

Poetry Series

**Josh Alfred**  
**- poems -**

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## Josh Alfred(02/27/89)

Writer, poet, musician. I started writing poems in 2007 and am planning to go to college to study poetry in 2016. I am currently mentally disabled. I was diagnosed with schizophrenia in 2011.

# A Killer Spouse

'Welcome to my house  
Killer spouse'  
I would have said,  
But then she wouldn't  
Have caught me  
And stabbed me dead.  
Sneaking up behind,  
Slasher with a knife  
Horror in her dreams  
Taking them out in life.  
Red across a blade  
A dream come true  
I begin to fade.  
'Oh what love can do.'

Josh Alfred

# A Mess

My hair is falling out  
Because I am pulling it.

My teeth are falling out  
Because I eat sweets.

My fingers are falling off  
Because I type to much.

I am losing my mind  
Because I'm too open-minded.

My ears are falling off  
Can't take any more complaints.

My knees are breaking down  
Because I am tired of standing up for myself.

My heart refuses to beat  
Because you are gone.

Josh Alfred

# A Moment Is

A moment is an ounce of time,  
A slice of soul,  
A piece of the puzzle.

A moment is the seed of tomorrow,  
A snapshot in my album,  
A glimpse of infinity.

A moment is a meaning,  
A coming feeling,  
A passing friend.

A moment is a spark of bliss,  
A down of sorrow,  
An eternal leaving.

A moment is a wink,  
The creation of itself  
The always fleeting time.

Josh Alfred

# A Poem In His Eye

Blank page,  
Tine lines  
From a sage,  
All eyes on a stage  
An act of its age  
Words that he plays  
Poems that he gave  
Remember the days  
Of black lines on his gaze.

Josh Alfred

# Actuality

Render an intention  
actualize a dream,  
World from mind,  
A mind from world  
Begin the dream  
Find the means  
Act for the ends  
Behold and create  
The thought, then action  
Observe life with actuality.

Josh Alfred

# Admiration 1

With love I do regard thee  
And with honor and respect,  
I admire what you sweetly decree  
And I agree easily with what you reject.  
You know beauty in light of flaw.  
Thy heart is ever abounding  
From your example I do not withdraw.  
For your compassion is confounding.  
I admire your greatest desires,  
And pursue your tract of design.  
My ambition never tires.  
In sight, my hope doesn't resign.  
In admiration of your superior status  
I abandon all my wasteful tactics.

Josh Alfred



# Advice

## Advice

Look back through times portals into your own domain.  
Immerse yourself in the richness of memories.  
Embark inward to the faint forgotten shadows.  
Spark a light of past desire met by actuality.  
See the truth that is defined by your own relativity.  
Search out, like a pilgrim, the new lands never discovered.  
Try as you must to survive another day in this world.  
Don't measure others, when you haven't measured yourself.  
Touch the unseen dreams of passions yet fulfilled.  
Grasp at the pleasures that sink away like a mud-slide.  
Adventure into the abyss of yourself with stillness as your guide.  
Treasure each moment of happiness, like a moon rock.  
Risk nothing and be completely safe inside your bubble.  
Take nothing without dis-concern, and you'll never stop worrying.  
Breath with speculation when claims of great magnitude are made.  
Define yourself within the boundaries of your beliefs.  
Experience the scenes of multiple colors, hues, shapes, figures, events.  
Dot each 'I' with a face that comes out when you look at yourself in the mirror.  
Laugh till your bored of laughter, till your numb with impartiality.  
Train your mind to be resilient, through all the tough times that come to pass.  
Remember where the tree goes when no one is looking at it.  
Expose yourself to the roses of your lusts, and sniff each one with delicacy.  
Feel the emotions rush through your body like new wine.  
Struggle to emerge a new person when you know your miseries by name.  
Give into spontaneity, and move frictionless like an ice-skater.  
Communicate your darkest secrets with someone that loves you more than life.  
Fill your time with rhythm and blues, with dance and deserved sleep.  
Generate a familiarity with passing strangers with a smile.  
Touch each cords of intimacy, and ravish each second of touch.  
Abbreviate all the complexity, and simplify all the twisted thoughts.  
Life is a wordiness, emerging through material desire.  
Surrender to the softest touch of the faintest winds.  
Understand the melting and dispersing forces of relationship.  
Surface your wildest fantasies with those who only think you are pleasant.  
Emanate a glowing look for the camera that will capture your image.  
Develop an attitude of care-freeness like a dog shaking off water.  
Spring up from your sleep like the dandelions at dawn.

Mix your favorite drinks, till there is nothing left but filled taste-buds.  
Tour all the world you want, to fill your eyes with cities.  
Appear to know what you are doing, so you don't look like a fool.  
Rise above the ordinary to become exceptional, unique, dignified.  
Regret that you might learn a lesson in living, and by doing so learn to advise.

Josh Alfred

# Affection 1

It warms my soul when you're around  
Can you feel the shared affection?  
Feet rooted in the ground  
Mind enters satisfaction.  
This love that is in my eyes  
We share, as we do the light.  
I let down my superior guise,  
Because with you life is alright.  
Your presence is comforting.  
Arms were made for giving hugs.  
You know the truth is nothing  
When watching lightening bugs.  
Times with you are like fantasies  
They're for living, making memories.

Josh Alfred

## Affection 2

A bit of time has been imbued  
With our dear affinity.  
The great viewer has viewed  
Us dance through its infinity.  
If love was made deplete  
Our affection would have past.  
Since perfection means complete,  
Love is to always last.  
I take it as a sign  
As the sun shined valiantly  
That you and I were made to dine  
On this piece of true reality.  
If it weren't for our amicable tone,  
No we there'd be, only 'I am alone.'

Josh Alfred

## Affection 3

Friends with are affection  
Revolve around each other,  
Made by soul's connection.  
On gravity we hover.  
In-fixed in conversation  
We talk philosophically  
Words pick up creation  
And send them into poetry.  
Fading notions trail.  
Hours creep by unseen.  
The words began to pale.  
Tomorrow's another dream,  
With hellos, and goodbyes,  
Plans, and occasional surprise.

Josh Alfred

## Affection 4

We are here to play,  
That's why we're so amused.  
I don't know what I'd do all day  
If our affection never fused.  
Loneliness is definite,  
It means I'm missing you.  
Affection is relevant  
Since I need something to do.  
I wouldn't know what to write  
If it weren't for your ears.  
Every day you give me light  
Everyday someone who hears.  
Though we may be worlds apart.  
Affection keeps you in my heart.

Josh Alfred

## Alert Deer

Two young deer feed near,  
Coated in thick dirt color,  
Feeding on flourishing green grass,  
So green it hurts to look at.  
Alert eyes, never relaxing,  
Even I intended no harm  
Big legs will send them racing -  
Movement their alarm.

Josh Alfred

# Angst 1

Farewell my tranquil mind,  
Since world cast forth delight  
Thus my heart wishes to combine  
Damn this nerve of flight.  
Invoked by another state,  
That disgraced my concord  
And discarded it with a fate  
Of angst - allured forward.  
Composer made incomplete  
A wind toward future blows,  
But my will is prone to defeat  
And my legs are stuck in pose.  
Indecision, my real woe  
How to navigate? Where to go?

Josh Alfred



## Angst 2

Bolt of desire in my chest,  
And my mind is a ticking clock.  
My foresight won't rest,  
Confounded by utter shock.  
My ribs grasp my heart,  
And keep it from exploding.  
Where should I even start?  
Contemplation is corroding.  
Out of reach, almost acquired,  
Open hands to grasp,  
To catch what is desired,  
In hopes that it will last.  
Slowly time moves ahead.  
Loss of path my only dread.

Josh Alfred

## Angst 3

Eager like a child  
Ardently advancing  
Heart racing wild  
Future end enhancing  
Reaching destination  
Cave light fronts  
Time's hesitation  
Big swinger bunts  
One wish, the allure,  
Pulling my strings.  
Not sure what will blur.  
Mind seeing other things?  
Future my utmost intention.  
Awaiting with frustration.

Josh Alfred

## Angst 4

Time is like a heavy weight,  
slipping slowly till its gone.  
How it with no heart hates  
Passion when its strong.  
My only enemy is fear consuming.  
Angst, small terror in empty time.  
Where is that peace looming?  
Every time I look, it ducks behind.  
My whole soul is waiting to transform,  
But time just won't allow.  
Despite the inner storm  
I am stuck in a time called now.  
If I could find solace in future blurred  
Only then my heart would rest assured.

Josh Alfred

# Apathy And The Emotion

The surface is silent/  
But the fishes are playful/  
Like thought beneath/  
The apathy I appear to keep.

The sky is toned blue and is still/  
But the universe is making stars beyond/  
Like my thoughts bursting out of imagination/  
Which fiddle with folly beneath the gaze of my peering.

Settled rocks on earth bound hills/  
Only move when the earth quakes/  
Like my many thoughts that rumble/  
When wonder shakes them alive.

Josh Alfred

# As A Feather

On a blissful kind of air,  
Merrily she skips,  
Cheerfully she laughs  
Giggling as she spins  
To her the world is rash.  
Not laden by misery  
Not suffocated by her fears  
On a blissful kind of air  
She frolics everywhere  
Floating as a feather without  
A single care.

Josh Alfred

# At The Vales At Noon

At noon  
I Plucked a fruit  
Quenched a thirst  
Dipped my face in  
Tenderness crunched

At noon  
Put back at root  
A return to first  
With an elated grin  
I ate, I munched.

At noon,  
The tree was bent  
So I could pick with room  
The fruits all grown well  
Grasping arms air.

At noon,  
Fruits filled with scent  
The tree did bloom  
Holding onto smell  
Vales of peaches and pears.

Josh Alfred

# Autumn 1

Paint-brushed colors emerging  
Ornamented leaves illuminate sky  
Twisting winds converging  
Trees let out a naked sigh.

Josh Alfred

## Autumn 2

Trees with colors burn  
Dying as if to ashes  
Around the loose leaves turn  
As lightening in the distance flashes.

Josh Alfred



## Autumn 3

Falling leaves, like falling stars,  
Moving across streets with cars  
Naked leafs with bark for skin,  
Like girl on the tip of sin.

Josh Alfred

## Autumn 4

Brown leaves, lay on grass  
Colors mount the open hills.  
Leaves fall into open hands.  
The autumn murders, the autumn kills.

Josh Alfred

## Autumn 5

Leaves grace the afternoon  
Seasons change so soon.  
Autumn, in it I am aging  
Summer gone, warmth fading.

Josh Alfred

## Autumn 6

Dried and dead,  
Like old friends.  
Cracked and bruised,  
Like beaten face.  
Empty, naked  
Like spent lover.

Josh Alfred

## Autumn 7

As the leaves fall in vain  
Joys seems to suffer pain  
Grief seems to muster  
The dead leaf cluster.

Josh Alfred

## Autumn 8

Once upon an Autumn day  
I emerged through the colors  
Though the sky was terrible gray  
And the frost had nearly covered  
I could still see paint-brushed horizon  
And knew that Autumn was not yet over.

Josh Alfred

## Autumn 9

With wind they fall softly  
Like dainty frills of a dress  
The heavens are so lofty  
Brushed with colors, gods impress

Josh Alfred

## Autumn Beautiful - Haiku

Mother earth in autumn  
Has entered her dying phase,  
And goes out colorful.

To barren repose  
With flaming array  
Painted wonderful.

Fruits, children all gone.  
Arduous days near complete  
Autumn beautiful.

Josh Alfred



# Beach Nap

Somersaulting ocean plays a tune.

I sprawl out on wet sand.

I let the water know my toes

Ocean dances with the land

My focus laps in the clouds.

Josh Alfred

# Beauty Still

I looked and there sat heaven still  
Despite my life, my place, my change  
And graceless chaos of my will  
Stars shone on, and beauty still bathed  
In a flowing current of the wind  
A beauty of order, cosmos saved,  
Without and within

Josh Alfred

# Beauty's Sight

If all the world were blind,  
And I were as well,  
I don't think I could find,  
My love, nor love foretell  
Beauty would not shine  
Nor be a kindly presence.  
Dark would call the world mine  
And quench all vital essence.  
Form would be blank;  
and night would seem to endure  
My heart would lose its strength  
I'd write no poetic lore  
with thee oh light  
Be! that beauty might.

Josh Alfred

# Before

There was a kitten in that cat  
There was seed in that tree  
There was a child in my shoes  
There was a lover next to me

There was a star in my eye  
There was a silence before song  
There was a son in that father  
There was a lost in that belong

There was a white before the page  
There were no bars before that cage  
There was a dream before this place  
There was a form before this face

There was a chill before the war  
There was a calm before the storm  
There was a night before this day  
There was a script before this play/

Josh Alfred

# Beneath Blue Ocean Still

The water vapor rises  
Over the blue ocean tone  
Where surface still like silence  
Covers all of the unknown.

Beneath is mystery  
Mermaids and fish swim.  
A portal of fantasy  
Where stories begin

Darting dolphins, talking sharks,  
Sea-horses dance all around.  
Red glow fish zip and twirl by.  
U-boat awakes from ocean ground.

Under-water cities bustle.  
A fish dares to leap to shore.  
Whirl-pools confuse schools of fish.  
Serpents rest on ocean floor.

The illuminated waters  
The rainbow speckled scales  
Jaws of hungry predators  
Squirmy blue electric eels.

Above rippling surface  
Nets catch all of the pretend  
Back to the blue ocean still  
Mystic vapors there ascend.

Josh Alfred

# Bird Gone

A sound I heard,  
From a brown-eyed bird  
In a green willow  
A song so mellow,  
Song, so dim.  
Notes in hymn.  
A feather free,  
Lost a friend.

Josh Alfred

# Birth

Awaken me from the depths of silence,  
Great musician, let me feel you play.  
Open my creative spirit to your ambiance  
To ever unfold in your special way.  
Riches of wisdom are as silver,  
Love, a true lover, my leader  
Love's voice I must obey,  
She shall never cease to deliver  
Me from the shapeless grave.

Josh Alfred

# Bleeding Tree

Red tree withers  
Nature seems to die  
Red leaves gather  
Bloody ground  
Battle time.

Josh Alfred



# Boom

From sun to sun,  
And from moon to moon,  
The stars as art,  
In lofty room,  
Glow divine  
Or die with boom.

Josh Alfred

# Boys Of Expedition

As we climbed up to the  
peak of the mountain road  
Through the thickets of pine,  
Maple, and cowering oak,  
My brother and I would laugh  
Just telling each other jokes.

The summers days would drag,  
And brother would brag,  
If I could not catch up to him  
when he ran off on his own.

The heat would be heavy;  
Upon my brow,  
But me and my brother  
Would have plenty  
Energy to drown.

We'd think ourselves  
Out on discovery  
Chartering a land  
Traipsing through a forest  
Like a small Amazon clan.

We'd hike for hours  
Off on our own  
Not knowing where'd we go.  
Back track, and make  
Our way back home

Dinner prepared by mother  
Racing headlong across the paths  
In time for evenings supper

Josh Alfred

# Break Of Day

Water lily of the garden morn  
In sunlight her beauty is born.  
Sleeping birds in heaven's nests  
Sing their songs in the morning best.  
Parting eyes of fawns in dale,  
Wake with dawn and flick of tail.  
Quivering squirrels from tree home  
Peer to the north, where they will roam.  
Tree so limber stretches out  
In the warmth of the mourning  
As the sun does shout.  
Its voice the crisp light  
Saying to the night,  
An eternal farewell.

Josh Alfred

# Buoyant

I'm bouncing on a ball of joy.  
I'm throwing my party hat up.  
I'm under a tree of amusement.  
I'm letting myself develop.  
I'm sailing on a calm pond.  
I'm stretching my angel wings  
I'm playing my guitar at dawn,  
I can hear what the world sings.  
There's a rainbow over my home.  
There's a golden path to a rich town.  
When I think myself disowned  
I remember, with happiness I will be found.

Josh Alfred

# Caught A Dream

Arose one morning  
And caught a dream  
In the bucket of my mind;  
Like a raindrop falling  
On a sunny day  
Into a spider's web.  
Glistening images,  
Falling pictures,  
Collapse into a collage,  
Cascading into  
Perfect positions.

Josh Alfred

## Close ~

With you close,  
You picked a petal from a rose  
And let it flutter to the ground.

With you close,  
The silence of the stars  
Seemed for once to make a sound.

With you close,  
Time seemed to freeze.

With you close,  
All of me was at ease.

Josh Alfred

# Color

Brown is the soil  
When you feel it  
In your hands.

Silver is a shining color,  
That is silk and sensitive -  
Cold as all metal.

Blue is the sky,  
When you feel its warmth  
On your face.

Black is space,  
Which bubbles with stars  
Immersed in greater darkness.

Red is the flame of love,  
Which ignites in a lover's kisses  
And shines in days walking together.

Josh Alfred

# Cosmic Play

Behold without the sun  
Breath without the trees  
Know that all is one;  
Even as the present leaves.  
Heavens o're far out  
Atoms down beneath  
Barely know what its about  
Eyes may only see a piece.  
Actor in a cosmic play,  
Like stars with gravity move.  
How true is it to say,  
What all the world can do?  
Language, a sounded harmony,  
With which nature sings her melody.

Josh Alfred



# Create For Me A Dream

Take me away, on winds of dreams.  
Take me where I have never been.  
Mountain tops, island shores,  
Forests lost, rivers, floating boats.

Take me away, on winds of dreams,  
To hilltops, clouds dancing as I touch.  
To bottoms of the seas where urchins dwell.

Take me away, on winds of dreams  
To the skies, above city streets, and skyscrapers.  
To fictional art in romance, or sci-fiction

Take me away. on winds of dreams  
To an open sea, sailing fishing flounder.  
To two of us oaring on a rivulet.

Take me to where your dreams will lead.  
Create for me, from your imagination.  
Let your mind tell a story,  
Or your hand lead the way.

Josh Alfred

# Dear Beauty

Rise from the ocean;  
Dear beauty, you are there.  
Not merely a reflection,  
But deep in there somewhere.  
Come alive, in a shape.  
Make the world your own.  
Dance among the flowers,  
Sing among the stars.  
Live among the glory,  
Of everything you are.

Josh Alfred

# Deep Dark Depression

I sleep upon a bitter bed -  
Beneath death's blankets.  
A bleak being begging  
For concentration.  
Thoughts black,  
Breached by  
toying iridescence.  
Empty with a soul,  
Like an infant  
With a hunger for  
Brilliant wisdom.

Josh Alfred

# Deep Dark Space

Deep dark space,  
The earth's other side  
I open my eyes  
And all seems to hide  
Deep dark space  
From a dream awoke  
Darkness all about  
Sunrise has yet broke  
Deep dark space  
Wrapped in its cocoon  
No bright stars  
No white moon.

Josh Alfred

# Depression 1 -

All I sense is sadness  
Its not a subtly  
Its as clear as any madness  
And its overtaken me  
The night won't leave  
Shadows of past haunt  
Its even hard to breath  
What more do they want?  
All that once was sparkling  
Has proven to be dim.  
Life in futility is darkening  
Like a droplet, I'm on the brim.  
Here I am. Why don't I dare to fall?  
No relief, even if, I choose to end it all.

Josh Alfred

## Depression 2 -

My joy once a trait  
Now won't emerge  
I just have hate  
Bitterness and hurt  
Flowers once blossoming  
Have been crushed by shoe  
Friend won't stop gossiping  
But then again they never do.  
Energy is hard to come by  
My will has had enough  
I feel as though I may die  
This life is just too rough  
All in the world is vanity  
There is no lasting remedy.

Josh Alfred

## Depression 3 -

Depression is an obsession  
With all things dark and dreary  
Depression is a possession  
Of ghosts, called weak and weary.  
The loneliness is half the battle  
The loss, and no gain in sight  
It what keeps in this saddle  
On the dark horse I call 'might'.  
Depression is not a feeling  
Its the devil's fatal drug  
Everyone walks on the ceiling  
As I am sinking into the rug.  
My yesterdays are but sorrows  
My coming pain waits in tomorrows.

Josh Alfred

## Depression 4

Heart doesn't ache, it whimpers  
Eyes only see tears  
Nothing lively ever glimmers  
I haven't known hope in years  
Mind doesn't wonder, its vacant  
Legs bend more to curl than walk  
I lie here beneath this blanket  
No one can get me to talk  
I don't a word to speak  
Life is too serious  
My legs are too weak.  
Your words make me delirious  
Everything is done in vain  
That's why all efforts cause me pain

Josh Alfred



# Disappointment 1 -

This happy end of mine  
Has been lost to other results  
What I thought would be fine  
has become another one of my faults  
Disappointed with these ends  
Not happy with these things  
How all things tend to bend  
With these negative feelings  
These things, more enemy than friend  
Have become a sign of chaotic fury  
Missing my happiness, and what I intend  
Has caused me nothing but worry.  
Act with wisdom to be wise  
Either happiness or your own demise.

Josh Alfred

# Drift

I put on a straw hat,  
Near the calm ocean blue.  
Pushed my canoe out and sat  
Till I drifted out of view.

Josh Alfred

# Eagle

Eagle soars  
Through heaven's doors  
The rain begins to pour  
Flies to cover

Wet wings  
Eagle screams  
Shrieks its dreams  
Wants to hover

Crazy eyes  
Every day it strives  
Thoughts on eating time  
Flesh to devour

Feast to fetch  
Brave wings stretch  
Old bald wretch,  
Nesting in clock tower

Josh Alfred

# Existential Fluff

I'll make love to the smoke  
As it lingers in the air  
I'll make a wish and a hope  
As if it will appear.  
I'll take a fluffy cloud  
And turn it to a ship.  
My thoughts are abound  
And I am beating them with whip.  
I'll send out light  
With an SOS  
I'll take my stand  
As a guest on the list.  
I am here so proud  
With a mind that is amiss  
Sometimes I can't find myself  
And believe I don't exist.

Josh Alfred

# Faces

Royal faces, looking out from castle.  
Dirty features, looking into the land.  
Clean faces, looking into child's eyes.  
Red faces, looking into each other's souls.

Josh Alfred

# Finding The One

She is like a flower to the sun,  
Her mind on edge like a star at dawn  
Her love so pure like a ray of the One  
Her speech so soft it melts like snow  
Her heart so large it makes her glow  
Her eyes so deep she will steal your soul.

Josh Alfred

# First Shine

The ambiance was silent  
Yet a hundred thoughts abound  
In her white dress, and pink bow,  
She stepped on stage, nervous,  
To sing for the waiting crowd.  
After saying her greeting  
And hearing a laughing applaud  
She waited for the music  
And her teacher's head to nod.  
Breathing in a deep breath  
She let the melody flow  
And sang with all her heart  
At her first talent show.  
When words no longer flew,  
From her first performing act,  
She looked to the crowd,  
And saw people stand and clap  
With whispers of hope  
She bowed with great worth,  
Then slowly turned to walk off stage,  
Not knowing that this night  
Her fame had given birth.

Josh Alfred

# Flying Thoughts

Speeding like wild birds,  
Bolting about in the air  
Thoughts taper onto paper  
A tree for them to share  
Captured in their cages  
They're prisoners to the pages.

Josh Alfred



# Freed Sheep

Outside the fence,  
A sheep with a wool coat  
That hasn't been sheared  
In more than a year  
Capers the valleys.

It hasn't been seen  
By sheep-dog or shepherd  
For it knows its boundaries.  
It stays a distance away,  
Never visiting its sisters,  
For it's free and will not  
Risk being captured.

Its wool grows thicker  
With each passing season  
Its eyes soon cover with fluff  
So it can't even see things.  
Finally it gives, as it feels  
Itself toddle and tip.  
Running back to the far  
By only hearing the snip  
Of scissors in the distance.

Though it was free  
The sheep forgot the fee  
Of being a sheep  
With ever-growing fleece.

Josh Alfred

# Genuise

Two rocks strike

Bright stars

Shaded moon

Bent glass

Electric kite

Falling apple

Chasing light

Josh Alfred

# Golden Specks

Golden dust, like frivolous lust  
Slip through the net.  
Golden star, out so far  
Which one will grant a wish?  
Golden sun, why have you begun  
A game of chance and risk?

Josh Alfred

# Halloween -

Halloween,  
A single dream,  
From which we scream.

Halloween,  
Roaming ghosts  
On the coasts  
On the eve.

Halloween  
The kiddies ask  
With many masks  
For trick or treats.

Halloween,  
Skeletons and blood.  
Monsters from mud.  
Shadows go unseen.

Halloween,  
The evil songs  
As white moon prolongs  
The ghouls and feigns.

Halloween,  
The raven crows  
And the old man knows  
The frightful scene.

Halloween,  
The chimes tire,  
Orange with fire  
Under moonlight beams.

Halloween,  
A single dream  
From which we scream.

Josh Alfred

# Halycon Reasons

Bound by reasons  
So speaks my heart.  
Through seasons  
Infinite but a part.  
Tranquil mind  
When chaos rests  
And reasons find  
Composed nests;  
In trees of occasions  
Inviting quietus guests,  
Wind lent to abdications  
And stillness but protests  
Upon a branch of paradise  
All my woes suddenly apologize.

Josh Alfred

# Hate 1

Callous tongues/With insidious lips  
Speak cruelty/Barbed-wire words  
Seeking to corrupt/Sickening the heart  
Causing noxious sobbing/To anxious souls  
Stress inducing/A malicious pessimist  
On the verge of atrocity/Upsetting  
Rotten, mean, menacing/Inflated egos  
Grating on imperfections/Dreadful dispositions  
Bullied, combative, conceited/Demeaning attacks  
Disgusted, discontent/A disbelieving ax  
Angry, hard-hearted/To the extreme masochists  
Comparative identities, superiority/Egotists

Josh Alfred

# Heaven Blue

Transported to Euphoria blue.  
Azure skies, angels singing,  
Orbs of light traveling,  
TO and fro, to islands, beaches,  
The things the saint all knew  
Bells of synagogues ringing  
Conscious and marveling  
Where blue light reaches.

Josh Alfred



# Heaven's Lights

Man on the moon living,  
He's giving me a smile.  
Eyes from mountain wishing  
Stars, in darkness wild.  
A truth for every notion  
Like a star for every shine  
Two drops of a greeting motion  
Eye's touched by heaven's light

Josh Alfred

# Human, Curious

A sea of wonder  
In the child's eyes  
Like dots that sparkle  
As the infinite whys  
Born a curious being  
Awakening to self-creation  
Experience and paths,  
Ideals and fears,  
A mind in wonder,  
Of little secrets,  
And truths known to man

Josh Alfred

# I Remember You (2007)

These things,  
make me remember you.  
Sometimes,  
at the end of November,  
when the wind catches the leaves,  
and the dusk runs away at five,  
I remember you.

When the air stirs with an aroma.  
And the wind hits my lungs  
brisk,  
I remember you.

On occasion,  
Looking at the stones  
on the beach,  
beneath my feet,  
so far away from life,  
I remember you.

I can't remember how you were,  
but only how you are.  
So subtle that thought.  
Like an unexpected breeze.  
Or the darkness of a room  
whose light has vanished.  
When I write my poetry.  
I quiver with that one impression,  
I remember you.

Josh Alfred

# If Only

In and out of colors  
Nature does her dance  
If only to live a season more  
To only get the chance.  
If only in the season  
I could find a reason more  
If I only I could glance  
At the vastness  
Like waves upon the shore.  
If only I could be inspired  
Like doves in heaven sore  
If only there was meaning  
There waiting to be explored  
Something more to be desired  
Among the great decor.  
If only there was thoughts  
To write out all of the grandeur.

Josh Alfred

## In Winter's Core

Cold chills surpass feelings of well-being/  
A frosty morning, under snowflake heaven/  
Frozen waters, hanging off maples/

Polar zone of coldness, toned with white/  
A chilled cup of heavy black joe/  
A pocket of steam from the machine/  
Fingers knitted up in cotton/  
Toes booted up in leather/

A pile of snow made by shovel/  
An ache in the back made by huff/  
Layers of whiteness, up to the top step/  
Snowflakes forming with a raw winter wind/

Josh Alfred

# It Is Not Chance

It is not chance,  
That when you look at the stars  
They are shining there;  
For without those great balls  
Of burning light and heat  
Life would not exist.

It is not chance,  
That beauty is;  
For if the allure did not exist  
Life would not be willing.

It is not chance  
That even the smallest things  
Are infinitely complex;  
For if they weren't  
Intelligence would be lacking.

It is not chance  
That we struggle in life;  
For problems are the generators  
Of solutions.

It is not chance  
That as you read this  
Something inside of you  
Remembers.

It is not chance,  
It is a part of you,  
Your experience.

Josh Alfred

# Leap Frog

Bull frog ribbits, stops leaping seeing feet  
Bold black eyes glisten, resting in wet slimy seat.  
It thinks that its invisible, hiding in the green.  
Ambivalent to movement, trying to become unseen.  
I hold my pace and star at its face  
And wait for it to leap.

Josh Alfred

# Lewd Blooming

Let bloom the flowers  
Like a ladies becoming tits  
Let bloom the flowers  
Watered by a boy who spits  
Let bloom the flowers  
A vision of death so denied  
Let bloom the flowers  
Like gay men standing in pride  
Let bloom the flowers  
Bloom they do, so awfully lewd  
Let bloom the flowers  
Like chest of hairy dude

Josh Alfred



# Lips

Pink and soft  
With words have scoffed  
With tilt have kissed  
With spoon have ate

Shady gloss  
Has made a print  
Upon a cheek  
Of an innocent

Crimson caught  
With tender words have bought  
The heart of many whom once sought  
For more then was not given.

Dry and thick  
Lick your lips  
Take a sip  
Sing for a bit

In this sweet life, liven.

Josh Alfred

# Lost And Found

Give strange looks  
Carrying strange books  
Thick with words  
Abstruse meanings  
Webbed in mind  
Complicated design  
Recondite musings  
Compressed enigma  
Poetic delights  
Lyrical agenda  
Vague personality  
Finding and losing  
Inner meanings  
Situated comfortably  
Consumed by depth  
Deplete of simplicity

Josh Alfred

# Love

Lighting a flame of passion  
Above our cosmic connection.  
Skin interwoven, kiss by kiss.  
Touch so tender, inch by inch.  
Oceans of lust, waves of ecstasy.  
Breaking boundaries, mixing chemistry.  
My love so still in quiet nights,  
Comes alive in shared delight.

Josh Alfred

# Love 1

Aware of this fountain rushing  
When eyes fixate on eyes  
The skin is made for touching  
Dare do what lust advise  
I knew thee once a stranger  
Now I know you as a soul  
How love doth boil with a danger  
And set I in some role  
Love brings us closer still  
And makes us a one  
Love out flowing as it will  
Pulls onward never done  
Present in mind should love be  
That our passion may be free

Josh Alfred

## Love 2

Love is in thine body  
You are a slave to its interest  
What would your sweet lover be  
If it did not beat in your chest  
Love, if you were to depart  
The world would fritter away  
The sleeping would not start  
All beauty would thus decay  
But love carries us along  
In one's heart it has unrest  
In one's life it sings its song  
And with words it protests  
Love finds its aim in the end  
And brings together what will begin.

Josh Alfred

## Love 3

I was formed for you  
You were formed for me  
If this were not true  
Man I would not be  
Starring at stars I'm gone  
Alone I'm incomplete  
No true thing can be done  
Unless two beings meet  
From love issues nations  
And nations issue love  
Love, more than sensation  
Pulls man's dreams from above  
With love there on planet earth  
Human purpose is given birth.

Josh Alfred

## Love 4

Love! A ceaseless pattern  
May within two persist  
And union if wove together  
May birth another to exist  
Love is endless like light  
Hung in the souls and eyes  
Makes all being bright  
And the lonely wise  
No better truth is there  
But that of love  
It is truly somewhere  
Not down below or up above,  
But in those geometric charms  
In shapes, actions, and arms.

Josh Alfred

# Lovers Eternal

We met in the garden of sin  
And bit down on the fruit of lust  
The red aura we once loved in  
Rose up from the passions of dust  
Ageless beings of the carnal  
Naked, as nature's autumn trees  
Cut off from the sweet eternal  
For we were tempted and deceived  
A serpent's words were elusive  
The pluck of curiosity  
And our impassive attitude  
Toward a diviner honesty;  
Made us sinners set in the myth  
Adam, Eve, male, female,  
Lovers eternal, live.

Josh Alfred



# Memory Bank

What will I deposit?  
What will I withdraw?  
A thought, what was it?  
Something blue eyes saw?  
An idea that appealed  
To my pleasant sensation  
Or a pain, now concealed,  
Inside my banking system  
With eyes I am informed  
Imagination, like a storm  
Memory my life adorned  
Outside those flaunted norms.  
What shall I withdraw or take?  
From or in my memory bank?

Josh Alfred

# Mimesis

A great art has been sedated  
Beneath the passions, awaited  
Beauty in its positions stay  
In ocean and skies it does lay  
The image toward perfection  
Comes to mind through selection  
Finds its place on empty block  
Maybe to copy, but not to mock  
Bound in the glory of representations  
Curves, and weaves, the old imitations.

Josh Alfred

# Moon For Murder

Teeth wounds  
The beastly moon  
Bleeding night  
Hunger gone  
Returning soon  
Fur, pale white  
Ravaged flesh  
Feasting on death  
No man left  
Crunching bone  
Wolf with hunger  
Crescent commander  
Moon for murder

\_Last year (2014) poem's for Halloween.

Josh Alfred

# Mountain Ear

The shining light among the rocks  
Bounces through the crystal caverns  
The mystery of the path of light mocks  
As it permeates in changing patterns  
The trickle of water is dripping  
Into pound of bellows ? sitting to capture  
The slime on fetid rocks is slipping  
The earth releases stones in rapture  
An echo of a hello reverberates the den  
The bats are all asleep hanging till the night  
Darkness with shadows loom deep within  
While rodents churn the floor in sudden fright  
Cavern is a hiding place for the spirits damned  
Who whisper there from inner sinking sand

Josh Alfred

# My Indignation

I roll around in dirty clothes  
Like a pig in its own sh\*t  
I cough, choke, addicted  
Poverty stricken, ragged clothes  
Mind unholy with trashy daydreams  
I drink from dirty cups  
And eat with filthy spoons  
My friends drink and take hits  
While I am too mentally ill to do either  
I walk around insane with demons in my head  
But they just call them voices, not possessors  
I bark like a dog with mad lyrics  
They get through like toes through my holey socks  
I'm lazy, and my bell is plump with pop.  
I am buzzed like bubbles in the soda can.  
My bank account reads zero  
And I am a soulless as my sneakers.

Josh Alfred

# Nature Gave Us Beauty

Nature gave me beauty  
A beauty o'so raw  
My mind is tuned by nature's rhythm  
Strummed with nature's chorus  
Beauty, o, thy beauty  
Tis gaudy to this tourist  
Even though I know  
That beauty shall fleet  
I smile during the onset  
And give no notice to time's deceit  
For what is beauty without change?  
A present needs a past  
Would blue skies be breath-taking  
If they always did last?  
Know this well  
That all that doth fade  
Is just a set march  
in nature's beautiful parade

Josh Alfred

## New River

Under gray blue twilight  
Streams of blue water rush  
Over the mountain side  
In-fixed with black boulders  
Streams of free river flow  
Timber rotted down  
Small trees in the way  
Catch currents like fingers

Josh Alfred

# No One Home

No drapery, no lamps  
Dusty windows, cramps  
Broken China scattered  
On blank wooden floors.  
Box remains in dry attic.  
No beds, but webs,  
No tables, no chairs,  
Home left, no servants  
Vacant rooms, no visitors  
Empty patio,  
Garden dead, grass grown high,  
Silent stairs, and no hearing ears.  
As all those years passed  
Without any cares amassed.  
No children voicing joys.  
No flowers, no toys.  
Gone, all gone, vanished.  
Even the ghosts have been banished.

Josh Alfred



# None Sense 1

I release the inner energy,  
surrounding every atom,  
vanquish every dark thing  
with a quick intake of gatum.

The cold air streams in,  
low to my feet.

I feel the meaning of the words  
beneath the bottom of my seat.

I hear the endings approaching,  
making me believe,  
the future is uncertain,  
but never going to leave.

The vibrations taken up  
by all that I am,  
could burn me to the ground,  
and I still not give a damn.

Josh Alfred

# On Coast

A ghost on the coast  
Walked along the sands  
'I did die didn't I? '  
Eyes on translucent hands.  
A bellow from the fellow  
In the barge off after  
'I did die didn't I'  
Eyes on the stars  
A ding, floating thing  
A light from a buoy  
'I did die didn't I? '  
Eyes on the body.

\_Last Halloween's Poetry (2014)

Josh Alfred

# Once Upon A Summer's Day

Once upon a summer's day  
The fire of the sun raised flowers  
Once upon a summer's day  
He tossed and turned, in heat for hours  
Once upon a summer's day  
The people where all abound  
Once upon a summer's day  
I couldn't find peace around.  
Once upon a summer's day  
Walking on the beaches open lands  
Once upon a summer's day  
The child learned what the adult understands.  
Once upon a summer's day  
How lovely she shines on  
Once upon a summer's day  
The heat would go on till dawn.

Josh Alfred

# Out Of The Box

Four walls, compact kitchen  
Looking outside  
Through the television  
Jump in car, closed in  
Crime on streets  
Maybe safe within?  
Work all day in a square  
Type on boxes  
Eyes don't move, just stare  
Have we planned this  
Or have we just forgotten  
IS there more to life than  
What it's all boxed in?

Josh Alfred

# Paradisaical Symposium

Nature's request, her primal duty  
To form a world of timeless allure.  
Love wants and has not beauty.  
Love is good ? immortal, pure.  
Procreation is everlasting;  
Love doth fasten its infinity.  
The heart, but nature's asking  
Is pulled to eternity.  
Excellence is her one construction.  
Eternity, the earth's hypnosis.  
Flawless form ? her seduction.  
Heavenly apotheosis.  
Conceive that love be more than reaction  
The one true lasting satisfaction.

Josh Alfred

# Peaceful Bones

The shade from summer skies,  
Whilst waters cross the stones  
Bring me a peace of mind  
A deep sense through all my bones.

The shine in her eyes  
Whilst not being on my own  
Bring me a peace of mind  
A deep sense through all my bones.

The beauties, her heavenly guise  
Whilst sitting out alone  
Bring me a peace of mind  
A deep sense through all my bones.

The release from worry flies  
Whilst music there intones  
Bring me a peace of mind  
A deep sense in all my bones.

The silence as it does arise  
Whilst concentrating in the zone  
Bring me a peace of mind  
A deep sense through all my bones.

Josh Alfred

## Poet's Life

I gadabout under the blue haze  
Turning life into memories  
I let my inner passion blaze  
The fire of my inner entity  
My eyes are sharpened quick  
By words falling from all around  
Natures pages are so deeply thick  
With words silent in sound  
The earth delights in earth  
And I delight assuredly in it  
From the beauty of birth  
To the horrors of the cliff  
Beauty bounteous as can be  
Tis my life, my love to read thee.

Josh Alfred

# Restlessness

A part of me  
Rests in the dark.  
And those gone free,  
Whom have embarked,  
Are much like me,  
Gone, set apart.

Stupendously dangerous  
Endlessly adventurous  
I float like a star  
Without synthesis,  
Crashing hard, blown apart  
It seems instantaneous.

I succumbed to a numb sum  
Of dumb delights.  
The frost of thought  
Attacks and it bites.

I'm packed too intensity  
Or sunken down in depravity  
Trying to maintain balance  
Between sound and silence,  
Like lights and shades of darkness.

Reality is originality and sameness  
But I am not singled out,  
I am mingled about  
Losing my individuality  
Seeing it someone else.

Refraction or resistance  
Don't give me mediocre assistance  
And think I'll suffice  
On that kind of existence  
I rather rot quick than rot slow,  
Holding on or letting go  
Of something I don't or do know.



Life, well its discovering certainties  
Oh, what to do with these? !  
I guess I'll go with whims of philosophies.

They might disturb the vibe  
With an absurd jive  
Again, light or dark, dead or alive.  
Destined to a doom,  
Or destined to thrive.  
All this but a view  
In a matter of time.

Josh Alfred

# Seasons Of Love

I recall a spring  
When I picked you flowers  
Sat talking for hours,  
Slept with windows open for breeze.

I recall a summer,  
When we went to the beach,  
Skipped rocks on the waves,  
Made sandwiches to eat.

I recall a fall  
Kicking a ball of leaves  
We went sneezing with a cold  
Laying beneath undressing trees.

I recall a winter  
Making angels in the snow  
Making our whole home glow.  
Eating the families Christmas treats.

I recall the seasons  
In the seasons as they pass.  
I recall our love.  
Through all seasons I pray it lasts.

Josh Alfred

# So White

The moon  
In its repugn  
Stars blankly  
White with wrath  
At all the jewels of earth  
That it shall never get to have.

Josh Alfred

# Spinning Nature

Nature bubbles with life  
That she so designed  
The earth spins  
Like twirling wife  
In her spring dress  
Looking fine

Josh Alfred

# Spring 1

Popping buds appearing green  
Comes to life those withered trees  
The spring seems a delightful scene  
Fruits in colors that branches free.

Josh Alfred

# Spring 10

Rain wash, rain rinse  
Sun is bright, eyes wince  
Line between life and death splinters  
Release the snares of jagged winters

Josh Alfred

# Spring 11

Flowers flirt in arriving season/  
Man decides to wander, for mindful reasons/  
Rise their heads to sun up high/  
It's easier for living things to get by/  
Seduce the bugs with all kinds of hue  
Nuts grow proud, nibble and chew.

Josh Alfred

## Spring 12

Flowers are collected by lovers  
Merrily do they sing and dance  
Under trees taking their stance  
Trees arms shade and cover

Josh Alfred



## Spring 13

I am stuck to the ground,  
Looking up at starry heavens.  
There's softness all around,  
In the season of spring.  
All seems to make no sound,  
Even as I am reasoning.

Josh Alfred

## Spring 2

Buds forming on the trees  
Honey combs for the bumble bees  
Scents of honey, scents of pollen  
Squirrels gather nuts, fallen.

Josh Alfred

## Spring 3

Early morning, comes the spring  
Birds to sky, birds to nest.  
Those winged feathery things  
With colorful breasts  
Those musical feathered creatures  
Rise once more to open skies  
One of springs finest features  
Flying by her open eyes.

Josh Alfred

## Spring 4

Spring, playful and frisk  
Free amusement I will capture  
The joyful wind is brisk  
And filled with new rapture

Josh Alfred

## Spring 5

The swooping singers  
Cross the sky like piano fingers  
Ducks quack, gliding eager  
Winter's curses made so meager

Josh Alfred

## Spring 6

Scents of spring are made replete  
Flowing to nose like lady to seat  
Ice lingers, like nails on fingers  
Bewareing bugs with nasty stingers.

Josh Alfred

## Spring 7

A lively green softness rolls in the air  
The springs delight returns inflamed  
All the seeds with flowers blare  
With a cry, life is regained.

Josh Alfred

## Spring 8

Flowers blaze brightly  
A fire in the midst  
Peddles glide lightly  
Abundance will persist.

Josh Alfred



## Spring 9

The timber becomes ripe  
Like clear starry night  
Birds sing songs of all types  
Like wind through many pipes

Josh Alfred

## Stars - Alliteration

Set against shadowed skies  
Silver stars shined and shimmered.  
I savored them silently standing as in shackles  
And surely their shine was seen in slight salience.  
As I was sinking into the season set before me in scenery  
My shock shed. Soon, I sighed and walked inside  
And left the stars to signal another soul to befriend.

Josh Alfred

# Still Becoming

Like a snail which slithers  
On its slimy stomach  
I snuggle with the sand.

Shedding skin like a snake,  
Slipping into my shape.

Saying silly sayings,  
Stuck up in the skies.

Staring from another star.  
While sitting on my sofa.

Sentiments sailing on a ship,  
Sensation struck suddenly.  
Sent somewhere, no sanity,

Sighs and silence.  
Whispers and sounds.  
Shadows of poetry  
Seeing signs of symmetry.

Josh Alfred

# Storm

Here comes the lugubrious one,  
Earth's misery, grounds thirst.  
Gray clouds morphing into torrential rains  
Rain pouring/wisps in the wind.  
Puddle filling/street walk all wet.  
Pattering cacophony/hungry trees.  
Earth's soft voice of changing water,  
Of rain trickling, of gorging holes.  
Rooftop defends from mordacious water bullets.  
Shielding, black and white umbrellas  
And water falling, in a chaotic song and dance.  
People running inside from outdoors.  
Children dance in cloud's decay.  
Storm clouds bounce with thunder,  
As lightening branches out with bolts.  
Storm on the move, across the state.  
Sun hidden, and blue skies all gone,  
With hours of passing, winds, rain, and thunder.

Josh Alfred

# Summer 1

Summer breeze

Summer trees

Summer sun

Summer fun.

Josh Alfred

# Summer 10

The black mare runs free  
The brown moose rattles  
The green vines grow up trees  
The blue duck paddles

Josh Alfred

## Summer 2

Summer conceals seasons fated  
To become cold, winters faded  
Moonlight and chills at dawn  
On the hills the prairie dogs yawn.

Josh Alfred

## Summer 3

Sleeping children wake free  
We turn on the air conditioning  
How hot can this earth be?  
Skin red hot, skin cringing.

Josh Alfred



## Summer 4

Soft and bare, the moon shines on  
The lady sings her sweetest song  
The boy merrily strides along  
The church bells ring with weighted gong.

Josh Alfred

## Summer 5

It is summer time  
Runs all the gals and lads  
The smile I think I find  
Upon the face of what once was sad.

Josh Alfred

## Summer 6

The ladies of the church use paper  
To fan themselves as heat grows greater  
The boys stand in the shade  
To hide themselves from summer's day.

Josh Alfred

## Summer 7

Watch the bright sun arise  
In the summer, winter's demise  
The heat beats each node of skin  
Like scolding guilt of crafty sin.

Josh Alfred

## Summer 8

Open chest, beating sun  
Open nest, chirping robin  
Open sky, open doors  
Open windows, mindless chores.

Josh Alfred

## Summer 9

Wearing her summer skirt  
She looks so divine  
She looks so radiant it hurts  
I am so glad to call her mine.

Josh Alfred

# Summer Sun

The sun shines with full luster  
And pierces the skies with rays  
Sparkles through trees, flusters  
The bright becoming of summer days

Josh Alfred

# Swimming Within

Eyes seem to focus  
On something within  
Floating inward  
Places I've never been  
Imaginary rivers  
Of thoughts racing past  
The fisher casts  
His line, the mind asks.  
Coming to answers  
Seen in habits  
Making a wish  
Swim along  
Mischievous fish

Josh Alfred



# Tame

The natural wonders of the wild west,  
Sound off thunders, as they heave their chests.  
All are of different shades of hide  
One to tame, one to ride,  
One to ride and make civil  
Tame the beast with patient whittle.  
Friends all free, new one's in stable.  
Mastered the wild and made it able.  
Take the spirit and break its law  
Fastened to its passion with a click and  
Yee-Haw!

Josh Alfred

# The Blue Mountains

I am walking up the blue mountains:  
to reach God's heavenly sight,  
to see the glory in the landscape,  
to be rushed with emotions,  
to expand my focus on the horizon  
to gaze at the colors in the clouds.

Josh Alfred

# The Cave Man

The ancients say its so,  
So we to the right go  
Roaming in a dark cave  
Shadows on the walls  
Chained but well-behaved  
The truth outside ignites  
The light outside is bright  
But in there its been so dull.  
Idols of lords and themselves  
Scattered in the corners  
Truth if worth an art to thee  
Would not divide with borders  
But expand with all its wealth and be  
A sum of transcendtal ideas  
Not brought down to dusts.  
It would exceed all things  
And take away all their vital lusts.  
A turn you might fail to make  
So, if all could reap and carry  
They'd come out of cave with merry  
Dropping all their useless know-how  
To succeed with what was endowed  
Upon seeing the fervent light  
And straying not so, to imperfect sight.  
If all the forms rested in reach of thee  
I'd find a man, a man, to teach of me.  
Could crocked idols pass away  
And all absolute truth come my way  
I'd hide it for awhile more  
And not make it bane, but great splendor  
In the end of trial, truth got him killed.  
Outside he walks, spirit willed.

Josh Alfred

# The Love Of Earth And Sun

Sun and earth share a love  
Seen in their seasons  
I know their marriage well.

The wind sighs at it  
With a chill, plucks leaves,  
From tired trees, giving up.  
In the brisk first days of autumn  
The ground is a blanket  
Of laying vagrants  
While the high horizons blush  
With color, the earth moves  
Away from her lover.  
I whisper more in autumn,  
Blood stirs with a mystery.

I lit a campfire one night  
And the next day, see green needles  
Coated with a white fluffy glaze.  
A puddle, from a late autumn rain  
Creeps back forth, ice to water.  
The Earth is distant from her love,  
With flakes floating, as a drizzle  
OF innocent good-byes.  
My perception of time slows  
I frown more in the winter.

Time speeds when I see  
White mountains ablating down  
Sidewalks, and parking lots.  
Its as if the sun, wrote the earth  
An Apology, and in answer  
All her life leaps with warm forgiveness  
From a silent sleeping  
Of her icy resentment.  
I smile more in spring.

Finally, the sun makes love  
To the earth, steaming.

Waters, causing storms,  
Of passion moving about in pure glee  
With love rekindled, world delights.  
I love more in the summer.

Josh Alfred

# The Midnight Dead

The clock struck midnight.  
And time beget the haunting hour.  
Rain was accompanied by flash of light.  
And the children awoke with terror.

Wind whistled into the attic  
Waking the sleeping spirits  
Howls sent the children in panic  
Ghosts sang their ancient lyrics.  
The clock swayed with a tock  
Child spirit absconded the stairs  
A parent ghost let out a mock  
'You're not going anywhere.'

Heavy foot-falls made wood moan,  
The child's room door slammed close  
A ghost girl walked to window along  
And asked the two kids to follow.

Little Andrew looked at Will  
The lever on the door severed  
The father was coming to kill  
His step-daughter, as her mother

Father ghost couldn't see the two  
As he walked over to window  
They watched what the ghost man would do.  
He turned and looked at the two quiet evil.

He raised his shot-gun to kill.  
The two children were already dead.  
His sons, Andre and little Will.  
Blown off their tiny heads.

The father wasn't finished.  
He climbed onto the roof.  
Rain caused balance to diminish  
Fell on his head, and gone with a poof.

The clock struck midnight.  
And the ghost emerged in air.  
The father called out his plight,  
'You're not going anywhere.'

\_\_\_Halloween 2014

Josh Alfred

# The Moon And The Wolf

The moon is white  
Like wolf's teeth.  
The moon is crescent  
Like wolf's smile.  
The moon's reflection is sharp  
Like wolf's razor claws.  
The moon's halo is blurry  
Like white warm fur.

Josh Alfred



# The Warriors Of Spring

Little buds, like warriors in the earth  
Rise again, again, like the resurrected  
Taking each weapons of color  
A posture of a delicate valor  
The rains call them to an uprising  
And spring sends them battling bugs to befriend

Josh Alfred

# There

Blue sky settles.  
The mountains cry rivers.  
Clouds speak rage.  
Old vines wither.  
Trees wrinkle with age.  
Oceans sink deeper.  
Mountains stay tall.  
World spins quicker.  
Might trees fall.  
Rise to set.  
Wake to rest.

Josh Alfred

# Through The Night

The night had fallen,  
Down, down, down.

A stirring in the woods  
A fog from runner's breath  
A faint echo from an owl  
Colder, darker, chills

Dangers all concealed  
Oh how the silence grows  
Deeper into the wood  
Colder, darker, chills

A white back light.  
A glowing devious smile,  
Like evil in the sky.  
Colder, darker, chills

Secrets in the trees  
Their branches sway slowly  
The fallen colors crunch  
Colder, darker, chills

Claw marks in the ground  
Serpents in the bush  
Webs between trees  
Colder, darker, chills

Lights in windows  
Chimney smoke dances  
The night is soft  
Colder, darker, chills.

Sleeping, sleeping, dreams  
Deeper, deeper, things  
Hollow, hollow, breath  
Colder, darker, chills.

Josh Alfred

# To Make A Wish

If I could pluck a star  
Like yellow apple  
I'd hold it in my palm  
And make a wish.

If I could find a golden jar,  
I'd wax it to wake  
A purple genie  
And make a wish.

If I could blow out the fire,  
Upon a candle's head.  
I'd puff with all my might,  
And make a wish.

Josh Alfred

# To Repose

The Earth,  
Floats him through the heavens,  
As he is sent down naked paths  
Seeing beauty of the shaded globe,  
After the tiresome walk of work  
He delights with nature in hand  
Outside of his place of living  
He is converted by beauties place  
And shares harmony with repose

\_Inspired by Emerson.

Josh Alfred

# Two Beings

Two beings/  
Chasing dreams/  
Spinning around the sun/  
On an everlasting mission/  
To save the species/  
From the blackness/  
Of their utter extinction/  
Love or oblivion.

Josh Alfred

# Under The Stars

Under the stars  
Are little minds  
Under the stars  
Are thoughts of all kinds.  
Under the stars  
Are the beautiful things.  
Under the stars  
The woman sings.  
Under the stars  
Goes on the night.  
Under the stars  
Two held tight.  
Under the stars  
I see with my eyes  
Under the stars  
Sweet dreams, survive!

Josh Alfred



# Voice Of The Wild

I am the voice of the wild  
I am the speaker for beasts  
I do communicate the nature,  
Growth, decay, lasting, fading.  
I am the voice of the wild.  
Representing the patterns.  
Conceiving possible order.  
Aware of all that may be.  
I am the voice of the wild.  
What I see I may sound.  
I am the voice of the wild.  
Uttering all that is around.  
I am the voice of the wild.  
A command of a roar known.  
The squawk of bird in action.  
The darkness when left alone.  
I am the voice of the wild  
King of kingdom for awareness  
Poet of a sonnet for experience,  
Artist, speaker, nature's own.

Josh Alfred

# Walking Dead

There is nothing left to think,  
My mind has become a cage  
Essence happens to shrink  
As I dither down the page.

Still I hear the silence;  
An awaiting empty sound.  
No more inner guidance,  
Buried, center ground.

Distance from the usual.  
Emotions seem bizarre.  
An existence of the casual  
Never knowing what you are.

People walking dead,  
Reflection but a skeleton.  
Are my lines are said,  
My rhymes simply irrelevant.

Josh Alfred

# War And The Waterfall

Pounding water  
Like violent men  
Aligned in battle.  
White foamy water  
Like dying men  
Lost to battle.  
Rocks all round  
Like brown helmets  
Wrapped around heads.  
Rushing waters  
Like blood  
From dying soldiers  
Springing waters  
Like tears of grief  
From the breathed.

Josh Alfred

## When A Poet Fades -

I struggle everyday with my pen in hand,  
I take a little break, but I'm still writing  
Everywhere I go, the more I understand.

All that I know, I put onto paper.  
I express my soul, and that of the earth's.  
Changing my own perspective daily  
I take note of the beauty in the dull.  
I am blinded from inspiration rarely,  
For I see the world in full.

But to see such a world can be a burden  
For the world goes beyond words sometimes.  
What am I to do when complexity is heightened,  
When no words reprimand the beauty I find?

With what words then will I write with,  
What echoes of my spirit will do nature justice?  
I see now the world isn't meant for saving,  
In petty words, of wisdom.  
Beauty must be found with out craving,  
Eternally, for a new expression.

Lust must be exchanged for love,  
And love must be relationship,  
So when I see things around and above,  
I must know them as I know myself.

When I know the world like a friend  
My writing will end,  
For then I will never be lost  
With company of complete content.

Josh Alfred

# Where Is The Rose

Here is the rose,  
That I picked from the garden  
Here is the rose,  
I placed in her hand,  
Here is the rose,  
The scent of delight  
Here is the rose  
A memory of right.  
Here is the rose,  
A symbol of bold beauty.  
Here is the rose,  
I placed by her grave.  
Here is the rose,  
Her beauty saved.  
Here is the rose,  
Penitence of her errs.  
Here is the rose,  
Folded beauty inward,  
Outward beauty there.

Josh Alfred

# White Castle

On a high cliff jutting outward  
To reach ocean breeze  
A pale medieval castle  
Proclaims its ownership of land/  
The mounts that surround  
Make it quaint and profound  
It once was a look-out,  
With brave men stood with glass  
Now old boats sailing slowly below on sea  
Give the castle an eerie vibrancy -  
A haunting echo of silence  
That streams to the ends of eternity.

Josh Alfred

# White Wolves

Pale drawn creatures,  
Haunting habitats,  
In packs;  
Worshippers of Luna  
Howling at her  
Perfection;  
Ghosts of lush terrains.  
Burrowing for sleep,  
In grass dens;  
Spirits, of earth's repose;  
The white wolves span.

Josh Alfred

# Winter 1

Fallen all the leaves.  
Snow blankets pine trees.  
Covered with a white bliss.  
Tender flakes like lover's kiss.

Josh Alfred



## Winter 10

From heaven flows a winter gust  
Blows through crystal flakes  
Wind carries a frothy dust  
White fills the winter lakes

Josh Alfred

# Winter 11

Time for slumber  
Yawns the bear  
Mid December  
Let's get out of here!

Josh Alfred

## Winter 12

Comes the cold arctic air  
Not that I could ever spare  
But a simple warm flare,  
Among the white despair.

Josh Alfred

## Winter 2

Cold hands, red cheeks  
Snow beds, white skies  
Each snowflake a frosty freak  
Chaos designed, minute size.

Josh Alfred

## Winter 3

Flakes jump and dance  
Lumps of frozen ground  
A winters weatherly trance  
Still and quiet, no sound

Josh Alfred

## Winter 4

Cold chill through the spine  
Rolled up in many covers  
Blizzard calls the night mine  
Heated, are the two lovers.

Josh Alfred

## Winter 5

Night glows white, how lovely  
Each flake, so fluffy  
A gram of ice and air  
An intoxicating pair

Josh Alfred

## Winter 6

I begin to shake  
I begin to shiver  
Snow on trees quake  
Branches seem to quiver.

Josh Alfred



## Winter 7

Cold wind of frost  
Ice slippery path  
Rushing in at any cost  
Footprints the aftermath

Josh Alfred

## Winter 8

God of winter sits at throne  
From chimneys come the smoke  
Snow covers all of the homes  
The icicles seem to poke

Josh Alfred

## Winter 9

Ice pounds of glass  
Skaters moving fast  
Snow, fluffy as the birds  
Flakes like random words.

Josh Alfred

# Wistful Symphony Of Love

A heavenly concoction of chemicals.  
A romance as frivolous as the wind.  
Behind the letters, there's love.  
But behind the questions there's doubt.  
The middle of this symphony  
Is running out. No vibrations left.  
An ending slipping away,  
As fast your hands from mine.  
As quick as your lips from my mouth.  
As swift as our bodies parting in space.  
This song has run its chorus.  
There is no repeating, no cycling,  
Because the note of our love, play no more.

Josh Alfred

# With Human Hands

Homes of all people/  
Machines producing/  
Clothes on all backs/  
Food on all tables/  
Books, apart of life's stories/  
Photos in all albums/  
Gardens of all kinds/  
Humans of all dispositions/  
Facts of all sciences/  
Faiths of all religions/  
Songs of all graces/  
Lights of all brilliance/  
Designed with human hands.

Josh Alfred

# Won't Comply

I'll slice my neck with your anger,  
I'll peel back my skin and bleed.  
I hate it when you make peace a stranger.  
A little bit of good release is what I need.

Bones in my body are cracking.  
My heart keeps skipping beat.  
Good emotion is what I am lacking,  
As I die here slowly in this seat.

A failure without some success.  
You hate me for being great.  
I always try to do my best,  
But sometimes I get torn by fate.

Words drill holes through my heart.  
My ears won't stop burning.  
Where should I even start,  
To tell you how much I am hurting.

Burdens are mounting,  
Scars I have won't close.  
In myself I am doubting.  
My raw emotion shows.

My demons won't behave.  
The worst is yet to come.  
Choose suffering or the grave.  
Sometimes darkness looks like fun.

Words won't reveal enough.  
Your ears can't hear me clearly.  
I said all the stuff  
I can say to you about me.

Josh Alfred

# Wrong Direction

Sight far-reaching  
My mind is teaching  
Me a lesson in being.  
Wisdom streaching  
Eyes are catching  
Figments of truth,  
I am seeing.  
I now despise  
The many told lies  
That in my youth  
I believed.  
Beneath the disguise  
I see with open eyes  
How lost one can be  
When decieved.  
I've been stultified  
Directed by a foolish guide  
Now I know that I must lead.  
Ahead I must go,  
To a place I know  
Where confusion  
No longer blaes.  
Onto the future  
I must hold  
With a vision  
Of self-repsect  
And undying care.

Josh Alfred

# You Are Love Sent To Me

You are love sent to me  
It exists even to the heavens  
You are love sent to me  
To ease my aching heart.  
You are love sent to me  
Like a magicians magic.  
You are love to sent to me  
That stars me back in the eyes.  
You are love sent to me  
With arms made for hugging.  
You are love sent to me  
Kissing as we are lovers.  
You are love sent to me  
Welcoming me home again.  
You are love sent to me  
Each moment made sweet.  
You are love sent to me  
Between the distance of our hands.  
You are love sent to me  
Gaining joy from one another.  
You are love sent to me  
As we age in many passing days.  
You are love sent to me.  
A feeling I can hardly describe.  
You are love sent to me  
Remaining in my heart.  
You are love sent to me.  
The source till the end of time.

Josh Alfred