

David Lacey

My Coat Of Skin Is Wearing Thin

They mingle at dusk, awaiting the fluidity dawn to kiss the sky
And breathe new breath into the blue.

The spirits of the mountains, coated in ice upon their crowns
And moss upon their feet drift amongst the valleys,
Taking whatever form they wish.

Every love I have ever known
Hath shown no love in return.
I remain alone.
At home within my shell
Un touched by the lips of love
Attempting through redemption
To rebuild A new and beatific Heaven
From the ruins of Hells mansion..

At first the pain would burn
Then, slow and languid expressions of
Solitude would turn into a lapsed repression
Leaving me lost within the looking glass
Seeking honour in the eyes of a demon.

I remain alone
Tearing flesh from the bones of my form
Hiding from the reality grotesque
And rotting that would be enforced
Upon my love by those outside my asylum insanity.

What horror is this?
What strange a life that never should I kiss
The girl in whom I could imbue bliss with a poets smile.

My coat of skin is wearing thin
And still I'm drowning, unable to swim
Nor to keep afloat upon the waters of the sleepless deep.

Creeping upon the walls of my garden sanctuary
Are the shadows of the reaper grim and looming.
Three worlds beckon from beyond the shades

As fond ghosts re enact long lost memories
Of springtime joy within the heart of the boy I am,
A boy lost in the shadow of the man I should be.

No freedom from thought can save me now,
Nor as a worm cut dying may I forgive the farmers plough
For here I am remain,
Alone
Bathing in an ocean of pain
Sour to the taste of the serpent's tongue
Crying at so young an age
That each page should turn and I should remain
Within a sanctuary of solitude
That does naught but feed an attitude
Of remorse for a prince lay fading
Into the shades of kingdoms crown.

Here I am a clown,
A fool in need of schooling.
Fuelling depression with an expression
Of lament for a love still breathing.

David Lacey

My Garden

What life is this we call our home?
All dreams now bent and broken bones,
and laughing are we clowns?
Death decay and drowning.

I carry my secret untold
This my hammer strike
Upon the forge of fire in passion burnt
What life?
What lessons have we learnt?

Stolen out of time
Into recession
Into abyss
Still stolen life of mine.

You catch me watching you
Eagle eyes and open thighs
Do you wish to know my lips
As I desire to bathe in your saliva
Blood sweat and tears come too
All a bath I bathe of you

What dreams now what desires
How secret are our fires
Watch fire and laugh
Aztec bloodlust ember glow

Tell me the tales I seek to know
I shall hear what I wish
Tell me a tale of the forest
I'll tell you a tale of the fish

Two directions swiftly met
Let us remember now to forget
Not all

Old friends of memory reborn
Dreams born adrift

Come see my garden grows

David Lacey

My Hat

My hat a solemn grace bestows
Upon my head my body glows.

David Lacey

My Mind In Mad Dog Blues Has Flipped

Stale and paling stares surround
The clown upon the sweating ground
His mask slow dripping out of place
A relic of the human race.

All time is lost when time is found
And crawling there without a sound
In wisdom he shall keep his faith
And maybe one day find his face.

The wax has dripped
The surface slipped
My mind in mad dog blues has flipped
And left here gripped
Ripped and stoned
I build my throne of human bone
I cry I sigh and try to fail
I sail the seas I wish to sail.
I am the lord of destiny
As life it lives inside of me
I am of divine nature here
I am as one with love and fear
And hope it breathes inside of me
The pain of love is ecstasy.
I run beneath the burning yoke
Choking on a smokers joke
I laugh I take another toke
And fantasy is mine.
The beast I am of serpent tongue
The gremlin feeding on the young
The love of life and life is mine
Love beyond the realm of time

The hanging gardens await.
There birds of prey sing in softer tones.

David Lacey

My Mindscapes Mansion

Know that always shall there be a portrait in the
Galleries of my mindscapes mansion, and forever
Shall you be honoured as one of the most beautiful
Creatures upon his terrestrial sphere, and who knows
For I am willing to place my faith in your beauty
Knowing bounds beyond that of fully feathered angels.
I am willing to place my faith in your souls song is
More seducing that that of the sirens melody.

David Lacey

Never Then

Metallic construct, new born baby
Cries, dies and learns to fly.
Yes No Maybe
Always why
Always when
Never now
Never then.
Forget me if you can
Leave me in my den
I'll be happy here awhile.
I'll draw myself a smile.
Could you lend me a pen?

David Lacey

Never Will I Set, In Stone Or In Foundation

No ones home to set the table, no horses left to fill the stables,
Avid brothers Cain and Able play rock paper scissors stone
Prone towards infatuation, to saturate the soul
Fill them when their empty, moderate their goals
Love is lost upon the youngest, oldest out of time
Lust has drowned the oldest, this dying heart was mine
Freedom called me up one day, asked if I was ready
If I could stand, talk and dance before a crowd and keep my fingers steady

Never will I set, in stone or in foundation
Forever will I ponder the spell of adoration
Cast upon a silent sap chasing misguided information.

Thrown to the stars are the dreams of the young
Caught in metallic monstrosities,
satellites, swarming in orbit have begun
To see sense in storming obscenities

Dancing bare beneath the glare of a pale and waning moon
Eclipse, Elapsed by our journeys licks,
Two smiles to see you soon
To hide behind the bottle in recognition
Obliteration conflicting, Abstract restrictions
Burning with friction, melting the wax

Casting acorns so the oak may be reborn, dancing in circles drawn with a stave
No one can save you, save yourself
No one can reveal what you may only see yourself
So place reality upon the shelf, delve, pursue, absorb the chaos that surrounds
you.

David Lacey

Neverland Haiku

Neverland is death
The laugh of youth is ending
Generations lost

David Lacey

News

Typhoon shootouts

Cartel breeding

Captive Hispanic

American president

Protests operating

Truck terror

Borders wanted

Siege resumes

Election trial

Second elections

Helicopter tour

War collides

26 dead

16 missing

6 survive

0.6 suspected impostors.

David Lacey

Nightmares In The Dream Realm

I'm doing well with tales to tell
From not so distant lands
I've a soul to sell but don't fancy hell
So I'll keep it in my hands.
Maybe I'll share a little but
Never with the devil that stirs
Nightmares in the dream realm,
Yet to keep you warm I would
Run the fires of hell, as Prometheus
Stealing fire from the Gods I would
Run, carrying the flames of the sun
To keep you warm from the cold.
But would you allow it or would
You strive into fire by your own accord?

David Lacey

No Country Of Romance

Blue skies over Amsterdam reveal a kingdom far from clean.
As we do the best we feel we can in an attempt to make true the dream.
For this is no country of romance and not a single tulip did I see.
Yet in truth there was the freedom we had been promised.
Simply a freedom hidden behind a wall of demon-like stares.
It seems as though its so hard for anyone to care in the place.
Its as though no one is really ever there. As the ghost of memories
Wavering runs her fingers through my hair I know that I was there.
If only it were my form that bore the storm my soul was loosened from the
Constrictions of its self knowing - yet I wish I had the ability to show you
Through an expression of wonderment all it is you mean to me.
More than the Blue skies of Amsterdam and more than the deepest sea
Regardless of its treasures concealed. For within any relationship there are
Pleasures to be sought and lessons to be taught as there are revelations revealed
- I try not to get caught up in it all
But it is for you that I have fallen. And now upon my knees I'm asking of you
To set sail your soul upon the breeze of un known whisperings melodic.

David Lacey

No More Than Craftsmen

We are no more than craftsmen,
Our materials exist before us,
The word, the thought, the dream
We are those who sew up at the seams
All that lay before them in an aspiration
Towards a harmony that may touch the souls of all.
The words exist, all we may do is rearrange them
And through our ends we may help one another
Though never knowing by offering the soul uneasy
A chance to reflect upon the pains and joys of others,
This life, this life so strange hath changed my soul
Yet within the circle I remain, casting shadows towards
The elemental poles. What a fool I must seem,
Yet within the dream I remain growing uneasy at the thought
Of confronting the reality I so long ago left behind.
Here I am surrounded by joy; here I am surrounded by the beauty of all
Yet to fall and to call upon the demons of my insecurity is too easy
And for this reason I rest my pen upon the page, I flit my fingers across the
board
Yet through sharing and never hoarding the emotion I feel
I have created an ocean within which my soul may drown.
Don't leave me here, shifting upon the waves and never rising
To ride the crest till it hits the shoreline.
Open up the door for me, I shall not be scared when
Offered the keys to the kingdom of shades
For the Lord of the Dead hath gone before us all
He who has died to know the cry of the soul eternal,
Yet within the one we remain and just as he is lord of death
So is he lord of the freshest breathe a man may breathe within the valley green.
Just as he is lord of the dead so is he lord of the highest sphere
Just as he is the lord of fear so he is the lord of joyful tears,
Yet not only this for he is she who allows us life upon her surface,
Just as he is she who kisses us with moonlight radiance.
Kiss the soul of unawareness; make him shiver by your touch
And know that all that it is you should call upon lies within yourself,
Your hand controls the land of your undressing, just as you may make the day
Just as you may bless the day in your caress. Ride the wave,
Savour all that is good in life just as you savour and appreciate that
All must be in balance within itself. Equilibrium, Harmony, Balance,

This is the way of the highest dance, have faith within yourself if nothing more
Have faith that you alone may open up the doors of unknowing,
Accept nature as your God if nothing more for is not nature all in all,
Is not nature what we are as well as what surrounds us, thus is the secret of
unity,
That we each live upon the life of another, as one we are, throughout eternity.

David Lacey

No Thing

Stare through fabric to the wall,
Loosing gaze into the centre of red rose weeping,
Why does it feel as I am sleeping?
Nothing's so real these days.

I walk within the shadow of myself,
Dance in duel reality,
Black, White, Wrong, Right,
All ghost concepts in this new world of mine.
No time nor space to swim,
Truly No Thing.

With this I could be happy
Though no happiness I'd feel,
Just one moment for a lifetime,
Eternal turn upon the wheel.

Of life all death is ending,
Of death all life begun,
All souls are worth befriending,
All souls into the sun.

We find ourselves at a loss to speak,
Confronted with the world of true experience,
Dimensions folding into one.
Eye sight paralysed,
See into the seer□
Sing into the sun.

David Lacey

Nocturnal Nightmares Internal

Nocturnal nightmares internal,
Rage throughout the inferno of my thinking
As crimson nightshades age
Upon an ancient tattered page I'm sinking.

All it is I'd give to know the soft smooth sands of your soothing shores.
All it is I'd give to rise with you aloft amongst the crowds.

Caterpillars of titanic proportions
Drift swift upon the winds of destination.
Bellowing words of wisdom
He chases the lioness upon her hunt
As high above two toned souls kiss upon clouds,
Kissing above crowds of wishful Slumbers blissful.

The sky fades towards the horizon
As we perceive expectation Of nature's surprises.
The birds of the bush set forth upon a rush of light emotion.
They drift in invisible spheres,
Their auras magnifying the radiance of Apollo's presence.

Outside in the world is shaking; Inside out my soul is aching.
Honest eyes call upon the tides of experience, rejecting the Interference of divine
intervention.

We seek Love beyond convention; beyond expectation.
We seek whilst basking the face of our creator,
knowing that if ever we were to Absorb in glory full the source
we would be forced to live our life un-heard.

Rejecting initiation into the mysteries of our forefathers
we are able to keep our tongues, free for the leash of secrets un-told. Embrace
the fold of the tides in their ebb As within their flow know
You may seek destiny beyond the eggshell cracked.

Turning back within our self's
We are as angels aloft a isolated cloud,
High above the silence of solemn crowds
We perceive a sky of radiance,

A fantastic array of brilliance takes
Control of the sense, we are shaken bare
Of defences as we wonder in wandering
What it is to know the flow of the rivers showing.

Grow grass grow, beneath the sun,
Beneath the snow; grow to know,
The way the river flows.

With each man as an island
With each man as a rock
We make a mockery
Of what it is to Slip into passivity.

Slip not because you have no will to know
The life that is yours beyond the hill,
But slip in faith of natural rhythms,
Slip in faith of natural charms.

Know faith will do you no harm
Else you use it upon the offensive,
Claim no enlightenment beyond
Those that will never cease in their un-caring.

Know you are here, Know that now is there
Beyond the moment of its passing,
Now and then, everywhere and when,
Keep upon the journey laughing,

Smiling through the clouds of grey
That have followed us for too many days now,
Shine in smiling, embrace the presence
Of isolated angels whilst you may,
They may not last beyond the day.

Seek another way to voice all you have to say,
And know beyond any shadow of a doubt beyond the horizon lay Landscapes
unknown to the fantasy of the imagination,
Seek them at your pleasure as I hope you treasure
Them forever within the galleries of your minds exhibition

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David Lacey

Old Heads

Old heads, leaning bodies supporting clusters of gargoyle grins.
An illusion? Simply a confusion of a thousand crooked noses?
I perceive eyes spinning in their orbits attempt to settle into poses.
There they stand tattooed with wrinkles, crowned with antlers
Whose numbers and girth reflect their power immortal.
These sleepers old, these sleepers new, born aloft to be
Soaked in dew. Hanging on for dear life, some prefer to wrap
Their roots around another's, clinging with the might of Titans,
Hanging on as if the Earth herself was the fairest of lovers.
Twisted torsos of headed sleepers weep over long forgotten lore.
If only they could keep their memory safe, if only they were given
The opportunity to recite their wisdoms before they are slain,
Laid down the woodsman. The crown of the forest is fallen,
Will man in his folly never cease is the rape of his Mother?
What charm he shows in his care for the fairest of lovers.

David Lacey

One Day

We each live and love our lives
Along the blueprints of our favourite stories,
Borrowing here and there
From fairy tale philosophies afar,
Entwining tapestries that speak in symbols
The animals understand.
The ebb the flow,
The rush to go.
We create our love,
We create our hate,
We create the fear
Of Heaven's gate.

And all I know
Is that what is in me,
Is going to be you
One day.

David Lacey

One Shoe Off And One Shoe On

Little tom thumb
Poked his bum
One shoe off
And one shoe on

Little Bo Peep
Lost her sheep
One shoe off
And one shoe on

Old mother goose
Set children loose
One shoe off
And one shoe on

As here I am
Still Peter Pan
One shoe off
And one shoe on.

David Lacey

One Within The Moment

A thousand lonely nightmares breed
Creatures of the wildest greed
Leaving me here bleeding, not knowing what I need.

An empty hearse rolls on by the window of my asylum
Fresh death is calling them to seek
Old shapes rearrange themselves in liquid motions
Old wounds have broken upon the surface of emotion

Rise

One within the moment
One within the movement

I'm losing my faith
I'm losing my face
Help me, I beg of you
Help me paint a brighter blue
This sky of fading grey

Help me, I beg of you
Help me find the words to say
In expression of the feeling
In recollection of the memory
Help me, I beg of you

I need you, feed me
Feed my fantasy.
Help me, I beg of you
Help me to heal
And you shall find asylum in my eyes.
Tell me, is this hell reality?
It won't come as a surprise.

My head is spinning
My heart is singing
Hymns alongside heavens choir
Where is my halo
Where are my wings?

What is the hour?

I'll catch you when I do.
And when I do I'll love you

David Lacey

Only Within The Looking Glass

This morning I came across a face that I'd not seen so fresh in years,
Smiling beyond the tears that kept him drowning, smiling beyond
The fear that keeps him frowning, it is only within the looking glass
That he defines himself towards expectation that otherwise he forgets
So merrily, that of the projection of persona he declares in every stride.

David Lacey

Open Hearts Are The Soul Of The World

Regret not for now the world's forgetting
In living awe for the sun in setting
Embrace the all, the one, your god.

Seek him in the eyes of the blind.
Find him in the strength of the weak.
Devouring eternity in an instance
Regurgitating – rejuvenating
Breaking the boundaries of tunnel realities

Open hearts are the soul of the world.

I have been as I have seen
The breathing blue beyond the green
The soaring serpent, shining white
The wingless dragon, black as night.

Can you sense within the seasons shifting
The gift of life, all rivers drifting?

The days they wash away the hours
This life of mine, this life of ours
This life is as a mothers kiss
A comfort lost, a frozen bliss.

Impulse - Instinct.

Extinct in this world of plastic smiles.

Come dance with me a while
Come dance a roman mile.

I beg of you
Come dance with me.
Set illusion free.

I beg of you
Come dance with me
Dance divine reality.

David Lacey

Orchestral Proportions

Generation subsequent, momentum gallops,
Running freely awesome natures rides.
As the wild hunt frolics in the sky.
Politicians in unison must recognise
That which the people keep well disguised.
Hidden from the view of pigsty atrocities stewing,
Boiling, frothing forth a flock of birds
As they tweet in twee harmonies
Of orchestral proportions unheard.

The Sky pale blue and bluer still
The Lovers locked upon the hill,
As we question what it is to love,

What it is to be free in a society that
Feeds you your history the way they would have it,
They way they read it through tainted eyes of bias magnitudes,
All to feed an attitude of hatred for their brother,
Each black ribbon sister in distress.

Confessions uttered through pain of inescapable agony,
Confessions granted under duress.
Messy scenes the mob obscene is outside the courtroom waiting.
Chained to the railings, Freedoms voice is heard through a thousand violent
shades,
Fading, jaded, barely recognisable above the din, drowning in the white.
Drowning out of sight.

How can we trust a law that is no law unto itself?
How can we know who we are if we are to place
Individuality upon the shelf? As we are adorned as one in many,
Within uniform conformity as its rages upon the souls of the young,
The teachers say it's better as you can't rich from poor
Yet to be poor it is no illness and to be rich there is no cure.

How can we come to trust a heaven that will allow you to
Buy your time from hells despite? How can we trust a church
That would have you blinded from the light?
Mumbled under wings of fire angelic confessions due,

How can we trust a bird when 2000 years ago he flew?

I feel sorry for the bird, for the littlest of lambs,
Sacrificed for the sins of man when no sin had found its manifestation
From his hand. All that's wrong has been done in his name,
The littlest of lambs, his memory shamed,
By the blood of every man that kills with him in heart,
Shamed into slavery to bear the bitter cup of injustice,
Done in the name of his own father from whom he
Never should have parted.

David Lacey

Our Art

To consider our art to be evil
You must first give it the power to be so
You are the source of the power you bestow.

David Lacey

Our Mother Princess Patchwork

The trees are stacked in cathedral contortions
I face the sun in setting.
The talisman evolves itself
Blossoms in the wildest shade
Never to fade but only to grow
Destroyed, its work is once more with all
By Adam Eve before the fall.

I'm gaining more within a realm of pain
Than I ever could by forgetting your name.

The prophecy fulfils itself
The blueprint divine is etched
The surface is scratched and what do you find?
Your mind.

Our mother princess patchwork

I remember now the way we would sing and beat matchsticks on the ground
Lost and found I am they say.

The words are a power unto themselves
The words are worlds recurring.
Senses souring
Blood sweat pouring

There's no time for vanity in this insane hour
The clock has lost its face
And I feel out of place in a world of screwed perceptions

I see now the hills are giants slumbering
And here I am, numb within madness
Still....There's no time for sadness.

Father of lies
Born from the seed of deceit

David Lacey

Our Souls Entwine With Energies Sublime

Our souls entwine with energies sublime
As elemental manifestations guide our way.
They guide this heart of mine.

Our Lords observe from their thrones celestial
As we dance in terrestrial spheres,
Seeking transcendence beyond the day.

Every now and then Our Lords appease our fears
Laying their survival in the hands of the Fates
As they descend to mingle with the offspring of creation.

Grey clouds upon the horizon feed the reminiscence
Of a time when we would believe everything our elders taught us
Only now for us to believe that they hath deceived us in their teachings,
Preaching as they are, a faith blind without comprehension.
Hey understand not the language of their creation.

Nine men dance a Morris eternal,
Feeding the need for preparation.
Logic it seems has left me un-even.

A time out of time plays upon this heart of mine.
As church bells chime beyond the horizon
We mimic in mime of the merging of the soul to unity.

Beyond the mask, above the shelf
Lay a woeful soul. Beyond the tides
An Elven queen, completes the circle whole

Ancient forest mothers converse with sky clad lovers
Breeding brothers in arms, defenders of the calm
That unifies the soul.

Into shadow lands we stride
Knowing that bright a sky
Exists within our eyes.

Ours Is The Age

Ours is the age of awakening, ours is the rage of their making.
Ours is the knowledge of all to cease, listen upon a Spring time breeze,
A new world is forming, a new heaven out of a cold and usurous storm.
What reason is there to be found in drawing circles in the ground they ask?
How will it last the coming, the frothing, the bubbling of the storm?
How will it last the coming of Winter and her frosts, will not the circle be lost?

They understand not the act in itself, the memory to which our dance is
attached.

They understand not the reactions they make leave their souls upon the shelf,
Un-animated, un-knowing of the world beyond the horizons shadow.

Take not the burden of another's soul upon your own till you are whole
For only then do you contain the strength to help them through the void.
Know however that we are never to walk away from the ability to help
For it is only through helping and healing with our words and actions
That we ever ascertain any dream we may wish to accomplish.

20th May 2006

David Lacey

Outside

Outside a sky of blue is fading in and out of grey
Inside a crimson sky is dawning all throughout the day.

The senses numbed as defences succumb
To dread fear of revolution
Beneath the sun we'll have our fun
Turning cycles in evolution.

Creation destroys the age old toys
Of wood nymphs, their forest homes
Relations coy fulfil no joy
When I'm chewing on the bone.

Alone! Alone and never grown
In seeking love so far from home.

And here I remain
A King without a throne.

David Lacey

Paint For Me In Light A Portrait Of Their Life's.

Beyond rubber, beyond friction
Escapist souls run deranged,
Estranged husbands, bored house wives
Take out advertisements in local papers,
Selling their bodies, selling their souls.
Each conceal their stories. Paint for me
In light a portrait of their life's.

David Lacey

Pale Blue Velvet Eyes

What honor the Fates hath bestowed upon the year of my awakening.
I was told unknowing of your arrival, told many times by a friend of mine,
Yet never did I imagine that such a friend would be found within my 3rd year
waiting.

Out of the blue, out of the confusion of those souls I thought I knew
Came you, radiating an aura unknown to those that only believe what they are
shown.

The Empress informed me of your star shining brightly upon the horizon
Yet still I did not believe, and never did I conceive the prospect of beauty more
Out of bounds than that of which I had previously known, how wrong I was
shown to be.

For the Crescent Lady whispered of your coming towards the midnight sun,
And there, hanging soft upon shades of the Moon was a story, a new chapter
begun.

Strange as it was I never did realize until of late, that through the oracle of tarot
The Fates had bestowed upon me a time of preparation for your coming, yet
believe I did not and now I remain within a form growing more abused as the
days go by.

Still offer myself a shoulder to cry on do I, As I offer you, you of pale blue velvet
eyes.

David Lacey

Perverse

I can't even look at you
Remembering what you meant to me
Remembering now how it felt to walk alone
When all around was laughter and chaos
Looking at your eyes
Still and unblinking for the lens all seeing
The lens is killer
The observer perverse
Yes
I am
Perverse

David Lacey

Phoenix Dawn

Apollo in the guise of a sun beam feathered phoenix rises from his grave,
The night is done and twilight over run by the rays of a new day dawning.
The green is restored as the valley lifts its weary head from dreamtime
sanctuary.

The animals of the sun rejoice as the creatures of the night return to their
homes.

The valley breathes as an emerald glow emits in radiance from the hills.
Everything around is still, all is settled and a natural silence hangs lightly upon
the air.

Kissed by the wisdom of some starry eyed goddess I find myself at perfect rest.
The world is turning, all memories of the sickened rose are burning upon a
funeral pyre.

The fires are red hot and smouldering away at the Earth. Shadows dance to
unknown Tunes whilst I undress to know creation as my nature. A voice upon the
wind

Whispers melodies upon a breeze that seems as ancient as the mountain range,
still

They are fresh to the mind at ease and still I believe in the beauty of this land.
Still I believe that within the palms of our hands we conceal the key to the
illumination

To this kingdom of dancing shadows, I believe we may cast new light upon any
realm

Just as I believe that we may remain steady at the helm throughout the most
tempestuous

Of storms. Through the art of meditation and through the turning of seven circles
we may

Chance upon the final sphere and we may rise within this lifetime towards the
glory of one, we may rise as we may balance in the sun and the moon in our
stride, never hiding

From the tides of Fate that will sometimes crash upon our shorelines. I believe
that in our given time we may perfect ourselves and be as one with the world in
which we live.

David Lacey

Plastic Talk

Plastic talk
Their tongues slow yet sharp
Parasites breed

David Lacey

Present The Girl With The Crescent Moon

Rise beyond the mist.
Seek throughout the week,
A change in cold routines,
A kiss upon the cheek.

Present the girl with the crescent moon
Perceive what you receive throughout the
Analysis of observation.

□

Her favours, her flavours each make me swoon
As I pray within my cocoon that I
May one day soon Feel that same rising of
Emotion that frees the butterfly from
The prison of her hibernation sweet.

Her vacation within comfort hath distorted her vision,
Yet in symmetry her beauty radiates throughout the day
Still upon my knees I pray that the winds of change
Derange not my senses upon the voyage of interpretation.

David Lacey

Prince Amongst Men

The circle has turned seven wheels towards the dream.
How many moons have passed since our awakening?

Fueled upon whiskey and rising
Sanity ravaged by mad dogs foaming and raging
Tearing at the pages of history
Spurring on the reality that exists within the eyes of a child.

The story exists
We may write it
We may read it
We live it.

Who are you my child?

The druid casting shadows onto stone?
The wicked witch who lives alone?
Surrounded by an army of flying monkeys?
Strange symbols of slavery?

What mockery of sanity is this?
That I should slip throughout looking glass worlds.

One eye is shared by two
My flesh is re arranging itself in demonic parody
The horns of Pan are breaking the skin of my scalp
Leaving me goat hooped and parading the catacombs of
The mountain night, seeking the nymphs of delight in there sleeping
Promising to keep soft and watchful eye upon there safety
But hoping, in a devils delight that they will remember
The joy of spring and require the love I bring.

Restless within the moment
Each seeks their escape
Forever running beneath the midnight sun
Enveloping themselves in the dreams of their forefathers.
Sweet bliss is this life to kiss.

Rise, a Prince amongst Men

Rise King amongst God's

David Lacey

Promising Spring

Mystery lay within the blooms of May,
As it stirs in bare boned branches.
Let cattle roam a world from home,
But know they'd be just as happy at the ranch.

Take me away upon your wings
Beseech to me a song to sing
To relieve the aching Reality brings
So merrily in her stride.

Promising spring, Our Virgin Mother
Grows in blooming as the green man swoons
The presence of the wood nymphs sets his heart alight,
As he joins in dancing the first dance of life into the world a new.

David Lacey

Prophet Of Bliss

Don't be afraid of requesting a kiss
From the boy whose lips you know you'll miss.
Be he a master of tongues? A prophet of bliss?
Be he foretelling the tale of Heavens distress?
Off into the wilderness he cast a broken shadow,
Knock, you'll discover he's hollow. As Ivy
Creeps the grapevines weep whilst we attempt
To keep our calm in composition.

Dance for the hearth, the wings that may lift you.
Dance for the songbird, the songs he may sing for you.
Dance aflame upon the ocean, Keep on dancing,
Chance upon poetry in motion, loose yourself behind the wall of sleep.

David Lacey

Purple Curtains Haiku - David C Lacey

Curtains hang purple
Blinds concealing dying love
Light found in garden.

David Lacey

Queen Of Twilight Realms

Queen of Twilight Realms,
Spirit of Birth, Death
Magic, Healing
Take a Fresh Breathe,
Bless the way I'm Feeling.

David Lacey

Questions And Answers

There are many questions in silence
And many answers at that.

David Lacey

Rag Doll Mannequins

Exultant tongues of fire enflame supplication
By the blood of the moon. As we drink in harmonious celebration.
Fermented pity brews beneath stagnant winds.
We hear a magpie sing, one to unburden upon our souls
All the sorrow one could bring, leaving her emblem,
Her effigy to drift upon the ebbing tides.

As I sink, drowning and drowsed and unheard.
They ride, the faceless, beckoning spirits
Whilst the storm outside bears its charge as the light brigade,
Echoing thunder loose to rumble, bellows overhead.
Out of the void they come, rag doll mannequins hung in
Parade around by bedstead, whispering soft and slow,
Intertwining the tapestries of our minds they leave me wanting,
In Knowing there's something lost I must find.

'How come you to sleep so gently when all around is wild?
To see strange worlds, amazing places, you must anticipate the miles'
In a struggle I awoke still half baked from the night before
As Aurora rises over the ocean blue, bluer than before,
I remember the faceless those of featureless qualities.
'When will you wake child? Are you not to be tamed?
Born wild of the blood moon waning.'

David Lacey

Ramble Little Lamb

As mystery ferments within the womb of Our mother
We anticipate the rebirth of appreciation.
Meditate within your shell,
Build your heaven from the remnants of a hollow hell.

Ramble little lamb, forever onwards towards the horizon,
As clouds above form as child flown chariots, raining down
Strikes on inspiration. Forget regret.

The Muse she stirs my heart a blur,
As spiral constructs obstruct the glare
Of Apollo in his pride

David Lacey

Real A Lie

Tell me is it Real a Lie? Wont you come a little closer to reveal the sky?
Through dirty crowds she burst through gathering clouds.

I just can't think in this heat, I need to get off my feet.
Sink into cool, cool calms of shade.

Think like a genius to act like a fool,
Always bending the rules, they hammered into us at school.
Beneath giant palms we could go fade,
sink into cool, cool calms of shade.

I'll have it on the rocks, laid out on the sand,
I'll wait for you by the docks to take me by the hand.

Across oceans of eternity, we'll plummet to the depths of this land
if only we could avoid it, if only I could take you by the hand.

A small pang of regret, better off to live and forget
better off to live as it's life we're living.

You don't have to forgive me, You don't have to receive me,
You don't have to believe a word I say.

Here we begin, for the cycle to start a new,
I've felt this way before, too many times,
its all downhill fro here my friend.

What I would give to hold you, just once, to let you know the way I feel,
Just for you to tell me, is it Real a Lie?

Hush now baby, baby blue,
These tears I've shed everyone for you,
all I'm asking, is it Real a Lie girl

Hit me, where it hurts, don't you k now I like it when she hurts,
Skin so easily bruised it may have been that of a peach.

David Lacey

Realms Unknown: Temple Of Radiant Truth

A piercing light emits from the center of my vision,
At first the shades of blue confused me yet as I stared
Intently I gained deep insight into the nature of all I was seeing.

I perceived the source of our mothers healing, a temple of radiant light sublime,
With azure blue walls glistening with a thousand stones of infinite purity.
As I focused my vision further the lights center appeared as the inside peak
Of the highest spire known to the dreams of the Gods and from this point
The light began to pulsate as my entire body shook in knowledge
Of the presence of our most divine and eternal maker.

As I embraced my existence whole within the place
I felt the serene joy of a strengthened faith.
And I was born again through the resurrection
Born again from spiritual death.

Born into death upon a material plain I had been
Awoken from my slumber and shook, shook with the
Might of Hercules from my position in an oh too
Comfortable asylum sanctuary.

Now as I gaze upon the green of Merlin's Isle
I understand the wonder of our forefathers
Dreams as they searched to make there home
In the forest night. Now through the temple of
Radiant healing we may feel the world as real
And as beauty in one, we may embrace the sun
As we may embrace the moon, just as we may blush
When kissed my the lips of Penelope.

Adorned to suit the pleasures of Adonis
She treasures the love of masculine spirits
Yet dances wild with her feminine nature,
She loves one and all and all the same through
Summertime green through winter rain
For she knows the joy of cycles turning,
just as she knows the joy of loves ever present
Burning within a heart built upon the foundations
of a desire to know a world of truth.

In the shadows not far beyond the reach
of the temples bells awaits a hooded figure,
Cloaked in an obscure darkness and emitting
the most unstable yet securing of atmospheres,
The figure appears to be female yet it may be
because my desire would have it so.
She offers a sphere of the richest light,
Apollo shines here but also do the fires
Of a cartoon hell, transformation is promised
By this offering, the offer to change
And to know old forms as familiar in
Memory but strange to know as oneself.
She offers within the sphere of her knowledge
The wings to sail beyond the world,
Just as she directs you towards the Woodland
Kings and there terrestrial thrones,
He awaits in the shadows, cooling down from
A days work upon his land, for many years
Now he hath been crafting the mask of true dreaming,
and finally as the three suns set upon the horizon
He placed the wings of the moon upon the mask
And let it sour towards its destination unknown,
This mask may seek you in many forms, sometimes wore
By the face of the storm that gathers and breeds foreboding,
Yet at other times Apollo shall wear the mask of truth
And so shall the world be radiant from the deepest crevices
Of the dankest caves. Into the cavernous womb of some metallic
Construct you may run from the Sun all-knowing,
Yet you will not find darkness that will comfort you when in a
Fear of True wisdom you run, take upon your crown the wings
Of the moon if you consider yourself to shine wholly and never reflect,
Take upon the reigns of Apollo's chariot if you consider
That you may never shine yourself but only reflect the dreams of others

David Lacey

Reals Unknown: Still They Are Known To The Heart Of Man

This same land that knew the footsteps of Arthur and Merlin
Shall once again know an age of chivalry
When the misunderstandings of our race shall fall into the shadow
Hiding and we shall stride as one together.

Yet many ages will pass before we sit each upon the grass
Laughing at the wars of the long lost times and mourning the
Souls of our ancestors who could not understand one another,

In this far distant future age men shall walk the earth
As the ancient masters of the past, Hermes shall be reborn
Just as the Christ child may be born again in a thousand incarnations
Dionysus shall ride the forest trail and men shall once more
Know the Gods as there fathers and knows children as the seed of the gods.

Aphrodite is worshipped through the ritual of vanity,
Hermes is worshipped through the studious and those wide known travelers,
Zeus is worshipped through the power of promise
And through respect and fear of the skies.
Poseidon is worshipped by those who still consider the sea as sacred in its power
Just as Artemis and Apollo are known through the masculinity
Of our solar power to the cycles of the blood moon waning.

Still skyclad Bacchants cheer with he roar of their gods in there tones,
Still we see ecstasy fuel the excitement of youth, just as wine
And alcohol are loved by most.

This present age knows only the loss of the names of those we worship
In our ritual yet soon there shall be men who foretell the tales of old beyond
The walls of lecture halls, children shall know the joy of Homers verse above
All they know of Biblical verse, for although holy and truly deep in truth,
The tradition of religion and its institutions hath been corrupted by the vanity
And evil of man, it would be safe to say that if ever the devil walked the earth
He did so in the name of undisputable doctrine, for this evil there is no measure,
In seeking your treasure as truth shall you find all the pleasures
Of the world available to your understanding.

Take in the land and embrace the day,
Understand the words you say and so
Shall you understand the way to the love
Of your opposite just as you may understand
The love of the Gods in every form.

Still Hades is feared as lord of the unknown realm,
Still bright eyed Athena startles with her insight of the most beautiful wisdom
incarnate,
Artemis lady of the wild, child of Zeus and twin of Dionysus, fires silver arrows
throughout the night whilst Hephaestus, hammer of the gods is sweltering within
his forge.

Ares is worshipped most of all the men of this earth,
His power is strong yet the honor of Ares is lost to the cold slaughter of many.
Hestia is still worshiped by guarded fires and virgin purity,
Still married woman may be adorned with courage by Hera
To strive against there husbands tyranny. Pan may be found
In the countryside's of Europe far from his native land, his beloved Arcady,
Dancing in circles with nymphs, chasing them and constantly rejected,
Yet never neglecting the love he has for all the creatures wild.

Still they are worshipped and still they are strong
Awaiting you to call upon them in all honour.
Deny not the feminine influence running within
The blood of sympathetic wisdom untold.

David Lacey

Red Fork

These glimerring holograms, all fantasy at best,
Here i am undressed before the day my knowing.
I sense the devil flowing, red fork river in streams of consciousness.
I am a fool this day, and still unto the next.
When then shall i find my rest on wisdoms stone?
When then my home within the knowledge of myself?

David Lacey

Red Ribbon Princess

Sleeping at the feet of the most delicate princess
Heaven breathes and relieves the soul of the believer.
Red ribbons set the eternity of her eyes against her skin,
Here within myself, beyond the shelf of indifference
I experience the love of Loves lust of trust,
Here I am, beyond the spring, one with falling leaves of amber,
Beyond the greens of summer, awaiting desert frost.

I believe in love, I believe in hate
I believe we have the will to delay fate at our doorstep,
Though through the gates of dream realm wandering
We are those feathered creatures of the night that may
Dance wild to the beat of entrancing drums,
Chanting, dancing, chancing, changing, re-arranging
The composition of the world at our whim
For we are angels of mortal kin.

David Lacey

Reflections Surreal

I remember so well seeing you for the first time
Laying my gaze upon your youthful and oh so tender flesh,
Little did I know such a beauty would bloom upon the
Journey of adolescence. Little did I know that you
Would breathe such fresh breathe into my world.
I remember so well knowing you for the first time,
Sitting besides you in the classroom of our unwinding,
Asking you what it was you wore beneath the cloth
That hugged so tightly to your figure that I little room
For reason as lust and trust in instinct were united in a
Lifetime of maddened passion enflamed. Nothing would
Have been the same if we had kissed and always will I
Feel as though it was something that I missed, for you,
You were my first blue, the abyss of blue out of time
And place. Now full of faith in destiny but still unsure of
My face I remain a fool upon the hill, masked, triumphant
In some insane mockery of knowing through imagination
The touch of your lips upon my skin. Let me in, Let me in.

I remember so well having you lead me upon a leash upon
The stairwell towards of destination, I remember well the
Way I felt when you could rest your thighs upon my knee,
When you would please me unknowing with the most uncomplicated
And miraculous of smiles. I'd walk miles upon my knees to be beside you,
Just know that that you are there in essence, breathing beauty into
This world of ours that once glowed so green. These days industrial
Tones alongside industrial stylings derange the aspirations of dreamers
Who try to imagine the horizon beyond the cooling of the towers?

I remember you worrying about your future,
I remember how I felt knowing that you would never imagine me beside you,
Lying awake, naked in your arms, the dream did me more harm than good.

To be your butler, to be your slave,
To wade upon my knees and savour the scent of your presence upon the breeze.
Alas how I felt when you would pass me by so easily without an ounce of
Desire enflamed within your eyes, so insecure was I, in such a confusion of
adoration,
For you incited in me a passion out of fashion with my age and you would not

believe me.

I would never deceive you,

I remember awaiting you sat upon the wall and seeing you stride upon the path
Looking unreal in you perfection as if some surreal reflection of a goddess
incarnate

Had penetrated into this world of mine. I remember playing guitar to you, and I
know

How much I would love to play for you now, how I would love to relive our time
together, prefects with badges to prove our false authority, but loving the joke,
you and I

Looking after a class of young and hopeful rebels. I feel hollow within the
memory

Of missing every opportunity I could ever imagine to kiss you, just once, simple
and

Uncomplicated, a kiss, a kiss, so bliss I may never miss out on again.

All I ever dreamed of was to know the sweet caress of your palms upon my form

All I ever dreamed of was shelter in your arms from the storm outside a raging.

Enslaved upon your knees in plastic iron, resembling some fair maiden from
some

Ancient act of seduction portrayed. Oh how I wanted you to want me, How still it
Would make me cry tears of joy within to hold you close against my skin.

Let me in, let me in, let me in to your memories of I,

Let me sail the ocean of wonder I perceive within your arms,

Always feeling as though I could never deserve you

Always hoping that throughout the mists of obscurity

You would stride out stretching your arms to me and

Help lift this burden of mine and beseech to me your carnal wisdom.

I wrote a song for you

I painted for you

I thought of you always

And never did you know.

Never did I get to know your caress

Never did I get to know you undressed

Never did I get to bless the day I slipped between your thighs

Waving goodbye as I would to skies of bleak unknowing.

Show me the way; reveal to me your heart.

David Lacey

Reflections Waltz

Let your hair down, loosen the grip,
Take it at your own pace.
Dropping down, without a frown
It seems all I am a soul of a clown
Confined within the boundaries of a fool.

Always one more time, just to see it through,
When will it grow old, or will it keep growing old with you.
Let the people know the world they fear is no charade
There's dogs that walk the streets with shining plastic smiles,
Girls upon parade, fade into the shadows,
still temptation takes hold.

Here I lay complacent,
Displaced from my form.
Take me to another plain,
So I can grow and be reborn.

Soon the realization
That every single day is simply passing
By us in another simple way.

Waste away the years
Find something to say.

Above the drink, the paling moon,
Dancing an eternal waltz in harmony,
With the symphony of life,
We play, we pray to see you soon.

Lock as the door hides you away,
Ashamed of your mask,
You knew the illusion would never last

How far have we come to see the day is done this way?
To smile another time, close your eyes, you know the way,
a way to see the blues into the nightshades, below the moon.

Rejoin with friends long lost in obscurity, I love you, I love,

Silent Spring as she breathes fresh air into the arms of the lovers,
Blame no one but the hand of fate that guides the mood,
Everyone together now rejoice, be reborn with the new year as shadows
Waltz with reflections in the looking glass.
Pictures ripped up, torn, my mask is a little worn,
Better start rebuilding to be reborn with the wind by my side.

There's no need to sit and watch, what is it you wish to gain
Take a picture it'll last a little longer keep forever still the rain.

Into pale shades of the moon, we close our eyes and sink into the night
The temple lies in ruins; beyond the skies there flies the loon
With melting goo-goo eyes, bound for bloodshot skies, horizon bound
For sorrow, always running round in circles, lost and never found lay tomorrows
Dreams unfounded.

Rejoin the tribe
Growing older, wiser everyday
What's left to wipe the tears away?

It's mine to share, leave me alone, it doesn't seem fair
That it should all pan out this way
Get out of my room, I don't want to be here with you.

Why is it I feel this way?
I can never understand
this fantasies too real for me
No place left for me to land.

A year since our last kiss
Sweet rose,
Lost in crystal bliss a pose,
Withered as the river knows
To keep on flowing but not where to go.
This is all we know.
Wasting away everything we own
Digging the dirt, strip some meat from the bone

Dreams lie in the present
We are all that can exist
In-between meditation,
There's no appeal in motivation

There's some sense of hesitation
In doing nothing. Oh sweet nothing at all.

So much I've seen in what came to pass, let's see it through the year,
The first the most, and everything, the day the world melted before your eyes,
And the floorboards dripped down onto the ceiling, twisted, burnt, ripped, worn
down to the bone.

Adorned in gold upon your throne, don't make a fool of yourself
Tease me, please me, and release me of your spell
I have no tale to tell, no canvas on which to paint the love I felt back then
More fresh, alive, a will to survive that's what we have,
With faces that now seem strange in a distant light.

David Lacey

Remain Ever Soulful In Your Gaze

Through honesty as through opening our hearts to the song of the universe
We may achieve our potential and it is only when we hath become the
Master maker of our destiny that we may adorn the mask of true dreaming
And stare unafraid into the eye of the source.

Fey of healing waters beckon with promises of rejuvenation whilst we listen to he
who watches the mountain grow. Observe the change that surrounds you in the
instance. Allow the pipers their time to pipe as they herald in the dawn; allow
their song to flow upon harmonies sweet softening whilst strengthening your
soul, listen for the rhythm, the heartbeat of your muse, choose to seize the day,
please others in your way.

Embrace the calling of Deaths hand as she stands emitting an aura of wisdom.
Embrace the calling of Deaths hand as she promises a change within your pace.

Keep the faith you've learnt to wear so happy upon your sleeve, keep your faith
In truth even if you doubt that you will ever know for sure the way to cure the
Blues within which you find yourself swimming. Require no proof but the ability
To question alongside the ability to agree with those who would disagree with
you.

Know that honesty at times bears so bitter a bite and many would choose never
to Know yet these are they who would so happily loose sense of themselves for
the
Promise of a comfortable lifestyle, yet do they not realise that we hath been born
To embrace the dawn not to wallow whilst swallowing their dreams and allowing
The nightmare of consumerism to unfold, take your stand, know that love of this
Land our mother the earth will prevail, and though for centuries our kind hath
been
Banished to folklore fairytales once again the world will ask questions deeper
than
Can be answered by those who would wish to keep them sleeping, weep not for
the State of the world and know your dream is not to lay by the fireplace curled,
a sloth Throughout the day.

Remain ever soulful in your gaze; remain ever soulful throughout the haze of
crazy Morning smokes. As the days go by, sigh not in crying and know that it is
to dream and not to try, and that the universe shall turn circles in your favour if
you desire to taste the flavour of the forbidden fruit of Eden's promise.

Paradise Shall once more be ours to wander within, if only we could open our eyes and take in the skies for what they are; a reflection upon the soul of the world.

David Lacey

Remember The Feeling

Twenty one years and vague memories recurring.
Strange waters – strange depths – strange emotions stirring.
I hear a family bickering
'Small minded'
'You'll get it'
'Don't you turn your back on me'
What nonsense is this?
Love – remember the feeling.

David Lacey

Restless

Here I am
Restless
Still shaking from the nightmare
Wishing I could share a while
The smile of the maiden who keeps me sane
Within the war torn nights of emotional instability.

Here I am
Fuelled upon a curiosity to know
The green beyond the fallen snow
Flow with me
Ride with me
Rise.

David Lacey

Rhythms Immaculate

He dances with the worms of mornings show
New sight he finds in blindness, a prophets wisdom knows.
Reborn within the tides, reborn within the flow.
Blessed with rhythms immaculate, watch.....
Watch as him dance the dance unending
Watch as he befriends the night, a mushroom for his pillow.
Taking his place, growing his roots upon the foothills of time
Through the labyrinth ever bending, find me and you're mine.

David Lacey

Ride The Wheel

Live and learn, earn to pay,
Learn to speak to have your say
Know your rights beyond the horizon bound.
Know you're lost when they claim you're found
Ride the wheel. Turn the reel.

David Lacey

Rise Throughout The Day.

An empty page lay as a child un –aging
The page is raging, awaiting the kiss of the ink.
If only to forever miss the interest of waking eyes,
Forever into obscurity the child is sinking.

We are as Adam and Eve cast from the garden of Eden,
We are as children with wisdoms eternal imbued.

I lay here alone in sinking.
Thinking un-blinking of knowing
Your touch to be real.
Here I am out of reach, insecure,
Here I am seeking a cure to my ailment,
Here I am placid in descent.
As you adorn the town in multi-shaded fineries
Not so far beyond the horizon. I'm dancing out of time.

Two oaks entwine, there branches alphabets in the wind.
A lake beside doth conceal a girl
Upon whose vibrations angels swim.

We may rise together, ascending as stars into the void.
Don't get annoyed, don't let them toy with your emotions.

Never close enough to kiss.
They're yours, the lips I'm missing.
Missing though I have never known
Their presence upon my own.
I seek shelter from the storm of insecurity, I seek fame in obscurity.
In the knowledge of knowing
We reveal more than we ever intended to be included within the show.

I promised I would dance with you, free of inhibition.
I promised I would dance for you, as though on exhibition

Rise throughout the day.
Rise to the occasion.
Find your way, your own way.
Lead us through in celebration.

A troupe of Fey sway in rhythm.
Ecstasy fuels their march.
As pipers pipe a merry cheer,
Heralding the coach – the tomb
OF the breathing queen.
Her palace is her prison.

David Lacey

Rising Sap

Our infatuations enflame with the coming of the morn
Through the rising of the sap we herald the princess and her horn
Adrift upon wings of so strong emotion that we could bear
Upon them every creature that ever graced the ocean.

Impish natures, angel features
Each are moulded true to perfection.
One instance. One masterpiece.
Born of the Goddess' hand?
Born of the blood that tamed this land?

The children play at standing still
Then dancing around their mothers hill
They await the time to kill.

David Lacey

Romance And Her Eternal Dream.

Skies of azure have faded in the wake of a crimson shade.
The horizon melts within a state of conversion with the
Limits of a cloudless realm. The stars are turning in their
Constellations, the stars are shining without reservation.
Preserving the beauty of a blanket and cloudless realm.
Here I am, here I remain as ever unsteady at the helm,
As Poseidon whips the waves into a fury of eternal depth.
The void awaits, blissful slumbers within the abyss are calling,
Tempting us to fall, Love leads us towards the strength of our
Unknowing, into the river of our flowing we are to step,
Unafraid into the stream of Romance and her eternal dream.
Only clouds of cotton candy innocence are to roam here,
Only tears of joy are to fall and never those of fear and though
Through the years we may grow tired and we may grow weary
Of constantly trying to ascertain a truth beyond compare
We are to appreciate the fact that we are here
We are to appreciate the fact that we were there to make the
Mistakes we now regret, those same mistakes we must never
Forget if we hope to ever learn from past confusion.
Seek your fusion with the Mind at Large, seek your unison
With the womb of all experience ignoring the malicious spirits
That would misguide you upon your journey.

Upon some ancient railway line I awaited the silent train
Many passed each other before my eyes yet I was unable
To move whilst the opportunity was there to board as
Though a some spirit wind held my body limp against the wall,
An elongated Oboe was laid by feet, yet I did not consider to play.
Upon the other side of the tracks was the memory of a girl
Calling out to me, yet she remained a shadow unknown as
Green pastures of a deep emerald shade beckoned beyond
The boundaries of the tunnel, still I was unable to move,
Unable to speak, unable to reach out as though my will
Itself was weakened in a state of pure anxiety. Eventually
Came some old fashioned automobile running bound upon the tracks,
Bound to the destination of the trains that I had missed,
He who seemed the oldest, adorned in a flopping feathered hat
Spoke gentle words in favour of my joining him upon his journey,
A toothless smile which should have threatened seemed almost familiar

And so I embarked, able to move in everyway, able to speak my
Mind to this toothless sage and his companion bearing a mask of shadows.

David Lacey

Running Rats

Each journey undertaken
Each shaken from our roots
Each boot all clean the dirt to wipe
Slides across another windows pain
We laughed and loved and ate our souls
And then lost ourselves in asking
The questions moon is waxing
And painting us a face.

I see in air vibrations there
And calling we are gods
Of all the dreams that have come now lost and found
Torn and beaten on the humble ground
That sits beneath defiant sky
All void the emptiness of knowing
All rivers flowing into source
And force of waters pouring
Rush the heart the blood is soaring
Into levels all dimensions set in ever changing shades.
Then digging deep with diamond spades
We catch the memory in the shade
Of living in the summer,
And sinking in the fade

So running rats
The cat to catch, the dogs to howl and cry
Sitting here the devils spear
Is surely in my side
Sitting here or standing tall the wall is fast becoming
The one and only thing i see
The world so slowly numbing
Reality this fantasy society created
All I am the one I know
The one the world has painted

David Lacey

Sanctuary

What sanctuary is there beyond the burning of summer sun?
A new page is turning in the story untold
And here we are, older now within the moment disappearing,
The fragrant night holds no captives
Feasting upon the flesh of a thousand virgin dreams.

Bound, gagged and bleeding
She crying for a softer death
She's crying for a fresher breathe

A life anew awaits beyond the walls of her confinement
She is shackled and tied fast within the bondage of conformity
Trying to see beyond the screen, giant, silver queen.

The crossroads are nearing
Small worlds are gathering softly

The canopy of the forest is wavering
Foreign winds travel the air this night
Arabian desert mist envelopes the town
The sweat is pouring a river Nile my skin.

In secret we have hidden
In shadows we remain
The midnight sun is rising
To run the golden game.

Existing only within the memories of our companions

Why would she, great monster incarnate
Wish to keep true dreamers apart?

The expectations of our bearers are lead weights
Upon the shoulders of we sweet warriors of light.
Saturday sun is piercing the clouds of winter's descent
Still there is snow to come, snow to blanket the land numb.

Beauty is sleeping in the tower
As mountains shift in there position

Stirring revolution within the soul of the world.

David Lacey

Scattered Horizons

Across scattered horizons we sail
Upon this shattered vessel of ours
Passing away the memories of our failings
Passing away the hours
For they are ours as any others
They are ours as we are lovers
Of our time upon this plain.

David Lacey

Searched Have I The Starry Sky

Searched have I the starry sky
For a eyes alike your own
Yet never have I known love alike
The love for you I've grown.

The sun pales in comparison
With your radiance,
As the eyes of the Goddess Venus
Taint their stare an emerald green in envy
When confronted by your form.

She is raging, turning the pages of history
In an attempt to find a beauty beyond your boundary
But no smile can she find that sets free
Alike yours the heart of the poet in love.

And lost in desperation
Sick of seeking that which I know
Will only be found in your arms
I lay down my heart defenceless to your sword.
Slay the dreams of love if your heart is sure
But know that no cure will resurrect
My heart once torn of hope.

I am yours, forever at your mercy
Forever wishing to know your kiss,
The kiss that I've been missing,
The kiss that I've been searching for
Throughout every life I've ever known.

Searched have I the starry sky
For a girl alike yourself
And now I know where it is she lies
I can not place emotion upon the shelf
And disguise a love that consumes me so.

I guess I just thought you should know.

Secret In Suspension

Always away to india to find themselves,
What is it they wish to find?
The buddha nature of the Ganjes flowing?
The secret of a perfect mind.

I know in myself that the books on my shelf
About goblins and elves and spirits unkind
Atune to my soul, in a bottomless hole
Solving the secret of a perfect mind.

Free of blind suspicision
Free of shackles binding
The secret in suspension
Is the secret you are finding.

David Lacey

Seed Haiku

Sit today and sink
A while evolving magic
Creation is seed

David Lacey

Seek Guidance Within Yourself

She paints the picture perfect, a circle full in turn
As I lay upon the ground a worm, crawling upon
My stomach, melting in the dirt. Flirting with shirtless
Daemons that run amok amongst this sanctuary of mine.

Listen as the scratch of the nib upon the virgin page
Fuels the passion for marriage, bliss, tenderness engaged.
How am I ever to perceive any form of blanket truth
If I am constantly soothed through the words of a mothers reassurance?

In capturing concepts they are projecting towards false ideals
Of perfection a reflection of looking glass conundrums, pandemonium pursues.

Seek guidance within yourself
Awaken, the palace gates are open to you
As the empress upon her throne
Makes her home a home for you.

From her lampshade
Hangs a catcher of dreams
Catching so that they may never fade
So they retain the magick of their presence.
Love in essence is the blessing of mans companionship
Yet when love strikes a through the arrow of Eros
We lay was confused souls lost in the contradiction.
If only I could rebuke the restrictions laid
As the boundaries of my confinement.

It seems we're loosing our minds
Yet retaining our faith
No masquerade could fool us now
As the fields are set to plough
The seeds are sown
The wheel's in motion
Forever turning cycles, we are grown.
Renew the ocean with tears of deep felt emotion.

What is it that lay within the motion of her form?

David Lacey

Seek Not The Gardener In The Flesh

Two maidens walk throughout the forest unknown
Darkened shadows gloom and each fights off
The demons of her insecurities, they stumble across
What seems like naught less than a garden, for all of
The flowers grow in rows creating the impression of design.

One of the maidens claimed that no gardener would come this
Far into the unknown just to create a garden of such wonders.

The other could not comprehend that such a beauty could of
Come across within a conscious will for it's existence pure.

They each argued in turn and learnt
From each nothing more than the cementation
Of opinion in ignorance towards the other
Yet they agree to test in empirical measures
What force treasures this Garden of wonder.

So they waited and they waited so patiently,
For they had set up fences, and awaiting defenceless they saw nothing.

They heard nothing but the wind as it carried
Upon its song the seeds of springfull joy,
Still the flowers continued to bloom
But no gardener appeared in the form
The un believer was willing to accept.

She that sees the garden knows true the beauty of her surroundings
She knows that it does not need to be measured
For it is a treasure as it is a pleasure in itself,

Yet still her companion points to the weeds that grow,
She point to the dying trees burnt as embers glow.
She can not listen as her friend explains that each is a cycle within the
Medicine wheel, each weed is as worthy of our praise as are the flowers
That catch and dance in Apollo's radiance.

As the seasons turn we learn
As we grow every second

We are making anew the mould,
Before the kiln of silence awaits.

Seek not the gardener in the flesh
But know that it is he who breathes fresh breathe anew
Into every living being
The gardener unseen is as real as the emotions within which we swim.

David Lacey

Seek Your Destiny Upon A Desert Trail

My body aches with satisfied desire.
My body burns upon a funeral pyre.
Angels and Demons both conspire
To lead the night throughout the fire.

Tell me where we go from here.
Shed your fears in a single tear,
Love is one and one is near
Who will love you forever dearly.

Outside a sky of azure shades acts as a canopy to this Paradise of ours,
Clouds of smothering grace drift upon the faith that leads them.
I pass away the hours as I know they are ours to pass away.

A drill nearby tears through a concrete driveway,
There stands a boy, dirt beneath his fingernails,
Failing in his attempt to trail the sun,
His is a story as yet un-spun.

The horse of the pasture grazes nearby dreaming of freedom,
Beyond the horizon the horse of the desert bakes beneath the sun.

The first knows green fields and shelter from the Furies
The second knows the glory of this land.

The desert dweller seeks his sustenance from upon his shoulder,
The horse so accustomed to the pastures boundaries believes
At times that there's nothing he could wish for as upon his back
No burden is placed but that of the saddle and his rider.

Freedom bound upon a desert trail any traveller may be the one
To gain the friendship of this wild and magnificent creature,
For in the desert he lies, beyond the hills as beyond the skies
He flies there still, free as he could ever wish to be.

Free until he finds himself friendship bound to the soul of her form
That greets him thundering before the storm.
He wishes to help her, he wishes he knew how to help her
And upon his mind it dwells, within his heart it swells.

For the dissolution of freedom he does not sigh,
For it was the voice of his heart as he spoke to the sky
In reply to the question why it was he cried throughout
The dream realm that confronted him.

In flesh he was free but required a love with which to share his
Thoughts and his embrace of natural rhythms.
Still he rides as soul he never knew in unison rests within the shade.
His dreams are fading as he is ever wading in search of the place
To call his home, his heart is screaming throughout the day dream
"No home is a home when we are alone! ".

Seek your destiny upon a desert trail.

Know that every horse should enjoy
His share of grass and never fail
To laugh and smile and dance and sing.

He should never fail to chance upon the love
That sails his way upon Fates whim.

Back home at the pasture our consistent friend doth
Stand idly, knowing that there is no world beyond
The fence that he doth see without a journey in the cage.
He dreams of azure blades and skies of Emerald depths.
He stretches his imagination but can not create the experience
True of wandering alone beneath cascading waters pure.
He knows there is no cure for his blues.

Even the horse of the desert requires a companion
To make there home within his heart.

One dreams of freedom, one dreams of company
One fears restriction, one full of hesitation

Both contain the seed of the other
Both stride towards an integrated whole.
Both strive to save there souls not from
Eternal damnation nor from the cycle of reincarnation
But to save their souls from Typhon
The serpent of dull ignorance and manacle perversions.

Both seek distractions upon their diversions
Both seek to hold still the oils upon the spoon
Whilst taking in the beauty of Our Luna Moon.
Whilst allowing Apollo to kiss our lips as we
Turn our eyes towards the sky we may discover
A World of Mystery hidden within the silver
Linings of Destiny and her tidings.

Hide not from the hands of Fate.
Never fear that the moment is late
For what's meant to be shall never pass you by□
And though you may cry and though at times
You may question why it is that you must sigh so
Know that within you lay a divinity glowing
Awaiting you to know, awaiting you to flow.

Keep open the doors of aspiring clarity,
Keep distance from Vanity and know
That those whom she hath her claws in
May be forever lost to looking glass blues.
Break through the din of thronging masses
Create the day upon a whim yet seek not
To see the world through rose tinted glasses.

'Don't pass me by, Don't make me cry'

David Lacey

Seek Your Dreamtime Sanctuary

Engage into dreamstate.
Seek your dreamtime sanctuary.
Secure at the seams we stride,
Upon each path leading to another world.
Seek your asylum within your limitations
As soulful horns lull to the senses to a slumber
We lumber around aimlessly, care free.
Lost within euphoria, ecstasy.

David Lacey

Seek Your Knowledge In Observation.

Seek your knowledge in observation.
Know friendship to be the truest bond of all,
Near perfect is Love platonic in essence.
Within nature perceive the friendship of all,
For all. Friendship can be Death in a lovers guise.
Don't let it come as a surprise to you when you
Find your heart broken in parts, buried beneath
The steeples you have erected in Honour of your Love.
Bonds without friendship are as shackles.
Seek a stranger of sympathetic intellect.

David Lacey

Seeking Salvation From The Nightmare

The purple journey bends my mind
It leaves me lost and hard to find
Smiling within a shadows ghost
Smiling with the blind

Seeking salvation from the nightmare
Where are we to turn?
Seeking redemption from the redeemer
Who are we to burn?

There's something gone a miss here
Something out of time
Something lost and never found
Yours and never mine

There's been something lost in nothing
And nothing seems so real
Tell me of the feeling
Tell me how you feel.

David Lacey

Seeking The Elixir

Why is it I'm scared of slipping beyond the hearth?
Why is it I'm scared of being buried in the earth?
Ground down into ashes, the sacred charred at length
Spit roasted upon the flame, stripped of flesh, stripped of strength.
Hell bent hounds, three headed monstrosities
Bound on closing in, eyes of animosity
Seeking the Elixir the cure to their ailment
Seeking a Queen to lure into descent
Absorbed into madness, Insanity no longer recognises her face
No longer recognises her faith in a world of rag doll features
A world of weather torn creatures sleeping as our mothers creeps,
Invisible by twilights embrace, Her features weep more week by week
Steadfast in her faith. Searching the desert delving, absorbed into the barren,
Shirtless, flirting with the devil by the roadside, the devil she may hide.

David Lacey

Sensation Penetration

Sensation penetration, a diversion at the best of times,
At worst a crime of violent colours, as shadows feed,
As shades parade, breeding upon the insomnia of the sun.
Hoping as they prayed his time was done, yet here he comes
As they run faceless through the void, traceless in their dreams.

The dogs are calling out your name, rabid wild and roaming
As storm clouds gather over head, a sky once mild is foaming.
Intangible tears come falling, rolling down the cheek of the girl,
The girl who was never there to keep your knees from growing weak
At the prospect of an eternity without care, without caress,
Without fingers to run soft smooth rhythms through your hair.

Do you perceive a life with the stone, in recognition of its growth?
Could you receive a love born of a soul outcast? Alone dreaming
Of servitude to a higher cause, always awaiting, never grown,
At least not by the standards of man in his infinite wisdom.
Could you tell me when the cycle begun to turn the loom of fate un-spun,
All we are it seems, unique, freakish in origin, running a race never to be won
For no restrictions have been set, no rules have been laid to forget
Sometimes as we wonder in regret we ask, Why are we running at all?

David Lacey

Shadows Cast Confusion

Irish blood breeds velvet eyes
Or so I've since observed
Since you last revealed the skies
I've kept your memory well preserved.

Alas, upon a portrait tainted green with the ugliest of envies,
Shadows cast confusion, the years go by in their turning,
I find it easier more so each day to laugh at the mistakes of the past,
I feel as though I'm learning, still finding it hard to conceive
That everything I learn I can not believe through the greatest irony of
contradiction.

That I should come to accept a reality without you seems no fair deal
To a soul upon the leash of his heart strings.

David Lacey

Shake The Eyes

Too scared even then to shake the eyes back open
Clenching the lids are shut and tightening
The sun has returned, still shining through the biting winds
For the coast is close and sand in air is carrying the death
Of far off mythic mountains skimmed across the waves.

The sky at this the time of sinking, so deep the turquoise
So blood the moon is dripping, and time forever skipping the surface
Beating black and blue the face of all forgiving
The children are crying, can you hear them? Tell a story,
They shall surely sleep

We are empty here, empty headed vessels of consuming
And the society we hold so dear, is propagating lies at our expense.

David Lacey

Shaking As I Wake

My hands are trembling torments
Shaking as I wake
Take me to the land
Where I hold steady my own hand
And where my heart shall never break.

David Lacey

She Of The Craft

She enters the room
All eyes turn
All eyes burn
Her skin

Her skin is cold
Colder still to the
Touch of tender
Lustful gazes

In Crazed mistrust
Of the heart
Of God
Of Man
Of Woman
We are lost

Lost are we
Lost to the touch
Of angel dust

She leaves the room
Leaving them chained
Manacled
Bondage bound
Lost unfound
They remain
Insane
Within the insanity
Of the night that
Beckoned them to
Forest depths

Her skin is ash
Her skin is frost
Her skin is sand
Her skin is lost.

Scarred earth

Charcoal soil
Freshly cut primrose
I'm bleeding
I'll heal
Though thorns
Have cut me deep

Can u see them?
Hear them?
They dance in shadows
Circles by twilight

Dead flowers
Ruined temples
Decay
Silent streets
Can you hear voices?
The ghosts are
Witness to soulful murder
Vultures claw at the jelly sweet eyes
Of the bodies that line the streets.
Blood Red Rivers flow liquid death
Over mangled maggot ridden corpses.
Does it make you feel alive?
Does it incite you in the motion to rise?

Where is she now?
What is she doing?
Is she laughing?
Is she crying?
Does she remember my name?
Will she sing for me?

In knowing her to exist
New temples erect
In honour of her presence upon this plain.
She a wild snaked eyed goddess
She a beauty of raven tones
Deserves the worship of the gods

Fire

Earth
Water
Air

She of the craft
She who smiled and stirred the alchemy of my soul.
She who opened up her heart to me upon our first encounter
I miss her, the girl I met but once
Within some ecstasy fuelled dream time sanctuary
Where we danced a thousand years
In each others arms
We felt safe
So far away from the harm of vicious men

Where she now?
What is she doing?
Is she laughing?
Is she sighing?

Does me remember the songs we played?
Does she wish to lift her chest in the
Knowledge that tomorrow never knows?

It's been too long now without contact.

I invoke the spirit of unison to bring forth this angel into my life once more
For she is all that I could ask for
She of the feathered claw.
Where is she now?
Why isn't she knocking at my door?

All it is I can hope for is that the fates have sewn a tapestry of beatific vision
With I and my fairy princess hand in hand
I pray that we will one day walk this land as one in unison
Holding dear the love that paints the sky pastel shades by sunset.

For once words can not express
Nor colours paint the mood that she brought me to embrace
And so I keep my faith in fate beside faith in the choices we make as our own.
I keep faith that once day we may call the same hearts home.
She my snake eyed goddess of the highest esteem.

Foreplay
Worship
Devotion
Undying Loyalty
Love in motion.
Truth
Trust
Love
Lust
All you feel
Is all that's real
And I know that I would feel her beyond eternity's wall of sleep
I know that I shall keep real and ready the love I hold for her
Though I may grow old and tired of waiting
To meet her once was promise enough that an angel such as her
Would not grace once alone this life of mine.
So father time
So father sky
So mother earth
Hear the forest child cry
For I am sighing in and out of agony
With the thoughts of never knowing true the touch of her flesh again
Allow her to remember the connection we felt
May she dream of me as I dream of her?
Hope
Hope is all I have
Hope of once more hearing the words
I love you.

David Lacey

She Rests Her Head Upon Apollo's Shoulder

Our Luna Goddess moves
In slow rhythmic grooves
Proof of the tidings she keeps.
Though she may weep
Throughout the day
It's only sure her appearance sleeps.

She rests her head upon Apollo's shoulder
A rarity revealed
She rests her head as she calls her lover,
Still she keeps her love revealed.

Two souls fall in and out of the blue
Two souls who thought they knew the way.
Two souls without a word to say to one another
Two souls circle Our Mother the Earth.

Blessing, breathing,
Refreshing, relieving,
Spurring on life anew.
Two souls are left to
Kiss beyond the blue.
Casting a shadow upon
Those that would claim
They knew the way.

David Lacey

She Rides Upon Felt Fabric Skies

Skylines melt whilst merging beyond the scope of eternal horizons.
She rides upon felt fabric skies, holding true the spell she casts forth with her eyes,
Outside Our Lady Moon is moving towards the fulfillment of her potential,
Energies potent soar as the big sun comes a roaring upon a chariot of golden wings.
Hear the sirens sing beside the pipers piping songs of merry cheer.
Make love, sweet love throughout the year. Shed a tear for the fears of the world,
Remembering not to simply sigh at the storm clouds gathering above the west
Remembering not to simply rest as the forest magnificent,
As our mother universal is Mauled by the savage dogs of industry's bellowing.
They've smoked way the sky of blue and taken from us the gift of our blessing,
they have Dressed the sky in funerary robes in preparing the beauty of our mother for her tomb,
What reason is there for treason against the immortal womb of our kind, what reason can
There be to turn upon that which gave unto us the gifts of our minds, for we are to know
When we are blind just as we are to know that there will always be questions with answers un-answered forever
calling to be found. Turn the circle round, what do you see?
Can a star conceive its beauty in correspondence to the next within its constellation?
Can a man perceive true beauty if he has not taken all of creation into consideration?

David Lacey

Should I Fear?

Here we are once more upon the turning of the wheel,
Here we are once more within a world where nothings real,
Deprived of sleep and keeping restless watch upon the shadows
I await the arrival of the summer's heat to kiss upon my skin.

A New Age Is Rising

Should I fear?

Change is good the elders say
Now is no time for fear nor loathing nor love
Now is the moment to rise
And we shall my friend for I have seen death in an infants eyes
So let us rise
New horizons beckon
Let us follow the trail of the sun.

David Lacey

Shower

The morning is a ghost of dreaming,
The morning is a flower
And the morning's mostly seeming
Like I always need a shower.

David Lacey

Sing Muse.

Sing Muse.
Sing to amuse.
Sing for us.
Entertain.
Sing to us
Of ages past

David Lacey

Singing To Insects

Singing to insects – dancing circles upon damp earth.
Bare feet – New dawn – Blessed birth.

I remember well the man I was, the boy I used to be.
I remember well all that was as mine a gift to see.
To smell, to sense as to feel. I remember now a time
When love and life felt real. Now my chest grows tighter
A solar phoenix flaring, a solar phoenix sharing.
So many years I have searched, perched upon the crossroads
Now I find my home, at one with flesh and bone.
I rest at one with the whole my own. I love my heart my home.

I am at one with the sadness that darkness our age
I am at one with the page in turning
By the river sleeping – By the river slept
By the river weeping – By the river wept
I am at one with the fire there burning
Open your eyes – reveal the skies enshrouded.

David Lacey

Sleep Well Angel Sweetness

Sleep well angel sweetness
Find your place in dreams
Keep well within your mind
That nothing's as it seems.

This night angel sweetness
You have opened up my eyes
You have changed in form
Beyond the storm and opened up the skies.

Sleep well angel princes
In your kingdom's shade
Keep well within your boundaries
The time allowed to fade.

Sleep well angel dearest
Moon beam maiden of this realm
Keep steady in your hand the dreams
Which keep you steady at the helm.

Sleep well angel sweetness
Find your place within the clouds
Beyond the reach of savage men
Beyond the gathered crowds.

Let us dance beyond the moon
Allow us time to sing
Let us dance upon the moon
Allow us love to bring.

Let us swim the ocean sky
Allow us love to know
Let us fly and never sigh
Above worlds of porcelain snow.

My love for you sweet angel
Knows no boundaries in its kiss
Sleep well angel dearest
Upon a cloud of heavens bliss

Rest your head a moment
Just one moment in descent
Allow us time to kiss the moon
The future, past and present.

Let us swim the ocean sky
See angels dreaming there
Let us swim and never sigh
Run fingers through their hair.

Sleep well angel dearest
Below the clear moon sky
Embrace all it is you fear
Could bring tears to your eyes.

Embrace the day that beckons you
For it is as each moment the birth
And death of all creation.

David Lacey

Snake Eyes

She dances in the shadow of rhythm
Lost to my kindred sprit upon the southern wild,
Lost to me is she who rose in freedom upon
The dark romance of the velvet underground,
Lost to me is she kissed so well the moment
With her embrace of an Indian summer.

Snake eyed she turns
Alive she burns with grace
Known only to the spirited
Dancers of the warm and fragment night.
Snake eyes of a natural faith
Beckon wisdom beyond her years,
In her arms may the fears of the
World decay know life anew
Throughout the most scared
Acts of creation divine.

David Lacey

Soaked In Serotonin

Clouds of thunder erupt above the serenity of my dwelling place,
The sky though grey retains its magnificence. The downpour swells.
The streets run acid drips of erosion down their gutters as the
Blackbird flutters its wings in hope of returning hope before being soaked.

I know that beyond the grey lay the last rays of Apollo's glory,
His return is promised by the knowledge of all that has gone before us
Yet we are no more guaranteed that the sun will rise tomorrow
As we are guaranteed of a life everlasting beyond the need of redemption.

The God Child dwells within us all and it is towards our potential that
We are called by our aspirations; they whisper throughout the night,
Those Muses of delight that take us upon our flights of fancy, leaving us
At times deranged yet forever they'll know and they'll tell you that beauty
Is the flowers show. Still the rain continues to fall. With each beat upon
The pavement, with each ripple they call, feeding inspiration towards the
Heart of the poets All. Beyond the summer, beyond the fall Death promises
Life anew, beyond the blue, beyond the grey lay a crimson sky in dismay.

A Red Sun wavered upon the horizon as fueled by ecstasy he danced
Chancing circles in and out of time with the rhythm of his heartbeat.

The sky melts so close to merging with the boundary of my vision,
Blackbirds sink into the green yet still I hear them filling the forest
With the songs of their undressing. What a blessing it is to be here,
Born into this form, born beyond the storm of a world at war and waiting.

He danced and dances still, upon the hill, seeking his thrills in pleasure pills.
The hours passed alike seconds, as the mind of the wanderer soaked in serotonin
Sought the forest as his home, crying out to the Gods of the woodland to keep
Him calm throughout the dissolution of his inhibition, yet listen they did not
As the Emerald Queen took him by the hand, speaking of a love of spring and the
land
She stood, domineering in her beauty grand, and there still she stands holding
Cold the stone statuette of a dying virgin poets heart. For dance did he in circles
With her grace, dance did he till he lost his faith in the significance of existence,
Then slipping silently into twilight procession he understood his obsession with
Transcendence yet it was too late for him, the Fates had decreed and he was
turned

To stone though the Emerald Queen with her pleas did all she could to try
And halt the Guardians of the woodland in their conduction of law surreal.
He had known too much in the touch of her palm, he had found calm
Beyond the need of a love of the All, he had fallen in Love with our immortal
Maiden Green and now he contemplates within a dream existence whether or
Not he would dance with her again or whether he would refrain from the pain
Of loosing all upon the Earth he choose to Love, was the truth of a dream within
The skies above enough to balance the Love of his family and friends?

David Lacey

Solem, Sunken, Sombre, Drunken.

Shes been down, shes been out with a smile on her face
That never manages to reach her eyes.
Shes been down, shes been out, she's lost every race
always loosing track with her head in the clouds.

Blinded by the grazing yoke, confounded by a lazy joke
Hassled by the thronging crowds, gathered, dirty, looming clouds
We've got to get away from here, without a kiss, without a tear
To spread our wings and fly away, without a single word for fear

Nothing more to be said, nothing more to be sold
No more yarns to spin, no more stories to be told
No more poems to reciete, no more books to read
No more mirrors in which to look, no more religion in which to believe

No more combs for your hair, or spoons for your soup
No more guys at the corner to whistle reassure you that your cute.
No more ribbons to tie in the back of your hair,
No more flowers, where they ever there?

Do you ever get the feeling your not wanted?
Do you ever get the feeling you ain't required?
No one desires you in their pressence
When your always on your guard

The princess she won't speak to you
She has nothing more to say,
She's said all she needs to say to you.
She requests you be on your way.
No matter how far you traveled,
no matter how long you intended to stay.

David Lacey

Solemn Oaks In A Barren Land.

A Celtic knot empowers his wrist
His hair hands in loosened braids
He'd call himself a Bard
But they'd have him branded as insane.

His eyes conceal a fountain
Of wisdoms, ancient, untold.
His eyes conceal a knowing
That remain though he grows old.

His skin as the wind
Changes in contrast to expectation
Sometimes he retains the silver pale of the moon,
The next day he glows in Apollian radiance.

Torn chords cling tight the hip
Worn through seams beg to be sewn.
As he strides headstrong
Into the un-known.

His chests grows tighter day by day
He seeks a rest, another way
To see is day is done.

We amongst the faithless stand
As solemn oaks in a barren land.

David Lacey

Solitude In Seclusion

Sorrow is mine for the moment at hand,
Tomorrow sublime in pastel grandeur
And here surrounded by a circle of kings
We sin in singing the songs we sing.

What asylum is this we have erected
In honor of escape? The power is rising
And wide eyed bacchants, foaming at the
Teeth are seeking their release from life.

No hills of emerald glades are there for us to dance upon
No fires are there to enflame passion within madness,
Only the asylum exists, its doors open to the world.
Its inhabitants resisting the temptation to sleep.

Who can know what goes on within these walls?
Who can know the rules behind these doors?

Fragmented delusion, solitude in seclusion
What disillusioning love is this?
What façade of bliss that beckons the kiss of wisdom
Within a moment out of time.

Sorrow for now is mine
Tomorrow sublime and forever undying.

David Lacey

Sometimes

Sometimes I can not see myself in the mirror
Sometimes I dare not touch myself in the hope of forgetting I am real
Sometimes I forget to feel.
Sometimes I wish I had not invited myself to dinner.
Sometimes I forget to shiver, though chilled down to the bone.
Sometimes I loose myself, only to find myself trying to find myself.
Sometimes I pretend I am dead
Sometimes I pretend I have no head

Where would I go?
One day maybe I'll know.

David Lacey

Song Unsung

New words from the song unsung
New melodies born aloft the wings of harmonic nightmares
Dreams awash come clean my soul
I feel the dirt, filth dug deep in flesh
Forever unsleeping
Forever rewinding throughout the white noise and haze
Always wanting more
Always looking for the door
Always and forever, to find another world.
A world beyond that which welcomes me with each waking step.
Here's to the memory born of forget.

David Lacey

Sophia

What is your name my child?

Sophia

Sweet goddess of truth departed.

And here I am – a devil broken hearted.

No Lord of parted tides.

The dance awaits

The shaman's frenzy

The dance revealed in ecstasy.

Open your eyes, wider than you have ever known.

David Lacey

Soulful Excess

If to know thyself is truly the path of wisdom
Then who are they our 'masters' to lay down
Laws in dogmatic tainting upon the fuel of
Our intoxication, are we not those that seek
Redemption upon a path of soulful excess?
If it is true that only in knowing the colours
Of our deepest, most shadowed shades that
We may fade beyond the ego and ascend.
In soaking our minds with the angel of
Awakening we are finding ourselves just
As we are loosing our minds to seek our
Souls, we must dissect before we are
Whole, and in doing so in many different
Mindsets we are born again as those who
May forget the sickening pulse of subservience
To laws that hold no grounding in moral justice.
I seek to know myself and in doing so I
Feel just and true in the opening of every
Door I come across, just as Alice I seek with
Curiosity the rabbit holes of my mindscape.
Not to escape but to discover, never to
Run but always recover what has been lost.

David Lacey

Souls Of Sweetness, Souls Of Sour.

All that is, forever was, forever it will be
It takes only the eyes of a child to unravel the mystery.
You're over thinking everything
You're sinking in the songs you sing.
You should be dancing.
Slashing in the inhibitions of the past.
Making ghosts of the demons to which once you were host.

I have found upon my journey
Souls of sweetness, souls of sour.
With each I've spent an hour
Learning from myself.

Tell me; tell me of the dreams that rest your heart at ease.
Listen; listen to the whisper of the trees.
Does it please you?
Can you hear the secret teasing you?

David Lacey

Sour Haiku

The memory sours
Sinking quicker than before
Grey mist at the door

David Lacey

Spirit Remains Unrestrained.

Into the wilderness they stride virgin to the spirits of the land
Solitude within the boundaries of understanding attracts the
Company of ghost guardian ancestors. Four days without
Sustenance shatters the resistance of our defences.
Our guardian reveals in delivering songs alongside rituals
To guide us upon our paths so that we the children may protect
Ourselves from the dangers of adulthood. Spirit remains unrestrained.
As the Fey of the wilderness make their homes in the forest night.
They await Dionysus in his procession throughout the mountain range.
Uncontrollable satyrs orgy in dancing as Intoxicated eyeballs fuel fermented
Frenzy. Strange days keep on getting stranger. Everyday more so deranged.
I find myself chasing wood nymphs to the girls delight
Enchanting circles with the beating of our feet upon the ground
Dance sweet circles to the pipes of pan as birds take flight unheard.

David Lacey

Squeeze

Squeeze yourself into a house of glass
Squeeze into the future past
Squeeze a smile and squeeze a laugh
Squeeze the time as days they pass.

David Lacey

Still Our Mother Weeps

Our mother weeps as floorboards creep in and out of season
As Eden weaves autumnal leaves each day without a reason.
Embroidered confectionary poured upon the child lavished in affection.
As savage reflections are cast upon funhouse mirror imagery.
Autumns leaves are shivering in Winters wake, as the land sleeps
Beneath a blanket virgin laid down my maidens Blue.
Veins are running thick fast currents of mountain dew all In
Anticipation of your presence. All in appreciation of your essence.

Outside the wind breaks at the gates of dawn, she calls
Upon the mother of pearl mornings claiming that without
Warning Tempestries would never run to rest, at best she claims
They may lay below a burning sky, under the illusion of false blessings cast.

Shake away the nightmare, leave it wallow.
Swallow your pride, ride beyond your boundaries.
Break the horizon, break beyond the wave.
Savour memories fond, sacred in favour.

Still Our Mother weeps, still virginal maidens creep, keeping cold my veins.
Promising day in, promising day out that things will one day be the same as
They were back so long ago now my mind is lacking in the perfection demanded
By the portrait etchings I keep honoured within the corridors of my minds palace.
Within which I hope to find the doorways revealed. I hope to envision secrets
concealed As an open book to read, another day, another hook on which we are
to feed.

David Lacey

Stop To Start

Use your heart
Don't tear apart
The world if you
Have stopped to start

David Lacey

Strange Girl

Bound in inescapable agony she is forced upon her knees,
No plea of sanctuary may save her now, nor memories of freedom.
Gagged and chained to a dank cellar wall she is crying,
She's dying inside, slowly but surely and seems to refuse the cure
Of a friendly smile. She begs for abuse. Strange Girl.

David Lacey

Strangling Watch He Re-Arranges

How long will it last, this happiness I'm feeling?
Long enough for me to shed the skin I'm peeling?

Slow baked beneath the golden yoke of summers ego
Lay the sanctuary of winter's snow.
Lies asylum for those that know, for those who seek
The glow of the forest trail, who await the girl named Guess to show.

Always to try, always to fail, whether it be upon the
Astral plain or it be digging in dirt for the glow worm
Awaiting an excuse.

Watch him squirm, watch him change,
Strangling watch he re-arranges
Deranged within debauchery,
Whilst accusations of sorcery made him laugh,
Made him cry, If only he had the time to pass he said as he whimpered
His last sigh, as he kissed the sky goodnight, mourning the death of
Memory, the death of the sun he would never again have kiss his cheek
Goodbye.

David Lacey

Stream

Strange time it is to sit and think,
All time we are forgetting, (drink)
As silver sliver comes the river
Down the mountains side.

And into folding dreams
The river slowly seems,
To be building new the mountain
At the bottom of the stream.

David Lacey

Strife Is Life Haiku

Struggle strife is life
The day is dark when hope dies
Clouds always remain

David Lacey

Strip For Me

Chemicals of dubious legality are fueling orgies around the globe.

Where is the palace of wisdom we were promised
In devouring our bodies with our souls delight?
Where is the palace that wisdom promised if
We offered the flesh of virgins to the face of the night?

Strip for me
Bare yourself before the gods that bear you in their arms
Dance
I won't do you any harm

Pray for me
Pray to me
I'll worship you

Adorned in the feathers of our season
It would be treason unto the soul if
We were to pass away the hours beyond
Each other's arms. I won't do you harm.

David Lacey

Sweat

I AM Lord of all and one
Lady in the shadows being,
The fabric to kiss is sweet.
The skin to kiss is sweat,
All my eyes are seeing.

David Lacey

Sweet And Sour

There is a whole world to explore, to devour
Sweet and sour devour it
Embrace the one your all – Empower it.

Dining with the Empress of the starry sky. Isis.
Virgin mother hold me in your arms.
Bless the world in the days undressing.
Allow no harm to come to the children of true faith.
Faith in themselves, their own ideals
Formed upon a judgement true.
Judgement free of envy
Judgement free of fear.
Feed the night, wild beast devouring.

Traces untraceable
Faces unfaceable
Where am I to turn?
When the devil on my shoulder casts me in circles every dawn.
The moon is twice in falling
We are to rise as Angels, Devils in disguise.

David Lacey

Take Heed My Friend - A Trippy Verse For Welsh

Jonathan Creeks hoola-hoops are orbiting softly on a gentle breeze,
Flea bitten pigeons are singing heartily to the great Lord Cracken.
Dead and dying dogs with trippy cups of tea,
Green spring sprung, wet still makes mud,
Drink heartily my friend, she awaits you.

Take heed boy,
It's a rare deed that must be sown for flight
To come to those unknown,
Take heed my friend,
Even ornithologists have oracles, debate,
Articulated moose regurgitate themselves for you,
Will you wait?

Mystic magician devouring imagination,
One more place still, no vacation,
Plastic insects, urban bizarre, photo opportunity for the blind,
Read it first, ha-ha
Opportunity has only two pees,
Two police men at your door, knocking shit into your mind,
Regurgitate yourself once more, Jesus sees into your eyes.

Austrians singing with delight,
Proper mint, but it's alright...gay,
Home secretary puts your soul on expenses,
Claudia still missing with no pretences,
Visit me oh woe in York, get stabbed up with plastic spork,
Imagine that, the shame, not me! Climb the minster as if a tree.

And the juices were flowing, but no one knew the flavour.
And all the olives had bent here, watching.
Don't eat the banana.

P.S. when in a day or two someone says hello to you,
Take heed boy,
Do not trust them.

Written as a collaboration between John 'Fraggle' Patchett, Sophie Baxter and David Lacey

David Lacey

Take Me Beyond Time

I seek now for the gods of forest night
For nymphs for satyrs and the like,
I call to all as twilight falls upon this land of mine
To take me beyond time
Into a world eternal
Into a world infinite in beauty divine.
What horror is this to be whipped in never conforming to the ideals
Of a society so surreal that it is those shunned that would know wisdom in their
eyes?

David Lacey

Take The Time To Drink Some Wine

All is good and well and fine
So take the time to drink some wine
Who knows where it will lead you
The monster as it feeds you

David Lacey

Tell Me Of Your Dreams Child

Blood pyramid rising
Stood before the Christ child crucified
The solar god is dead and dying still.
Fresh from the kill.
The temples erected in his honor are sour in grandeur,
the mason's secret concealed
Solomon's temple - Solomon's Key
Where are the prophets of our age?
Left to rot behind locked doors?
Labeled lunatics and forgotten.
Beggars are the merchants of sympathy?
Give them gold for the story told.
Take me now to a world where I can feel myself as real.
How many life's have we lived within each others arms?
Tell me of heaven?
Tell me of hell?

The clouds are moving spectres of freedom at rest.
Barefooted, adorned in the rags of decadence
The faces of the hillside are grim - relics of an industrial age.
The dales and peaks arise before us
Tell me of your dreams child?
Elated - visions blurring towards fantasy fulfilled
The clouds are heavens forming
There is a break in the dance unheard.

David Lacey

Ten Spheres

Ten spheres turn shimmering with a light contained,
The colour of the sphere is but a reflection upon the light,
The true light, boundless, beatific and eternal is forever one the same.
Twenty two pathways are their for us to walk upon,
Journeying well and safe with perfect trust and love
As our guiding lights for our passion and our intuition.
We may breathe life anew within our meditation upon some higher plain.

Seek the wisdom to open your heart the universe whole,
Know your place within the turmoil of infinity and know your soul.
Flow between the channels towards the horizon of eternity
And know that through the process of the moulting cage
We may subdue the rage of the beast within and we may
Shed our skins as we grow vibrant feathers anew.
Through a thousand shades of azure blue we may stride.

The tree of life thrusts its grandeur towards the sky,
And we must pursue our aspirations towards the light sublime.
Divinity incarnate you may see in the eyes of the one you love
But the light above loves you beyond the boundaries of limitation,
For you are as one with the ocean as you are with the fire
And through the fluidity of our breathe from the earth we may retire,
Yet always to return as from above to below and to know our time is now.

David Lacey

The Alchemists Kitchen

The Alchemist's kitchen
Riddled with dragons,
Symbolism lost to the erosion of time
Swealting heat brings your pulse to the fore,
Feel the essence of life pounding in your eardrums.
Beat to the rhythm, Your wings may lift you if you try
Your songs, angels will sing for you if your cry.

Everything is lost, Still everything is shown, Woven threads by a hand unknown,
incomprehensible to those that dwell too long in their science, be it art or the
workings of the cosmos. The universe as one, unity, what is known by the void
will be shown to those who do not dwell too long in practice, cease the reigns.
Ride, Rise, Rose.

To lie, Embrace the shimmering glades,
Swooning inwards seamlessly,
Below the waning moon, dancing in the shade
Turning inward dreamily

Feed the daemon so we may feast, upon a hearty meal, upon the ale of yeast,
Not least so we may slay the daemon to feed a thousand souls with the carcass
of a beast no one knows, knew as well as I, flesh torn from the hide. So far as
he was, detached from the norm, still retaining a calm you'd least expect to rule
the eye of the storm.

Dreams on sunken solitude, seem to feed an attitude of remorse for a life we
moan that has not yet passed.
Systematic malfunctions, Telepathic junctions, stuck in a jam, straight out of the
frying pan into the fire.

What strange a life is this, some border line reality, some facade of bliss?
A kingdom lay benign the surface, scratch it at your wish.
Kick the habit in the teeth, allow your mind some room to breathe
You need to understand, before you realise, you need to believe, before you wipe
the red dirt from your eyes,
Stich his lips, you can't stop him dreaming,

Blissfully unaware of our own complexities, our own insanities, of a world turning
upon the obscenities of men, indignity to justice, done in justice's name, only

shame, only rain falls in this land. The only light to my darkness, I must stamp
you out, The only cure to my sickness I won't seek it out. The pace set in
stagnation bording on regression.

Some Medicated drama, Karma Queen,
Of Irish blood, sink velvet eyes.

David Lacey

The Black Book Of Santiago

Spiralling towards oblivion
Am I to abandon any hope of recovery?
Salvation?

I feel the blanket shifting
Acid clouds above my head.
All about my form lay broken bodies mangled
Tarnished flesh horrors await as the waxworks melt
Slow, soft, sombre, felt fabric drips come melting sweet
A torrent of fear upon the street victims helpless below.

Cooling towers upon the horizon act as cloud factories.
What hope do we have of recovery?

Electric snakes wind entwining themselves
Around the roots of the venerable Oak.

What horror of industry is this that pollutes our horizon so?

Children seek their mother through discomfort.
Fathers are no longer to be honoured.
Shallow streets fuel the addicts need for release.
I spiral onwards - ever inwards for the horrors
That await beyond my flesh are more than I can bare.
I close my eyes. I make as though I was never there.

Confusion swells within this heart of mine
For every time I drift within my thought
I find myself caught and sinking
Blind ever thinking without accepting the
Truth of my knowing the river must flow forever more.

I find myself dwelling too often with ghost companions
From a former life. Confusion swells abandoned, isolated
From dreamstates. Are we alone to guide our hands in blessing?

Who are we to un-shroud the mystery.
Who are we to proclaim transcendental truths aloud?
Who are we to pluck fruit so easily from the branches of the world tree?

We are they who have set emotion free.

No more than a flower blooming are we that swoon beneath the moon.
Open your heart to the warmth of the sun.
Allow Apollo's kiss upon your cheeks.
Seek. Seek forever more beyond the river of your flowing.
Take in the clouds as colors change - re arranging
Upon the skylines. Pastel shades are fading.
Night is awoken. Awaiting in the shadows still
Knowing soon is her time to rule upon the hill.

Ignore the crowds- the masses thronging outside the window
For all they hope for is a view of the morning show.
Let them know the circle full. Let them know the tears of Joy.

Spirits rise in procession
Paying homage to the soul of Albion's sage
A new age is born from Romance.

We are as ever attempting
Aspiration towards redemption whole

They sing - as sweet melodies linger upon the breeze.

Old friends no longer recognize the Love they once held dear
Good friends no loner recognize attachments long forgotten.

The Fate's hath begotten a tapestry blue.

Two lone warriors stride headstrong into the nightmare
Shadows unfolded themselves to reveal all they once concealed
Paranoia calls - beckoning you to close the window.
Close it to the world outside. Shut yourself blind.

Who knows what you may find
Seeking justice beyond the eggshell cracked
Feed. Breed upon the invisible leash.
Know that no release is necessary
For the form you know as your own
Is set upon the path of secret shadows revealed.

The Blanket Snow Of Waking Consciousness

In our own amazement of being we strive to know all that lies beneath the
blanket snow of waking consciousness

Dig and you shall find the source of wonder in your mind

Open your heart to the song warm and embracing - The song of universe keeping
your heart rate pacing

And fate - destiny - together in harmony weave the tapestry of life unwinding.

Come sit with me a while, come find yourself within my arms.

I've told you before... I won't do you any harm.

David Lacey

The Blues Of Drake

The blues of Drake have been given life anew
Flying free of manacle reason Who could have known
The inner complexities of the child fully grown.
Such genius in full bloom he was taken from this plain of ours
For it is true that whom the Gods love shall die young.
Spring hath sprung, the years work is done
The circle has turned its full degrees.
Earth's race is run.

David Lacey

The Canvas Empty And Expecting

The canvas empty and expecting
Awaits the stroke of colours pastel in their shades.

Through Improvisation we compose through intuition
Through Improvisation we allow Imagination a realm
Within which she may rule.

Her boundaries marked with borders
Outstretched within a frame
She seeks to refrain from desire.
She seeks to construct her sanity.

Yet with every breathe we fulfil the will to live,
Every time we respire we tire more so of the past
As we desire more so each day the moment to last.
To know we are alive and to appreciate the moment
And to appreciate each other it's all we can ask of ourselves.

David Lacey

The Charioteer

When logic rules this heart of mine I do nothing at all.
When passion rules this mind of mine I think nothing at all.
Beyond the reigns, Beyond the flesh lies the charioteer
Holding strong an eternity long, holding up the rear.
Turning when the time comes to etch circles into dust,
Learning with the sunrise, awaiting the dawn of dusk.
To lay down his head at the end of the day,
It shouldn't be too much to ask.
To lay down half dead be the friend of the day,
With hope for happiness friendships may last.
Always hoping redemption lies outcast just beyond his shoulder,
As The charioteer clears the way for a flood of fears as fears grow older.
To shed a tear for every fear I'd be here a thousand years,
Holding strong an eternity long, holding up the rear.

David Lacey

The Circle Dictates The Tapestry Of Fates Imagination.

The circle dictates the tapestry of Fates imagination.
As dreams of destiny bestow upon the beholder
A knowledge of knowing that remains fresh as flesh grows older.

It is the conscience of the human heart that dictates to the soul a
Sense of guilt. All for what? The world which we have built.
The world for which we strived so long.

In times long since past the human heart and reason
Were one in the same, the Earth would shakes and the
People mutter 'We have displeased our Earthen mother.'

Each soul a circle, the Universe a sheet of white,
Each soul kept sane is linked up tight within the
Pleasure of the companionship they treasure.
Take it at your leisure. Keep safe your saving graces.

David Lacey

The Circle Is Cast

The circle is cast and we are between worlds,
Lost and found, still grounded yet adrift, here
Lies a rift beyond the bounds of time,
Here birth and death, night and day,
Joyful sorrow reign as one.

Align your spirit with the Goddess's hand,
Slicing the air with acts of grandeur when you may
As well be dancing circles by the moon, grinding into the dust
The ashes of our trust in the laws of man.
As our Lore enchants the east before setting south.
Only to awaken in the west as the north opens up his mouth
Bellowing words of wisdom captured only in the stills of times archives.

David Lacey

The Constructs Of My Mindscape

I've been trying so hard to shake the shadow of manifest nightmares
That I can no longer share my dreams with those who would know
The meaning hidden beyond as within the constructs of my mindscape.

David Lacey

The Crimson Sun

The crimson sun has lost his way
Beyond the oceans blue and grey
In green hope he has found
A new life upon the ground

I watch you drip so slowly
I wish you would never dry
Catch a moments gesture
Hold the tears from your eyes

You can hold for all time
Five forms and nothing more
Each in essence secrets casting
Unlock the silent door

I must find myself to loose myself
In the chaos of loosing and finding
Acrylic surface hides our soul
Wooden birth and painted whole

David Lacey

The Dance Can Not Complete Itself.

First sight – a white room warming
New life – the smell of morning
Fresh and rosy fingered dawn
Comes with blackbirds swarming

The dance can not complete itself.

Dream with me of brighter skies
Of answers to the question why
Why it is we live to die
To try, yet always fail.

Sail with me the ocean eyes of my goddess undressed.

David Lacey

The Day And Night Become Me

Dancing to appease the gods of my own creation
I find myself lost within the appreciation of the moment
What could I have to resent? To regret?
When here and now and rising still I am one with the
Melody cast adrift from strumming strings in harmony?
The butterfly flaps its wings?
I cast shadows upon lighter plains with the rhythm electric and fueled,
Fueled alike the new sap rising to Apollo's kiss.

Towards to horizon wavering.
We are as princes amongst men, Titans upon the shoulders of the world
Bearing the weight of expectation only from ourselves.

The night is a corridor winding
The promise of dawn an un sung song
I am born within the day

The day is an open field
The promise of twilight an unknown bliss
I am born within the night

The day and night become me
And I am one within them
Speak wind of what you know I ask of thee?
Do you remember the child's voice beckoning you to turn away the clouds of
Winters retinue?

David Lacey

The Devil Arises As Dionysus

There we are as children running
In the fields of our youth
Un-aware that the clouds of cotton candy innocence
That gather above our forms
Are future storms unwinding

What defense have we against the hounds of smug faced intolerance?
What defense against those that would have us burnt for our beliefs?

A crimson devil dressed in white
Dances for the souls delight
Within the moment now and then
The sword is crippled by the pen.

There is music upon the air here
Rhythms new and intoxicating

The Devil arises as Dionysus to lead the dance,
The horned god from the moist night enveloping
Incites madness within the hearts of our kin,
Fueling towards the notion to rise here we are
Starry eyed children lost within another's dream.

Her mother is burning, the child's eyes swell
And higher they raise the temples of hells forgetting.
She is watching, keeping caged the pain now raging,
Her skin is aging eons as the seconds pass
And they are laughing, watching as the child
Floods the memory with a waterfalls cascade of fear.
And buried without grace, remembered with no face
She is left to burn, as they turn, the gathered, and the ignorant
Dirt ridden with guilt, surrounding with smiles the pyre they built.

A Circle of girls entwining is moving in and out of time,
The forest night is silent, even the gods watch with intent.
The rhythm is fresh, new and slow alike a springtime morning,
Virgin flesh is writhing in a frenzy of cyclictic motions,
An ocean of orgy devours inhibition, blood stained satin sheets and satyrs
Are parading monstrous phallics towards the doors of the vaginal mansion.

These girls have never known penetration before but here
Within the motions of the dance they know ecstasy as real,
They feel throbbing hearts pounding, breaking down reality.
Laughter, screams, orgasms fuel the madness of the dance.
Blood flows a river of crimson delight as we dance the night eternal.
Spirits are rising, faint shadows of another world are moving upon our plain.
And I am as one with my shadow myself, delving into a world of secret
seductions.
Leaving sanity upon a shelf of indifference and rising towards radiance.
Dance with me, leave sanity behind and ride the wind just for a night.

Banshees shriek beside valkeries riding upon a tempest riot
As we dance, chancing upon the moment to rise.
Changing with the skies as we rise unable to fall,
Calling out to the honor of the dance to forgive us
But no hope is there for foolish lovers of the nightmare

There's something lost here
Swallowed by the shadow of fear
There's something left un-shown
Forever lost unknown

David Lacey

The Dream Of Becoming

Everywhere you go you are seen
Every place I know I have been
The exhibition proceeds
They voyeurs feed
And still we are lost in the dream.

David Lacey

The Feathers Of Dreams

The midnight hour has long since past and still by candlelight I turn,
My eyes are burning with the strain of receiving all that surrounds them.
Naked as the day I was born I sense the dissolution of my limitations,
The spirit invoked, the last skin smoked and I am set free into the blanket night.
A light hearted melody fuels the motion of my mind and I dance
Wild and free upon the wings of expression adorned in the feathers of dreams.
As a Celtic knot wraps its shadow around my wrist a maiden appears in the
shade,
The definition of her face is fading but there wading with the ghosts of a life
Long since lived she dwells, her emotion swelling upon the look within my eyes.
Offering her hand to me she offers freedom from this world of our awakening
Yet a shift in her smile allows her grace to lift one moment enough to see that
She is far from a position to offer the gifts she promises so lightly with her
words.
She lies unheard of amongst those that would wish to measure her features
For she is beyond manifestation, she is creation adorned in the feathers of
dreams.

With a pensive smile she embraced me, smothering me with her warm caress
And whispered into my ear 'All is not as it once was, yet still all is one in the
same.

Love thyself and love thy all and know that even when you have fallen I shall
Embrace you into my arms for I am all you aspire to be. I shall know you
Until your final dream and I shall walk with you through nightmares as I shall
Share with you the joys of the world. I shall drown in the sorrows of tomorrow
With you in my arms breathing fresh breath into your lungs until your day is
done.

I am the sun as I am the moon as I am the flower in springtime bloom,
I am the blood that runs in your veins as I am the wind as I am the rain
I am the earth as I am the sky as I am the reason you wish you could fly.
I am the ghost of memories past, I am reflections in broken glass.
I am all and I am you and everything I say is true, believe and blessed be.'
As she spoke the last words of her wisdom she began to sink into the shade.
Fading by the moment she motioned a kiss upon the air as she ran her fingers
Through her hair and turned into the midnight sun, striding as one in perfect
unity.

David Lacey

The Godhead Haiku

The presence of mind
All to you is then revealed
The living godhead

David Lacey

The Hand Of Friendship

Extend the hand of friendship
Hear the words in every ear
Of vibration an illusion
That the end is growing near

And all that's left to question
Is the movement of your eyes
That sets the word to question
Why all our answers smell like lies

Extend the hand of living life
Extend your ear to hear
What It is that living life
Is bringing you to fear

David Lacey

The Heavy Breath Of Cupid's Shot.

The spirits of nature are as real as the emotions we feel.
Tell me, does the notion of truth seem surreal to a wandering
Soul forever lost within the chaos that surrounds its glow.
Angels spread their wings far beyond the reach of our visions
Teachings. They guide, they guard her path as she strides
Headstrong upon her journey home, forever on the journey purple.

They exist as the souls of the kingdom green
They exist as the weavers of dreamstate insecurities
They exist upon the heavy breath of cupid's shot.
They exist as our companions upon our descent into
The darkness that engulfs the souls of those who are
Too stubborn to accept that in denying a wish to
Better themselves through transformation they are in
Effect placing transcendence upon the shelf.
Caring as they are for the pains of material gain.

David Lacey

The Journey

Watch the river pass on by
Listen as the children cry
The dream has crumbled
Tumbling down the dream has crumbled
Faint echo's of the memory gather in the groves of my mindscape
The time has come for the solar god to rise.
Apollo, phoenix from the ashes.

I have cast in my folly all that lay sacred to me.
The Dragon's art enriddled, the art of art revealed.
The secret lay lost to the memory of forgetting.
Our journey has change course
The winds, the winds have turned against our favour.
Overwhelmed by an addiction breeding,
Defenceless upon my knees
I refuse to serve you now
I would rather lay low in a shallow grave.

The journey
The journey engulfing.

Open fields the senses yield
Alive and well I am she cried
As she laid down to kiss the sky
I will never die she sighed
As a tear dropped from her eye.

I have laid to waste the fantasy of evolving.

New friends and open smiles
Close me in your while.
Rise now to know
The kiss of bliss is morning snow.

His mistress distressed – undressed for her pay
Pass on by to sanctuary
I will find you there.
We set sail tomorrow for ports unknown.

The sea queen – slow dreamer
Movement of the earth

The city swells beneath our feet

The trees are stacked in cathedral contortions
I face the sun in setting.
The talisman evolves itself
Blossoms in the wildest shade
Never to fade but only to grow
Destroyed, its work is once more with all
By Adam Eve before the fall.

I'm gaining more within a realm of pain
Than I ever could by forgetting your name.

The prophecy fulfils itself
The blueprint divine is etched
The surface is scratched and what do you find?
Your mind.

Our mother princess patchwork

I remember now the way we would sing
And beat matchsticks on the ground
Lost and found I am they say.
Lost a child of the night in the day.

The words are a power unto themselves
The words are worlds recurring.
Senses souring
Blood sweat pouring

There's no time for vanity in this insane hour
The clock has lost its face
And I feel out of place in a world of screwed perceptions

I see now the hills are giants slumbering
And here I am, numb within madness
Still....There's no time for sadness.

Father of lies

Born from the seed of deceit

Awaiting the friend I love the most
The ghost of hosts I love the most

An architect of grand design
A vagabond of dreams divine
Two lovers, frozen in time

Slow burning is the candle lit
Find me a new skin.

This life a doorway
This life a portal to a million worlds
And laid beside my guardian curled
I am as one within without myself.

She is coming to heal
She who steals my heart in fleeting
Why is it I can not forever listen with open ears?
I have laid myself defenceless to the shore
I have left myself wanting more?
Asking of myself, what is it I'm here for?
Where the hell is the door?

The river run dry
There are no tears to cry
I wonder why
As I lay down to die.

The journey will never near completion
One colour will merely merge into the next

First sight – a white room warming
New life – the smell of morning
Fresh and rosy fingered dawn
Comes with blackbirds swarming

The dance can not complete itself.

Dream with me of brighter skies
Of answers to the question why

Why it is we live to die
To try, yet always fail.

Sail with me the ocean eyes of my goddess undressed.

Learn to live within yourself
Learn to love the world around you
Even when its raining sh*t
And all that sh*t surrounds you

Outside a sky of blue is fading in and out of grey
Inside a crimson sky is dawning all throughout the day.

The senses numbed as defences succumb
To dread fear of revolution
Beneath the sun we'll have our fun
Turning cycles in evolution.

Creation destroys the age old toys
Of wood nymphs, their forest homes
Relations coy fulfil no joy
When I'm chewing on the bone.

Alone! Alone and never grown
In seeking love so far from home.

And here I remain
A King without a throne

David Lacey

The Journey Purple

Diabolic renditions render in submission
The audience captive in trance,
Too scared to dance still they're chancing
On the re birth of a revolution dying on its feet.

They're loosing a race lost in pace so many years
Ago now no one can remember the faith
They held so dear to there hearts,
Here I am one in the same, broken in parts.

Numbered, Bummed, the dregs of the slum
Still I know with two suns shining I'll never find my peace
Shrinking in the shadows, blinking at the sight of revelations fading.
I find myself wading aimless through the dirt,
Lost in the elder forest pixy led I'm lost one in the same, shirtless
Flirting with the conception of a concept, here I am learning to respect
The forest universal, a forest universally challenged.

What is it I'm looking for scratching
At the surface of a lake frozen in the frost?
Empires rise as empires fall they say,
Two suns keep the day eternal turning.
The moon shaken from her routine lights the fires of discontent.

Watching them burn she perceives
The germ upon the surface crawling.
Pawing at the dirt the shirtless
Sink into reflections of the moon
As drunken cherubim wallow in the lagoon,
Swallowing over and over, the seed of the sun,
Apollo's seed, his promise of life a new, beyond the day.

Beyond the need to breed,
The want for lust in which
We trust feeds upon their forms
Angelic in proportion,
Inspired perfection
Inspiring distractions.

Deep within the mountain lie a race ancient in the knowing
A hundred thousand years they have worked the knowledge of nurture
To an art, to the most esteemed of magicks, their they lie in splendor
Fending off the daemons that haunt them through the looking glass,
Possessed souls did no where to go but home, to rest an hour or two to pass.
To laugh away the time as though it was yours or mine seems the greatest gift of
all,
The darkness to which we fall in repression is nothing but a call upon depression.
Leading to the suppression of instinct, of an devotion to emotion.

Flick the purple journey, Lick the skin unseen
Wrap the skin to tightness in honor of the Queen.
Queen of hearts, Queen of tarts which I you my friend
Which will it be in the end?

Here he comes out of the blue a child of Druid statures,
Bare from the wilderness, what is it he stammers?
Muttered curses? Uttered prayers?
Hammering the ground with entwined reeds
What God is it he feeds with his sacrifice?
What ritual but chaos is performed night beyond night?
Why is it that it should be labeled wrong or right?

That he should dance in dedication,
That he should chance on faith before Medication
Is it not proof of existence within the soul of the believer?
Is any God anything but a receiver of prayers, of libations?
What are they without those who believe, are they there?

Nothing but stills for times archives
Yet here they are alive
Growing in strength
As Mars once more proclaims his
Throne as the God of War
Venus waits upon the sidelines
Feeding in bloodlust a frenzy of souls.
Dance the circle whole.

To fight the good fight
In the name of the light
The light that guides
That protects from the source

The light that burns
Force beyond Forces

Mirrored
Withered
Gathered
Clouds
Withered
Mirrored
Dirty
Crowds

Where are they going?
Why is it they run so fast?
Should I join them?
Is their race one I may last?

Who knows?
Who cares?

Maybe I was never there
Maybe it was all an illusion.
Maybe it was your ghost
Rubbing fingers through my hair.

David Lacey

The Labyrinth Wild It Leads You

The labyrinth wild it leads you
Towards the smile that feeds you
The woodman wild in a shaman's frenzy
Spent the night below the sea.

Out of the blue, through blood shot eyes
The birds of morning's song have risen
And still I have not known the realm of sleep,
Still I am keeping watchful eyes upon the moment in descent,
Scouring the boundaries of my vision with sour yet soulful detachment
From the world outside at war, raging upon itself.

I can hear music upon the air,
Small vibrations from another world
The Faint echoes of dying stars
Susurrus murmurings within ancient forests

The gods of scented nightmares are calling me a small boy.
Fate is calling me her toy.

Lost and frozen within the moment
Stood alone before the phoenix rising

What am I to do?

I can see upon the horizon a goddess blue
Beckoning with open arms a world entwining you.

David Lacey

The Memory Of Birdsong

The memory of birdsong is wavering
Upon the last ghost of autumn's descent
As here and now within the moment,
The promise of spring is naught to resent.

As we celebrate death in an infants smile
As we dance in silence a roman mile
As we sit and wallow for a while
I find myself swallowing slow my tongue.

The young are shivering... restless in their sleep,
They can sense the sun god growing in strength defiant,
A giant of solar energy glowing beyond restraint.
The New Year is rising with the opening of beauty's eyes
As from a realm of sleep time bliss she is returning,
Ready to warm anew the soil with her kiss softly burning.

David Lacey

The Moulting Cage

The Moulting Cage hath fastened yet I feel as though I fly
Free from the guilt of a burdening reality.
My arms demand movement to the rhyme
Sweet Ecstasy entices me to dance her circle
She says take a chance on me, I'll set you free
As you walk amongst the ancient trees, Ah Sweet Ecstasy.
Upon the whispering winds fly the cries of demented hounds
They seek to ground us with their claws
They seek to close tight the doors of perception
They seek to know you as you would never know yourself
They seek to place fairytale wisdoms upon the shelf.

David Lacey

The Night Is A Wild Beast Foaming

The night is a wild beast foaming at the teeth
The crescent moon a Cheshire cats smile
Keeping lunar illumination upon the clouds that pass on by.
The stars are pin prick holes in a shroud of death
Promising life upon the other side of the new day dawning.
As rising – re born from the ashes of the past
The solar phoenix is bursting forth upon the skylines of another realm
Here it is darkness – void – the abyss.
Here I find myself tangled within a web of delusional love
Missing the dream of kissing you
At the mercy of brutal and ruthless killers below
Those that cling to the memory of the shadow.

The river has burst its banks
The city is dying
Disease is eating away at the flesh of those breathing stagnant air.
Mothers are seeking there children in pits of tar
Fathers are slaying there Fathers in a motion to rise
Where are the children?
Those bright eyed starry gazed children, half crazed and rotting in the lair of the
piper.
Maggots are nesting in the eyes of those still crying
As Mothers sigh, holding tightly in their arms the grey shades of still born babes.
What God will save them now?
What spirit of the forest night will rise to save those
That in their consumption of nature oppose the life of beauty incarnate.

What does a mirror look like?
If that clocks wrong, what's right?

David Lacey

The Night Keeps Watch Within Our Shadows

Upon the moment of hesitation she inspects her hair,
She takes in the sunlight that beam from her eyes
As she swoons in honour of her reflection.
She's lost in adoration, resisting the motion to rise.

We must choose our path before dawn rises from her sleep
This is no time for waiting, for the night keeps watch within our shadows

David Lacey

The Orange Island Of Memories Fading

Before my eyes lay concealed the Orange Island of memories fading,
I feel as though I am but a shadow of the shade, wading throughout
The evergreen glades of youthful reminiscence. The Elixir alongside
The Stone rests upon my pillow, the history of science, the revelation
That the scrutiny of our age is but a child born of ancient curiosity.

Through a forest of symbols the child is bound upon his quest,
Resting only when he knows that the time is right to fall and accept
The calling of slumber beyond the thundering of his senses unfiltered.
Reaching out to touch the source divine, is he fated as Icarus?

Step into the moulting cage; know that the Age is upon us.
We are to fly as we are to spread our wings un-sighing.
Open the container that confronts you promising Mystery.

A Bird Wing awaits of a thousand shades each bluer than the deepest sky.
Unheard Sirens sing, lulling to a state of numbed anxiety those that
Allow their hearts to listen in upon such melodies sweet in seduction.
A Marijuana Leaf lay in wait for the transportation you seek,
Back to a time, back to a place when everything seemed so undefined
In space. The deck of Suits reminds us that the Joker is nearly always
Left upon the sidelines being deemed the only card unworthy of the
Others presence, yet the Joker retains a grace unknown to the Kings
And Queens of Crimson Raven fortunes. A Poppy lay there, amongst
The jungle of an Island Orange, embracing the memory and respect
I hold for those courageous souls that died because of their fathers
Unwillingness to Sacrifice the Lamb of Pride in exchange for their lives.

Bike chains belonging to ancient friends,
Cards representing the girls I've known and forgotten.
A Birds Claw, stuffed, varnished to a numb perfection.
A Coin cut into the Cork of my first bottle of wine,
Promising upon the word of my elders the wealth and
Experience of Father Time in is undertakings.
Toy Tanks and Figurines echo the days of being laid
Out upon the sand, building Castles against the
Waves that broke upon the shorelines, believing
As only a child can believe that I could turn back the Tides.
Old school records, Keys to unknown doors.

My Fathers Comb, that same plastic that straitened
The hair of a joyful and playful youth.
Prefect badges, Capos, Cigarette Holders imbued
With the craftsmanship of a Master who deemed it sane to
Entwine a Hollow Serpent around his creations form.
A piece of Fabric torn from the dress of a girl named
Guess, Beaded bracelets, Friendship Bands,
Bookmarks, Lighters, Necklaces made up of Amber Jewels.
Badges with which I used to adorn myself.
Each are left upon my shelf, buried upon an Orange Island.

Lists of names echo the circle of jokers that I once
Knew as fellow smokers, alas how the time has flown,
Alas it seems I have grown. These days, in every way
The seasons seem to pass and I remain unknowing,
Unaware of the Summers Joy just as I am unaware
Of Winters Piercing touch, for upon this Island Orange
All that can matter are those things which are now so
Long since gone by that there's nothing left to do but sigh,
Yet never am I to wish away the day at hand, it's just at times
It's wise to journey within the land of our past projections,
So we may reflect and begin to understand why it is we
Feel the way we do at times. I'll take your hand if you
Take mine, I'll dance for rain as long as we dance for sunshine
And as long as we spend the time in laughing and as long
As one day I hear the words and you can say 'My Love, I'm feeling fine.'

David Lacey

The Palace Of My Crown

As I sit unknowing of my future age I find myself
At one with the moment at hand and I tell myself:

Feed upon the potential you know grows within your soul
Aspire towards your dreams for only you know all it is you wish for
Open your heart to the universe and hear in the song of morning bird call
That the night has fallen and once more the warmth of the sun doth kiss the
valley.

Strange, obscure thoughts pass throughout my mind
The wish to be a changeling, the wish to be stranger than I am

No reason is there left within the palace of my crown.

David Lacey

The Phantom Seed

Vanity plays his tricks on the living,
For the deceased he can do no favours.
Sanity lays her licks on the morning,
Asking the Priest if he'll join in the labour.

Clarity stares down the haze before dawn,
Twilight adorned spins still, ever winding
Thread so slim that you may only catch a
Glimpse by the angel of your light.

Wasting away at a whim are the monstrosities
We left breeding in the courtyard. Holding as
They are a protest against the insanity of the Guard.
They protest interference in a war, worn out in exhaustion.

Plant the phantom seed,
To feed the burning citadel.

David Lacey

The Power

The power of this illusion
Is the rule to think our thoughts,
To keep us in our binding.

As all secrets we are finding
To be more than we have known
To be more than we were told.

David Lacey

The Pyramid

Who can we trust
now we have erected
false hope prophets
onto the stage of our control?

To who now should we turn as the papers burn
our names in ridicule
the sight of the eye in the sky?

the
pyramid
stands atop
Jerusalem built

anew

b l i n k i n g

eye

butterflies folding wings
the cocoon is lost,

the life once held
is vivid in our minds.

what promise is there for a future?
when we are all so forgetting the past.

David Lacey

The Race Haiku

Last the race is run
First is last when having fun
Now the race is won

David Lacey

The Reasons Why Haiku

All the reasons why
You could never know for sure
All that you forgot.

David Lacey

The Red Day Haiku

Journeyman the way
The red day is set before
The opening door

David Lacey

The Science Of Truth

Estimating values, we assign upon a podium,
In position of primary importance all that remains
For us to hold when all that is secondary has been
Declared Unfit for the honour of priority. Our science
Thus takes the form of an Index upon emphasis, held
Within the realm of speculation. Our mission is to establish
The relation of the fire to the salamander; of manifestation
To intangible cause. Of all that lay pure, divine in nature
We seek to know upon our Journey. Thus is the science of truth.

David Lacey

The Script

The script is dead
And life gone too,
Nothing did I know,
And the life I thought I knew,
Was just another TV show.

David Lacey

The Singers Of The Green Are Lost

Mornings song has softly came
And washed way the twilights reign
The Queen of Dawn arises to walk the land again.

The singers of the green are lost
As Autumn wind turns winter frost
I await the girl I love the most
Yet no chance is there to dance these days
No rhythm in the songs she plays.

I was born into a pool of tears
I was born the rainbow of an oil slick
Drowning slowly suffocating
I was born to swim within a world
Unknown to solar kiss.

There's chaos outside my window,
The dogs of my street are fighting,
Small animals playing at territorial warfare

David Lacey

The Solar Disc Inferno

The moon is a sliver plate upon the table of the night
The solar disc inferno is raging above some far off distant land.

The air is warmer that it was before
But still biting with icicle tongue
And we the young
We are aging
The pages of history are turning
And over new and distant horizons the sun is rising
On the world ever lost in spiralling creation

No one moment can exist into the next
But we may slide, graciously at times
Into the abyss and return with the knowledge of love

Through the gateway to the kingdom of shades we stride
Holding high our heads with pride in the knowledge that we seek the light divine.

In the eyes of the one you love the sacred is to be found
In the smile of a child is the wonder of the universe unfolding.
All around us lay the keys to the kingdom and all we can do
Is bind in chains of delusional logic of disguised blood lust instinct.

Ah the Western World
Great monster Incarnate
Industrial Devil of forked and poisonous tongue
Hounding on the young defenceless who can not live within your walls.
Leading them to the supposed sanctuary of barbaric asylums.

They are falling, the young into tunnels of confusion,
Running alike rats in a laboratory maze.
Half crazed with the notion that emotion is a lie.

Here I am, kissing the sky at night
Knowing that beyond the clouds a new and distant heaven awaits
Beyond the gateway to the kingdom of shades.
Beyond the fear of fading
We are real
We are alive

Here
Now
Can you feel it?

David Lacey

The Stag And The Purple Rose

She's trying to speak; failing as she is trailing her words
Throughout the mists of obscurity's blanket.
Metallic monstrosities fly on by the window pane
Of my new and unholy asylum from the world outside.
I can hear a confusion of conversations held by some
Deranged Gentleman of staggering stature, he dwells
Amongst the swelling guts of bar fly liquid mongers.
They mock interest in the whale, they mock interest with
Curses beyond the reach of jest. Oh what savages are these?
Oh what a notion of civilization it is that we hold for it seems as though
The further away you are from our world the safer you become,
Numbed are the sensibilities of man, numb is his love for his brother.
An aroma of stale cigarettes emits from every corner of the place
My glass is cool to touch, the condensation wetting the palms of my hand.

A familiar face stands beyond the boundaries of unknowing.
Looking around I feel nostalgia plunge my heart beneath a reflection blue.
Flat capped gentlemen drift on by the screen of my realities vision.
Her breasts are buxom monsters inciting me to cry.
These lustful eyes are the demise of youth for no clarity is there to be found
In temptation yet how am I to know truly the desire of the addict from the
Desire of those passionate, instinctive, animated souls that emit from their eyes
Pure Joy and Beatific Wonder.

Within the circle the ink is spilled,
Black against the purest white.
Within the ink the circle is spilled,
White against the purest black.

Ah the scent of knowledge unwinding,
The sweet scent of journeying
The wild forests of my mindscape
As I stride against the blind God of Fate
Who would so merrily dictate my moods.
No giving in to floods of tears I tell myself
As I am reminded never to place
Compassion upon the shelf.
The pain is easing. The pain is pleasing.
Within the Moulting cage I turn circles in decay,

Shedding my skins whilst changing the colours
Of my wings and growing vibrant feathers anew.

The patterns adorned upon a nearby wall
Lead the Mind into a frenzy of ever changing perceptions,
Within a frame the strangest of scenes is reproduced
Upon a nearby canvas as nervous echoes of past life's
Unfulfilled waver upon the songs my shadows sing.

What a fool I must seem, parading my form in floral decoration in the Midst of a
funeral march. I run, I hide from view, watching the Proceedings with respect
and wonderment. The bells chime, bird call Lifts upon the Wind breaking the
silence of the graveyard, this most Hallowed of grounds.

There lay a child, tragedy burning an ocean blue within his eyes,
There he lay smoking upon the mound of his innocence tainted,
How he has grown from the day he first revealed his form unto this World,
How he has changed and at times seemed even to himself deranged.
What strange a creature is this the Good Folk wonder, as they flutter Silently
Upon the whim of the most delicate butterfly wings, flying upon emotion True.

Wading amongst the flowers he finds himself overjoyed with the scent of their
Nature, all is perfect for some time as above skies of azure are in parts obscured
By the strangest composition of speckled shades. Fading is the Red Sun
wavering.

We live we die, we give we try to understand this land.
This Earthen realm of our souls dressing.
Two Oaks stem from the same entangled roots
Both hold their aspirations towards the sky and dream of azure eyes.
Grey Feathered angels dance in rings of seven circles interchanging hands.
Ancient relics wade, ancient relics fade, a karma sky is waiting, shaking in the
shade.

Bless the day.

David Lacey

The Station Is Cold

The station is cold, old and decaying but still echoing a memory of Georgian grandeur.

The cathedral gothic solemn stands overlooking the surrounding lands
And grounding the dreams of those who aspire towards divinity encased within a
flesh Case of fragile mortality.

Sat here now, so many miles from home
I know what it is to be alone
I know what it is to wander the realm of dreams
I know what it is to rip reality at the seams
I have seen feathered angels adorn the garb of demons in fury
I have seen love quilt hatred in the hearts of men
I have seen the secret of now and then
And I know that I am true to myself
Here, naked and still
Embracing the ice chill that pierces my chest

Strange heroes from a former life are stirring the mix of destiny's entwining
We are as angels lost, adorned in the garb of devils
Dancing a bacchanal circle, tearing flesh from the limb.

David Lacey

The Temple Of Our Crown

Idols of death promise wisdom within the bliss of sleep,
We dream not for we are awake
I stand not for I am shaking
Awaiting grim realities to take on hold of me
Prizing sanity from my grasp
Clasping tight around the boundaries of my asylum love.

Horned spirits of the fabric night are rising
Promising wisdom alongside the kiss of death.
Sleep until the morning breaks
Feel the sun and rise awake.

College girls drive wild the lust of the poet in pain
Be my world, can you trust me, is this a face you can but your faith in?

We are as children bearing candlelight
Forming shadows as we dance
We are as children of the fragrant night
Chancing upon the movement at hand
Chancing upon a lance hope of revolution.
Piercing the skin of virgin flesh
Penetrating with insatiable lust the girls who trust us so.

Promises of false hope are scattered amongst the ruins of the fallen city.
Take no pity on me, I don't need sympathy
I need a friend who can make me happy
Even when I believe that all is misery
I need a friend who can make me smile
I need a friend who can make whole my soul for a while.

The temple of our crown lay in disorder, chaos fueling anarchy
Insane contortions parade upon the streets
Still this orgy of sweating flesh breathes a fresher breath than death.
Still death's bride is the girl I seek.

Will she be found upon her knees in glistening agony?
Will she be found upon her knees begging for mercy?

Welcome to the hive, the city thriving alive and breathing
What pity may be sought from the blackened hearts of industrial devils?

Who knows what goes on behind these walls,
The confusion of life, the love of death?

As Puppet masters purge the last source of life from the man machine
We are as denying the mother earth that bore us, the father sky that saw us
grow

Below my tower uniform clowns are performing
Can you feel the storm clouds gathering?
Can you feel the movement within the herd?
Can we be heard above the din?

Can you be free of a concept of sin?
Can you be free within a cage of skin?

The White Queen and her retinue are marching
She the great un-named
She the wild un-tamed
Green lady of the isolated night
The vegetation is her flesh
Her breath the freshest death
She the great un-named
She the wild un-tamed
I invoke you
Ride soft the midnight hour
Adorn yourself in the feathers of empowerment
Rise
Rise the great un-named
Rise, lady of the forest night.
Lady of moonlight Lake.

See them parade
See them dance
Calling on the summer in their step
Calling on the gods to help them forget the
Past re-occurring before their eyes.

They sky is melting

The sky is melting
The tears of our lady white make the eyes of the mad man smile

My friends are lost to sadness
And I am one within them all
Leading the horde we frolic as satyrs
Chasing the nymphs once more from their woodland asylums.

See how they adorn themselves
Hours within the looking glass
See how they adorn themselves
A generation lost to the past,
Lost to a space they call their own.

My space
Your space
Any face
Any race

Who are these people?
Smiling at me through a portal lens
Who are these monsters?
Strange eyes telling tales from other realms?

Are they the ghosts of a reality torn?

They scare me

I've been scared from the moment I was born.

My fear inciting paranoia of the parade outside
Masquerading a fading lust for anarchy,
Breathing revolution in the hearts of men
The secret of now and then is rising
And to my surprise I find these eyes are closing
Sick of familiar ghosts posing in all too familiar poses.

Now and then the secret told lay forever young and never old.

And here I remain
Digging a hole to pass the time
Trying to forget my name

And to bury all that once was mine.

How shall we grow to be grown?

How shall we come to know all that can not be known?

Will you show me that which to no other you have shown?

David Lacey

The Thunder God Is Roaring

The thunder god is roaring
The earth our mother swelling
Her emotion surely soaring
What story is she telling?

I rise within the movement
To take what I can give
I learn with every moment
The gift of love to live.

And die within each second
To be reborn within the hour
A solar phoenix flaring
A power that is ours.

David Lacey

The Time Will Come.

When will the time come that there are no more parades,
No more celebrations, no more charades,
They'll swipe away the illusion so quick, no one will see it coming,
It seems no one will care, when the skies have fallen,
As they tunnel out the mountains to live beneath the ground,
What kind of life awaits them there?

Starving for light, crying only for echoes to drown them in sorrow, in solitude
Even when they no longer feel like crying,
Where do they turn, when do they run, will they be told?
Will they heed the warning of the sun as it glows red in the sky, as the moon
disappears, no one asks why, no one even notices that there's not a colour in
the sky.
Out of bounds, lost out of reach, washed up upon some washed out beach
So far now from the rolling green valleys of our homeland.

David Lacey

The Tribe Is Gathered

Outlaws to the forest swarm
Beside the fire keeping warm
The rules we create are our own.
The earth from birth our home.

Into the lakes we ride, monsters pulsating
Each with our story, each with our histories unfolding
The tribe is gathered and roles are placed.
We gather our wood. The stage is set.
The future ours to face.

David Lacey

The Tyger Of Blake

The tyger of Blake lies beneath a colonial blade
What do I care?
His head above an armchair of some lecherous old major
As antique as his rifle.
Dying now, his dreams as embers
Staring into the tygers eyes
Long dead now still burning
He awaits his lesson learning.

David Lacey

The Wall Haiku

Posters line the page
The wall is read up and down
The crown so soon fall

David Lacey

The Way I Feel

I can't believe say anything is real
I Guess it's just the way I feel
I just don't know anything is true
Except the way I feel for you

David Lacey

The Way To Flow As The River Knows

Venus through the looking glass, she may know no future but she'll sell you the past,
Or she may give you it for free; she may reveal to you what your visions mean,
Calling on Venus obscene, Queen of delirium, ruler of scenes.
Could she reveal, the way I feel?
Could she peel away the veil?
Would she want to?
Would she fail in trying?

Alike the first bird to leave the nest,
To try her wings at flying
How could she have known that she would
Fade after climax, running for the shade?

As she may show the way to go,
The way to flow as the river knows
Yet she's lost, forever unfound, there she goes
Her head upon the ground.
Like the last rays of the setting sun there she goes, beyond horizons.

David Lacey

The Weeping Maid

As God and Goddess we may ride towards the midnight
Sun of eternal grace, yet only if you allow it for I shall
Never forget those moments brief we held together
Just as I will never forget every time I wanted to simply
Reach out and hold you, to kiss you, to undress you and
To know you as beauty incarnate. Thou, the weeping maid,
Thou art the soul who ran her fingers through my hair
And incited my care and affection for all of eternity.

David Lacey

The Whistle Turns The Ball To Gold.

All around a murmuring sound
Leaves me with my ear to the ground.
Seeking answers through the vibrations
Of Our mothers surface. Still I remain a child
Within the reach of my Mothers hand.

Outside two guardians stand
A testament to patience,
Outstretching their arms in supplication grand
Two guardians seek deliverance
Duality beckons us towards the realization
That any extreme will lead us blind un-knowing.
Unity is shown to be the way.

The whistle turns the ball to gold.

David Lacey

The Wind Alive

The wind alive a gentle breeze
It whispers through the elder trees
Which stand so tall so solemn proud
And speak their secrets oft aloud

I know it when I hear it
But why is it I fear it?
Calm now, tranquility devouring
Embrace the warmth and showering

A silver face
A golden grace
A human heart
A human race

David Lacey

The World Around The Child Doth Learn

The world around the child doth learn
Whilst low below the beast doth worm.
The child doth know not of the Earth.
The worm knows nothing of its birth.

The river flows a mighty flow
Knowing all the river knows
Shiver sorrow – Sleep in woe
Keep sane until the morrow.

The world around the child doth turn
Whilst low below the beast doth burn.
Learning sorrow – Yearning desire
Leaves him warm beside the fire.

Happy is he to conspire.
So happy is he to respire.

David Lacey

The World Beyond My Blanket Burning

No one warned me it would be this way
No one told me the words to say
In absence of expression
Here I am, repressing the desire to rise
Repressing the notion to open my eyes
To the world beyond my blanket burning.

David Lacey

The World Skips Over Three Drains.

No one lifts their hats these days
As the world skips over three drains.
We forget our lessons learnt
Why not rewrite the books we burnt?

David Lacey

The Years

The years they slow become us
Numb unto our age
They rage and then succumb us
Each turning of the page
The sky in green is melting
The grass felt fabric blue
As I am sure of falling
In and out of love with you.
No reason for a failure
No method to return
No lover nor a saviour
No lesson left to learn
The years they are about us
And fastening the belt
No room to move on land
No sky now left to melt.

The years they numb and slow our age
Each page in turning done
The sky a meadows green, a dream
A travelers journey done.

No reason for a lover
No method left to learn
No savour here to bother,
A failure to return

David Lacey

There Is No Intent

There is no intent
This is here within us all
The voice of the mountain calling.

Slip your hands across the land of her domain
A world of love built upon a foundation of pain
Take all you need, take all that feeds you.
Take more than you need if the moment makes you.
Eat her, both ways – variety is the spice of life.
She begged for punishment through eyes of experience
Drag her down into the dirt, shirtless broken skin
I could drown in the ocean of her eyes, the windows to her soul.
Let me in, let me sin, break my skin.

Take me from this place, gold chains – the walk of shame.
You know what you are when there's no one else around

David Lacey

These Brooding Eyes Of Mine

Not a word is there to describe the melancholy blues within which I hide
Nor is there a word to reveal the depths for which I care for you.
Only blue – Only blue exists within these brooding eyes of mine
As solitary confinement refines my perception of place in time.

Worry not that the Love you seek will pass you by,
Know Angels will sing your songs for you if you cry.

If only I could find the words to reveal the way I care for you
As slowly I drift throughout porcelain deserts shifting I'm sinking
Drinking in the sands of time and knowing these brooding eyes of mine
Will last no longer than the grape upon the vine.

David Lacey

These Rooms Are Little Worlds

All these rooms are little worlds
All the world a room to see
What I'm watching, etching in
My vision with closed eyes could be

The vision of a higher future
Dreaming of a higher realm
Beyond the rising tide
That makes us skin and bone at helm

The dog is chasing down the fox
The heat is on too hot for socks
The world is turning, learning in
Our vision what we're living in

As every room a little world
All the world a room to see
What I'm watching, etching in
My vision with closed eyes could be

David Lacey

They Dance Circles In Descent.

Tribal rhythms pulsate within my soul,
Echoes waver of life's long since passed,
I sigh within the moment.
They dance circles in descent.
These unknown creatures
Mimicking angels in formation,
Cascade as water flows
Pure and clear in harmony.
The tears of the world are pooled,
As ambient flutes sound from the
Dark forests of nightshades mask.

Still the cascade continues,
Thousands upon thousands,
Tonnes upon tonnes of purity
In an ever ceaseless flow.
What elaborate beauty is this?
What a grace to have viewed
Glory such as this within the
Sanctuary of my soul.

Clear waters pass below,
Pastures green stretch unto
The distance as ancient trees,
Fountains of secret wisdoms
As they are, keep close eyes upon
Movements within the valley.
Thunder is heard upon the skylines,
The chainsaw roars,
Our most ancient wisdoms are lost.

The natives of the world sigh in unison
Holding on in the moment of descent,
Crying for the future, mourning Mother Nature,
Seeking a truth no soul could resent.

David Lacey

Thirteen Treasures

Watching as the shadow's stretch across the plains,
A silhouette by any name,
As the sun god lays down upon the hilltop,
Radiating the valley with a gesture of his palms.

The moon goddess in her silver grace,
Race's down by the riverside, reflecting in pool's of tears
Every fear we've tried to hide,
Push back along the way.

Without a lie, in the most honest of truth's,
Was the revealed the proof of unison,
Nothing to exist without all as one,
As power resides in the heaven's,
It lives, breathes within the heart of man.

Look into the eye's of the beast,
Primal natures suppressed by a society that feed's the history books it's king's
and queen's.

Below as above, above as below,
A celestial screening of all we know,
All we could ever know.

Born of the one, into the form of your empowering,
Your imprisonment, it's not a gift you should resent.

Born of the star's, reflected in nightshade, born aloft upon the wind, drifting,
shifting within the sands of the earth who may nurse it.

Born to Father the spheres of lunacy, born to shine down upon another plain,
never any higher, nor set to sink to any depth, only the wind, your every
breathe, presence within your shell.

Perfection torn as we break our bond's with the land, torn earth from fire,
through devotion, in measure, from the sun tear pleasure, know the truth that
you seek at your will.

To posses at once with all, the glory of unison, clarity in perception of all things

unknown, of all thing's known you shall master.

Force of force's, over comer of all, in all circumstance of penetration, In this manner the first kiss of life was flown down within meditation, pathways concealed to us, no one to guide you in the unknown, yet by process, all shall be shown, as we realise that we are one, one in essence, one in love, one split into a third, this the wisdom, held from us, will reveal home truth's unheard.

Thirty three birds rest in the sky overheard, still, against tempest winds, watching as the child, awakes, slips straight back into his routine,

Thirteen treasures concealed within lucid dreams
For you to cease,

David Lacey

This Den Of Dreams

This den of dreams breeds Art of a decadent nature.
Here it seems romance hath died a death of solitude.
How can justice be done if the righteous are numbed,
Forever dumbed down in submission. Open your eyes,
Allow the light to reveal the skies concealing a truth in hope.

David Lacey

This Life A Portal To A Million Worlds

Awaiting the friend I love the most
The ghost of hosts I love the most

An architect of grand design
A vagabond of dreams divine
Two brothers, frozen in time

Slow burning is the candle lit
Find me a new skin.

This life a doorway
This life a portal to a million worlds
And laid beside my guardian curled
I am as one within without myself.

She is coming to heal
She who steals my heart in fleeting
Why is it I can not forever listen with open ears?
I have laid myself defenceless to the shore
I have left myself wanting more?
Asking of myself, what is it I'm here for?
Where the hell is the door?

The river run dry
There are no tears to cry
I wonder why
As I lay down to die.

The journey will never near completion
One colour will merely merge into the next

David Lacey

This Mirror Is Wide

We say that we are free and that never alone we stand
What is this moment we wish for?

The ever present moment of rebirth
Into the next and remembering the past
We laugh and we cry and we ask not why
The sky is never green but here stood on emerald giants nose
We may forget the plastic finger pose
Forget the ribbons and flower shows
And come to live again.

Know yourself your secret game
Know yourself your secret name
Ask yourself of what you know
Ask yourself of where to go
Think of life in circles fast
For all the things will never last

Pyramids to salt
Ghost dust thrones
Megalithic construct
Kingdom of bones

Rise in light and find a new
The person that you thought you knew
The person who would greet you
In every mirrors show

This mirror is wide
This mirror is long
This story is short
And better as song

Sing for the life you wish to know
Sing for the devil who sleeps on your pillow
Sing for the dawn and sing for the dusk
Sing for the love in which you trust

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David Lacey

This Soul Of Eternity's Burden Unleashed

Soon I am to walk within these bounds but know
No grounding as my own, still this shall be home,
If nothing more than a place where I shall never be alone.

If not at least a pillow upon which my heart doth rest
Whilst beating still within my chest.
If not at least a home where my heart could dwell
Whilst within my chest my heart doth swell.

Blood boils. Turmoil takes its toil upon this
Soul of eternity's burden unleashed.
I'm Freedom bound yet Homeward torn,
Returning to the ether from which I was born.

David Lacey

This World Is A Freedom To Exist.

To which man lay claim the virtue of honour?
We are to rise – beyond the vision of our eyes
Beyond the prison of the skies.

This world is a freedom to exist.

What of the dreams I left fallen in the nightshade
Are they to be forgotten? Left rotten and rotting to fade.

My chest grows tighter
My muscles aching
Spit into the bottle
The bottle it needs breaking.

For too long now I have not kissed the canvas blank
Who am I? Who am I to thank?
Am I to bank on the surreal ideals of others?
Find me my brother – I love him.

David Lacey

Three Graces

Three Graces born within a harmony of tides
In Parallel to the Goddess torn as her breaking heart abides,
Keeping in time the movement of the waves.
Here cool fountains echo laughter from the mountain high,
Here we sit to wonder why, meandering through skylscapes we never gained the
chance to fly.
As azure fields reverberate beyond the depths of the vault,
Monastic monstrosities appear by twilight,
In procession ghosts of dissolution come to claim their gold.
Come to sell a story told.
Naked as the flames, holding close their arms upon the others shoulder,
Each with their own charm, three graces born never to grow older,
Three Graces born shall do you no harm; you may never find another,
Who will shimmer as she flows, who will plant the dying rose
Grace in faith of each hearts rejoice gone the instant that she goes.

David Lacey

Three Maids

In three years, three maids
Have haunted, phantomwise
My soul throughout the night.

The first a Raven Queen,
Angels inked upon her flesh.
The second an emerald temptress,
A Love, a blue so fresh.
The third a beauty blonde,
Whom I shall never know undressed.

David Lacey

Through Expression Of The Feeling

The time has come to adorn the mask of true dreaming
And to rise against the odds, against the tide and to know
All there is that lies beneath the porcelain desert snow.
This last night I danced, naked with the nymphs of a moonlit lake,
Wild and frenzied in circles, chanting, entrancing and calling
On elder gods to join, to hold my hand and to turn circles in the sand.

No music is there upon the air as unspoken harmonies cling within
The memories of delicate winged girls and softly spoken come those
Tender words that sooth so my aching soul, Dance with me I'll make you whole.

Through expression of the feeling
Through redefining what it is to be real
We can together find a way throughout the shades,
Into fields of easy grazing, still half crazed at the wonder
And amazement that follows every breath.

A thousand lives worth lived I'd give to hold the silver moon
As a thousand dreams of decadence stir emotional monsoon.

Which memories are to survive submergence?
Which are to resurrect themselves as ghosts of finer pasts?
Woven with intent on destiny,
Will we last the rising of the rivers banks?
Who will we thank when our cities disappear beneath the waves?

The story retold in a change of time.
A story yours just as it's mine.
And as the purple journey leads my mind
I find myself less hard to find.

David Lacey

Through Teenage Wastelands

Through teenage wastelands I have come to know truth beyond all reason.

Freedom flies upon the wing
We sing the songs we were born to sing
Bring me Love for a Love is won
Run a race – A race is run
Seek a Love to make you young.

Allow nature to educate the child
Allow him the freedom with which he was born.
Allow nature to reveal the harmony of her wilderness
Before from the child his dreams are torn.

David Lacey

Through The Abduction Of Our Senses

Through the abduction of our senses
We are bound, slave within an artificial womb.
No room is there to think as we hogtied,
Suspended from the ceiling in submission.
Hooks piercing our skin blood flows staining
Soft red the skin beneath as euphoria runs
Upon a mellow high - we learn not to try
In kissing the sky as we learn to fry in
Kissing the soul we find projected upon her eyes.

We learn to know what it is to earn our dues
As we are cast into this void of realities abyss.
Pursued by maddening chaos
Here I am lamenting the death of harmonies blissful

Who shall miss us when our laughter no longer echoes amongst the valley?
Will they know what I mean when I say
'I loved as I love still the way you mould the beauty of my dreams? '

David Lacey

To All The Friends I'Ve Ever Known

What great sorrow is there in our unknowing of faded memories
And every tomorrow comes too late for we sweet dreamers of the nightmare
Shimmering in the glow of spirit night, the evil eye awaits us.
But we are strong, alive within the moment and rising

In you I know myself, In you I trust,
In you I know shines the light fantastic
Glowing and emitting ecstasy unto the soul of the world

We walk within the story

A story of friendship
Of strange love unknown

We walk within the story

A story of friendship
Of futures blurring

Small worlds are colliding

Merging as they submerge the souls of those
That can not stay adrift alike we within
The moment shifting. I'm here to lift you.

With the strength of a mountain
I could rise from within my hermit hole
Given your call in the morning or night
I would ride, a knight without armour
Bearing the golden shield of friendships empowering.

Here I am to shower you with the promise of a better life

Together we have looked upon the world with eyes of ecstatic vision
I have seen you cry
I have seen you laugh
I have passed away the hours with you
As though they were ours, and ours alone to pass away

Screaming from windows at the general public
Up to their general nonsense outside our towers sanctuary.

You have seen me high, tearing the seams of reality with a lions jaw
You've seen me lost and staring into space
Feeling alone although I am surrounded by all
And you've cared, and you've been there
With me sitting in silence, braiding in and out my hair
Shooting hollow daggers at faceless shadows.
Seeing only you as an angel amongst monsters.
I've chased you in the thundering rain
You in a madness only women may master
Screaming more tears than Father Sky could gather.

I have seen you tearing at the boundaries of sanity
And holding on to me, telling me I should not be there for you
That I should leave and let you see it through the blues alone.

What mockery of friendship it would be to leave thee in thy misery?

It seems as though within a dream we have walked another land
As though from past life memories I have the memory of your hand.

So into the story we shall stride again

Destiny's colliding upon the tapestry of life
Sometimes bending as the winds of fate they blow
But know this, this secret bliss of mine
That beneath the snow the summer breathes
And all it takes is a little time for the
Seeds of joy in rapture to break from the
Soils of secluded solitude into the light.

The memory of death flickers within the eyes of the infant.

I'm here to help you feel
I'm here to make it real for you
Through the blue skies and the grey.
I'm only ever a call away.

To Breathe Anew Beneath The Blanket Blue

To fly on the wings of a dragon trailing destruction in her wake,
To breathe anew beneath the blanket blue knowing we're well and truly baked.
Caked in mud, sick of thinking, Caked in dirt so thick I'm sinking,
As bloodshot eyes keep blinking, taking in the slideshow of Aurora's entrance.
To dance the night a flame, it's all we ask that one day we shall feel the same,
The same way we felt before we saw the pavement melt as wings sung sweet
melodies to felt fabric skies torn, worn out in exhaustion.

Perversion breeds upon the instinct of man, I know this now as out of the frying
pan into the fire I've flown, So hard it is to reveal I've always known never to
admit the way I feel. As I peel away all that's unshown glimmers within the pit,
awaiting the pendulum man to swing on fast in fits of frenzied laughter, awaiting
till afterwards to reveal all you've kept concealed beyond the shades of the
moon,
Hoping salvation shall rule the fools, shall guide them when monsoon fears come
rolling, dragging down the mud slide, leaving no place to hide as trees up rooted
upon the ride are left with no option but to await the tides in their flow.

David Lacey

To Come Of Age

A voice sat deep inside you says,
Just waste away till nothing fades.
As shadows are left behind,
To make the world go blind.

Something down inside you knows,
You'll join where all the rivers flow,
And drown beneath the sea,
Believing you are free.

I've lost that thing inside me that tells me what is real,
I don't know the way I'm thinking, I can't quite make out the way I feel,
I know the people sat around me, think they know me, more than I
Still I can't hear a word they say sat so far beyond the skies.

They talk of things I've never heard of
Words that seem surreal.
Never heard but not unheard of,
Still can't make out what is real.

Turning round in deep emotion,
Mixing the colours of my soul.
Burning all the things you left behind
to make me whole.

Nothings left inside of me
You know not what you hold.
Something's gone inside of me
The futures left un told.

But the past is crystal clear now
and you are all I see,
I don't have the answers
drowned so deep beneath the sea.

By the waves of your emotion,
Eating up my world.
Could you save the ocean?
Can you see the bird?

Flying flagships in the sky,
places we could pass on by,
this is out world or so it seems,
its alike nothing from my dreams,
its so much more.

To come of age,
To turn the page
As angels spread there wings,
You know your bird can sing babe
The songs of love you bring.

Take me the river bed, its only then you'll know I'm dead.
When every words been spoken when I lie broken in the head.

Aspirations of divinity, they never meant so much to me
As they did to you that day,
Walk with me another way
Don't pass me by and sigh and say,
Don't claim that you don't know me
When I know the song you sing.

Turning in your circle,
Following a square,
How is it your questioning existence
As if you were never there?

Lost in time, we've lost our face
Where is it we lost our faith?

Dream a dream for daybreak,
The future lies untold,
Turn the page with reason,
Watch the day unfold

Sink into a blissful sleep,
This peace I hope is mine to keep
Mine to cherish through the wisdom of the years.

Don't count your tears as you wish away the clouds

That crowd the sky by the day,
You'll miss them when there gone, this feeling wont last long
So embrace it for a while, take it in with a smile.

David Lacey

To The Strangest Girl I've Ever Known

Heretical hierarchies decompose in slow plastic tides.
An ode is sung, wild eyed for those too scared to run,
A lament for those that tried to pry open the chest's secret encoded,
And still we are relying on the illusion that our guns are loaded,
That we're ready to explode at anytime in floods of woeful fears,
Streaming tears in cascades, breaking barriers, overrunning barricades.

I spy dreamers washed up upon the shore, lost in isolation when they are
Surrounded by a thousand likewise ungrounded souls. Crying for a saviour.
The doorways are now broken that would have opened had a little
Patience been applied, had we relied on more than instinct to guide us through
the skies.

Beyond the twilight, beyond our mother's delight lies the truth so far out of sight
that we require proof of our existence before we empower ourselves with love.

Some sickly rose of pale blue shades clasped upon my palm,
Gone are the days of failing you she said,
Leaving me in a jaded calm of slumbering silence.
What defence could I offer?
The gifts of love that I made to gain her favour?

It seems as though there's nothing left to say
As I find myself day by day scratching around upon the ground,
Seeking the latch to the doorway high beyond my reach.
Whilst some patchwork princess in the recesses of my mind
Awaits me beyond the kissing gate.
I fear that all she will find is me huddled blind
Seeking the light reborn from a bleak descent into darkness.

All there is that's lost is yours to find as vibrations evoke
Reminiscence of a time so long since passed that memory has lapsed,
Beyond the mists of times blessing,
Beyond the clouds obscuring the memory as ever alluring.

For regret I've found there is no cure,

To the strangest girl I've ever known

What madness is this that sadness should be the flavour of the hour?
Such strange a love in friendship is ours to hold, to devour,
Warming with every heartbeat until the second we grow cold and fading.
Our souls taken from their form to dance with angels in ascent.

Such horror is it to find both our souls in descent,
Skimming the surface of insanity and every so often submerging ourselves
Beneath the ever sleepless deep.

The unconscious tides of our emotion
Are as the tides and currents of the ocean.
And here we are, trying to keep ourselves from crying
When tears are the only joy we know.
Here we are within the water flowing
With starlit eyes of youth still glowing.

The river is bursting its banks
Who should we thank?

God?
Our Mother Divine?
Father Time?
Me?
You?
The sky of blue?

The river is bursting its banks
Who should we thank?

David Lacey

To What Do I Aspire?

The world around is wonder
Beauty to incite the heart to ponder

Do we not know life until we have known fresh death?

Am I forever to play the fool?
To what do I aspire?
Simply to respire.
To live and give anew
Fresh love from the garden thriving
So slow is paradise arriving.

David Lacey

Toaster On The Wall

Abandoned toaster on the wall
A symbol that can say it all
In a world in which we have it all
We abandon toasters on the wall.

David Lacey

Too Much Time In Thinking

Perhaps I spend too much time in thinking
Too much time spent drinking
But then I see my friends beside me
And I know there's nowhere I'd rather be.

David Lacey

Too Slow Are We To See.

I watch him stand, a silent hill he stands
Slow grace dressed in paling skin
He turns the oceans with his hands
Too slow are we to see.
Too slow are we to understand.

I leave this day to find a way
To find the words with which to say
To find the breath with which to pray
I'll be back another day.

David Lacey

Touch Upon The Shoulder Of My Fears

A love was born on Hallows Eve

A love that did naught but ignite the teasing of the girl

For whom I had longed to please for so long yet had never found the opportunity

Nor had I ever been granted access to slip between the thighs of a girl

Within whose eyes I was so sure I would find skies painted a deeper blue.

She remembers not offering up her self to me freely

Asking me to take her in my arms whilst in the next room awaited the girl

To whom one kiss would do the most harm. She awaited whilst I conversed

With what seemed alike the ghost of ancient loves incarnate.

Now in offering yourself to my taking I am naught but making concrete

The mould of my setting – In doing so I am perhaps forgetting the longing I have

known – but know that faithfully I belong to the girl who knows nothing of the

arrangement of souls I find myself within. In turning away from the offering of

the girl for whom I had shed tears for many years – I saw death touch upon the

shoulder of my fears and lead them by there ears away, beckoning he came

reckoning with the judgement of the hourglass as his only sense of duty.

David Lacey

Towards The Blue All Rivers Flow.

Storms ravish the coastlines as boundaries blur
Signposts are lost to the surge. Pushing, purging
The land is left fertile yet lifeless whilst microscopic
Parasites feed upon stagnant bloodlust. They feast
Upon decomposing beasts. Winds whip the stallions
Of their riding, spurring, cheering on with a howl.
Overturning leaves, Overturning trees as if some
Giant had arose from his slumber and sought his
Firewood beyond the realm of childhood fantasy.
Tides push against the shore in repetitive motions
Each time gaining ground, moment after moment
Measure for measure they will take in the grains of
The shore, soaking them more and more.

Only life breathes beyond the doorway.
Everyone who comes to the future lives here, now.

Who would be so bold as to take the greatest leap of faith
Casting in ritual away the face they hath known so long?
Hiding in the shadows as molten earth comes rolling
Slow and slumbersome down the valley side, charring black
With death and crimson fury the green dreams we once beheld.
Where are we to run? Where are we to turn?
What but ash is there left to yearn for?

Seek release, seek freedom – Escape from upon the leash
Take an outsiders look within your form
Step inside the eye of the storm with grace.

Observation becomes perverted,
Eternally inverted as whispers are carried bearing
Life to a misunderstanding whilst Rumour foul in
Her presence runs off to breed contempt as we attempt
In standing our ground – Forever children unfound.

Against the storm all winds blow
Towards the blue all rivers flow.
Towards the Earth upon which we grow
We just show respect in reverence.

What futility it would be to stand against the very things that grant me life
Whether there be sunlight or be there rain, whether I be dancing or in pain
I'll know that nothing is ever the same beyond the will for the flower to bloom
again.

Mother Earth in all her forms empowers
If only you would allow it she would shower you,
Take you away from the blue and leave you
Wondering what it is to speak the truth.

David Lacey

Tranquility

Know that the calms of tranquility are as a lake
Harmonious and undisturbed, when fate throws
A stir into our embrace we are to suffer the initial
Repercussions, we are to learn to suffer this disturbance
As without it we would be un-able to appreciate our calms.
The rock does the lake no harm, but adds to the length of her story.
Know that even after the chaos has folded ripples untold
Shall stir their own effects upon our souls, yet one day they
Shall be calm once again and we shall know that our dismay
Caused us no harm just as the rock thrown into the depths of our mysteries blue.
We shall know when to awake from the realm of day dream fantasies.
We shall know the mask of true dreaming as a key to reality.
We shall embrace the turbulence of others passions
For only with the construction of a basin can we ever face
The world with a smile upon our face that each race could understand.
This land is grand beyond the measure of our imaginations.
Follow the wanderings of your heart, yet allow reason to guide your
Path. Laugh in the face of the fears that keep you tearful, sleepless through
The nightmare, share your loves, share your cares.

David Lacey

Trident

I believe with all my heart that she contains the strength
With which to slay the daemons of her insecurity,
I believe that though at times we may be lost without a faith
That we may keep our pace throughout endurance
And that we may each shine with our own radiance divine.
I understand not the way she turns from the offering of my hands,
I promise no sanctuary yet promise no harm,
I promise a calm soul within which she may stir her emotions,
As Poseidon's Trident stirs the oceans.

David Lacey

Turning Leaf

The nights are growing short once more
As Autumn opens Winters door
And Summer sleeping beauty casts
Into the web of woven pasts
So sleeping there 'til Spring awakes
And from her dreams the Summer shakes.

David Lacey

Two Ways She Flows Her Heart A Window

Two ways she flows her heart a window,
Sanctuary beyond the rainbow.
Mirror mistress's reveal nothing of themselves,
Placing individuality upon the shelf.
Tell me, do you perceive the mirror to know all you know?
What depths are left un-reachable through the looking glass?
Beyond the glow, lost are the reflections of those who long
Since slipped into a void of shadows, . Galvanised souls.

David Lacey

Under What Skies Does She Move?

A wounded soldier upon the battlefield of adolescent wastelands.
Where am I to turn?
When all around me the bodies of the dead are burning?
Where is she, do you know?
The girl who keeps me warm with the touch of her eyes?
Where is she now?
Under what skies does she move?

The skies are fantastic here
Magnificent stars gleam in a sombre innocence
To the eternity of small worlds below.

David Lacey

Universal Soul

I remember now a sky of aggressive vibrations,
Bleeding red rushes of madness upon the horizon.
Above the town a heavy haze hangs below the clouds
Tainted are the colours of the rainbows glow.
Painted are pictures of faceless crowds.

I'm awaiting the surge, knowing not what will come of
The experience, the clouds outside foretell a pleasant
Eve of awakening, Inside I'm shaking, knowing that soon
All will be lost below the waning moon.

A collection of musical arrangements revolve around my form
I wish to pick the strings of steel above the hollow but know
That first I must swallow the pain of removing myself from such
A wallowing refrain. Golden glows of summers promise
Kiss the movements of the sky, a face within the cotton, she
Has hair of shoulder length, she glows, oh how magnificently
She glows surrounded by shades of expanse.

□

A shimmering dance of unspoken shadows feeds the sky still bleeding,
Upon the horizon a grey silhouette is seen, no longer do fields
And rolling hills of green possess this valley in their spirit,
They have been cast down, this town, built upon a bellowing
Industry is guilty of nothing less than smoking a perfect sky to
Some tainted yellow, denying the youth a sky they will never know.

Paint me a picture of this land how you would understand
It without the torturing hand of man and his creation.
Upon the Surface of Our Mother they spread as disease, turning
The most beautiful of scenes so easily into a profit of destruction.

Never before have I seen the world with such clarity
Everything sharp, everything crisp,
This feeling is a lens upon reality
I see the same as the next man but perceive its proportions differently

I believe in the universal soul
I believe in an integrated whole
As above so below

So the world should rightly know

Feed the night

Feed the light

Gargantuan obscurities pass by my window coated
In a lilac tone, upon the horizon the sun is ending his course
For the day, upon his way his radiance shines upon
In various angles towards the blood end of emotions spectrum.

Small wisps drift on by; some would have you believe that where you go when
you die

But I believe that we return to the one, as atoms into the earth, as souls into the
Universal soul. Listen to your heart yet never ignore reason when survival
Is at hand. This age scares me so in its blind faith or secular atheism, can
We not have faith in truth and truth yes truth alone, is it not upon the basis
Of truth, trust and unison that we build our homes and our circles of family and
friends?

I believe that this life is an opportunity to mix with souls and learn for that
Is what the soul doth yearn for, a truth, an unquestionable truth that everything
Is as real as his dreams. Nothing is as it seems and omens beckon throughout
The day, and just as even the mightiest Oak knows not to bend against the wind
Sometimes it is wise to be passive to the rhythms of Life's ever present river
flowing.

Is it not our time to rise as the sun is near to setting?

Does it come as a surprise that you can not remember to forget?

David Lacey

Unknown Souls

Unknown souls
Converse within
Conversations
More deranged
Than perverse.

All around I souls
Divulge as spheres
Celestial in harmony
Revolve around
The care of our presence
Eternal.

David Lacey

Unto Another Realm

All is what it ever were
All is beauty when you're near
All is calm before the storm
The storming of my tears

I'm drowning in a lake of love
Blue below as blue above
All it is, we're angels here
All is beauty when you're near

And when a loved one sails away
Unto another realm
Know that in the words you say
You keep love steady at the helm

And know that every time you grace
The love of life with heartfelt faith
That your one with every angels smile
You make my heartbeat race

David Lacey

Upon A Whim - A Fluster Of Thoughts

Upon the wing, upon a whim
We sing the songs we were born to sing

Back to a life of servitude
Don't let it taint your attitude
Smile a while in gratitude
I pray you may see that you may feel.

I may look alike a clown
I may act alike a fool
Still I'll never forget the blues
They taught to me at school

My heads a whir and my cauldron astir

My alter from which I worship
Is the heart of the sun in blinding

Through watercolour skies
Blue vibrations churn the sylphs of the atmosphere
They move in circles eternal.

How is it you know my age when my form is withered out of time?
How is it I know your soul when I never came to know mine own?

Upon the wings of unity we ride safe in clarity
Secure under the illusion of sanity.

Meditate your state of mind.
Find yourself but take your time.

David Lacey

Upon Our Journey

Upon our Journey many fruitful trees we shall pass.
How are we ever know our favourite to taste
If we are forever wasting the present indulging
In a taste we have already relegated to a memory inducing nostalgia?
Only when striding onwards will we ever know for sure
That no cure for our hearts ailments lay upon the fruit tree
Beyond the horizon – We can always journey backwards
If we are convinced the fruits we left will never be tasted
With such sweet Joy again – But know that it will forever
Toy upon your mind if you do not seek to find a fruit unknown
To your heart. So hard it is to start again and allow the ghost
Of a memories fading to pass without a sigh – So hard it is to
Part with the skies that have kept us sane for so long now it should
Pain us to consider a lifetime without the fruit we have come to know
Yet we must continue upon our journey – Evermore we must flow.

David Lacey

Virgin Angel Butterfly Wings

A call upon the line manifests itself into a movement of emotion swift.
Leave me here to drift I'm happy enough within the circle.
As rifts form a chasm of unfolding the story untold, as we stride once more
Bold into the headlights, growing old beneath the streetlight, I await
Still the coming of a confidence strong enough to roll the words out
From upon my tongue, since I was young they hath haunted me; the demons
Of insecurity and now I know how to show the world that I can do so much
More than lie placid by the fireplace curled. Out of our shells we form as
Virgin angel butterfly wings. Sing Summer Sing, Oh what love it is you bring.
Ring bells ring, Oh what sounds of Joy you bring to the fool upon the hill
Toying with his perception of those upon the ground. He's waiting there still
Lost unsound of reason. Where can he turn as the yoke mid-graze spellbinds
His conduct, leaving him subject to the music of the spheres? Where is his to
turn?
Where is he to hide his tears as he runs shedding fears as snake skins upon a
whim?
Sing Love sing, inspire as my muse. Sing Muse your words of wisdom, bring Love
Light from beyond the void of the chasm calling, the abyss is beckoning upon us
to fall.
As the tears of angels plummet in unison beating upon the ground in an act of
fusion,
They sink into their mothers cheek as still my knees grow weak at the sound of
their
Fanfare parading.

David Lacey

Visions Of Serenity

Within the shadows of the night
Desire is ash as burned too bright,
Did the vision scorn my eyes?
What kingdom lay within the skies?

Beyond the kiss of inner light
Love is ash as burned too bright
Did the angel sing with her eyes?
To keep me from a kingdom sky?

Alone, alone so far from home
The night is as a kingdoms throne.
Angels sing as angels sigh
As laughing I lay down to die.

Kiss me quick, I'm melting fast
Fabric drips into the past,
All for what? To know the sigh
Of an angel from a kingdom sky

Below the void of tide and see
A vision of pure ecstasy
Calls to be the free in me
The soul of pure ecstasy.

Kiss me quick I'm melting slow
In a liquid love for all to know
And all they are that I can see
Visions of serenity.

We live we die
We crawl we fly
The future lies in me
Within you all
Is the love that calls
Upon you to be free.

David Lacey

Voices From Amongst The Trees

Around me fall the autumn leaves
Within our hearts the future breathes
Voices from amongst the trees
Tell of freedom un-foretold.

Around me breaks the winter lake
Within our hearts old loves awake
Voices from beyond the gate
Tell of freedom from the shade.

Around me rise the springtime blooms
Below an reborn maiden moon
Voices speak of light from gloom
They speak of romance old.

Around me glows a summers green
Within our hearts the future dreams
All of nature grows, it gleams
Speaking words to never fade.

David Lacey

Voyeuristic Energies

Patrician dames masked to avoid the shame of offering,
They parade themselves, offering pleasure for pay.

Voyeuristic energies flow strong in the blood of man and woman alike.
Each seeks a secret knowledge unknown to those left in the light, unable to see
out into the darkness. These dark comedies of our suburbs watch close in
observance the moving
Pictures of our life's. Perceiving life through a silver screening, how are you ever
to know
Whether or not you are dreaming?

These comedies dark repulse the society that dare not admit its instinctive fetish,

To know, to know and remain unknown in knowing. They repulse in an invasion
of
A privacy that does not exist. The threat of power.

The window allows the seer to remain unseen
As our homes become their T.V screens.

However the window allowed the seer to be
Seen by those passers by who deem their
Time elastic enough to spend the time staring
Beyond the gleam of the sunlight glazing.
Dazed, galvanised souls are left upon the
Other side of morning, awaiting in anticipation
The Dawn.

David Lacey

War Torn Skies

Ancient asylum
War Torn skies
Ruins - ash - cinder
The taste of blood soaked soil
All chaos consumed within
The rage of the aeons.
I find myself in a room with a girl
Short blonde her
Lost
Confused
As I
She looks worried but more than worried
Dismayed and terrified
The walls of the room were black with filth
We are alone
And the feeling ensues that not one other soul
Graces these horizons for we are alone.
No home is this to call our own.
Black with filth and smeared rust blood
As though they had not been used since the days of the asylum
But no reason was there to assume this as sanctuary for unfiltered minds
Apart from the visions in my mind, unfiltered visions of future surreal
A future past and present were all I could feel at once.
Visions of horror, torture long since lost to the memory of the world
Women screaming in concentration, children burnt and slaughtered
And in that very room a thousand rapes of innocence.
Nurses mutilating patients with dire satisfaction.
The girl in the room with her holds me as I have my visions
I lay shaking, sweating, and crying at the pain of these memories
And as she grabbed my shoulder I shout, yawping louder than any
Barbarian may have imagined the human voice could muster
I claimed the horrors I could see, woman had been raped and debased
Within these walls, and the pain was sickening and then the girl
In the room grabbed my shoulders and I shout up my head looking
Directing into her eyes which had become planetary masses of moon light
qualities
And a star appeared on her forehead and we were one in an instants flash
At this point I awoke, sweating, with the vision of this asylum in my mind.

Warfare Within Marriage.

Woman flock from there homes in retreat
From the ties of warfare within marriage.
Letting loose responsibility they charge
Headstrong into the forest dense with elementals.
They move as Sylphs with the air, fluid in movement,
Sprouting dragons flow timid to the blowing of the winds.

David Lacey

Warm Hands Cold Feet

Cold sweats, deep heat
Warm hands, cold feet.
The temple lay in ruin
All around me lay gathered
The fragments of these last few years,
Always in search of myself
I have lost so many companions upon my way,
So many tales, so many travels.
Will they each be spoke of in future times?
Will they be relived eternally across the dimensions of our realm?
Or will they be left for our souls to ponder in lone existence?
The time alone is one in all the same
Made different only by a name.

David Lacey

Wasted Opportunities.

Wasted opportunities haunt the memory of adolescence,
I remember a time within the white room
As smoke bellowed alongside monsoon thunder
I placed resistance before instinct in turning my head from the girl.

These days she runs in frantic routines,
Finding time only once in a while to turn her smile my way.

My earliest memories are of the girl her eyes a blue fantastic
Piercing the hollows of my shell her smile was pure innocence,
Truly the only cure for looking glass blues.

Inside the circle we played amongst the grey
Seeking within the day the words to say to one another.
Paddling throughout infancy, attachments were set in stone
And even now no soul claims priority above the soul that Love forgot,
Not out of carelessness but of an inability to cope with the fact
She was never there to hold me true in embrace.

We were torn, seams worn at such a young age
That she seemed naught but a distant dream
Lost within the journals of memories wandering.

Forever picking up the pieces off the floor
Forever wanting for more, how am I
To grow in appreciation of the moment.

Seeing her again after so many years
Brought naught more than tears to my eyes.
Eros let sail an arrow from his bow,
Failing in stirring her passion he left me wounded
A soul out of fashion with the false idols of media that rule her world.

David Lacey

We Are Alive In The Moment Of Death

We are the nocturnal nightmares of fear induced
We are fear by which hope is reduced
We are the dead and the living the same
We are the board when your life is the game
We are as children hung from a rope
We are as children in fear of lost hope
We are the dead and the living the same
We are the board when your life is the game.
We are the silence of all that is night
We are the shadows scared of the light
We are the dead and the living the same
We are the parasite worms in your brain.
We are the killers of true passion in love
We are the angels of Hell's mansion above
We are the wings upon which devils may fly
We are the fear and the tears that you cry
We are the dead and the living the same
We are the parasite worms in your brain.
We are the moon as we are the sun
We are the end and the story begun
We are the dead and the living the same
We are the board when your life is the game.
We are the children who beat you at school
We are the teachers that deem you a fool
We are the rotting as we are the fresh
We are alive in the moment of death.

David Lacey

We Are As Angels With Dirty Faces

Though waters calms surround my form
I know I can't escape the storm
Brewing in the stir of a butterfly's wing.
There's turbulence in the air.
As Sylphs dance swift chaotic rhythms

We are as angels with dirty faces
Here we lay placid in displacement
Shaken from evolution through the
Revelation of revolution.
Here we are disgraced. Caught Red handed.
The blood of the world, the blood of the wasp
Has returned to haunt our shades
Never fading but growing stronger day by day,
Swaying melancholy breezes our way.
Stirring the cauldron of her mix,
Stirring still to get her fix, someone should give
Blood a tab to lick to pacify the storm.

Take me I beg of you, Show me Truth beyond the acorn
Show me reality beyond the spreading of the seed.
Take from me all I'm wanting, leave me with what I need.

A Rose arose to the Sun Gods lips,
Kissing her hair as he was caressing her hips.
She slipped in ecstasy, waving goodnight,
Sweet dreams to reality.

We are as angels with bludgeoned wings,
Lost without a song to sing to pay for the
Bus fare home.

David Lacey

We Are As Gods Here

Across the blue abyss we sail
Trailing stars in our descent
Finding the past in the present
We are immortal here
Beyond the failings of our trials.

I find myself in a sinking blue
Thinking always thoughts of you
Drowning in the morning dew
One with all I see

I find myself in a field of dreams
Meadows bloom in ecstasy
All that is, is one within
A soul of perfect harmony

All we are is all we were
Forever we will be
Lost upon emotions waves
Dancing harmony

A call upon the midnight hour
Allows us truth to see
We sail the blue abyss, we sail
In natural ecstasy

We rise, we fall, we know it all
As all is one in me
All is one within your heart
A heart allows you truth to see

The moon is quilted by tender blanket clouds
Kissed by the rain's forgetting
We are beyond the need to regret our failings
For we are as stars here
Trailing descent from past into present
Into the future surreal we ride
Rising with the morning Sun
To know the kiss of Dawn

Knowing what it is to be reborn
We are as Gods here
Perfect from our moulds
Only growing old within the autumn of our falling
Still we retain our wisdoms past
As all we know blooms day by day
Into a flower more beautiful
More delicate
Than any you may find upon the fields of dream time wavering
Savour the movement
Flavour the moment
Rise in descent.

Still fields of green surround my heart
Though desert sand may fill my shoes
I find myself sinking fast into thoughts of you.

Still valleys green embrace my soul
Though desert heat may boil my skin
I find myself sinking fast forever lost within.

David Lacey

We Are As The Caterpillar Un-Knowing Of Our Future Glories.

We are as the caterpillar un-knowing of our future glories.
We hear the whispering of ancient teachings upon the
Wind of Fates fury blowing. Bend don't stand against the storm
For it is always beyond your control. Know you don't have to hide
But know well that yours are not the tides to push back in your stride.
If he were to be told what awaited him beyond the void of his asylum
Would he fear the wings with which he shall be blessed?
Would he fear the symmetry of perfection in which he shall be dressed?
Would he doubt his ability to fly? Would he question why it is he and only
He who is blessed with the transformation immaculate?
Are we not each perfection in transition?

David Lacey

We Are As Vessels For Divinity

We are as vessels for divinity
Encased in the skins of mortality
And through our eyes gods may see
True the skies and forever be
One with all, the soul, the world
In knowing that sublime of words.
The word, the word that future sees
That whispers on a mountain breeze.
The Word unheard forever there
Is the breeze within your lover's hair
The murmur of the autumn night
The bliss of kissing true the light.

Catching sunlight in her hair
She was the feminine divine
She was the maiden sublime
But was she ever there?

Within dust soil vessels of mortality
The seeds of divinity are sown
Upon the fertile fields of destiny we grow
And we are grown
Ready now to take the world within our grasp
Ready now to clasp tightly to all that
By rights is ours to hold.
Ready to grow old with grace
Keeping faith in the virtues by which we live.
Ready to give.

David Lacey

We Are Love

Each love spent well is costing more than ever,
The interest is up but the real coin of heart is hidden.
Seven faces and a side to stand upon
Three heads, three tails and the sign to hold them
Inside the memory of being more than form.
Inside the storm of being more the foam on shore,
Inside the door is now, the lock once blocked is open,
The key still there to find. we are love.

David Lacey

We Are Rebels Within An Age Of Reason

Surrender to the splendour of your vision
For within your eyes I foretell the swelling of heart ache.
A soul once shaking is now breaking
Shattering eggshell fragments upon the pavement.
Thunder hath awoken me from my slumber
And here I remain, numb to the world outside dissolving

We are rebels within an age of reason
Pumping our veins with ecstatic fuel.
Finding ourselves drooling at the image
Of a princess upon a lake of love.

David Lacey

We Are The Children As We Are The Dead

I am the rain as I am the storm
I am the leaf as I am the tree
I am the soil as I am the worm
I am the soul and I am free.

I am the bee as I am the hive
I am the ant as I am the hill
I am the corpse as I am alive
I am the birth as I am the kill.

We are the children as we are the dead
We are the free as are those that are bound
We are the children as we are the dead
We are as lost, we are as found.

I am the cow as I am the herd
I am the blade as I am the field
I am the whispering secret unheard
I am the farmer as I am the yield.

I am the nothing as I am the all
I am the rise as I am the fall
I am the death of spirit anew
I am the red the yellow the blue

I am the king as I am the queen
I am the plague as I am the cure
I am the world as I am a dream
I am the secret of lusts sweet allure.

I am the wind as I am the earth
I am the sea as I am the fire
I am the songs the sirens may sing
Promising everything you may desire.

I am the fool as I am the crowd
I am the silence as I am loud
I am as heavy as I am light
I am as blind as I may have sight.

We are the children as we are the dead
We are the homeless that wish to be fed
We are the teachers of children at school
We are the children who break all the rules.

We are as one or as nothing at all
We are one throughout the fall
I am death and I am alive
I am the bee I am the hive.

David Lacey

We Are Who

Who are we to scream so loud?
Who are we to dream so loud?
We are who so dream to loud
We are who to loud so dream
Scream to loud dream we are
Dream we are to loud so who
Who to dream so loud are we?
We are dream to loud so who?

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David Lacey

We Caress Nightly In My Visions

We caress nightly in my visions
Fusing integration
Ignoring meditation
I think only of your Love.

I know not how to express the Love I feel nor do I know
How to tell if my love is real or just for show.
Pinch me if I'm dreaming, Kiss me quick I'm melting.

Outside velvet shades fade into the recess of the underground
We caress, always and forever without making a sound.

David Lacey

We Eternal

Prepare yourself my child for the time is rising
And it is we the young - we eternal - we unknown
Who are to weave in to the pages of the great wheel turning

The story itself is a wild beast yearning
Yearning for the bliss of wisdoms kiss and learning
Learning day by day to keep the world away.

Isolated - Desolate and dressed in forest shadows
Can you hear the music of mountain caverns?

They claim the clock to breath and that our mother has no pulse.

The sun has arisen and once more the southern soil beneath my feet begins to
bake in the rising heat
The streets in the town beyond the horizons are tarmac snakes devouring
Hour by hour the restless - the faceless are lost

And here upon the boundary of the generations
I stand knowing that all that has passed has been for the good of all,

She welcomes death with the kiss of a blackened heart.

Always seeking to touch the untouchable
Always seeking to reach the unreachable
Where am I to be found?
Lost upon a lonely beach building castles in the sand?

Have we been handed the key to our paradise lost?

Laid to rest amongst the memory of forgetting
How am I ever to recover from the sun in setting?

The scene of the night is a cold vibration
Strange girls parade in uniform outside my window
Socks and sandals - Bikes without handles

Too many panes I've leant against
Too many shallow reflections have known my fading smile.

Where could a path so broken lead?

Succumbing to some numb fear inducing paralysis

Here we are, testing the boundaries of space and time
Measuring in foul laboratories the minds of lab rats wired.
Dehydrated upon the verge of revolution
How are we to take the final step?

Beyond the edge unknown to those who have not crossed into oblivion

Creating miniature mythologies around ourselves
We become - transform into the story told
Forever young and never old.

Upon the floor of the house of mysteries they duel for the purpose of harmony.

And each day I look with clearing eyes

The hanging gardens await, exotic perfumes cling to the memory of forgetting
Explosions, shattered inhibitions.
A toast to those true dreamers of nightmares shade.

David Lacey

We Mourn The Death Of The Forest Universal

The town outside my window moans.
We mourn not for the death of Industry
Nor for the ghost of the English gentle men
We lament for the stars that have been hidden from gazers.
We lament for dead rats trapped electronic cages.
Have we learnt nothing through the ages?

We mourn the death of the forest universal
We mourn the death of culture as media vultures
Prey upon the minds of the young.

Outside the rain takes its toll upon the pavement
Washing away the remnants of Autumns presence.
He awaits in hibernatuin, a soul ready for consideration.
I dreamt last night of a gleaming crown, An Angel
Came forth to say. 'Embrace the child don't shoot her down,
Make love throughout the day.

David Lacey

We Rise As We Fall

Old heads mourning empty beds cling to the last skin shed.
He's better off dead some say but what do they know?

We rise as we fall, we can do anything at all.
Even as demons roam the streets at night
Rabid, wild and prone to bite, the beast unleashed
Set free of his bondage can not escape the world
Of his own contempt, decomposing in the summer heat
Still he keeps running, raging as he melts.

Metallic birds of thundering grace
Race on by outside the window.
In constricting the truths of a blundering faith
We do nothing but prolong the show, the show
The game that we cringe to applaud.
Media fed monstrosities horde beyond the palace ages
Beyond the horizon we await defiant.

In shielding your vision from plastic light what do you hope to achieve?
In avoiding decision, distinctions between wrong and right,
In abstracting there definitions we are nothing but Adam without Eve.

David Lacey

We The Mob Obscene

Let your hair down - Step outside
Open your eyes to the song of the world
O wonder unsung
We the young are restless
Found in chaotic distress - fondling the memory of messy scenes
We the mob obscene
We the kings unseen
Suckling upon the mammary of life's lost caress.
We who know the way to grow beneath a blanket snow.

This place was never meant for us
Where is the land we were promised?
Where is the voice who promised us?

I could cry in thinking - Some die in sinking.

My finger on the crimson trigger
My figure of a diamond digger

It is I who bears the Christ child across the ocean of eternity
It is I who have seen all that is unseen in the flare of emotions raging.

David Lacey

We Tread Where Demons Lay Their Dead

Watch the river pass on by
Listen as the children cry
The dream has crumbled
Tumbling down the dream has crumbled
Faint echo's of the memory gather in the groves of my mindscape
The time has come for the solar god to rise.
Apollo, phoenix from the ashes.

I have cast in my folly all that lay sacred to me.
The Dragon's art enriddled, the art of art revealed.
The secret lay lost to the memory of forgetting.
Our journey has changed course
The winds! The winds have turned against our favour.
Overwhelmed by an addiction breeding,
Defenceless upon my knees
I refuse to serve you now
I would rather lay low in shallow grave.

The journey
The journey engulfing.

Open fields the senses yield
Alive and well I am she cried.
She laid down to kiss the sky
I will never die she sighed
As a tear dropped from her eye.

I have laid to waste the fantasy of evolving.

New friends and open smiles
Close me in your while.
Rise now to know
The kiss of bliss is morning snow.

His mistress distressed – undressed for her pay
Pass on by to sanctuary
I will find you there.
We set sail tomorrow for ports unknown.

The sea queen – slow dreamer
Movement of the earth

The city swells beneath our feet

David Lacey

We Were As Adam And Eve

We were as Adam and Eve within a Paradise of our own euphoric state,
Fated to share the night together adorned in the feathers of ecstasy,
What joy it is that springs from the smile you hold so well.
What fantasy fulfilled is this to know the freedom of our souls.
What a tale this would make to tell the children gathered by the fire 
Both maddened by the surge, we sunk into the comfort of our sanctuaries,
To find myself so close to you was comfort in itself yet the kiss of
Cushioned fabric against my skin was enough to break the tides of bliss
And allow them to mellow in the bay of my asylum.
As I found myself strumming to awaken angels you settled upon the drift
Of the music's tone, bearing witness to the projection of my soul upon the
Airwaves, I know you understood at that moment everything that flowed
From within my soul. These words I sang for you:

Love comes easy
It doesn't come free
It's always something
You don't want it to be
I love you I guess you don't love me
I love you I guess you won't or you can't love me now,
Oh how I love you now.

The princess she won't speak to you
She's said all that she has to say
No matter how far you travelled
No matter how long you intended to stay.

Bless the day
Bless the day of her creation
Know that you can dress my dreams

Bless the day
Bless the day of all creation
Know that you can make it real.

No, nobody knows the way I feel
But you can make it real.
No, nobody knows the way I feel
But you can make it real.

Win me Love, a love is won
Sing a song beneath a dying sun
Don't tell me that I'm the only one
Who'd sell my soul to be forever young.

Bring me Love upon your wings
Inspire in me the songs I should be singing.

Love me now
Don't ask me how.

David Lacey

Welcome To The White Room

Welcome to the White Room
Come sit upon a mushroom
Come laugh with me
Come set me free
Welcome to the White Room

David Lacey

What Beauty Layeth Within The Word

What beauty layeth within the word
Reveals the way I care for you
I'd ask you is it real a lie
In hoping that you may reveal the skies.
In hoping that you can see truth in all
It is I'd do for you.

David Lacey

What Gifts?

What gifts shall this the new day bring?
What words that I shall sing?
Let us throw ourselves once more
Into the moment of creation,
Amidst the heat of destruction
The phoenix shall rise again,
Into new life,
Blessed with new name.

Brought forth from ash
All burning flame,
Bent and broken
Our dimensions letters sent,
Written in the tongues of elder trees
Slow groans of primeval secrets, please.
All from the soup that spurted legs,
All from the gas that grew as eyes,
From star forge into material purge,
Our nature's favourite game.

Alchemy in motion, poetry the ocean
And life the volcano's roar,
In death new life does pour
And dark skies bring new light.
Promise of springtime,
Promise of sunburn,
Not here, not now in shivering
All senses perishing,
And shaking, withering
All bones intent on breaking,

Bent and broken
All secrets spent and spoken
You must listen if you wish to learn.

David Lacey

What Is It That Stands Between Us?

Back again to see the day,
To see through skies another way.
Through pastel shades we fade away
Blissful in the night.

What it is I've done
Where did I go wrong?
Maybe there's nothing more to this,
Maybe it won't last long
This happiness I'm feeling.

Dazed, blazed confused, you know, crazed.
Ripped. Torn. Worn out at the seams.
Coming apart, slowly but surely we fall in endless dreams
And close our eyes we drift into the night
And everything's o.k. for a little while, everything's alright.

You know you can come back with me now
To way back when
We'd sit around in uniform and maybe then
Dance away the blues at night
To scared to face the daemons that awaited us in the day realm.

The source is drained,
Go close your eyes,
Slip on over to the dark side,
The other side of morning.

Another way to see it through
Another way to blue and back again
All for you my friend
To dance the night aflame.

Dreams fulfill desire, open up your minds eye.
Perceive the reality around you, a shambles.
Take a little gamble, you know, take a step outside.

Shape, mould desire into each and every form,
Break away from the norm, you know, its all an illusion.

Shake away the sleep from your eyes,
Torn away from bloodshot skies,
Another day is born.

As the new dawn fades,
As shades of grey
Follow in our footsteps.

Keep on keeping on, sweet dreams ever onwards.
Don't languish too long in temptation,
Redemption lies beyond your shoulder.
What is it that stands between us?
I see no diversion in your path,
All I ask is you sit back and laugh awhile
Await the time to pass.

What does it mean?
How do you feel?
Does it make it any more real
That your dreams are scattered evermore.

Are you ever going to stop and think?
Sink a while, and wallow
Swallowed, engulfed within realm of nonsensical values,
Who could complain? Not I, I'd do it all again.

David Lacey

When A Poet Loves

The Empress lay upon the shimmering glades as they glisten with reflections
upon morning dew. Within her heart dwells the spirit of Eternal Love, her stare a
perfect
Blue. She hath known the touch of papyrus upon her palms, she hath known her
calms
Immaculate yet retains in her stride the strength to ride the storm of mysteries
tiding.
Such a beauty her eyes conceal, such a grace I'd never known as real before her
soul
Strode so boldly within this heart of mine, abstracting the way I feel. She leaves
me the
Time within which I may melt my insecurities. Freed am I from 'dull realities' as I
stand
Straight by her side yet it is only now that I realize the true wonder of all that lay
beyond
Her flesh, only now do I realize that she contains the freshest of poetic breaths.

□

The projection of her emotion upon the winds of the hills
Thrills as it fills the atmosphere of the poets heart.
The Good Folk, Fey, they dance around her, entranced by her creation,
She leads them unknowing in their dance as they plait their hairs to mimic the
maiden,
They dance and chant and form circles within the garden green,
They are the children of our observation, those elemental beings
Who may fly so soft whilst swift upon emotion,
As all rivers flow towards the ocean so we must
Make the most of the moment,
Erect a monument to the memory of your Love
Take in the skies above and the ground below
Turn within the circle round,
Know all that's lost will one day be found.

When a poet loves, he loves dearly through eyes unclear.
When a poet loves he can do naught but shed a tear.

Cry for Joy, laugh through sorrow,
Know Love shall reign as King tomorrow
And the princess, hand in hand with the prince of dreams
Shall stand, hand in hand, bonded by a love of this land of Emerald greens.

Dream a dream for me
I'll dream a dream for you
Laid upon the dazzling glades
We may embrace a perfect blue

Dream a dream of me
I'll dream a dream of you
Adorned in Edwardian stylings
Our hearts may dance in appreciation of the view.

David Lacey

When I Was Young And Young I Am

When I was young and young I am
I dreamed I'd be a better man
I dreamed I'd live a life of joy
And here I am an aging boy

Twenty now and still a child
Tame at times at others wild
I dreamed I'd be a better man
When I was young and young I am.

David Lacey

When The Bark Is Torn She Suffers

When the bark is torn she suffers,
She's breaking down to cry.
To watch her mourn is to question why,
Why it is you have no tear in your eyes.
To lament for her soul for it never will die
Would be an exercise in futility.

David Lacey

Where Am I?

Where I am is never to be known,
The picture painted never to be shown,
Only to be seen by those whose reason
Will be passenger to the imaginations direction.

David Lacey

Whisper Slumbers Blissful

As the weaver of dreams soaks her expression in light
The winds whisper slumbers blissful all throughout the night.
I awoke this morn to a Blue Bird fluttering frantically upon my bedstead.
I awoke this morn to a golden dawn, now its gone to my head.
There are no clouds to obscure the horizon, as I watch,

Absorbed within the tendencies of the voyeur. Flower. Empower.
Shower me in the grace of Unity. I beg of thee,
Set me free from my bondage to this realm.
I feel as lead, un-real, half dead, feeling anxious at the helm.

David Lacey

Who Are These People?

Who are these people? where are they streaming? Glass eyes tight shut as though they were dreaming?

Garrotted, throats slit as a token of sacrifice to the eternal god's,
Bodies cast down to the depths of brooding peat bogs.

'Did you surrender yourself, your will to the ritual, Or be this simply a punishment for a crime, we shall never know.'

Sword's split skulls, not hard enough to kill
Just to lull, least drag their victims' senses into the void.
Calling on the Goddess of spring through to autumn, of summer's sun and winter rain
Only your head, throne of the soul survives the passage of time to breathe again.

'From where did you come?' asks the child to his mother
'From my mother, her mother before her'
'So where does my father fit into this, what seems such a simple matter?'
'He works his hands to the bone, then comes home late, waits at the table just to get fatter.
That's what he does, he seems happy enough, he has no illusions to shatter'
'What of my father, from whence doth he stem, from his father and father before?'
'
'Nay, It goes way further than that, to back when, our only mother was the mother of yore
Mother of earth, blessed mother of pearl, reveal to us the wisdom's with which you blanket the world.

David Lacey

Who Awaits The Last Grain To Fall?

Everlasting light penetrates throughout the void
Warming the womb of our mother nature.
Expression Fey run amok amongst the flowers
Blooming in the spring their cheeks a rose complexion.
Butterfly symmetry confirms the beauty that confronts us.
We behold a garden of ecstatic wonders.
A golden summer awaits – promising growth anew.
Apollo hath foreseen a dream beyond the blue of winters dressing.
Blessed with a kiss of those golden lips I hath missed for so long.

Who awaits the last grain to fall?
Who are we to call upon?
Who are we who seek the midnight sun?

Seek your form in unification – take a vacation from your senses
Know your life anew – beyond the nightmare of grey tied veiling.

Budding anew beneath the blue that keeps my soul a-shaking
I'm reawakening – Yearning to learn once more amongst the green
All it is to live in the wonderland of dream states.

Create your day – Do it your way
Find the words so you can have you say.

What can I say that would make it seem
Like naught more than a distant dream.

We have it all yet fight amongst ourselves
Clouds ponder in perplexity
In confrontation with birds of metallic skeleton structures.

David Lacey

Who Now Shall Be My Friend?

Once again slow brewing
Inside my stomach aching,
A bright new world is making
New lenses for my eyes.
Filters matt all life aroused,
Here and now my fingers poised,
Ready for your words,
Great goddess, Great Muse,
Come be wise amuse me.
Sing me your song from behind the curtain of the world,
Into the nightmare, all creatures now befriending.
Dance the dance divine,
Keep your beat and beat your time,
Or else lose into their world,
All memory of what you were,
All memory of who you are,
All memory of why.

Too long it has been since I laid myself before you,
Too long indeed old friend,
When now shall be the end?
When now is now the past?
Who now shall be my friend?

David Lacey

Why Is It Silent This Ocean Of Souls?

The circle is turning its seventh wheel
And reality is breaking at its boundaries
Small worlds are colliding once more
Upon the tapestry unfolding
And we are to set our sails for new horizons
We are to set sail in search of a home we have never known.

Where are the birds of morning's song?
Why is it silent this ocean of souls?

I shall ask the elders...

Allow your heart to smile
Allow your friends to sing
And dance, go dance just for a while
And know the love you bring.

Her eyes they shone a diamond mile
Below the moon a lamplight flickering between island clouds
I asked her to dance just for a while
And then I lost her in the crowd.

Moralities rotten, inhibition forgotten,
The dance is led, wild and fed upon the souls of the dead still dreaming.

Where are we now to turn?
Where now for us to run?
Now that they burn our books
And chase the innocent down
Vermin flesh torn by vermin hounds

The purple journey leads my soul
Through the void to make me whole
The purple journey bends my mind
It leaves me lost and hard to find.

It stirs within the forest night
It stirs within the nightmare
It stirs within the burning light

It stirs within all we share.

David Lacey

Wild Eyes

As I sit here now
In the throne of my becoming
Numb with cold
And old with age.
Each page fresh
A life anew and breathing.

I feel at ease,
At one with the soul of the world forgiving
Living the moment
Within each movement in expression.
Each day I re arrange what it is to be so real
Never as I think and always as I feel.

Forever will it be such golden a dream
Such distant star moving silent silver gleams
Forever yet never to know
What the movements really mean.

Am I to forget myself in the memory ever loosing?
Am I to loose myself in the decision forever choosing?

Strange emotions stir
Wild eyes.

I feel the demon rising
So slow it stirs at first
The memory of the mountain within the serpents curse
Virgins mounds, unfound fantasies
Dance this night of mystery
Fall into the arms of twilight
Embrace the night as it finds you.

David Lacey

Wilderness

What sanctuary am I to seek beyond the blanket of your arms
When I can find no asylum in the eyes of another?

Familiar faces seem strange to me

A circle of kings surround me
A circle bound in time and set by destiny to strive
To live and be alive within the moment ever after.

I have forgotten the wisdom of the willow man's secret
I have lost the ability to see with eyes of ecstasy upon the world
As if it were of innocence.

Forget the night unwinding

I find myself in the arms of the one who holds me closest.

What is the dance without the dancer?

Think not that I have forgotten the love that lay fresh for you amongst the
rotten.

We are as lost within the wilderness -

I have arrived at the town of my birth to find the generations lost to self
destruction.

Is it a lifetime of parading the silver screen you seek?
Or is it that you would inspire the dreams of men?

We have created ourselves a world into which we sink

Free of the shackles of conformity
Free of the shackles of normality
Free of the shackles of reality

I am free for they shatter in binding my soul.

Deserted upon an island

Left alone through a mutiny of the soul

Underground unfound are we
Those souls of midnight ecstasy
That seek to set their spirit free
And be as one as all should be.

David Lacey

With You I Am Two

They claim their space beside the water,
Fathers and sons. Mothers and daughters.

The canvas ice was winter blue.
I caught her eye in a chaos of souls.
It was not you.
Some faint mist forming in the corner of my eye.
You – Your face is the sky.

Don't ask me why I love you so
Just know that you glow.
You mean the world to me
Set free from the shackles that bondage my soul.
With you I am two, I am whole.
You sooth my aching soul.

David Lacey

Within Minster Grounds I Tremble

A thousand dreams are lost it seems as petals in descent
Falling to the ground in forgetting of a world chasing golden chariots across an
azure sky

To wonder why
To cry
To sigh
And to try for something greater
These are the things that shake our souls
And make us equal with our maker.

Within Minster grounds I tremble
Seeking a knowledge of myself
So that I alone may reassemble
All that I've left lost along my way.

Fairies gather here, leading young girls astray from the dance
They are the brides of slow decay, Pretty maids, lifeless dolls,
Parading cold stares, adorning themselves in the feathers of
Innocence when a look within the eye leaves trembling the lover of love.
The Willow Man is playing the pipes of midnight melody
Hecate, great mother, maiden, crone, grant me the power to rise
Grant me the power to stare into the eyes of my gods, my prophecy, my story
fulfilled.

The moon is quilted by blanket clouds, they are gathering,
Soft and slow, small worlds they are gathering, and the
Boundaries between plains are shifting. The crossroad awaits,
There we are to choose, do we lose ourselves in dreams?
Or do we make real all that we feel we could?

The ashtray is overflowing, my bottles empty
My mind aflame with ideas arcane
Here within my shanty.

Still I sit and stare
And make as though I was never there
Here within my shanty
Playing with my hair.

David Lacey

Within The Forest Depths

Esmeralda's bliss is of an acquired taste, only to be sought
By those willing to meet and converse with the Gods.

Within the forest depths the child of nature's undressing is lost,
Blessed as he is with the ability to perceive the truth
Without proof of his existence he questions the soul within the looking glass.
The presence of the elder folk upon this earthly plain
Have awoken within his heart a yearning to behold
The beauty of a creation ancient before Father Time's hand.

This land of entwined beauty breathes life in spiral love
And our lords above appreciate our adoration for through
A love of nature may we embrace the nature of our souls
And through opening our heart to Esmeralda's bliss may we be whole.

David Lacey

Within The Hollow Of An Atom Lay An Eternity To Fathom.

Within the hollow of an atom lay an
Eternity to fathom, Find the place within your mind,
Seek vision beyond the wall of sleep that smothers the blind
To their knowing of wisdoms river flowing.

How are we to know Love from reason?
Are we ever to find a reason in Love?

As high above the souls
Of those so long since flown
Look down upon the realm
Within which the seeds
Of revolutions are sown.

Beginning at the same point in time
In parallel the soul is separated
Into the logic of the mind and
The compassion of the heart.

In seeking enlightenment we must
Learn to accept that what has come
To unfold throughout the day may
Have resonance upon the story untold.
Reaching the pinnacle of opposites the
Soul must recognise the simplicity of
Truth in understanding clear.

After all, faith would be no faith at all
If we had any guarantees to fall back upon.

David Lacey

Within Your Eyes

Within your eyes I perceive a world of wonder,
A beauty of shining, ever shimmering grace.
Within your eyes I perceive a world to ponder,
A beauty shining, ever leaving me faithful.

Yet I sense your confusion upon the vibrations we share.

David Lacey

Wooden Ships

Am I forever meant to be
Torn apart by misery
When all around is ecstasy
And my soul, my soul is free.

Fresh from the garden forgotten
Fresh life from a carcass rotten
As maggots feed upon death's shroud
Life begins a new.

I shall follow the eyes of the angel who finds me
For I am lost upon my journey

Wooden ships drift upon the waves of memories retreat
Leaving me here beating my feet and laughing in the faces of those I meet
Who claim that they could never understand
How I live in the shadow of the man I am.

Are we not dressed in the dream of creation
A dream realized by the will to live.

It saddens me at times that I will never know the kiss of desert snow as a
memory of my own
Yet it gladdens at times that lost within my mind the secret hard to find is there
for all to know.

Dance - chance upon the midnight hour

I turn to dance - Lord Dionysus rise - be in the phoenix in my eyes.

David Lacey

Words

Words have the power to heal.
Words have the power to destroy.
A Wise writer uses them carefully
As sometimes they flow
As if they know in themselves what it written on your soul
Yet at times they must be calculated
Never cold but well thought and warm with a love of warm vibration.
If you find the subject of your desire,
If you seek and find what it is that you truly wish to write of
Then your heart will release the blueprints,
Flow will those words like the grandest cascade
Of nature's showcase wonderment
Leaving you lakes of beauty to wade through
As you forget the shade
Baked beneath Apollo's kiss
Ah, Bliss!

David Lacey

Wretch

Wretch you wretched creature you
Watch your yellow skin turn blue
And all the colour from your eyes
Drain away to your surprise.
I see you there a crawling speed
Eyes of hunger devils feed
Upon the flesh of virgins feast
In honour of the horned beast
Dance a dance of fallen hours
Dance this time and place is ours
Just one moment more for me
In sight of grace and ecstasy.

David Lacey

Write As You Read

Write as you read
Sh*t as you feed

David Lacey

Years

The years they slow become us
Numb unto our age
They rage and then succumb us
Each turning of the page.

The sky in green is melting
The grass felt fabric blue
As I am sure of falling
In and out of love with you.

No reason for a failure
No method to return
No lover, nor a saviour
No lesson left to learn.

The years they are about us
And fastening the belt
No room to move on land
No sky now left to melt.

The years they numb and slow our age
Each page in turning done
The sky a meadows green, a dream
A traveller's journey done.

No reason for a lover
No method left to learn
No savour here to bother,
A failure to return

David Lacey