

Poetry Series

**Lazarus Knix**  
**- poems -**

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# Lazarus Knix()

I'm 18, and ready to take life (and poetry) by the horns.  
My AIM is thewho6lank, if you want to have a chat.

May you never be lonely,  
Lazarus.

# ! Beauty Bears A Resurrection.!

Dark vapor, twisted twilight.  
Still nightfall - missing moonlight.  
Quaint breeze, sluggish, cold.  
Sky line- drooping, droll.  
All about, simple, silent.  
Dark Vapor, twisted twilight.

A lord of gold, gowned in white.  
(Crown of clouds, eyes of light)  
Penetrates the depths of death, and,  
The once-still sparrows sing again-  
To praise this true celestial sight,  
A lord of gold, gowned in white.

Beauty bears a resurrection.  
Reminding us, of perfection.  
Which she seals within,  
Chances to begin again.  
Through discarding death's objections-  
Beauty bears a resurrection.

Lazarus Knix

## (what Force Refuses, Time Shall Do)

When I journey on jade grass blades,  
They harshly bend beneath my feet,  
And though their tips and soil meet-  
My footsteps do not make them stay.

Yet when the wind comes blaring through,  
Bending slow, (as bow to archer) ,  
They don't regain their native posture-  
(What force refuses, time shall do)

Lazarus Knix

# A

White, paper thin clouds  
Caught in blue vapor, catching  
The moon's soft glow

Lazarus Knix

# A Chaser Of Mist

You, see the world through the eyes of a child-  
One who has contemplated the soft chirping of  
The emerald crickets at midnight.  
One who gathers the brown leaves of autumn together  
Simply to kick them away again.  
One who smiles widely when called  
By his mother.  
One who weeps unashamed when he is alone  
And lost.  
One whom asks large questions,  
And is given small replies.  
A chaser of mist.

We've gained many things-  
Yet lost all of these.  
I have devoted my time  
To growth,  
Yet all I now wish is  
To shrink.

Lazarus Knix

# A Divine Silhouette

A seven petaled daffodil  
Is ripened by the sun  
And taught to dance on golden hills  
Beside a river's tongue

Through quiet rain she flourishes  
The whiter winds she loves  
And if you ask what "beauty" is-  
She keeps it in her bud.

When day retreat and midnight march-  
A moon as pale as she,  
Licks her lavish emerald stalk  
And lulls her down to sleep

It is the Earth which summons life  
And Earth which summons death  
But in between I feel the gleam-  
A divine silhouette

Lazarus Knix

# A Fifty Beaded Rosary

A fifty beaded rosary  
Encircled for our sins  
To represent infinity  
And wisdom amongst men

A fifty beaded rosary  
Endowed with placid light  
One luminous totality  
Omniscient insight

A fifty beaded rosary  
A garnished gift of grace  
A fifty beaded rosary  
A symbol of the saint

Lazarus Knix



# A Gift So Noble

A gift so noble-

That is was swaddled

In damp newspaper and

Tied with a shoestring

Bow, found dirty in

The downtown streets.

A gift so noble-

It was carried by

A lame pauper, to a

Hillside mansion

In Eastern Beijing.

A gift so noble-

It wasn't refused

Or spat on, rather

Chuckled at and

Sent back to the

Sender.

He re-opened it woefully,

And found his heart,

Just as he left it-

Alone.

Lazarus Knix

# A Glorious Gown Of Glimmering Gold

A glorious gown of glimmering gold  
Encompasses one luminary globe  
Against the sky of this still grove

The crickets moan in baritone  
Their cellos serenade my soul  
In a glorious gown of glimmering gold

Against the sky of this still grove  
The light of fireflies erodes  
One's seemingly inert ego

Yet silhouettes still seem to show  
The night is more than what's foretold-  
Against the sky of this still grove.

Though man is made in manifold-  
He is among the truly whole-  
A glorious gown of glimmering gold  
Against the sky of this still grove.

Lazarus Knix

# A Journey Not Taken

Death seemed my servant upon the road,  
Where every footstep echoed casually,  
And no waylay would come unto my heart-  
No frozen peaks of truth,  
To pierce the seemly endless horizon of destiny,  
An eternal scale, so it seemed to be,  
Till your silhouette screamed SILENCE-  
And cast me into the shadows,  
Of your gift.

Lazarus Knix

# A Northern Wind And Lighthouse

A northern wind and lighthouse,  
Are arguing once more,  
Their quarrel seems to be about,  
Whom better keeps the shore.

"I have brought these sailors in! "  
The gale claims with a cry,  
Then the beacon, to the wind:  
"Without light, they would die"

Their fight continues for a bit,  
Till the wind spits and howls,  
For he grows tired of 'insolence',  
And blows the lighthouse down.

Now shards of rubble line the shore,  
The wind has won it's fight.  
And though he's victor of his war,  
The shore has lost the light.

Lazarus Knix

# A Rainbow Of Dreams (1)

I dreamed a dream of crimson red  
While flaming tongues danced overhead  
And licked my youthful spirit clean  
Of timid will and wanderings  
For even in my deepest sleep  
I could not herd the straying sheep  
Which was my fervor and my strength  
Yet due to dreams, they've wandered back

I dreamed a dream in orange fog  
Of beauty and her bright barrage  
Of prospects painted gold with light  
That rose so slowly out of night  
And ironed out my wrinkled limbs  
And whispered "Run where rainbows end! "  
I listened, and now cannot quit  
When beauty dawns, I sprint to it.

I dreamed a dream of yellow eyes  
With just a glance, we intertwined!  
And set inferno to the trees  
Of all things grown melancholy  
I once dwelled within that forest  
Yet came dreams, and my seas parted  
And crashed again, yet drowned not me  
Rather, all of my enemies.

Lazarus Knix

# A Rainy City

A siren echoes  
Over the rains  
Continuous sigh-  
Imprisoned in a constant  
Ascending,  
To Descending,  
Pitch.

I unconsciously  
Inhale,  
Exhale,  
Than hold a breath  
To hear my heartbeat  
Over birdsong.

The generators  
Steady hum-  
A melody  
Of electricity.

Meanwhile,  
An unobtainable silence  
Lies buried beneath the Earth's  
Ambition.

Lazarus Knix

# A Room

Five PM, it's too dark.

A mellow street sleeps  
In the cold breast  
Of November.

Black light  
Enters from the window,

And it sounds like a  
Buddhist ocean outside.

"This bedroom is so desolate..."

A phone rings.... I wait.  
Again,  
A white screech rakes at  
My eardrums.

My hand reaches forward-  
"Must a man always be  
Alone in company"?

Lazarus Knix



# A Simple Ant

The first April ant-  
Dashes across my driveway -  
Into a mowed lawn.

There and gone quickly-  
Though something mystifying-  
Was provoked in me.

These trivial things-  
Swift as spring's jaundiced lightning-  
Oft have most effect-  
On the grins we bring,  
And the song we sing.

Lazarus Knix

# A Small House Of Cards

I had a dream-  
A dream that I'd lost you,  
Amongst a fog of twisted hate.  
And Then, I awake-  
To find I've never owned you.

I had a thought-  
Which wrapped my mind in mellow rainbows,  
Soft and arched with passion.  
Yet, I can only imagine,  
What that light feels like,  
Anymore.

Must a dream be-  
A house of cards-  
One soft tap-  
From the waking world-  
Topples it-  
Into a formless-  
Pile of-  
Incomplete-  
Memories?

I had a dream-  
But it was pawned to reality.

Lazarus Knix

# A Toybox Is A Sunken Chest

A toy box is a sunken chest

In an azure ocean

Of warm memories

Do you remember burying at sea-

Mr. Jack-in-the-Box, Building blocks

Or that brown bear with the black button eye?

You could be a scuba diver!

Yes, you can return....

Without the gills of Imagination

You owned as a youth, though.

I often dive in too deep-

I succumb to the pressure and

Softly cry.

But damn it!

I shouldn't of pretended

To be a pirate when I was ten!

Burying my treasures so greedily

In the coarse sands of adolescence

Hastily sailing toward

'Cars' and 'Girls' and 'Responsibility'

I see it now though...

Kids are the captains-

Adults swab the deck.

Lazarus Knix

## A Tree Dying Young.

Once upon my August walk  
When I hadn't one soul to talk  
I met a tree dying young  
With leaves like leather in the sun  
Hung below their branch like bats  
Waiting for the wind to come  
-Quite patiently, at that.

This scene shook my happiness  
Along with any interest  
In a stroll that dry morning  
(The thought kept re-occurring)  
"My main fear is this tree's own  
She died without a warning  
And never got show her gold."

Lazarus Knix

# A Water Woman.

Autumn in the desert....  
White air settles above  
The small oasis

Sitting there, half asleep  
Catching the strange dust  
On your dry palms  
That the wind  
Bats around...  
You ask yourself  
'Where? '

...You think about melting.

Outward is nothing.  
-Desolate baking grain  
In each direction.

One home,  
One way to stay,  
Many ways to leave.

A woman emerges  
From the water pool.  
You take her hand  
And go.

Lazarus Knix

# A Woman From Behind

Auburn hair  
Gently  
Genuflects Over  
Two pale shoulders-  
Shrouding a  
Soft neck  
Of white  
Oak.

Long luscious  
Back,  
Arched like  
An  
Inverted  
Wave,  
Washing white  
Foam of  
Ecstasy beneath  
Her narrow feet  
With each  
Inflated  
Footstep.

Gentleman  
May gawk  
At the obvious,  
Yet I have  
Seen a woman  
From behind-  
And now  
May truly  
Appreciate  
The rest of her.

Lazarus Knix

# Action

Are my improvements-  
Linked to intellect or aptitude?  
Perhaps neither, perhaps all three.  
And weather or not I indeed have these,  
One thing is all but certain-  
Determination is my foundation.  
Built upon with action.

Lazarus Knix



# Adventure.

Life is divided into,  
Two states of being-

That which is stillness,  
And that which is motion

Within stillness, a man yearns  
For motion, yet never prepares

Within motion, a man vies  
To rest, yet never learns.

And when home, one  
Dreams Of adventure.

Yet on adventure, one  
Always dreams of home.

Lazarus Knix

# All The Things

All  
The  
Things  
Rain  
Drops  
Have  
Done  
Began  
By  
Bringing  
Forth  
Just  
One.

Lazarus Knix

# An Ear For Silence

The dull buzz of the bathroom lights...  
A lurking creak in the ceiling...  
The soft spin of your hard drive...  
A slow sigh in the midnight breeze...

In this, can you hear...  
God's silence?

Lazarus Knix

# An Elegy To All Of The Sky.

Citadels race in luminous grace.  
Gold and free-formed by water whisked up,  
Into blue mist, like souls without weight.

Beauty runs flame through the mountain base.  
And as her horsemen spur their gallops,  
Citadels race in luminous grace.

Into blue mist, like souls without weight,  
Flowing, clear blood builds castles above.  
Not one vapor shall be put to waste.

My one tongue kneels, the eyes control taste.  
When following rising turtle doves,  
Into blue mist, like souls without weight.

The chariots halt- A light is cut.  
Yet in my memories, and in us-  
Citadels race in luminous grace,  
Into blue mist, like souls without weight.

Lazarus Knix

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Citadels race in luminous grace,  
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Lazarus Knix

# An Elegy To The Clouds

O! clouds beyond a human's grasp,  
What could it be that moves you so?  
Can something this alive in mass,  
Be shot with just a windy bow,  
Around the meadows mountain pass?

Surely beauty pure as thee-  
(Capable of moving me) ,  
Must be the champion of the sky.  
And gatekeeper to all above it-  
Deciding when the sun shall shine,  
Shrouding stars upon a whim,  
While dressing moonlight, end to end-  
Gathering for a blizzard.

You are the messengers of dawn,  
For when the sun peeks from below,  
'Tis you that keeps his colors so,  
Yellow, orange, soft crimson,  
A metamorphosis of moments,  
Caught within the skylines yawn,  
As sparrows raise their tongues in song.

Oh clouds, I beseech thee to  
Part with but a bit of wisdom,  
One insignificant truth,  
Held within your heavenly body.  
Whisper to me a lesson....  
"See things as us clouds do"  
Hung above the earth in thought  
And blown about, yet not distraught

Lazarus Knix

# And Dream

The shopkeepers retreat with a quiet resolve.  
The day's money is collected,  
The coins are as countless as stars.

The snake sleeps under his weed  
Next to the ripe tomatoes  
Grandmother shall pick at sunrise.

The days lyrics have come  
The song of our lives has been sung  
Our chorus is coming, we are incited to join in.

Our rest, our retreat, by our  
Nightlight moon, our poetry-  
Is written by silence's virtue

We nestle into bed, for strength-  
Poetry is my bed, my strength,  
I nestle into it, and dream...

Lazarus Knix

# And Never Return.

Sitting At  
Home  
In a  
Red chair-  
When lo!  
Outside  
My window  
Flies by  
(For a brief  
Bit of  
Time)  
A bundle  
Of  
Bright balloons,  
Their twirling  
Tails  
Gliding  
By briskly-  
In an  
Open  
Obtrusive Air.

I wonder  
If I'm  
The sole  
Soul which  
Saw these  
Balloons  
Swift serenade  
In the  
Breeze,  
And beauty  
Was so  
Kind to  
Grace me  
With her  
Open  
Heart  
For



A  
Fast-Fleeting  
Speck  
Of time,  
In the  
Form  
Of balloons  
Bent gently  
Against  
The sky.

Now  
In my  
Mind,  
I ascend  
With them.  
-And never return.

Lazarus Knix

# Ath And Theo

Theo and Ath were braving a mountain,  
Draped in unforgiving frost and white wind,  
Which buffeted the cedars to and fro,  
Pinning their thick branches onto the ground,  
Disrupting the tombs of men that fell there-  
Which lied buried beneath the opal ice.

Theo's journey began, the western face  
Of the mountain would be his starting place.  
A side softer in weather than the east  
(Where Ath would be beginning his journey) .  
Theo gazed at the welcoming sunlight,  
Which radiated from the mountain's crown.  
Dashing light through smoke rings, dazzling down,  
Catching the ice just right to make it gleam.  
Theo admired the base's embrace,  
But knew that even beauty must be left,  
For truth, truth beyond comfort and stillness.

The soft snow was white sand beneath his feet,  
As his footsteps began with bounds and leaps.  
Covering the first quarter of the trek,  
With nearly no difficulty at all.  
Yet as the air began to thin like yarn,  
Peeled further to smaller and smaller strings,  
He steps became limps, his mind, fogged with ice  
Struggling to give reason to each print  
He resolved to leave in the mountain face.

He stumbled and fell, his tongue, tasted death.  
Unable to stand, he figured this it,  
Until raising his eyes, and seeing Ath-  
Equally frozen and blue from his path.  
"Theo, you fool" Ath spitefully spat, "Now  
You know there is nothing worthwhile here,  
And feelings you gain from gazing at the sun,  
The warmth you acquire from it's body,  
Was valuable below, in ignorance  
But not here, not where frozen truth

Laughs at, and chokes the lungs of believers"  
Ath Continued "I shall die....I must die  
Here with truth iced upon my weak body"

Theo weakly rose, and said "We must leap-  
Leap to become like the light of the sun"  
"I will not" Ath said, my journey is done.  
"Faith, faith Ath, that everything will be well"  
"Faith is what placed us into this hell! "  
At that Theo turned, and uttered goodbye.  
Feeling free, free for each moment he fell.

Ath was found dead upon the mountain peak  
Theo's body was never recovered.

Lazarus Knix

# Be My Moonlight

It's lonely out today,  
My heart is cloaked in gray,  
And friends I thought would say,  
"Hello"- have passed me by.

It's lonely out today,  
As way leads onto way,  
Like stars, the woman play-  
With comets in the sky.

It's lonely out tonight,  
Just I and lucid light,  
Which flutters like a kite,  
Above a gale of dreams.

It's lonely out tonight,  
Yet hope be my moonlight-  
Oh! Such a skyborn sight...  
Ablaze with silver beams

And let love be the Sun,  
From where the moonlight come,  
So dreams and love eclipse,  
To form your skyborn wish.

It's lonely out today,  
As way leads onto Way,  
Just I and lucid light,  
Oh hope, be my moonlight

Lazarus Knix

# Blinking Ruins Everything

The wind exhales;  
Plucking pink petals from the trees,  
Falling, Mounding, beneath a canopy,  
Like amputated sparrow tails  
Which bury each April acre-  
This is nature's massacre.

Beauty is so fragile,  
That the slightest breathe shall shoe her away,  
Yet misery's more then thrilled to stay-  
And reluctantly retires.  
Today, these pleasures which we cherish,  
Shall slip away, and with us, perish.

If I'm to learn a single thing-  
Let it be that petal's die.  
Roots are choked, rivers dry,  
And blinking ruins everything.  
For one moment in the unaware-  
Is a petal stolen into air.

Lazarus Knix

# Build A Poem

When I see  
A writers block,  
It's placed  
In my collection.

Then,  
(When having found enough)  
I build a poem  
With them.

Lazarus Knix

# Bushido

The chaos that is spawned from war,  
Has left our soldiers stained and marred,  
With crimson hearts of false ardor,  
Blanketed by a ravenous storm,  
Of calamity and flaming passion.

The sword is now the diplomat,  
The poets are irrelevant,  
And wisdom but an amber mist  
Shrouded by the amethyst  
Of warring clans battle cries.  
(That crack the blood drenched midnight sky)

And as this culture drowns itself,  
In a sea of blind fury for war,  
So must we protect ourselves  
Through the creation of a sacred code  
That shall be named- Bushido.

A single author, there can't be,  
For the pens of wisemen run empty,  
So we pass this knowledge down to down,  
Of chivalry and chaste renown,  
Of honor, knowledge, and sacred zen.

This is a call of arms to good  
To understand as understood,  
To know thy self a moral being,  
To keep peace in the blade you're wielding,  
To progress as a river runs,  
Yet never fear what is to come,  
This is a Samurai's unknown ode,  
That shall be christened -Bushido.

Lazarus Knix

# Capeche?

Come diving for treasure in  
A sea of sagacity-  
An ocean of poetry-  
So gingerly...we'll descend  
Past the commonalities  
Of superficial men-  
And swim within philosophy

Senses start to disappear-  
They'll be talk of trees falling  
And if they make a calling  
When no one is around to hear  
Sharks? They'll do their gnawing  
Yet no man will be aware-  
Past anything but arguing

It's easy to find deepness in deep  
Yet difficult in shallower things  
Capeche?

Lazarus Knix



# Celtic Winter Rebellion

Bare mountain littered with flesh shredding shrieks.  
A four-armed deity hurls her whirling opal scythe  
Like a banished comet, into the gray frost which armors  
Trees twisted like writhing gorgons,  
A wounded Medusa met with white mirror.

Soil entranced by hallucinogenic cold  
Neglecting life, Emerald towers bow  
And wither in drought, cadavers lay  
In the dry embrace of a Celtic winter Queen  
Her scimitar teeth, white citadels on a crimson hill.

And then, there is rebellion!  
Ambiguous fury at first,  
Stern Apollo's overthrow  
In minute, cautious footsteps,  
Softly shaking  
The petrified oaks awake,  
Equinox exiling an army  
Of darkness one peon  
At a time.

Overthrow -  
Queen hung on the  
Long noose of change-  
Succeeded by benevolent  
Spring

Lazarus Knix

# Change From

Change from a previous shop,  
Sits on her kitchen table

She picks some up and counts,

Ten,

Twenty,

Thirty cents.

She folds her fingers over  
Her palm,

Coins,  
Tightly clasped between  
Her fingers.

One falls with a TWANG.  
She now

has

but

Twenty

And

Two.

Lazarus Knix

# Chaser Of Joy

A child glares with eager eyes  
At his present beneath the tree  
Though, waiting till his parents rise  
To tear it's wrappings off to see

Mother, father, ascend slowly  
(Taking their time as parents do)  
Chatting softly over coffee  
The child fidgets, hot, enthused

His parents give a word to go  
The paper meets ten frenzied nails  
Hastily ripping it's tied bow  
Leaving nothing but blue entrails

A guitar rests upon his lap  
Six slender strings, true craftsmanship  
He quickly darts upstairs so that  
He could begin to master it

Time passed, the boy lost interest  
He was filled with dreams of stardom  
Yet wasn't willing to progress  
Due to practices sheer boredom.

That guitar sleeps somewhere in dust  
As the boy moves from thing to thing  
Open minds are quick to pick up  
What they deem as interesting  
But when something new comes around  
They're just as quick to put it down

Lazarus Knix

# Chess's Beauty

From right to left and back to right,  
Is white to black and back to white.  
And the only sound that's ever scored,  
Is royal footsteps on the board.

A priest's reach across the squares-  
Ensnares a blackened peasant there.  
Yet horsemen flank him from the rear,  
And without words, he disappears.

Pity chess is not like life,  
One side black, the other white.  
For then men wouldn't wonder hard,  
Who their friends and enemies are.

Lazarus Knix

# Christians And Waiting

There's something depressing about a dog,  
Whose master has long since left his household.  
Like a statue he sits upon the lawn,  
Paws folded, head perched, a canine watchman.  
A stare so iced with anticipation,  
Blizzards bloom beneath his frowning brow line.

When the sound of a motor car is heard  
Purring like a tabby cat down the street,  
You can almost hear his hear set to-race  
Tha-thump-tha-thump-tha-thump-tha-thump-tha-thump  
And feel a glow of hope encompass him-  
His eyes grin "It's him! I know it this time! "  
But the metal giant passes.....no luck.

That doggie would wait for years upon years  
With no "Expect me thens" or "I'll be backs".  
If one needs these, then what is loyalty?  
Better yet, what is faith? Well, I'll tell you-  
Faith is a dog without any answers,  
Waiting on the front lawn, long as he must.  
'Hmph'-You reply  
'Then dogs must make excellent Christians'

Lazarus Knix

# City Gate

Men may say a "natural state"  
With city walls and city gates  
Is superfluous in it's greed  
And in attempts to make believe  
We're all in honest company.

Yet give a thing autonomy  
And choice: Order or anarchy  
You'll find that things like property  
And city walls and city gates  
Come often all too easily  
To a truly "human" state

Lazarus Knix

# Clay

When I rest, I dream of clay-  
Towering mountains of unshaped human potential  
Wet with the white rain  
Of possibilities

I see beauty  
In the formless clay-  
I see ourselves,  
The potential to mold,  
The potential to heal,  
To redirect the rivers,  
To shape our multiple cities with prudence,  
To reform ourselves.

I see wonder in the clay  
For beauty lies not only within what is,  
But in what something has the ability to become.

Lazarus Knix

# Coil

Ways away from here  
My dreams chase their tails in a  
Theater of black.

One is desire  
(A sluggish wisp) named after  
Father's shortcomings

-The other, hatred  
(One swifter) has genesis  
In the same dark womb.

They catch each other  
And coil about themselves  
Yet never change course.

Lazarus Knix



# Conductor!

The army ants march in a momentous percussion,  
Keeping the timing of tenor toned sparrows.

The caustic, quivering chorus of tree cicadas  
Raises the humming baritone bumblebees from dormancy.

The bow of the wind strikes symphonic tree limbs-  
Play, Play, nature's violin!

Telephones, city cars, calling friends, barking dogs,  
Are a kin to sudden blasts from brass.

All complete the orchestra, not one is excluded-  
Somewhere, a conductor smiles in satisfaction.

Another day has ended, our luminous moon-  
Is exalted by the placid cellos of shadowy crickets

Lazarus Knix

# Conservative Woman

Beauty is raised within  
Women that wear their head  
Higher than most.  
Who conceal their ideals and  
Breasts betwixt a sleek,  
Gray Overcoat.  
Spares a glance before  
Disappearance, lingers  
Not physically.  
And the only remnants of  
Her essence be of your  
Befuddled Mentality.

Lazarus Knix

# Dancing With Locusts On A Skyline Inferno

Dancing with locusts on a skyline inferno  
Whizzing past hummingbirds  
Quarantined in meek rationality.

Madness is the gatekeeper of liberation-  
Anarchy the wings upon this beetle's back.  
I snicker as the crops of legislation are devoured.

We are a group by circumstance alone-  
Our religion is chaos, our prophets, shooting stars-  
Furious heat against the abdomen of the sky.

Let what is, be devoured-  
Let nakedness clothe the landscape  
In fabrics of desolation-

Nothing remains intact-  
We become businessmen, architects, lawyers-  
Let the land be resurrected-

For to hunt a phoenix like civilization,  
Is an eternal sport, guaranteed.  
Stay sane to go crazy-

Build to tear down again.

Lazarus Knix

# Darkness Shows What Light Cannot

Night fall; the descent of darkness is deepening.  
Moonbeams strum my spirit like a silver harp,  
Softly plucking each string with luminous fingertips,  
To the rhythm of my heart.

Sermons have ended, the children are sleeping.  
With all prayers said, their minds depart  
Into slumber's silent bliss-  
Into a cryptic careless dark.

A cease fire burns, the hapless wanton  
Is outcast by summers white blessing.  
Indeed, she speaks of unifying,  
Yet egos do not listen.

Night, mankind, we've things in common...  
What is the basis of this confession?  
Uncertain, mortal, vain, blinding...  
But only in dark do men truly glisten.

In confusion, we are taught-  
Darkness shows what light cannot.

Lazarus Knix

# Dawn In The Eyes Of A Dying Satan

Howling with sparrows at a grinning moon in April-  
Watching the stars fence at dull dusk's debut  
A tragedy of novas aligned in asymmetrical motion,  
Echoing the Sepharim's harmonious allegro,  
White Violas strung with a phoenix's hot veins.

365 stepping stones line a platonic abdomen,  
Manna of the Moon and Sun, vomit and ingest  
The collusion of Black and White hourglasses  
Shaken by an infant's oval hand, clutching the thigh  
Of Jupiter in indifference.

The sky is massacred by a crusade of light  
Luminous lance and helm of fire, Operatic motion  
Ignited by Hephaestus' Anvil and hammer  
Struck lackadaisically, budding rose and white shadow-  
An anthill of morbidity springs to furious life.

Lazarus Knix

# Dawn Is Brilliant

The dawn is brilliant.  
Each resurrection-  
A myriad of hands,  
Painting horizons  
With oils of red-  
Which cool into Gold.  
His fiery tongue is  
Softly ascending  
Licking life into  
The skyline.

The day is brilliant.  
We act upon thoughts  
Created from dawn-  
Soft contemplation  
In motion, making men  
Into architects  
Of their destiny.  
Now do not wonder,  
Or waste time asking  
Why the day is bright-  
Staring into light  
Makes one blind.

The Dusk is Brilliant  
Rivers are slowing,  
And colored yellow.  
We are mellowing  
And praying for love,  
Fortune, luck, and peace.  
I am drifting, now,  
Into my own thoughts,  
My fantasies...I  
Am at peace.

The night is brilliant.  
The silver clouds dance-  
Above, etched like sand.  
Darkness brings the light

Of minor bodies of white  
Which twinkle calmly  
And guide souls to life-  
In universes  
Beyond our bodies.  
My heart sighs...

I suddenly rise..  
Ah..  
Dawn is brilliant.

Lazarus Knix

# Delight And Disgust

The teal Toyota  
Sputters and  
Parks beside an  
Arched curve.

It's body is asleep,  
The lower-left hand  
Tire wades in a dirty  
Puddle.

A gaunt hand gestures  
From within the car-  
Two tall feminine  
Heels clack towards  
Him, her short  
Skirt whirls in promiscuity  
Above thin, tan legs.

An on looking senior  
Turns her back in  
Fiery Disgust.

Lazarus Knix



## Destination.

We've shaken  
Hands, and spoken.  
He seems to  
Be a good man,  
If a bit boring.  
(He enjoyed standing still)

His name was "Goal"  
And, although  
Content with him-  
I decided to rise,  
And seek out something  
I shall never find.

The journey is  
The sweetest destination.

Lazarus Knix

# Discourses-Silence

As I sink deeper into silence  
My pulse flutters faster,  
The urge to confirm  
My own existence  
To this universe shoots  
Echoes abound in my mind,  
Settling into tumors of anxiety,  
Powerlessness, frustration.

As I slowly sulk off the stage  
Of social showmanship,  
A certain sagacity bursts  
Forth from my heart-

We are like beggars-  
Struggling for a cent  
Of communal gratification-  
Seeds planted in a field of vanity  
Shouting 'I will bloom faster than you! '  
Drunk on our own articulations-  
Verbal Alcoholics.

Values are exiled from society,  
As values themselves  
Have become invaluable  
To us.

And just as things lose worth  
In abundance, so do words.  
(Would diamonds be of any  
Value without their rarity?)  
Silence paints an ordinary sentence  
With lavender wisdom-  
And places a man pensive-  
So his discourse become  
All the more meaningful-  
Please see the benefits of silence!

Perhaps if silence were taken more seriously

We would not act so foolishly.

Lazarus Knix

# Discovery

I notice the  
Trees bear  
Multiple leafs.

One dances downward  
Gently, landing  
Upon my head

Knowing that  
Where there is one  
there must be many-

So I gaze upward,  
And marvel at the  
Birches windy song-

Leafs are a discovery,  
And, where there is  
One discovery-  
There is one thousand.

Lazarus Knix

## Disdain For A Woodcutter.

The tool shed in my neighbors garden  
Stands amongst a sea of trees,  
And though it can't be called a forest,  
It's quite the striking canopy.

But when the old one grabs his axe  
From his shed's interior,  
My fear is that he shall hack back  
What makes this scene superior.

Lazarus Knix

## Drug. (Stream Of Thought Poem)

Snow drizzles over my memory  
Freezing into apathy, locking in  
Memories I no longer care for.

Deep in the sand, I buried a treasure chest  
Without gems, a heart without love, A  
Body without a soul, Autumn weeps-

As I do, the tears we cry are one by one,  
Day by night, sluggish agony, love and distance works  
In the same manner, slowly wasting compassion-

In winter, I see a tree, planted in the soils  
Of myself. Bare armed and naked, shivering  
In the white December dust, I know him-

As a man I once loved, this is why I planted  
Him the tree of chances, but the smoke of  
Gratification chokes every leaf.

So now I am here, facing an hourglass  
Without grains, a past without knowledge  
And a future without love.

Lazarus Knix

# Dull November

Dull November  
Caught between snow  
And beautiful banners,  
Fading...

Twisted light  
Peeled like yarn  
Off the dull sun's skin,  
Setting...

The wind is teething  
Nibbling like a caterpillar,  
The decrepit body of fall  
Falling....

The streets are desolate  
"It gets dark too early  
.....too early"  
I miss spring....

Lazarus Knix

# Dust

In the  
Bedroom of  
A dark  
Apartment  
My father  
Rests  
Wearing  
Yesterday's  
Apparatus-  
His breaths  
Blatantly blow  
Blasts of  
Alcohol  
Onto a  
Drool stained  
Pillow.

One small  
Secondhand football  
In the  
Corner  
(Perched beside  
A pitiful pile of  
Pornography)  
Gather's dust  
In the  
Focused  
Sunlight.

A pale  
child  
Sits on  
A shredded  
Sofa, playing  
Video games  
To stimulate  
The simulations  
Of a family



Repaired.

Morning light  
Erodes  
The footballs  
Arched body-  
Dust  
Digs deep  
Within it's  
Tapered flesh

If one  
Vociferous  
Idea had  
Veered into  
My heart,  
Let it be:

Judge  
A man by where  
He keeps his  
Dust.

Lazarus Knix

# Ego Ballon

There is slow wind  
Prickling my neck hairs.  
A creeping notion  
Caused by vanity.

Softly it travels  
About the body,  
An air of largeness  
Devours my tongue.

The voice grows louder,  
Arms extend madly,  
Brimming with hot air.  
I'm a red balloon.

Yet I erred; I spoke  
To pretentiously,  
And a small needle  
Punctured my soft skin.

I lay now, shredded  
Bits of torn rubber  
Are carried away...  
Air is what remains.

Sense never misses  
A chance to destroy  
Superficiality

Lazarus Knix

# Enemy

Rest, dear enemy, rest.  
A foe thee are no more.  
Your all rebellious zest  
Has been suppressed, and yet,  
I weep for thee,  
My enemy,  
My counterpart in war.

For every victory,  
That you had seized from me,  
Served as an awakening  
To my own mistakes-  
You, You, my enemy,  
Have truly made me great.

Beneath the hate you hold,  
Appreciate your foes.

Lazarus Knix

# Eternal Re-Occurance

Some day to, I shall return,  
A path I've traced yet do not know.  
I shall speak this verse again once more,  
With searing vigor and ardor-,  
Upon seas of sand, an endless plateau,  
As reason melts assumptive snow;  
Where freedom combusts and beeswax burns.

Like a circle I consume myself,  
With ravenous taste for the unknown,  
Yet, what I've found is nothing new;  
Born to flee, and died to pursue,  
A future I do not condone,  
A past I've reaped, yet haven't sewn,  
While the present shadowed, dormant, enstealthed.

Atlas of an infinity,  
Crushed beneath the weight of my being.  
This, now, Is but a gate  
To a quite familiar interstate...  
Yet I shake my head, disagreeing  
That time is but an ovular meeting  
Nietzsche preaches the non-virginity  
Of a life, yet, at least I wish  
I wander once, then rest in bliss.

Lazarus Knix

# Excruciating

When I see-  
The depth of  
Your beauty-  
I see the shallowness  
Within myself.  
The lanky,  
Scraggly haired  
Youth that I am.  
All eyes that  
Meet mine are  
Derived from  
Sympathy,  
Or, perhaps  
Curiosity,  
Of why I walk  
That way-  
Awkwardly with  
My head hung.

When I hear-  
The richness  
Of your voice  
(Like wind chimes)  
I tend to  
Evaluate mine,  
And blush deeply  
Like a stop sign-  
Brushed over with  
Black paint-  
And placed  
In a parking lot  
Where no soul  
Ever goes.

When my eyes  
Meet yours  
(Indeed like flesh  
Clashing with a  
Heated sword)

I burn through  
You with words  
Of Apathy-  
And yet, a silent  
Dystrophy builds  
Inside of me-  
The jester,  
The joker,  
Are all any  
Are able to see.  
My essence eludes  
Your eyes-  
How excruciating.

Lazarus Knix

# Exhale When You Are Clean

The heart of a soul is passion,  
It's pulsation- action,  
Flooding the veins of our future.

The fire of beauty is on fingertips.  
Into such a powerful palate we dip-  
A mind in the absence of ego

The wisdom of an exhale  
Is cradled in the inhale,  
Breathe drawn in from  
A gentle breeze of thought.

Lazarus Knix

# Failure Is A Fiendish Fear

If I could walk with Aristotle,  
Beneath the trees of Greece,  
I would, for the sake of honor,  
Command my tongue to cease.

And if I could converse with Frost,  
Beside a pasture spring,  
I would have my lips ripped off,  
So I may gain something.

For in a Wise man's company,  
I often lose the wealth,  
Which could be gained by inquiry,  
Instead of proving myself....  
Out of insecurities

Failure is a fiendish fear-  
Tamed only by a tight throat,  
And open ears

Lazarus Knix



# Fatal Error

It dangles  
In front of  
My eager eyes.  
A reward,  
A gift,  
No compromise.  
An immediate  
Pleasure-  
I am stealing from  
No one,  
I am buying  
From no  
Businessman-  
Just joy given  
By God's willing hands.

I clench my jaw  
Around the prize-  
When, too late,  
I discovered it  
Was a fake,  
A hook of sorts-  
Bringing me  
Upwards-  
Into terror,  
Within this  
Frozen silence,  
I see white light-  
And my fatal error.

Lazarus Knix

# Father

You carried me through fields of wheat  
'Twear noise tread naught and silence sweet  
In the placid lakes of spring, you dwell  
Father

Yet winter came one moon, and lo-  
It's aura met, you cursed the glow  
Beneath our stars, I bade fair well-  
Father

And as the sun set, sound and swift  
Beneath the shadows of your gift  
I'd not the mind to hear nor tell  
Father

Perhaps one night, We'll greet the moon  
-May shed no tears to an early June  
Turn your sands, and I as well-  
Father.

Lazarus Knix

# Filenotfound

Nightmare Sequence activate  
Booting chaos simulation  
Control file found.../Erase

Open programs- dread, disgrace  
Buffer mental resignation  
Nightmare Sequence Activate.

Command host/ V E N E R A T E!  
[stasis-silence integration]  
Control file found/ Erase

Restrained emotion- innate  
/LOOP- prophetic revelations  
Nightmare Sequence Activate

Risk of lucidity- OK?  
Execute intensity augmentation  
Control File found/ Erase

NOW LOADING...PLEASE WAIT  
[Launch anxiety manifestation]  
Nightmare Sequence Activate  
Control File Found/Erase.

ENTER

Lazarus Knix

## Finish What I Could

The woods on either side of me  
Are beautified by dark,  
They seem to stretch eternally  
Around the path I walk.

Now just to give some stark contrast  
Between my road and woods,  
The woods lie next to where I stand  
-And shall remain for good.

The winding road on which I walk  
Is tedious and plain,  
The underfoot is plated rock,  
Sharpened by disdain.

I often wish I had the nerve  
To wonder through the woods  
But I fear that I won't return  
To finish what I could.

Lazarus Knix

# Firelives

Soaring radiant rainbows,  
Shot against the sky,  
Descend like wounded angles,  
Burning as they die.

And soon as darkness settles,  
All serenades are done,  
A concentrated moonbeam,  
Ignites another one.

The fireworks which light our nights,  
Are not unlike souls met in life.  
A blaze of varying magnificence,  
Followed by one equal silence.

Lazarus Knix

# Forcefield

I am becoming an adult.  
In this becoming, I realize,  
That all beauty bears a force field.  
The sun, it's fiery focus,  
The moon, her white, spectral distance,  
-Snowflakes, their ephemeral guile-  
A woman....her friends.

Lazarus Knix

# Gentle Wheel.

Headless snakes of flowery white  
Amass beneath the moon tonight  
They draw no fangs, nor lunge to bite  
Though I believe their venom might  
Be stored within the silver light  
They keep, out of a strong contrite

For what may fly beside the moon  
(She who makes even devils swoon)  
Without envy coming into  
A time one would call opportune  
To sing a melancholy tune  
About how life's unfair, untrue

So poison is the light they steal  
From what the moon wills to reveal  
They spread, and try to conceal  
The lunar angles strong appeals  
For us to turn from earthly zeal  
And be like her, a gentle wheel

Lazarus Knix

# Glass

When doubt encroaches on my heart  
And summons failures from the past  
I'm whisked into a world apart  
This little land of polished glass.

And now the world is transparent  
I see silhouettes sailing by  
And people free from arrogance-  
No bitter words to criticize.

And clear white castles in the clouds  
Which keep my dreams and fantasies  
Have gates ajar like outstretched arms  
I fly to them with wide-spanned wings

Yet before I step inside  
The real world rears it's ugly face  
Oh how these glass-made fantasies  
Are so simple to break.

Lazarus Knix



# God Deemed The World An Acrobat

God deemed the World an acrobat-  
And quite the agile one, at that-  
Upon an oval ring, He sat-  
The Earth on a trapeze.

The comets dashed a rhino's run-  
Which weaved within a blackness spun-  
Around the juggling circus sun-  
Oh what a show He leads!

The starmen sported clownish suits-  
Of luminescent hats and boots  
They load their cannons full and shoot-  
Themselves across the sky

While on a ball mankind was sat-  
With freedom forced upon his back  
I lay still on the ground, and ask-  
"Why do stars hang so high? "

For I must strike a match to glow-  
Like starlight mirrored in the snow-  
And If I want a woman's hold-  
I toil day and day.

Yet you are born of Godly kin-  
With careless eyes and rainbow skin-  
Oh circus with a skylight grin-  
I'll dance with you someday.

Lazarus Knix

# Gold

Autumn's sleepless anarchy,  
Burns within my soul,  
The green of youth has left in me,  
And given way to gold.

The placid birds of warmth retreat,  
The Black Bear dozes on his beat,  
The leaves of bliss that time had kept,  
Chatter with knowledge, questions, death.

The soil of tranquility,  
Has hardened in the cold,  
The green of youth has left in me,  
And given way to gold.

Lazarus Knix

# Good Is Often Too Alone

In this desecrated wood  
Petrified by stone.  
Fireflies have not withstood,  
Winter's white cyclone.

In this desecrated lake  
A sickened surface stares.  
Vision cannot penetrate  
The deepness of despair.

Near this desecrated path  
Ravens you may find.  
Echoes of their shallow laughs,  
Tantalize the mind.

And in this desecrated wood  
Petrified by stone.  
The only tree that stands for good-  
Forever, stands alone.

Lazarus Knix

## Growing Up.

My wish is that these tall street poles-  
(So marred by time they scarcely glow)  
Would regenerate there light,  
And re-acquaint themselves with night,  
As to reveal this daunting road.

The first part of my walk was day,  
I didn't need to know a way-  
For the sun which wet the sky,  
Illuminated each street sign,  
In a flowing golden blaze.

Oh! That time was so far back,  
My baby teeth weren't gone (in fact) ,  
Until I was whisked away,  
To march within a man's brigade-  
And struggle just to keep intact.

We like to call our reason "Light",  
But as for me, I name it "Night",  
For every viewpoint, and decision,  
Requires there own uncertain revisions-  
In a truly adult life.

Lazarus Knix

# Haiku

Tape worms settle in-  
Grit corrodes marred memories-  
Perpetual plight.

Lazarus Knix

# Hands

T-I beat my fists in hate-

P-You are the arbiter of agony

M-So I dismiss, with apathy

R-My oft-hidden desire

P-For fantasy dances with you

T-This is a firm statement

P-Yours is the despot of disarray

M-From whom which, I walk away

R-Into introversion -

P-So I may toy with fables

Do you see, how you run

From my pinkie, to my thumb?

Lazarus Knix

## Heaven.....?

Heaven, eternal happiness!  
Never to expire!  
Millennia upon moments-  
Spent strumming a wooden lyre

Heaven, encompassing light  
Amongst each and other,  
Floating free on fuchsia fluff  
Blowing kisses to one another

Heaven, like the evergreens!  
Calm and all one state!  
Yet pen\*\*\*s do not exist-  
There's no need to masturbate.

Heaven, eternal knowledge-  
Tranquility is the limit,  
Desire not to eat or nap-  
Have fun being limit committed-  
I'd rather go to hell.

Lazarus Knix

# Her Way

Haven't you seen her as she goes?  
With footprints white as Eskimos  
And lips so soft as rabbit toes  
Which flutter when she says hello?

And did you see the way she went?  
Without one ounce of arrogance?  
She leaves a man in full content  
Yet nothing more, and nothing less.

And did you see the way she came!  
Or were you blinded by her ways-  
You froze, She fled, you curse you name  
And pray that she shall come again

Lazarus Knix



# Highway Of Wheat.

Under a strip of moonlight,  
Which divides a highway of wheat  
With it's persistent candled glow,  
Sits a place where I once lived.

Now I have turned 18  
And all I hear are hurried "go's"  
Yet I don't yearn for going-  
My heart thirsts for a home.

I see the curves and lips  
Of womanhood in my peers, ah-  
Their eyes soften into rivers  
Their tongues fork into snakes

Student's scurry like mice  
"This university, or that? "  
Autumn's breeze scatters leaves away-  
As I cling to my heart.

Under a strip of moonlight  
Which divides a highway of wheat  
With it's persistent, candled glow  
Sits a place that has gone.

Lazarus Knix

# Hourglass

A glass woman

Whispers sweetly-

"Turn me over,

So that you

May see

The burdens

I carry."

I reply

"I'm aware-

For every burden

On you,

Is a burden

On me."

Lazarus Knix

# How The Jailbirds.

I have left  
To take a  
Stroll in spring

Perhaps to  
Sleep beneath  
A shady tree

And listen  
To sparrows  
Gossiping

Oh, how  
The jailbirds  
Envy me.

Freedom  
Is the most  
Luscious of luxury.

Lazarus Knix

# How To Search For Poetry

That little

Sparrow

Hops cautiously

Through grass-

(Blade-to-blade)

And pecks-

(Determined)

At the

Dirt

Beneath his

Crooked

Feet,

Until

A

(Worthwhile)

Worm is

Plucked

From it's

Hiding space.

This has  
Shown me  
How to search  
For poetry.

Lazarus Knix

# Human Tree

I climbed upon the human tree  
To find a lasting branch for me.  
I sat upon a limb, and \*snap\* -  
It seems one arm can't hold a man.

Lazarus Knix

# Hypochondriac

Dependent on imagination,  
A harsh fluctuation,  
Of fears linking, like  
A firm handshake  
Between good friends.  
Rocking the mind  
With notions of  
Future demise,  
From lethargy-  
To panic.  
Concave-  
To convex.

Happiness is unobtainable,  
(A reminder of  
What one shall lose)  
Obsession is not containable-  
Rather a screaming beast,  
A savage wolf's horrific howls  
(Evoking dread)  
Echoing through the mind's  
Various canals of thought.

One acts how he thinks  
I think of death,  
Therefore, do nothing,  
Instead. This takes one  
To the brink  
Of insanity-  
(Palpable)  
Of angst..

Weather the manifestation  
Of fears, or,  
The product of an overactive  
Mind, I am not aligned  
With youth, there is  
No youth to time,  
There is No youth

In demise.

Lazarus Knix



# I Am Coming, I Am Leaving.

I sit on a bench  
And gaze towards the  
Sea of dagger-sticks.  
I am observing a winter  
Leaf clinging to a tree-limb,  
Alone, had the frost not taken him?  
My eyes catch a hidden pine cone  
Resting in the leaves-  
He and I have things in common.  
I am staring towards the sun  
He signs "farewell" in orange mist-  
It is dark now, I must go home.

Lazarus Knix

# I Am Sisyphus

You ask me, what is  
The glue of lovers so young?  
I say, it is this-

A Harshly arched hill,  
In an eternal snow globe.  
Jived by their shakings.

Passionate pulses-  
Of the heart, thumping between  
Love and hate, Yin, Yang,

A rise, a descent  
But rarely an achievement,  
Due to youth's pan-curse,

Which is a forethought,  
Left in the deep dust wells of  
Judgment, choosing flame

Over reason, but  
Flame leads to ice, and up, all-  
Ripe with gravity.

We move from lover,  
To nothing, and back again  
But still continue,

To push. Reaching the  
Summit, we are choked with fear,  
Gagging out the words-

I am Sisyphus  
Your heart is my own boulder-  
Love's repetition.

Lazarus Knix

# I Believe The Sky Is Lit By Wasps.

I firmly believe-

The sky is lit by crimson wasps,

With the pollen of the sun-

Drawn into their long abdomens.

Like caffeine maids they scurry

On wings of vaporous light,

Pollinating the universe

With iridescent ichors,

So bold, budding and bright.

God is a beekeeper, (so I know)

And heaven is a sweet honeycomb

Hung onto the amber skyline,

Which ever burns with the buzzing-

Of beauty.

Lazarus Knix

# I Cannot Seem To Figure Out

His hollow, black eyes  
Have locked onto mine.  
With slow, cautious footsteps  
And upright incline  
He advances.  
A lagging tail behind him,  
Looping, entrances  
Me like a hypnotist.

His upturned ears  
Flare back-  
And I,  
Not wanting to attract  
Any negative attention  
Step back.  
And evaluate my position-  
To remain nature's king,  
Or to stay hidden  
Within stillness.

As uncertainty builds,  
Terror does as well,  
And all the grotesque  
Visions soon infest  
My mentality,  
Fictional thoughts  
Soon manifest a  
Grimmer reality-  
In which I live.

I imagine the claw,  
The feign,  
The fang,  
Followed by the  
Pat of bloodstains  
Upon my carpet.

Before the horror  
Can devour me further-

I feel a pressure on  
My leg-  
It is a kitten,  
Purring-  
His tail turned  
Into a question mark-  
As if to ask what  
The fuss  
Was about.  
This-  
I cannot seem to figure out.

Lazarus Knix

# I Have

I have walked through woods of terror  
I've felt the sadist Ivy  
Constrict me with endeavors.

I've watched the moonlight die  
With a dawn absent behind me,  
I've bid each sparrow swift goodbye.

I have felt a howling heat  
Penetrate the canopy  
Of trees where I rest beneath.

I've slept cold, longed to be dead-  
When suddenly a stark screech  
Rose me from my deepest dread.

If for these cases, dreams are better-  
I have walked through woods of terror.

Lazarus Knix

# I Move Through Your Eyes

I move through your eyes

Like existence to the future

Ever constant tide,

Savage persistence

I move through your eyes

Unknowing and knowingly,

Every object is an emerald gaze,

A judgment, a gauge.

I move through your eyes

Everywhere I am I place you

Your presence accumulates

Like clustered snowflakes

I move through your eyes

Yet you are always still

In mine.

Lazarus Knix

# I Never Grow Weary

The orange edge of dawn  
Settles whitely upon  
The quaint frosted lake  
In November, again.

The thick forest outside  
Our abandoned city  
Is littered with  
Sleeping pinecones, I-  
Count their buried bodies in the  
Sheet of snow, smiling.

Thousands of poems  
Written like this-  
Thousands of lives  
Lived like mine-  
Yet I never grow weary  
Of writing them,  
-Of living.

Lazarus Knix



# I Seek Not

I'm listening to the crickets singing.  
Their songs coax me toward certain directions.  
While all ideas of earthly perfections,  
Echo through the midnight wood.

I'm listening to the cicadas hiss.  
Dark rattlesnakes of the treetops call, yet,  
One luminous star I follow instead  
I seek not to be understood.

I never chase things parallel-  
Straight lines do not suit me well.

Lazarus Knix

# I Think I Know What

Make a bud

Blossom Early, to get

The first whiff.

Hide it from

The bumblebees,

The daylight,

The

Voice

Of the springtime

Pick it, And plant it

In your permanent garden

For awhile, and

Then bring it back

To it's family

"We were just talking"

Say....Say...Say...

Early blossoms

Are quick to close again

Are quick to ask

Where do I belong?

I think I know

What molestation is.

Lazarus Knix

# I Think Of The Word

I think of the word  
"Humanity" and quickly  
Move to Autumn

Our destiny is  
Beauty felt while falling, short  
Autumns are deepest.

You say a word, and  
I hear summer, a fervor  
For recognition-

While you walk away  
I mutter "Winter", for frost  
Lives in loneliness.

When I recall you  
And your memory, I feel  
Spring in it's rebirth.

Silence  
Here  
Silence

Lazarus Knix

# Iced Tea

Stark citrus mussels,  
The taste of powdered sugar,  
I wretch in disgust.

Lazarus Knix

# Importance

What is our God?  
Certainly, it is  
The surface of things.

A face askew-  
With crimson acne,  
And no muscle mass,  
Shall never be beautiful  
In the blind eyes  
Of society.

We are told  
To walk with  
Our head high-  
By those who  
Insult us.  
We aren't given  
Much to be  
Proud of  
Today.

We can escape  
Society only  
By running  
Into loneliness.  
Yet even in this, we  
Cannot Escape ourselves-  
We may never  
Escape judgment-  
Even if we must  
Be the one's who give it.

Which is why  
A poem is so  
Important.

Cliche as it may be,  
I lack the wisdom to  
Explain it any another way.

Lazarus Knix

# In Gardens

I have know that nitid song,  
Which pens a sonnet in the east.  
Watch it whirl like a sarong,  
And tame the blackened boundless beast.

I have held it as a babe,  
Within my crippled sight.  
The pendulum of fragile earth-  
Seasons, Hours, Night.

Lazarus Knix



# In Shadows Streetlights Cannot Lift

In shadows streetlights cannot lift,  
Where shape is garbed by silhouettes,  
The treetops tremble, bend, and twist.

Tabby cats tussle and hiss,  
Ravens eye their mute footsteps,  
In shadows streetlights cannot lift.

And where the moon and darkness kiss,  
Twilight soars, but higher yet-  
The treetops tremble, bend and twist.

Grass blades shiver in the mist,  
Tantalized by wind's onset,  
In shadows streetlights cannot lift.

Nightfall alone, ego dismissed-  
And as I kneel to repent,  
The treetops tremble, bend and twist.

Day may be lax, but dark insists,  
And abyss is always most content-  
In shadows street lights cannot lift-  
The treetops tremble, bend and twist.

Lazarus Knix

# Inhabit-Ants

On a black lot  
Matted with  
Broken heroin needles,  
Four young boys  
(Two shirtless)  
Slouch below a  
Bent parking meter.

In the parched soil  
Sun-Baking behind  
Stands a cone-molded  
Anthill-  
It's inhabit-ants converge  
Beneath the carcasses  
Of decomposing crickets,  
And carry them away.

Sparrows hop between  
The beer bottles and  
Drunken litter work,  
Picking at soft, arched  
Nest-twigs.

The green canopy above  
Mocks the powerless  
Sunlight.

A skateboard  
Rolls and rickets under  
The boys torn sneaker-  
He inhales and spits.

Lazarus Knix

# Insect

The earth's mutters  
Softly beneath  
Your feet.

My words are  
Curtailed by  
Materialism.

Ours is the moth  
To an open sun-  
What I desire,

Yet,

Do not pursue-  
Even insects  
Know limits.

Lazarus Knix

## Introvert.

Today's a day to stay indoors,  
And shuffle slowly on the floor,  
To count the tiles on the wall,  
And watch a widow's silken fall.

Today's a day to turn within,  
To ponder peace and human sin,  
And though I keep well to my kin-  
Knock, and I shall let you in.

Lazarus Knix

# It's Christmas At The Sea

It's Christmas at the sea.  
Oryan cradles a newborn star  
Within his ancient palms,  
Cautiously perching it  
Upon the deep pinnacle of midnight.

Below, a frenzy-  
Calamitous tides in bright, soaring chorus  
(O come O come Emanuel)  
Richer than the veins of God,  
Unite the shattered currents  
Beneath a Buddhist moon.

Twelve gulls carol in wavering darkness,  
A lighthouse beckons the citadel of the sun.

Dawn,  
(Nature's first gift)  
Wrapped in bows of gentle crimson,  
Unravels before us  
Like lavender yarn.

Freedom, her second-  
Is the sea itself.  
Direction, unity, motion, inexhaustable freedom...  
And life-  
Oceanic life.

Lazarus Knix

# Jester's Love

Idealistic congregation,  
Olive branches carried-  
Within the beaks of Ravens.

Gnostic hearts,  
Trojan horses grazing-  
Upon Caustic thoughts.

Fledgling scope-  
Directed towards a puddle,  
Porting hope-  
And dropping Anchor.

Yet in truth-  
Is an Iliad, nothing less.  
Oceanic;  
Placid, arduous, eternal;  
Together in Unity.

Lazarus Knix

# Just A Friend, And Progression

Some men are lovers of a tide.  
The jurisdiction in it's flow-  
Is great enough to give a rise  
To those grasped by the undertow.

And others crave the hymns of birds.  
Those strategists within the trees-  
Are all too eager to assure  
That daily meals will come with ease

But I am of a simpler folk.  
Quite well enough with just a friend-  
With whom I can tell silly jokes,  
And watch the Autumn leaves descend.

Lazarus Knix

# Leaves Off To Tour The World

There's something dark about a leaf,  
Hidden in the tip of it's skull.  
Which taps the street so graciously  
And sends crinkles about your block  
Just long enough to make notice.

You always catch them off your guard,  
A shriveled banner of crimson  
Waving in the mid-autumn sun.  
Not for any cause or nation  
But in self- patriotism.

If you attempt to run with it,  
The wind spurs back some other way.  
What makes the freest spirits stay?  
Nothing, they're off when they leave branch;  
To tour the world, to die in it.

Had I been given the offer;  
Eternity in standing still,  
I wonder if I would take it,  
Or kindly refuse the contract,  
And step outside of the garden-

Like they do, every autumn time.  
Many leaves, off to tour the world.  
To sacrifice their hanging peace.  
To see what motion has to grant.  
Many leaves, out to tour the world,  
To tour the world, to die in it.

Lazarus Knix



## Lines For April Rain

Oh long and pelting April rain,  
Which courts the grass and window panes,  
And lines the sky with thunder light-  
(Which stops the sparrows in mid-flight)  
Wicked bullets of the night-  
Inhibiting my rest.

Could not the clouds flee well afar?  
Would willows wonder where they are?  
Or red rose moan, and complain-  
Without the interrupting rain?  
Such arrogance I have displayed!  
A storm is nature's guest.

Lazarus Knix

# Little Distraction

I am reliant,

Upon vacant  
Stares,

Cast upward  
At,

The clouds  
Clotting,

Soft sky-

Blue Birds soar  
There,

They sing as  
Well,

I mold my  
Mind,

To the tales  
They tell.

Lazarus Knix

# Little Ever Comes

Little ever comes of a sort of lucid dream  
Where you transform into a slab of self aware ice-cream  
Sitting idle on a sidewalk, sizzled by the sun-  
Adjacent to a mini-mart of ants and other bugs.

Portly men shall trample thee, of this there is no doubt  
And scrape your remnants off their shoes with tools they'd use to grout  
A dog might urinate on you and make an awful mix  
Of yellow liquid with a bit of choc-o-late chip mint.

In due time your form will reach that goody, mushy stage  
Where insects lick your body up and carry you away,  
Any bit that's left untouched by other living things  
Will seep within the sewer drains until awakening.

Lazarus Knix

# Look Before Loving?

Look before you love-  
I've always been told,  
Yet when I  
Explore your figure-  
And study the blemishes  
On an imperfect face-  
The clothing you choose,  
(Torn and soot saturated)  
Eyes wrinkled with fatigue,  
I'm filled with my  
Own cynical observations.

Love blinds,  
(So it is said)  
Yet what if love  
Is choosing to simply  
Shut one's eyes to preference,  
Voluntarily?  
To call every man neighbor  
By duty.

When I gaze at something  
So powerful as the sun-  
I shut my eyes as to not  
Cause hurt to myself.  
I shall do the same  
For love, and for others.

Lazarus Knix

# Lost

One sigh releases  
Dandelion parachutes  
Above an ocean.

The sea's bitter tongue  
Leaps enthusiastically  
To devour them.

Coarse sand is swallowed  
In a circular junction,  
From going to gone-

And back once again,  
Yet an ocean always keeps  
The things you give it.

Lazarus Knix

# Love

Love

(!)

(...)

(?)

(!)

(-><-)

(X)

(.....)

(->(X) <-)

: ~)

Lazarus Knix

# Love Is Found In Footsteps.

"I cannot fall in love"  
Said a girl to me  
One hazy autumn day.

"I cannot see it now,  
Happening, ever..."  
I answered in my heart-

"If a soft, fragile cloud  
Can suppress the sun  
Beneath it's weightless breast....

And if the leaves return  
From dark dust each spring,  
To soften in the fall...

So may your steps in time  
Mellow your hard heart  
Into light..... into love.

Lazarus Knix

# Make

I've noticed that a dropp of rain  
Shall settle upon anything  
Which is why my  
Love is april.  
The beating of a heart  
Is not enough to shake  
The love that  
You and I  
Make

But gravity-  
The enemy  
Of lovers.  
The weight of the world.  
A raindropp get's large  
Yet so does it's burden  
It's beautiful burden-  
Itself.  
The years in love,  
Often push one out of love  
Because they hang from  
A flat surface  
Of selfishness

But my love settles on your love  
The beating of a heart  
Is not enough to shake  
The love that  
You and I  
Make.

Lazarus Knix



# Meekness

There is a place upon my desk  
Of Almond Chester wood,  
Which humbly holds a handsome chest  
That I have locked for good.

No, not to keep the others out  
Yet rather, to contain-  
Some poems that I've penned about,  
The victories of my name.

Lazarus Knix

# Mental Knitting

Our needles,  
Pass though,  
The threads,  
Of fantasy.

Our Fingers,  
Tie truth-  
Weave into,  
Mental tapestry.

The thread,  
Blood red,  
From veins,  
Of imagination.

Fantasy is,  
A minds,  
Method of,  
Retaliation.

Lazarus Knix

# Mind Masturbation

When a man speaks, he ejaculates  
When a man writes, he masturbates  
The semen of a heart is infinitely finite.  
Silence buds within like lusting twilight  
As a poem's evolution to womanhood.

In tragedy her curves are arched,  
Each sigh-  
A widening bulls eye-  
Your words, the darts-  
And as your heart marches through the dark  
If you deny yourself the light  
Of your lust for her, (the lust to write)  
It is no sin of incompetence  
Simply poetical reconnaissance.

Lazarus Knix

# Moments Pass As Rain Drops

Long opal rain  
Licking my rooftop-  
Sounds similar to  
Brewing fine coffee.

The amber tongue of  
The sun  
Waits  
Beneath heavy clouds,  
Yearning to burst  
From it's uterus.

Bitter gray mist;  
Amethyst perfume of  
The ocean sky  
Sinks into my  
Nostrils- A scent  
Saturated with salt.

I sit, in-ambulatory-  
Watching water race  
Down the glass,  
Gathering at the  
Bottom of my  
Window.  
Moments pass  
as rain drops.

Lazarus Knix

# My Dandelion

My dandelion,  
Wears a body  
Of mantis green,  
And a wig  
Of sea foam white.

My dandelion,  
Lives by the ocean,  
On a small plot  
Of cardboard grass-  
Beside a fence.

She was a weed....  
In spring.  
Now November,  
I do not have anything....  
No swaying flowers but-

My dandelion...

Lazarus Knix

# My Dream Lives

The kitten snoozing on my couch,  
Dreams of catching her own mouse.  
Heaven knows she's happy there,  
For in her dreams, they're everywhere!

And when I go to sleep tonight,  
(All though I might not dream of mice)  
I'll dream a dream of seeing you,  
And when I wake, it will come true.

Some may say dreams end with us,  
Like bikes in rain, with time, they rust,  
Yet every day, my dream's renewed,  
For my dream lives- within you.

Lazarus Knix

# My Last Attempt At Algebra

If A be one and B be Two  
And pattern does predict,  
Then clearly just the letter Z  
Would equal twenty six!

Yet when teachers say to solve  
For mystery X and Y,  
They always seem a bit distraught  
If I shout "Forty Nine! "

Lazarus Knix

# My Love

My love for you is like the breeze.  
A crisp and flowing elegy-  
Which pets the willow so softly.  
And carries kites beyond the trees.

Now if my force begins to dim.  
I love you still as I did then.  
I only pause so I may mend-  
My wounds, so I can love again

Lazarus Knix



# My Paycheck Rearranged

Pay is void  
If labor is absent  
This statement must not be  
Reversed.

Lazarus Knix

# Never Love As Robins Do

Never love as Robins do-  
Fleeing from the frost.  
When Oaks are jade, remain with you  
In winter they are lost.

For love is not eternal spring  
gilded in the past  
A surface dwindles down, away-  
It's beauty never lasts.

Lazarus Knix

# Nihlists? Nihlists! Nihlists...

The reason why I write this-  
Is because I'm now a nihilist.  
If you dislike the rhyme-verse,  
I don't mind the mildest.

In fact, I was reminded,  
To remember I'm a nihilist,  
Because I read the fine print-  
In a nihilist digest.

Don't try to subscribe-  
Only one's been contrived.  
'Twas written by a guy,  
Whose chicken choked-  
And died.

So he decided to (In chickens honor) -  
Open up a nihilist zoo.  
And all the monkeys would ever do,  
Is demean the art of flinging poo,  
And hyenas only went Boo Hoo! , ,  
And the llamas spat, but wouldn't chew!  
The cows weren't in the mood to moo,  
So the zoo's roof soon fell through,  
But nobody even ever knew-  
(As it was open just from one too two)

So the guys decided-  
(because they are such nihilists)  
They simply would refuse that,  
Their zoo's a pile of garbage,  
And quickly got to publishing-  
A digest of denials.

So they wrote, wrote, wrote,  
And suspended nihilism,  
To lift the blame from them.  
And, after then-  
Went back to being nihilists again.

Lazarus Knix

# North For The Winter

It's too dark to see the duck outside.

November, sure, a month of frozen cysts

And austere landscapes littered with

Firefly Carcasses, Trees bending sharply

To reach for their plighted children, weeping

Violently, exhaling violently, sighing violently.

I enjoying telling them sadistically-

"Thanks for the oxygen"

It's so cold,

I'm sorry I've sidetracked.

There is always one duck

Sitting calmly in my yard, surrounded

By bird feces and cricket semen,

Watching the moon devour the Earth

In a sort of zen-like state. The death of

A planet, the death of light, is regular to him, a keeper

Of existence (he deals with these things often)

Mother told me madly- "WHY DO YOU THINK

IT'S DOESN'T ECHO! IT IS TAKEN AWAY

EATEN! EATEN! " I wish she hadn't died so suddenly

She could've told me what she didn't mean.

It's so cold,

I'm sorry I've sidetracked.

He waits for the moon's

Opal breath to swat at

The fountain urinating water,

Creating an anti-rainbow, which opens

At three AM sharp,

he yells...he goes HANK!

-And suddenly it starts snowing,

Snowing large, oyster like crystals

Like mad, (albeit for only a moment or two)

That rest precariously on everything but

His frayed feathers.

Suddenly it is winter now.

The aroma of pine eradicates

Any traces of love, activity, sex.

And the duck flies away, finally.

North. North for the winter.

Lazarus Knix

# Not All Woods

Not all forests grow so large  
And lesser still grow lush  
Yet even in a scattered wood  
There lives a deepness understood  
Beneath the underbrush

And yes, there are no perfect waves  
That ride on stallion tides.  
But every force which carries weight  
And fits it's flow to what it takes  
Is life that should be prized.

You needn't set the world on fire  
To be a flame one should admire.

Lazarus Knix



# Nothing, Nothing, Could Be Clearer...

Abyss has never ventured nearer!  
Horror, cloaked in tainted glass-  
Reflecting terror, midnight's mirror...

The stars convulse- vomit, wither!  
Birdsong stops- shadows dance,  
Abyss has never ventured nearer!

Reflecting terror, midnights mirror...  
Shows my soul- writhing in a dark romance!  
Nothing, Nothing, could be clearer...

No witchdoctor, nor faith healer  
Could un-forge this fate flame-cast  
Reflecting terror, midnights mirror...

I weep! In vain I beg beneath her!  
While an envy looms above my past  
Abyss has never ventured nearer!  
Reflecting terror, midnight's mirror...

...Nothing, Nothing, could be clearer.

Lazarus Knix

# Ode To My Dying Cactus (Rough Draft)

Oh my most enduring cactus!  
With more thorns than my years!  
I shall water you for the last time  
It shall be with my tears!

I recall the joy you gave us!  
A representation of love's endurance...  
(And the ferocity it may bring)  
I vividly remember, when my senile  
Grandmother placed you by the  
Light switch, and mother, In a fit  
Of anger over some lost remote,  
Or sheer grumpiness, smacked  
What she thought was the switch!  
She screamed so loud, you would  
Think the claws of hell had impaled her heart!

And I remember the hours put into  
Removing your teeth from her  
Palm, consoling her, soothing her agony-  
Yet we never blamed you, dear cactus!  
Only ourselves.

You did not ask for much  
(In fact, it didn't look like you wanted much either)  
Just a place to stand, a pot to grow in,  
And a once and a while accidental high five- how do ya do?  
You lived in front of numerous light switches  
Slept often by the handle of the microwave  
Even made your way into our bathroom once!  
(I'd rather not speak of that one)  
But ode to you, my dying cactus,  
Ode to each and every thorn!  
Ode to the memories you left us  
For you depart at morn.

Lazarus Knix

# Ode To My Long Dead Gerbil.

Mr. snuffles was the runt of the litter.  
We kept him simply out of sympathy,  
When his cage mates savagely attacked him-  
In the little blue castle he loved so much.

So we moved the two interlopers out,  
And let him be the king of that blue castle-  
We filled it with fluff, and poppy seeds,  
And a wheel tainted with rust.

And so, we forgot about him,  
And I guess him us-  
He slept, emerged, drank, returned  
And so did we.

Now and then, we'd play the spectator,  
Beckon him with tap-tap-taps on the window  
And, if we were lucky, he would grace us  
With a protruding pink nose  
As if to say "I am doing fine! "  
And return to his rest.

He grew old, and waddled out of his  
Castle less and less frequently (although a conundrum when he did)  
Covered from sole to crown with fluff,  
And poppy seeds.  
Eyes drooping, fatigued.

One day he died I guess.  
We took him out back, and gave him  
A little gravestone with "Mr Snuffles"  
Painted on it, a blue castle-  
So he could die how he lived.

I shed a tear or two, but he faded  
Until now, I decided to revive him,  
You see.  
Although this poem is quite pointless,  
The memory is reason enough.

Lazarus Knix

# Of Wishes

What lures a mind to lethargy?  
What dulls a golden wit?  
What corrodes the clarity,  
Of thoughts distinguished?  
It is a man's distractions,  
Time spent in bleak complaints.  
Tis' slow, inactive anguish,  
Which brings one to restraint.

A pessimist's analysis,  
Invoked in introversion,  
Is but a black paralysis,  
A sinister cohesion,  
Of thoughts tarred-and feathered,  
By one's inactivity,  
Where idleness and failure,  
Meet in matrimony.

For every single second spent,  
Resting by the fire,  
One is further distanced,  
From obtaining his desires.  
A man has never gained success  
With just a will to wonder,  
So Rise, Rise, Rise against!  
Against each empty, vague romance-  
Against the entropic, armless dance  
Against days spent, fruitlessly fishing  
In a barren sea of wasteful wishing.

Lazarus Knix

## Old Age.

My shadow leaps across the street,  
And rests upon a slender tree.  
It's limbs are bent down in an ark,  
By some wind song after dark.

His arms can't grasp the moon drenched sky,  
Yet I guess him twice the age as I.  
Beneath this sweet metallic light,  
I count each moment of the night.

And so does he- but without haste,  
As I romp and bark, then dissipate.  
For my days are short, full and free,  
While time- his chains, hang heavily.

I have pondered the tree's philosophy  
"Longevity within standing still! "  
Yet an anchored life is agony  
'Least wisdom be one's only will.

I'll take his nature up one day-  
For now I jump, bleed and play.

Lazarus Knix

## On Aiding An Old Woman.

Like a ball-chain and prisoner we walked.  
I, the ankle, and her, the hard iron  
So stubbornly attached to me, that I-  
Shortened my long, leaping legs with each pace-  
To a creeping tip-toe on the sidewalk.  
Her light footsteps, still unnaturally  
Quick, patted the earth like the leaves about us,  
Wrinkled and gray in hue, disconnected-  
From the source of their livelihood, their branch.

The Autumn wind was working against her,  
Pushing the dark coat off of her shoulders.  
I knelt down to aid her, painstakingly,  
I dressed her fragile body in fabric  
"It is too cold" she murmured, I thought not.  
Autumn was a show to me, as for her-  
It was a reminder of the winter.

Slowly we made our way into the church,  
As worshipers shot disapproving stares.  
Ah, the oh-so over pious that think,  
The ends mean more than the effort, their walk  
Is nothing but a brisk "inconvenience"  
While hers was the pilgrimage to Mecca,  
A harsh, slow trek through bitter terrain  
In time, in cold, In dissonance, in pain.

As we made our way out into the yard,  
The evergreens danced in a white-whirlwind  
With whips of sunlight tickling their branches  
Far above the green, swaying clover heads  
"This" I said softly to myself "Is hope".

Lazarus Knix

# On Helping An Old Woman To Church

Like a ball-chain and prisoner we walked  
I, the ankle, and her, the hard iron  
So stubbornly attached to me, that I-  
Shortened my long, leaping legs with each pace  
To a creeping tip-toe on the sidewalk  
Her light footsteps, still unnaturally  
Quick, patted the earth like the leaves about us  
Wrinkled and gray in hue, disconnected-  
From the source of their livelihood, their branch

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It was a reminder of the winter.

Slowly we made our way into the church  
As worshipers shot disapproving stares  
Ah, the oh-so over pious that think,  
The ends mean more than the effort, their walk  
Is nothing but a brisk "inconvenience"  
While hers was the pilgrimage to Mecca,  
A harsh, slow walk through bitter terrain  
In time, in cold, In dissonance, in pain.

As we made our way out into the yard  
The evergreens danced in a white-whirlwind  
"This" I said softly to myself "Is hope"

Lazarus Knix



## On Lonesome.

Lonesome is a painter;  
Whom uses only the deepest oils;  
On the brightest parchment of the soul.  
Her strokes are memories, of  
If, and  
Could, and  
What, and  
Why.  
Of love and it's absence-  
Fleeting sands.

Lazarus Knix

# One Another See

The Atheist says:

“Theism

Is for the weak

Willed”

Before watching

Pornography.

Lazarus Knix

# One Was Taken, One Was Left.

It was the roots of a larger oak tree  
Feeling it's way beneath the young flower  
Which bore only buds on his thin green head.  
His eyes were white with youth, a slim body  
Not accustomed to such a foreign touch.

The roots sucked all water away from him,  
Like a bumblebee crazed for sweet honey.  
The flower felt a drain, his roots were dry,  
Barren, parched by a spiritual drought.  
Softly, his buds blossomed into knowing.

Lazarus Knix

# Openings Are Easy

Openings are easy-  
What move one wants to make.  
Isn't so much logic,  
As logic taking shape.

But on the board of life  
One builds on what he plays  
And watches every move  
His enemy has made.

Lazarus Knix

# Perfection

Man has  
An attraction  
To perfection

Perhaps because  
It is a well,  
Which promises water

Or a destination  
Which vows.  
Prestige

Yet this is  
A well which  
Can never drawn from

And a land which  
Always Eludes one's  
Footsteps

We are hunters-  
And perfection  
Is always up  
For pursuit.

Lazarus Knix

# Poland Spring Words Swapped.

Please, be clear-  
Can we all make a difference?  
Over the years-  
Protection of divisions,  
Habitats, and lands  
Spring natural questions...  
Please, be clear...

Lazarus Knix

## Random (Total Stream Of Thought)

Let my love ring freer than a truth  
Caught in the lips of beauty-  
Deny my self, for  
Your sake, I will not  
Cast another heartbeat to the flame,  
But let my lasting enticement  
Be this,  
I once loved, now, I am.

Lazarus Knix

# Reborn

When we say goodnight  
We truly mean goodbye  
For with the fading light  
We settle down to die.

And in subconscious dark  
Our memories reform.  
Out of a world apart-  
We emerge, reborn.

Lazarus Knix



# Relativity

When in a pensive mood, no work at all to do-  
I see the rabbit's olive pit eyeballs  
And waving white ear stalks -  
Fur like looking into a forest during Autumn,  
Frayed with many shades of marred crimson-  
Beneath his flat feet,  
Lies long lashes of bent jade grass,  
Glazed with rainwater.

When I'm hungry, I see dinner.

Lazarus Knix

# Renegades

The soft breeze carries a fluttering flake,  
Above the ice-matted earth,  
Though now it cascades witlessly,  
It falls to rise in worth.

I see that beauty lives,  
In the things we cannot tame,  
To think these silent renegades-  
Shall never own a name.

Lazarus Knix

# Robe Of Dawn

I love you in  
An orange dress-  
Like the one  
You're wearing now-  
With sunrise shoulder  
Straps supporting-  
Two light beams  
Dancing down.

I love you in  
A soothing sweat-  
The one  
Which sleeps upon  
Your skin-  
Drenched in beads  
Of mist which tell-  
When sunlight shall  
Be coming in.

I love you because  
You speak with  
Lips closed-  
Beauty needs  
No explanation-  
Yet must be told.

I can tell by the  
Trees which sway  
And yawn-  
The sky is dressed  
In the robes of Dawn.

Always welcome  
A new day.

Lazarus Knix

# Robin

The robin's radiant crimson crest,  
Bared upon his convex chest,  
Marks my soul's manifestation,  
Of soaring joy's rejuvenation.

Nature's gifts are all eternal,  
Yet man's life so ephemeral.  
Earthly beauty seems to me,  
An elevated mercy.

Lazarus Knix

# Roots Will Run Deep

Roots will run deep,  
If a heart maintains  
One unbroken beat-

If when a man speaks-  
His tongue is contained-  
Roots will run deep

Roots will run deep  
If one can explain  
Their thoughts within deeds

And when one weeps  
For another, like veins  
Roots will run deep.

Lazarus Knix

# Run

A human stream is flowing out  
From fragile passage ways,  
Yet every time that geyser spouts  
It's force erodes away.

For the more a being speaks  
The wider he becomes,  
Yet takes the risk of springing leaks  
And weakening his "run"

Lazarus Knix

# Rural Lament.

The Autumn suburb,  
Licked by moon light, laments now  
For it's rural roots.

Our houses are still,  
Unbending against the breeze  
An oak groans, and leans.

The Autumn suburb  
Is littered with yellow shards  
Of once skipping leaves

Our houses are still  
Unbending against the breeze  
And oak groans, and leans.

Lazarus Knix

# Scarf Of Sorrow

I am saddened without sadness-  
For Between the bony grasp of suffrage  
Speaks silence- Seductive numbness  
Rescuing you from undone deeds.

I am lonely without loneliness-  
For bitter tears, and sinking angst,  
Seeps False color unto my fingertips,  
Making it simple to sign in smoke

I am angered in the absence of anger-  
For the flare which burns both friend and foe,  
Often warms your will so brightly  
Before resting in ashes.

In the Absence of loss, I have lost my comfort-  
The scarf of sorrow which shrouds me from  
Duty, is dissapted, and now I am forced  
To walk amongst myself...

Lazarus Knix



# Sedentary Smile

Girl with a

Sedentary smile-

Unchanging

From photograph

To photograph-

Static,

Like

My emotion.

Indeed,

One you,

One love,

Many smiles,

Many moments-

In desire.

Lazarus Knix

# Seeking

Those who know little-  
Are constantly speaking.  
Those who know somewhat-  
Are silently seeking.  
Those who know greatly-  
Are tirelessly teaching.

Lazarus Knix

# Seperate!

Leaves are made each others lovers,  
Born united on the limb.  
All obtain their equal colors-  
Green to Gold, then back again.

And if one leaf is at it's end,  
Be sure his friends relate,  
Green to Gold, then back again-  
Until spring, separate!

Lazarus Knix

# Sexes Of The Utensils

Skin of tarnished silver,  
Arched forehead and  
Welcoming handle,  
His teeth, Four prongs,  
Brandished like serpent fangs.  
Beside him, sits his  
Oval headed  
Sister, Her empty palate,  
Waiting to be filled.  
Resting upon  
My dinner table-  
A fork and spoon.

Lazarus Knix

# Shaking Hands With Time (Stream Of Consciousness Poem)

I'm shaking hands with time-  
Despite each birthday I deny.

I'm aware that men are made  
In dawns...In sighs...in labor...  
While youth is taken quietly,  
Effortlessly.

Yes, I'm shaking hands with time-  
While The laughing child bathes  
In the crimson blood of my past  
Which I keep in glass vials  
Beside a humble bedpost-

Youth's ichors do not run through me  
They're only captive memories  
Which serve to humble a jaundiced heart,  
Into terror, Into agony!

My hand is grasping time's  
Shaking not out of courtesy,  
But shaking in fear

Lazarus Knix

# Shop

Frozen meat.....  
Onion rings.....  
Shuf'ling feet.....  
Scanners sing.....

Babies cry.....  
Shoppers wait.....  
Mothers sigh.....  
Getting late...

Sun has set.....  
Night has come.....  
All have left.....  
Shopping's done.

Lazarus Knix

## Short: A Road Is Composed.

A road is composed-  
Of small stepping stones.  
These stones are transgressed-  
Through many footsteps.

Yet it seems like life is the only game  
We play through first, 'then' give a name.

Lazarus Knix



# Smothered With Poetry

This,  
Is my revenge.  
Blaze held  
In a wax  
Crimson candle  
Of time and torture.

Long I stared  
Into the flare,  
Lit not by  
My will  
(but by another)  
Yet retained by  
My will,  
(And no other)  
But I,  
I see a mirror  
When I,  
Inspect  
The inferno  
With my naked eye.

It reflects hate,  
The wrenching of  
A hawk's wings,  
The salting of  
A shark's gills,  
The burning of  
A winter birch.  
Yet all of  
These visions retreat in  
Smoke,  
Dissipating to nothing.

Wax dwindles downwards-  
Worthlessly washed beneath  
The blaze of hate-  
Time melts slowly-  
And wrath is long,

(If one allows it to be)  
Yet wisdom strong,  
(When given opportunity)  
Then, Suddenly-  
Pffft, Ember, Smoke, Ash, Annihilation!  
I have smothered it with-  
Poetry.

Lazarus Knix

# Song

The summer air tussles and throws infrequently as a gentle wave in winter,  
The scent of July enamors the earth in a robust lavender amethyst,  
The green bush shelters a Robin, His body playfully emerges from it's tangled  
brush,  
How I am overcome by his beauty!  
Many shades of inflated crimson, Apache-tomahawk skull  
Yellow feet resembling bent corn stalks,  
Clinging gently upon a ginger branch

When he sings, I sing with him,  
When he departs, I depart with him,  
When he dies, I die with him,  
I am in him, and he in me,  
And his beauty shall be the same today,  
As when I am endowed with wrinkles,  
Fine as the sea's unsettling ripples-  
It is locked into his essence,  
His appearance, the manifestation of red jubilation,  
Such a humbling vision.

The coo of an unseen morning dove  
The silentest, yet most moving song -  
From a bird that has chosen to conceal itself  
Not in the teasing manner of the Robin,  
But, rather, in consoling shyness,  
Though, it matters not.  
The Robin's red breast is his gift,  
The Morning dove's gentle coo is his  
(Encompassing beauty within the unseen)  
Some choose to stay hidden,  
Some choose to come out,  
Yet I can neither hide nor come out-  
Into the beauty of existence,  
My song cannot be concealed,  
My song is a dove's hark in a hidden brush,  
My song is the Robin's red breast,  
My song is the song of love in motion,  
My song,  
Is to be alive.

Lazarus Knix

# Song Of Myself

I am a fool floating by  
One strained exhale cast in winter  
Rising toward this crisp, cold sky  
To be free, Yet free alone.

I am a snowflake struggling on your tongue  
Caught within sensation and disappearance  
Dying doubly, by breathe, by sun-  
Melting into bitter liquid.

I am the melody of a morning dove  
Soft and queer, yet beautiful  
But who would even bother to love-  
What is not the norm?

I am a scarehuman set by crows,  
Stuffed with sagacity, yet-  
Bearing the bright red jester's clothes-  
Of cotton loneliness, warm and durable-  
Strung up in a farm of dancing dreams

Lazarus Knix

## Standing On My Porch On A Dark Evening.

In the twilight these dark trees,  
Are lulled by summers gentle breeze,  
And though their leaves are truly jade,  
The darkness tints them to a gray.

Each appears a silhouette,  
(Which makes me feel quite genuine) ,  
Though it wouldn't be to my surprise,  
If they thought themselves truer than I.

Yet within, we all are green,  
True, fruitful, blossoming-  
But staining our figures in this night,  
Are the dark uncertainties of life.

Lazarus Knix

# Start Small

Tonight,  
I go from  
All to nothing.  
Tonight,  
I go from wisdom  
To foolishness.  
Tonight,  
I am reading  
Backwards.

Squeezing my  
Thumb beneath  
All of the  
Pages met,  
And forcing them  
Upward,  
I quickly begin  
Inverting their order.  
One by one it's  
Paper frizzes like  
A brandishing blade,  
The Numbers blur  
Downward,  
And my thumb turns  
A bright red, straining  
To keep rhythm.  
Soon,  
The final destination,  
Page one,  
Stares back at me-  
Reading a  
Most important  
Message-  
"A"  
A what?  
A "a".

If one doesn't  
Start small,

He'll sure finish  
Up that way.

Lazarus Knix



## Such A Subtle Theft

On my vacant sidewalk lay,  
A sparrow eaten through it's flesh,  
And deeper still, the maggots graze-

Where this bird once sang and swayed,  
Yet now his rotting, open chest,  
On my vacant sidewalk lay.

And deeper still, the maggots graze,  
They feed upon what death has left,  
While the sun, in focused blaze-

Prunes it's victims bare remains,  
(Truly, such a subtle theft)  
While deeper still, the maggots graze.

Lazarus Knix

## Such Is

I've seen the supernova's birth  
In Fusions of electric light  
Guided by two hands divine  
Woven with the twines of time  
Spun around this universe  
And hung at one un-earthly height

I've watched my mothers circumference  
Be lassoed by the jealous sun  
And molded like a round sphere  
So that our oval atmosphere  
Could fit upon her with comfort  
To shelter Earth's little ones.

I've observed the human's actions  
Dictated by numerous factions  
"Tis all a fight for victory! "  
Yet, can this ever be achieved-  
One universal satisfaction,  
Without an animal reaction?

I've seen all things that can be seen  
And grown beyond morality-  
I have no mouth- Yet cannot scream..  
Such is the price of immortality.

Lazarus Knix

## Such Toleration...

No wonder tribalization  
Is favored within our nation.  
While individualism,  
Thought atrocious and disgraceful

The ones which call us racist,  
Are weaklings set complacent,  
By dull progressivism.  
A movement of erasing;

Erasing pride in self.  
Oh, how dare you insult-  
Che or communism,  
You neo- fascist whelp!

Feminization.  
Free immigration.  
Yang consuming yin.  
...Such toleration.

Lazarus Knix

# Swishslingslapskipsinksleep

(SWISH!)

Sling!      Skip!              Skip!              Skip!

□Slap! .    .Slap! .    .Slap! .    .Slap-Sink..

=====

~::~::~::~::~

~~SALMON~::~::~::~::~

~::~::~::~::~

Sleep~::~::~::~

=====□

NOTE: This was an attempted illustrative poem, which the text box simply didn't like. It is supposed to represent a skipping stone, however, the format pretty much hit the fan.

Lazarus Knix

# Teach

Teach a poet pain,  
Teach a bee to buzz,  
And teach a teenage girl-  
How to fall in love.

Teach a martyr death,  
Teach a wiseman life,  
And teach an adept artist-  
To paint a page of white.

Teach a thinker thought,  
Teach a desert dry,  
And teach a heart distraught-  
Teach it how to cry.

Teach a gambler craps,  
Teach a doctor health,  
And when you're done with that-  
Teach me to myself.

Lazarus Knix

# Terror, A Rattle Snake

It

Has begun!

The

Rattlesnakes' white

Mouth

Stands agape,

Upright

In fury.

A

Stuttering death

Rattle

Soils the

Air

With Paralyzing

Agony,

While his

Tinted

Tongue tastes

Cold,

Thickening terror;

My

Fear

Slithers

Forward

Lazarus Knix

## That's The Trouble With Beauty...

I once looked up with archer's eyes,  
And scanned a moonless night.  
To try and count the fireflies,  
That brandished their own light.

Yet sadly I could not retain,  
Their numbers in my head.  
So I decided that I'd gauge,  
An estimate instead.

It's tough to measure what you see  
When dealing with things of beauty.

Lazarus Knix



# The Atheist

The Atheist calls our shadows souls,  
Made known by an animate light-  
Yet the artist of infinity,  
Dabbles in nihility,  
With oils of silent crimson blight,  
And black-brush twisted by the night,  
The painter death, papyrus, stone.

There is but matter in this play,  
With actors scrambling for a line-  
Yet the audience is empty,  
And restrictions set prevent me,  
From ever asking "Why! "? ,  
Us stars must burn out from the sky-  
My aura twitters, and flickers, away.

Bearing destiny in my sheathe,  
A blade without a morsel of offering,  
Nor consent to blindness, ephemeral is free!  
The atlas of eternity,  
Is but an "are" and a "to be",  
No sincerity in calamity,  
Which is our dream, our reality.

Lazarus Knix

# The Beauty Of Mud

If you're out walking after a rain,

The night seems still and strange.

Earth, illuminated by transformation,

Beckons the wanderer's senses

Like the long, bright scarf of a young woman,

Wrinkled by her friendship with Autumn.

Cricket's call out west and east,

Their throats moist with renewal.

The Scene is an elegant Arabian Bazaar,

Opal stars, emanating wonder,

Overtly tempt you like virgin prostitutes.

The wares of the world cry out for inspection,

Like a babe comforted by

Her Mother's presence.

But a strange fabric impedes the steps

Your boots struggle like weak insects on fly paper

Beneath you, there is formless mud.

Perhaps a simple patch of land before the storm,

Now, a sludge not fit for footsteps.

Irked, your eyes shoot downward  
For deep within, some part of you  
Knows that often, we are what we hate.

All things were once mud,  
All forms were once formless,  
Though we see nothing special in it  
The rain clouds did.

They, with their omniscient eye,  
Saw a petite flower  
Or a great oak.

Remember that what seems insignificant dirt,  
Is often a dormant, fiery rose.  
And that any can see beauty in being  
Yet, Almost no one can see it  
In potential.

Lazarus Knix

# The Best Of Sadness

I am a storm drain  
Upon the curb  
Of your heart.

When you're releasing  
Soft tears of sorrow,  
I am a welcoming jaw,  
A deep open throat-  
Prepared to carry  
The rain away.

One gray morning,  
If you could  
Fold a small  
Paper boat-  
And send  
Him sailing  
Down the street  
Into my metal  
Teeth-  
I would know  
That you  
Still make the  
Best of sadness.

Lazarus Knix

# The Bitter Truth

One day we'll all be,  
The old people we pity-  
In the shopping marts.

Lazarus Knix

# The Capitalism Of Love

Today the streets erupt with passion,  
As each shopper shuffles from stall to stall  
Discerning offers and may-be investments-  
Texting wildly back and forth,  
You do not know what I speak of?  
Why, it's the capitalism of love!

This lazie fare for lovers,  
Is a constant competition,  
Darwinian submission and evolution,  
Continuous buying and selling,  
You do not know what I speak of?  
Why, It's the capitalism of love!

The external is in high demand!  
Streets are saturated with low-sellers,  
They get more customers that way,  
Yet still feel empty after payday,  
You do not know what I speak of?  
Why, it's the capitalism of love!

The more we show, the better!  
Why conceal the valuable?  
Focus on shrouding your faults,  
Commitment is void in a society of distraction,  
You do not know what I speak of?  
Why, it's the capitalism of love!  
Buy low, sell high  
Let the weak worms fry!  
We are all kings, yet,  
What is a king without subjects?

Lazarus Knix

# The Cat Sleeps Slightly On It's Side

I notice only while in bed-  
That the moon is never a full circle,  
And the cat sleeps slightly on his side.  
The pressures of the springs in my mattress,  
Are coiled askew, and give uncomfortable sensations.

While the pillow which cradles my head.  
Is not as mellow as the salesperson said,  
Then, all of the wishes come out from their dens,  
To play in a world of hypothetical desire and dance,  
Where whirlwinds of fantasy meet should and could-haves.

Oh the imperfections of things-  
That emerge from hibernation within my mind,  
And disrupt the serenity of a warm summer world,  
Where the moon is never a full circle-  
And the cat sleeps slightly on it's side.

Lazarus Knix

# The Dairy Of A Wind Chime

The wind wraps  
White shadow  
Around the rough,  
Rocky marrow  
Of a chimney  
Perched beside  
A birch branch.  
It's stony jaw  
Hangs agape,  
Preparing for  
The pine-smoke  
Of November.

Autumn is immanent-  
I see it in the way  
She twirls  
Her dimming  
Emerald dress.  
That last hour  
Of beauty spent-  
In glimmering finesse.

The breath of God  
Is my inspiration  
I sing often,  
-For he sighs frequently.  
At time's I believe  
He is asthmatic

I am rattled rougher  
In the breeze of Autumn-  
But my silver song,  
Is all the more louder,  
And all the more piercing,  
In storms.

Lazarus Knix



# The Death Of A Daydream

I'm inventing a world  
Where love is lush green,  
And grows gently upon everything.  
With crimson skies, A platinum surface-  
Where discontent is rare-  
And failure rarer still-  
(Existing solely to elevate victory)

I could return to our world-  
A world where we have  
Lost the battle of everything.  
Yet in daydreams,  
We are the incarnation of  
Our true potential.

Now, I watch the moon  
And the sun shake hands,  
And dance madly with the redwoods-  
When suddenly, I come acro-

Lazarus Knix

# The Difference Between Wisdom And Insight

One's a flash of thunder,  
The other, autumn rain.  
Insight- Sharp and feral,  
Wisdom- Soft and tame.

Lazarus Knix

# The Doom Prophet

Beneath the stark spring sunlight burns  
One blossoms fervor for return  
To spread her lavish limbs again  
And drench the branches, end to end  
With a deluge of pink allure

The palm which cradles her this year  
Shakes winter frost off of his ears  
As to hear her pink petition, and  
(Like revelation to religion)  
Regurgitates what she has said.

He names her words the will of God  
Chastising all who dare respond  
With indifference or apathy  
Blaming state on society  
With metaphysical vision

But come October's light white rain  
The prophet sleeps, his petal's slain  
Yet prophets all have prophesied  
"Fate without God is fate defied"  
And though their word haven't died  
Society still stands-  
Despite what prophets prophesize.

Lazarus Knix

# The Iron Weight

The Iron weight gathers dust-  
It has sunk down into my carpet  
Under a neglected force.

The metal bar it clang to  
Is rusting near some buzz saw  
In my dark garage.

I had brought them just  
To fool myself into hope-  
To command visions with veins.

My paper is dry and parched,  
My arms are thin and pale,  
A poem is born from the empty gale.

This dumbbell sends chimes  
Through my fingertips.

Lazarus Knix

# The Majesty Remains

The majesty remains,  
'Death has fallen from his throne! ',  
And though we doubt their claims,  
Doubt is all we've ever known.

The majesty remains,  
Yet was it different long ago?  
No, it's all the same,  
'Death has fallen from his throne! '

'Death has fallen from his throne! '  
The chorus line proclaims,  
I bask in wonder's afterglow-  
The majesty remains.

Even without God, behold,  
The immortality of change,  
'Death has fallen from his throne! '  
The majesty remains.

Lazarus Knix

# The Moth

The moth fluttered

Calmly

Into a campfire-

And burned

Fixation

Does such

Things

Lazarus Knix

# The Mouth Of A Wanderer

Pay attention to distraction-  
The expansions and contractions  
Of your mind,  
Is a hearts will to wander,  
And escape oppressive time.

The teacher is waiting  
With her hands in her blouse,  
Throwing irate stares toward  
Your distant dreaming eyes.

But just know  
No tome had taught her-  
That imagination  
Isn't reality ignored,  
Yet the emancipation  
From chains long over worn.  
A redirection of thought,  
A whirring majesty caught,  
Within the soul's cross hairs.  
A break from burdens you bear  
A hymn for freedom from  
The mouth of a wanderer-  
Your song is born again.

Lazarus Knix

# The Music Of The Earth.

You'll find me-  
Underneath  
A mat of damp  
Moss.  
No indications,  
Nor any dates.  
All I ask is that  
You remove your  
Shoes, so that  
You may experience  
The comfort that I do.

Search for me-  
Beneath the copper  
Leaves in Autumn.  
Forget your rake-  
The wind will  
Do the work,  
All I ask is that  
You lie back,  
So you may sleep  
With the serenity  
That I do.

Ask a desert grain  
Where I am, He'll  
Reply "Down! "  
I'm sure, but  
You're always  
Searching for  
Something more-  
You'll look upwards  
And miss me completely,  
See that I am beneath your soles!  
And all I ask, is that you  
Just listen-  
And adsorb the easy melody  
That I do.  
I have become the music of the Earth



Lazarus Knix

# The Prettier Flowers Of The Field

The prettier flowers of the field  
Toss their blue bell blossoms  
In a sea of sweeping grass.

Numerous frayed shades  
Of carnation yellow-reds  
Set this glade aflame.

Each one bends  
Toward every footstep,  
Begging to be taken.

Yet these prettier flowers  
Have a destiny secure  
As their gripping roots.

One within a yellow vase  
Perched in a woman's bedroom-  
Or gently lain where her true love rests.

So today, I pick a simpler flower-  
To remind me what I am,  
And what I should be.

Lazarus Knix

# The Reddest Dawns Are Born By Sea

The Reddest dawns are born by sea,  
On skies which glide beside the tune,  
Of oceanic melodies.

Horizons guide her with the breeze,  
Above a long-lived night in June-  
The reddest dawns are born by sea,

Of oceanic melodies.  
A star is serenaded through,  
A host of clouded, opal scenes-

Dawn decorates them with her beams.  
Spinning crimson, to the boon  
Of oceanic melodies

Twelve seagull caw, they too believe,  
That only God can dream this gleam...  
For reddest dawns are born by sea,  
Of oceanic melodies...

Lazarus Knix

# The Truth About Igloos

"Do you use glue? "

"Only while in an igloo"

"Then when do you? "

"When the roof falls though"

"But aren't igloos made of ice? "

"Ice and glue, to be precise"

"After all, throughout the cold-

How do you expect our bricks to hold? "

"Bricks of what? "

"Bricks of ice-

Ice and glue, to be precise."

"Well...I never knew that you used glue...."

"It's a secret known by few"

"Why than was I never told? "

"You don't live within the cold.

Where the penguins roll and romp

Where the Yeti sews his socks

Where the snowflakes rise and fly

Where Eskimos freeze in July

Where the sun is cold as air

And where we use our underwear

As chisels, which shape and form

The bricks that build our chilly dorms"

"Then what of glue, where is it got? "

"Why, from within our frozen socks! "

You'd be amazed at how much there

Is beneath your big toenail...

THAT'S ENOUGH! ....I have to go...

Now I wish I didn't know.

Lazarus Knix

# The Veil Of A Forest

All which the wood wills to conceal,  
Beneath her lush lavender veil,  
Has lifted my shallow soul above,  
A world of things-as-they appear.

Within each placid apparatus,  
(Beyond the actor; or the actress) ,  
Blighted hands work to repair,  
Hosts of agonizing matters.

Rivers, mountains, valleys tainted,  
The forest of our human nature-  
Is defiled when no one considers,  
A hearts numerous tender acres.

For each soul is a woodland,  
Fragile, dark and deep,  
Filled with living feelings,  
Endangered by humanities-  
Insensitivity.

Lazarus Knix

# The Wildest Cats

The wildcats wander at night.  
Frightened not by absence of light-  
"Dusk is a dance of dark delight! "  
They sing, they sing, as claws unite.  
While perched at one unearthly height,  
Their silhouettes look all alike.  
While perched at one unearthly height,  
They sing, they sing, as claws unite:  
" Dusk is a dance of dark delight! "  
Frightened not by absence of light-  
The wildcats wander at night.

Lazarus Knix

# The Will Of The Weaver

I once saw a spider perched on my wall  
That didn't seem quite like a spider at all.  
He had six legs, and the usual eyes,  
But what filled me with my share of surprise,  
Is that the web which he was sitting in,  
Held a giant cocoon, rapped end to end,  
In spiders silk, but for some cause unknown,  
The spider had left that cocoon alone.

Many days passed, yet the cocoon remained,  
I turned to the spider, and exclaimed:  
'Why don't you eat what you have captured!'  
'Isn't that what all spiders are after? '  
Suddenly, the cocoon began to twitch,  
And a blue butterfly emerged from it.  
The spider shot a glare at me and said-  
I'd rather see beauty than eat it instead

You should not judge the weavers intent,  
By what you know of his brethren.

Lazarus Knix

# The Wings Of What You Are

I've searched the world I know I know-  
I've worn the clad of Dynamos.  
I've held the scepter of a prince,  
I've danced with dewdrops on the mist.

I've left with one fact you should take  
If your acts and put-ons break-  
Nothing will fly you quite as far-  
As the wings of what you are.

Lazarus Knix



# The Wise Samurai Said To The Child

If one is sincere to the true path,  
And never bows to God-  
He shall still be protected.  
Yet this world houses only "Facades",  
And death- the sole sincerity.

So best to wander as a shell,  
And hold nothing close to yourself,  
As life is no escape from death-  
Rather death escape from life.

Lazarus Knix

# There Is Never A Perfect Time.

There is never a perfect time-  
The streets are too cold,  
The children too crazed,  
The stars aren't aligned,  
The pollen so thick-  
The outlook is grim.

There is never a perfect time-  
The house isn't sold,  
The bed isn't made,  
The dog lost his mind,  
The bill will constrict-  
The outlook is good.

Lazarus Knix

# There Is No Attention

There is no attention,  
Sweeter then distraction.  
No status more noble  
Then idleness-  
At the end of a day.

A man is freest  
In his thought-  
Head resting  
Upon white pillows,  
Heart sleeping  
In scarlet dreams.

There is no treasure  
Greater then memories-  
Just as an astronomer gazes  
Upward to prospect the sky-  
So must we gaze into  
Our choices, and prospect  
Ourselves.  
This is the purpose of idleness.

Lazarus Knix

## There Is No Guile.

There is no guile to the night  
The moon glows ever earnest white  
And as we wrestle with respite  
The moon glows ever earnest white

What could or could not be done  
Forever sleeps beneath the sun  
Your eyelids droop, dreams whisper "Come,  
Forever sleep beneath the sun"

Snowflakes paint a shadow sheet  
Upon our thoughts, and city streets  
And like dreams, accumulate with sleep-  
So stop rebutting with yourself  
About what can and can't be helped  
Life's a cordless, drifting kite,  
Flown by a moon of earnest white.  
There is no guile to the night.

Lazarus Knix

# They Are Real

When does

A fantasy become

A thing?

When it

Takes on

Throbbing Cysts

Or stark imperfections,

Growing ignobility

On the base

Of it's spine.

Wearing errors

Like a yellow

cloak.

When Fantasies become

Servile and flawed,

They are true.

Lazarus Knix

# This Is Lonesome. A Stroke

This is the deepest  
Of oils-  
The boldest brush-  
The brightest parchment  
Of the soul.

This is the grayest picture,  
Where the trees are dead and  
Still.  
Where the sky is lost in fog,  
And the sun warming some  
Other heart.  
The grass is frozen and bent  
Back with the frost of time  
Upon their bodies.  
The river is deceased.  
I walk beside her ice ridden mouth.

The artist is hung  
Upon the wall  
With his work-  
His paint, his blood,  
I cannot tell them apart.  
I cannot see a difference  
Anymore.  
Are they one,  
The painter and his picture?

This is the longest time.  
The dimmest time.  
Not time spent in solitude-  
Not time spent in silence-  
But time spent in loneliness.  
I hold his brush in my hand  
And with a stroke of anguish  
Paint myself white...  
I lie down in the open snow...  
And wait for the sun to come.



# This Is What I Wish To Be

Take something mighty like the star  
Which leaks intimidating light,  
And measure not how near or far  
It's shine surpasses yours' in height.

Yet try to grasp one glowing shard  
Which is it's gallant mystery,  
Then whisper softly in your heart-  
'This is what I wish to be'.

Lazarus Knix



# Thrilling! The Dynamics Of Destiny.

Touched by the temporal clouds  
Engrossed with Earth's circular rhythm,  
Thrilling! the dynamics of destiny.

Thrilling! The dynamics of destiny,  
See black bodied dragons manifesting  
Themselves on the horizon, waiting, nesting,  
One bellows out a thunderous growl-  
Summoning the rain.

Engrossed with Earth's circular rhythm  
The Sun departs- Moon tears a schism  
For this is nightfall's sweet revision,  
She has waited long to show us-  
When we listened, when we came.

Touched by the temporal clouds  
Their future isn't more than ours  
They gather, part, and trickle down  
Into the cradle of our Earth,  
Where they wait to rise again.

Touched by the temporal clouds  
Engrossed by Earth's circular rhythm,  
Thrilling! the dynamics of destiny-  
Yours? Mine?  
Seasons-  
Actions-  
Progress-  
Time

Lazarus Knix

# Tide's Fist

The canvas of this sea glitters with the silhouettes of battleships,  
Like children they seesaw on it's chaotic, chopped surface  
A lighthouse awakens, burning luminous circles in the moonless night  
While a sharp wind purrs and carries ice-  
To each warm surface which permits.

The Captain navigates with silent resolve  
As the wind intertwines, advances, evolves.  
The lighthouse whispers "Consider my warmth! "  
The Captain replies "Our home isn't port"  
Beneath him, The tide's fist tightens his grip...

Lazarus Knix

## To Cast A Shadow.

When my left foot takes a step,  
The shadow's right complies  
And every time I draw a breathe  
The shadow heaves a sigh.

This causes me to wonder if  
Within a world unseen,  
It's actually the shadow that's  
Really casting me.

Lazarus Knix

## To Prove Worth

White Mirror dependent on honesty,  
Black reflections of my fingertips  
Plop onto the paper,  
Like a ripened apple  
Shaken off by summer gust.

There is soft music-  
Lighting askew-  
Like the sun attempting  
To reach inside a forest,  
Creaking auburn chair,  
Cushioned with-  
Hopes of beauty,  
Callous wooden back,  
Painted with-  
Fears of mediocrity.

Why-  
To prove worth-  
Or avoid failure?  
I do not know.

Lazarus Knix

# To Us

The past has passed, she now is ice,  
We bathe her with memorial light-  
In vain, In vain.  
No bitterer being as the frost,  
Solidifying every loss-  
For us, For us.  
At times I wonder, when we're to leave,  
Shall cold consume eternally?  
Or not, Or not.  
Perhaps it doesn't matter much  
For death is like a beggars touch-  
To us, To us.

Lazarus Knix

# Toleration Is A Societies Dying Virtue

Communication,  
Is the Foundation,  
Of a United  
Nation.

We've implemented,  
This one incentive,  
Toleration o'er  
Attention.

Make one dialect,  
In our own respects,  
And for the sake of  
America

Lazarus Knix

# Toward A Dream

Towards a dream my soul did go;  
Into a land of shattered light,  
Yet, with one brief afterglow,  
(Cast by glimmers from the snow)  
I felt your presence stain the night.

It marked no joy, or agony,  
Rather, stark uncertainty-  
On weather to remain within,  
This aura of calm ignorance-  
Or submit to curiosity.

For man's state is shattered, bear-  
And if I venture to repair,  
I risk becoming broken too,  
Yet in the warmth of solitude,  
I am whole, I am complete,  
And although safe, I am not free.

This befuddling, sorry state-  
Is a dream from which my soul  
Didn't wake.

Lazarus Knix

# Trees Said To A Winter Wind

A wisp of white wind

Rolls greedily between

The naked army of

Maple trees-

Silent on a hill.

They murmur weakly-

'We've nothing

Left to give you..

No more slender leaves

Or little sparrows...

Gone are the tart,

Crimson apples

Of jubilant spring....

Gone are the smiling pine cones

We sent to Earth as gifts...

Not a single shade

Of anything but

Death remains,

A canopy



Of loneliness'

Formed of

Brittle, juxtaposed branch...

Our hearts are frost

That pulsate desolate pain.

Nothing is left but nothing..”

The winter wind left

With it's nothing

And was satisfied.

Lazarus Knix

# Trying Hard To Teach

The ocean that I heard,  
Can't be expressed in words,  
Although a little bird  
May try and tell you so.

The truth is that my speech  
Falls short of even "weak"  
When trying hard to teach  
The sea's manifesto.

Lazarus Knix

# Tsunami

We-  
Are of no  
Perfect symmetry.

Like Sun beams  
Blasting an oceans  
Breast,  
Revealing  
Ripples-  
And little wrinkles

The arched  
Tackle of a  
Wave, Washing  
Sharp seashells  
Ashore, slashing  
The soft white sand

Nor are we-  
As stoical as  
We'd like to be.

A dark haired  
Rain cloud sends  
Sea bound men  
Into a flaming  
Frenzy.

Or some disturbance within-  
A crimson roar tears  
The sea's chiasmic  
Floor, We raise  
Our liquid limbs-  
And crush the  
Innocent, again.

We-  
Are of no  
Perfect symmetry.

Lazarus Knix

# Unity In Duality

YIN

Unity in duality-  
Men are made through junctions,  
Duality in unity-  
Of creation and consumption,  
Fluidity in Finality-  
Each force drives the other,  
Finality in Fluidity-  
Toward becoming another.  
Unity in Duality-

Change in continuity-  
As death is sparked through living,  
Continuity in change-  
And taking sparked through giving,  
Rage within placidity -  
We are made through junctions,  
Placidity in rage-  
Of creation and consumption.  
Unity in Duality.  
Born chained, forever free.  
Unity in Duality.

YANG

Lazarus Knix

# Upon A Walk Through Winter Wind

Upon a walk through winter wind,  
Where I had worn my jerkin thin,  
I wished for warmth which had been lost,  
If only words could calm the frost.

Yet, perhaps, had my attire,  
Held the warmth which I desired  
My heart would not quiver-  
My limbs would not shake-  
My head droops, then shivers,  
As I freeze upon my own mistake.

Lazarus Knix

# Watching A Cup Of Milk Interacting With Oreos.

Soft, White  
Carousel  
Twirling in  
A Green Jar  
Adopts  
Little Passengers.  
Their black heads  
Peek above the  
Moseying horses-

Silent music.

More enter  
And dissolve away  
Into the universe,  
Like cedar smoke.  
The carousel is

Black

With sadness-  
It's horses,  
Stagnant.  
The soul is sludge.

Indulgence-  
Dissolves  
And darkens

Purity.

Lazarus Knix

# We Are Just What We've Left Behind

Stars are softly smirking tonight  
Within the black apex of humanities limits.  
They whisper "past" as all shout "right"! ,  
They draw our wills in winter white,  
As we carry their pain in shallow buckets,  
And attempt to cast them into the sea-  
Most prove too crude a carry.

So leave them where you once had stood  
And claim a will of gold and good-  
Yet remember that, in troubled times-  
We are just what we've left behind.

Lazarus Knix



# We Grow Old

Cool, white breeze  
Fans her burnt, bright hair  
With the breath of Autumn

A minute turn in the body,  
A stiff bend of the back,  
Feeling this, she sighs damply.

Her thick, swinging strands  
Are bright at the tip  
And gray at the root.

We grow old-  
From the inside out.

Lazarus Knix

# We Like To Be Alone

We like to be alone  
Unless we must make known  
Our victories, and then  
We're hiding once again.

We like to be alone  
Unless we are coaxed out  
By fire and brimstone  
We'd rather do without

We like to be alone  
For who can see us fail  
When we aren't anywhere  
When we are an unknown

Success not set in stone?  
We like be alone.

Lazarus Knix

# What Is A Wire?

What is a wire?

I'd say it's what

I'm holding -

Twisting-

Raping-

Bending slowly...

Like a limbo enthusiast,

Between my gaunt fingers

I would also tell you

That it comes

In many colors

(Nickel Silver,  
Pus yellow,  
Smog Gray)

In a multitude of lengths

(Serpent  
Snake  
Python)

Used for a

Myriad of purposes

(Messenger of light

Cradle of death  
A friend

To

Bend.

What is a wire?

I have just told you

But I will gladly tell you again.

Lazarus Knix

# What Is My Desire?

What is  
My desire?

My desire  
Is no inferno-  
(Like the common  
Cliché goes)  
For Fires dies  
Without oxygen  
Yet Desire thrives-  
On itself.

My desires are  
Like drops  
Of water  
Fallen on  
A windshield-  
Instant to instant  
They converge,  
Scurry downward  
And gather at  
The bottom  
Of my heart.

Wipe them  
Away with  
Something  
Ephemeral-  
(If you want)  
Yet the storm  
Of loneliness  
Shall bring more-  
For,  
Distraction is  
A temporary  
Drug.

My desire  
Is a great

Lack of  
Lacking-  
I lack  
What I  
Must not  
Have  
To have you-  
And this is  
A desire to  
Not have you.  
-For a want  
Is rarely granted.

Lazarus Knix

# What We Are

Rural rivers is what we are,  
Motion is the way of things-  
Towards dark or revelation-  
Through odds and normality-  
In and out of correspondence.

Living lamps is what we are,  
Blazing is the heart of will-  
Through vital wax melted-  
We spend our joys, becoming smoke-  
To disappear soundlessly.

Gregorian chant is what we are,  
In a dissolving unison haunt  
The Earth with our voices-  
We run, burn, echo  
And pen "anonymous"  
Upon our scores.

Lazarus Knix

# What's My Motivation?

You've generated-  
The wealth that's been created-  
Should it be mine, too?

Then what's my motivation?  
Yes, It's good to share-  
With the one's that deserve it.

Lazarus Knix



# When I Am

In the absence of your music-  
My heart is a mute carousel. There  
Is no sea of clamoring acorn grass,  
Nor silent sparrow sunsets-  
Nor dancing fire rose,  
Only naked, grasping branch.

Snow seems to dance slower-  
And I find I speak lower  
Of the path.  
Evening passes into evening  
And seasons are still-  
My heart is a mute carousel  
When I am alone.

Lazarus Knix

# When Prayer Fails

When results are not obtained  
And your soul is ripe with rage  
Do not buckle in you faith  
For the benefit of prayer.....  
Is personal grace.

And although God is never changed  
Prayer always alters he who prays.

Lazarus Knix

# Where Do Our Memories Go To Die?

Where do our memories go to die?  
Do they waltz through the walls of a laid-back mind?  
Or leak through those vital moments in time,  
Where a man must choose his particular side?

Do they dull with disuse? I do not know-  
Ask any man, he'll say "I Suppose so."  
Yet it seems that memories are most powerful,  
When they spring forth from a strong shadow.

Are the distracted agents of deviance?  
Is a forgetful man an idiot?  
No, but the slave of his own wishes,  
Trapped in a land he has created,  
Prison walls which integrated  
Procrastinations that have procreated-

Yet NEVER in your life take  
A forgetful man for a mental mistake.

Lazarus Knix

## Where Women Walk With "sass" And "stride",

Where women walk with "sass" and "stride",  
And men measure their worth in battle,  
There burns a superficial pride.

Hearts are tainted with the lie  
Of materialism. All are cattle,  
Where women walk with "sass" and "stride".

There burns a superficial pride,  
As the snake shakes his tempting rattle,  
Whispering, "Come to me, and be satisfied".

"Are you frightened? Fear is our ally...".  
Where we obey his foolish prattle,  
There burns a superficial pride.

We are empty, yet deny,  
That our opinion even matters.  
Where women walk with "sass" and "stride",  
There burns a superficial pride.

Lazarus Knix

# Which Tree Am I?

Which tree, Which tree, Which tree Am I?  
Do gaunt limbs swing high upon my trunk-  
Etching signals in the sky?

Maybe my roots are solid and firm,  
Grounded in being, strong and thick,  
Passing soil and grub worm?

Specifically-  
Am I, perhaps, an evergreen?  
Warm and welcoming- Sheltering,  
Birds within my canopy?

Or-  
Do I sag, like a willow,  
Showcasing agony with each wind,  
Whispering melancholic mellows?

Which tree, Which tree, Which tree, Am I?  
Oak, Redwood, Willow.... Bonsai?

Lazarus Knix

# While Standing Firmly After Dark

While standing firmly after dark,  
I gazed upon dogwood's bark-  
It's body bent, coarse and gnarled,  
Sleeping in the summer dust,  
Just within man's yearning touch.

My eyes were then swept higher still,  
By some overtaking will,  
To catch the leaves sharp whips and snarls  
Shaken by yawps of silver wind  
Twisting, bending, limb to limb.

In cooperation with this pattern,  
My view was heightened like a ladder,  
Which spanned out towards the clouds afar,  
Bathing in white lunar liquid,  
Dancing in a day relinquished.

And further still, beyond my view,  
Illuminant auras and vacuums,  
Inhabit space, where the stars,  
Are born into their life apart-  
Birth, Shining, Dimming, Dark-

Despite what we wish to believe,  
Man doesn't own all that he sees  
And what *\*is\** isn't always *\*ours\**.  
That night I left weary and worn-  
Standing less firm than before.

Lazarus Knix

# Why Do You Ask?

Why are you silent?

Because I've spoken already

Why are you silent?

Because when I speak, I say nothing

Why do you listen?

Because I am inquisitive

Why do you listen?

Because I am foolish

Why do you weep?

Because tears are liberating

Why do you weep?

Because I wish to be liberated from tears

Why are you lonely?

Because no one understands

Why are you lonely?

Because I understand no one.

Why do you dream?

Because I desire

Why do you dream?

Because I am lonely-

Why do you ask?

Lazarus Knix

# Wire Her Jaw

Tree-  
Feeble brown scabs  
Line a tall stick  
Of detonated dynamite.  
The eruption-  
Jade plumes crowning  
An abstract skull.

Upon jagged rapiers fencing  
In a summer gust-  
Bulged buds bloom  
Like sharpened ulcers,  
Corroding it's wooden blades.

Cancerous roots  
Raise the concrete  
Path's we've placed-,  
Yes, Nature's metastasis  
Would devour the Earth-  
If we didn't wire her jaw.

Lazarus Knix



## Wish Granted.

A pensive sparrow sits  
Upon the top branch  
Of a chestnut tree,  
Hidden like the Earth  
Blanketed by snow.

The bird tried courting solitude-  
But the songs of his  
Brethren could be heard  
Clearly from any corner  
Of the forest.

The sparrow sighed-  
"Oh, How I pray for silence!  
I would do much to  
Gain a bit of peace,  
Away from this  
Chattering wood! "

But the sparrow knew -  
That this world doesn't  
Suit the whims of one wish-  
So, he tucked his wings  
Beneath his breast  
And slept.

It is said that that night-  
A thunderbolt hurled like  
A luminous javelin  
Struck the tallest  
Tree in the wood-  
Setting fire to it's greenery  
And life.

The young sparrow awoke-  
And surveyed the charred  
Forrest in horror.  
From hills to horizon-  
Laid a desolate field

Of lifeless ash.  
Yet it didn't once occur to him-  
That His wish had been granted.

Lazarus Knix

# With

One shall not  
Harm you.....  
Is gullible.  
Weakness grows  
Like acorns do-  
An inch a day  
For many miles.

It begins  
With decisions;  
What to extend,  
What to revoke  
What to plant,  
What to fan,  
What to resuscitate,  
And what to reveal-  
To sunlight.

Uproot what is  
Choking.  
Sear your lips  
With silence.  
Fly your kit  
Into a tree,  
And reclaim it,  
Even if torn.  
Speak and write  
With blood.

It doesn't require  
Much thought.

Lazarus Knix

## Work In Progress, Verse One.

There is no summer like a sigh-  
Which heavy as a moaning mist  
Enwraps the ocean of the eyes  
Then chilled by dreams, solidifies  
Into a passion-painted bridge

Lazarus Knix

# Work Of The Mind

My mind passes time in a dark closet  
That is, until reason says to stop it! -  
For the fears that terrorize and lurk  
Are often but imagination's work.

Lazarus Knix

# Yes, I Need To Want

Frost bullies away  
Us people into shelter  
Yet willows stand strong.

Discomfort, comfort,  
The fireplace; all mere wants.  
Yes, we need to want

Yet willows stand strong  
In the face of November,  
Battered by the breeze.

Yes, we need to want.  
This- this is what separates  
The root from it's branch.

Yet willows stand strong-  
In frost, yet I crave fire  
Yes, I need to want.  
Yes, I need to want.

Lazarus Knix

# You Of All Should Understand...

Please forgive me-  
I have eaten  
The apple which  
Hangs upon  
Your tree.

It looked so  
Warm, and  
Delicious-  
Did you place  
It there just  
To tempt me?

It's crimson glow  
Was irresistible,  
You of all things  
Should understand-  
Please, do not  
Send me away.

Lazarus Knix

# You Only See Your Sin

I wish my face  
Could be a mirror.  
If it was,  
I would wait outside  
Your window until  
Morning,  
So when you draw the  
Blinds, you could  
See the surface of your  
Face-  
Within mine.

Perhaps then,  
(Such a narcissistic lass)  
Like you,  
Would not refute me  
For the freakish  
Things I do.

I would sacrifice my  
Eyes for glass,  
My lips, My lash,  
And chin.  
So that when you  
Grace me with  
A glance,  
You only see your sin.

Lazarus Knix



# Your Soul Is The Sea

The only perfect portrait of you  
Hangs in a frame of motion  
For the beauty of your being  
Is not unlike an ocean-

One eternal evolution  
Tides controlled by time  
Your actions, often inconclusive  
With what you hold inside.

Ah, such a source of awe!  
Your placidity, your anger-  
But what you keep beneath your scowl  
Is a genesis of wonder..

Like the spirit of the sea,  
The essence of your beauty,  
Lies in what you keep....  
Within....Beneath

Lazarus Knix

# Youth In Love

I'm walking in the streets alone  
I've no intention going home  
Although the roads I've left unknown  
May just lead me there.

I'm not a man to bow to fate-  
Nor one to premeditate,  
The love I seek, the love I make-  
Which takes me right on back to hate.

Lazarus Knix