

Poetry Series

**mark anthony st. rose**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2010

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## mark anthony st. rose(11-03-1979)

Poetry chose me, I didn't voluntarily enter this path. However after much reluctance I gave in and now I am transformed by poetry and writing on the whole. I have written many books, but book so far i have published one of them it is entitled Heaven's Secret. Anyone who wishes to contact me can do so by emailing me at stroseman@.

But there is more to my story. i can't explain most of it just like the rays of the sun, but i could feel it. It is almost as if i have been born to write; a poet not manufactured, but planted in the earth; one hundred percent natural. I remember when I was about fifteen it was like a poetic energy just took hold of me i couldn't stop writing. i had written in a copybook about fifty poems in the space of two weeks. it was like i was in a trance or something. i called the book 'behind the curtains of life.' But what was more baffling was the fact that i never really read any poetry or liked any poetry for that matter. yes it was truly strange. But in retrospect i see where this was probably my inner self hinting to me my purpose. that is, what I should be doing on this earth. what i was born for. what my soul was implanted in my body for.

# A New Birth

He trains; he learns; he burns molding in the fire of life's crucible.  
He becomes an intellectual gladiator, a spiritual warrior, an agent of the divine.  
Perfect in body and in mind.- in unison, matter ignited by a cryptic birth of soul.  
He forges ahead - alone- to change the world.  
Shaping it with his breath: his pen; or even possibly by his death.  
Yet a divine authority and charisma he embodies.

he sees beyond the far horizon,

a future yet to be.

He soars ahead like a bright star in the dark galaxies;

he is light leaving a trail for all to follow.

But few are they that see.

Most are blinded by body's ego and ambition in the netherworld;  
this world.

Sorrowful their tears fall watering the ground,

bringing forth no roses but only weeds grow.

Their soul seeds, the god flower fails to sow.

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# A Beautiful Date

It felt like eternity was lodged in that moment:  
in every expression; in every smile; in every touch.  
It seemed as though the whole world stopped,  
or.... all else was just a dim noise in the background,  
and IT WAS ONLY HER;  
her poise in my betaken gaze.  
She wore a skin of glowing white, pink smooth lips, and golden hair.

Although I briefly knew her-  
I wanted to please her, I wanted to kiss her, I wanted to touch her,  
and I wanted to make sweet passionate love to her.-  
Compelled, I then held her hand and watched her soothing smile:  
it was silk soft like satin innocence.

Finally, I got the courage to kiss her,  
and she to my heart's glee reciprocated.  
And I spiraled far into the wonderful abyss of the moment,  
lost in kisses' eternity:  
lost further in the caress of her soft breasts,  
whilst thinking this a wonderful dream.  
It really seemed like a surreal dream  
of heaven and she was my beloved,  
haloed white angel:  
Amanda.

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# A Beautiful Flow

Effortless like the motion of the skies  
I move,  
like the clouds changing shape  
I metamorphose,  
from passing beauty to beauty,  
poetic is my fixity,  
fluid is my energy  
adhering faithfully to life's logic of constant change.

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# A Beautiful Now

I undressed the moment  
like the Sun undresses a flower  
in the height of bloom,  
and with a swoon of ecstasy  
I kissed and embraced her,  
my earth angel; my love.

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# A Best Tale Of Love

As the Infinite sleeps within the Infinite,  
eternal dreams all that there are,  
dream bodies all that there be,  
and roaming spirits all that they possess.  
there love blossoms in the silence of dreams,  
and there love lingers in time's unreleased hours,  
finding lost caverns in vast unborn of souls,  
revealing deep passions and raptures and joy,  
spiraling ever more into dreams unknown,  
like a journey with a fathomless end.  
An abyss found beyond eyes and in hearts,  
stars somehow imagined in a starless night,  
as an ever immaterial fire burns in immaterial depths,  
like the rays of the sun not seen but felt,  
like the colours of the rainbow known but yet to be imagined.  
These were the dreams, the love of the spirits;  
this was the dance, the beginning, the union;  
the spark from which would arise all sparks.  
The birth of a mind preceding body,  
the birth of a love preceding hearts;  
a miracle born in the timeless of worlds,  
as if to sing and speak of the Ineffable.  
It adds an aim to the caprice;  
an unfolding purpose to Infinite's art,  
it's like the void somehow sees and feels,  
it paints its picture with dream lines and dreambrushes,  
like a magician with the wand of existence.  
It knows of its namelessness yet creates a name,  
it knows of its boundless yet creates a bound  
to live an act of love and desire,  
to risk the pains and apparent death  
on a cryptic transient plane.  
And like a red rose ephemeral  
whose beauty graces only for a short while,  
yet still dances at the Sun's blossom,  
as if blinded to its mortality,  
as if to say now is all there is,  
and now will always be.  
Inexorable love's power then becomes,

a force and a glory magnificent,  
like an attraction in a vast magnetic field,  
unstoppable, that ever joins the two into one.

....to be continued

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## A Best Tale Of Love (Part 2)

.  
Its prime identity now masked in the dust,  
It grants a beauty, a form, a shape,  
An air reminiscent of supernal skies.  
Its spirit mated with the virgin lands,  
bodies formed by formless of hands,  
Its magic lent to the inert of soul,  
And its breath to earth's deep chasms  
echoing the harmonie of heaven,  
Like the sweet tolls of a monastic bell.  
Leaves are there fallen and so to the grace,  
A divine providence an accompanying All.  
An All-seeing power a peeping sun,  
An accompanying moon's apparent abeyance,  
Like a distant face of a love forlorn.  
A cosmic beauty, an expansive art,  
A masterpiece that hints of Infinite's power.  
A design that spawns a new world,  
And a field in which lovers grow  
Like two exotic red roses in a vast meadow.  
Dreams are there remembered though forgotten,  
And love is reborn into human hearts,  
Like the resurgence of a latent fire,  
Blown mysteriously by a strange wind,  
Emerged from the waves of deep Universal seas,  
Fuelled by the wealth of once inert wood.  
Resumes then a bond, a soul force,  
Soul mates unite witnessed by the stars,  
And celebrates a love born before time,  
To embark on an adventure amorous,  
So as to ever erect a tale of an iconic dawn.

to be continued.....

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# A Blossoming Night

There the night was lit with a moonstone sky,  
and under it moonlit skins of two lovers converged,  
painting the air with breath of passion,

to be cont'd

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# A Boy's Night Out

Themselves they drown, the night, the booze,  
The tits, the laughter to quell, sorrow.  
Ladies dance to entice the dim lights,  
As eyes delve deep into empty spaces  
For a fee.  
An exoticness dominates, penetrates,  
Still lonely hearts fail to infiltrate.  
Stirring passions rise and fall  
Faster than the sun,  
Or like a fleeting spark on it's ember,  
Faces lusts hardly remember  
As the night is lost in the booze,  
The tits, the laughter to quell sorrow?

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# A Creative Faculty

There is a creative faculty  
That is constant  
Like a stream  
On an endless course.  
And we are just temporal fixities  
Caught in its magical motions  
Like waves getting sudden breath  
Unaware of our source  
Unaware of our dreams  
But it haunts like the day  
Stalks like the night.  
Hinting to us of its ghostly beauty  
And some see  
And others fail  
And immeasurable depths are uncovered  
Whilst the inexorable journey  
Continues.....

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# A Dauther Of A God.

Unsilently she stands in sheer defiance  
like a warrior princess against the world,  
she stands alone  
and her words her weapons,  
slaying ignorance,  
and immortalizing life and time.

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# A Day In Woodford Square

The trees dances daintily in the winds,  
bathed by the dim heat of the evening sun.  
As men under their shades cleverly converse,  
sharing scripture or even bible verse.

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# A Fallen Star

When a star falls from sky,  
And darkness temporarily wins  
Over imperishable light,  
And angels tears like diamonds flight  
follows faithfully, steadily star's trail,  
then in freedom's wings softly sail;  
still somberness fills sweet harmonies,  
And voices sing sad symphonies  
To honour a great era,  
Of an end and a new birth.

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# A God Born

Unsilently she stands in sheer defiance  
like a warrior princess against the world,  
she stands alone,  
and her words her weapons,  
slaying ignorance,  
and immortalizing life and time.

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# A Journey

Hi: Greetings. I come to you from a different realm,  
one not housed or oriented in physical reality.

I have no location in space nor time,  
but I embody a host just to speak;  
hear my words and take comfort.

The human journey is formative for fashioning of a God,  
This ascension parallels the splendour of an Unseen heaven.  
Like a bright light that mirrors a million suns,  
or like the eminence of stars decorated upon the splendid shores of sky.  
This is the beauty that awaits our mortal climb,  
like a butterfly that bursts its ugly cocoon,  
transforming into a magnificently beautiful bloom.  
This is the same principle that guides us,  
angels' wings soon bestowed by the benevolence of Heaven.

I know this because I was once among you,  
I stood as a man, but now I am a free energy entity.  
I thank you and wish you good luck on your journey,  
and I hope to see you soon.

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# A Little While Longer

Soft sunset touching gently  
the evening portions of my skin  
rescinding into the slow onslought of Night.  
Oh Night! delay your coming  
just a little  
so that i could behold  
some more the wealth of this golden gleam  
streaming across the oceans of my faintless heart  
embracing some more its breath taking moments  
as it paints ever more beautifully,  
orangely the sky,  
rainbows nigh  
drizzles colours dancing upon my bronze skin.  
Oh Night! delay your coming,  
and tell Death to wait.

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# A Love Away

I awake to the sun of the sombre morn,  
ten thousand pieces my heart is torn,  
like fallen petals on a windy land,  
and parting kisses blown by my hand.  
Unjoined away from the one I love,  
bid I her return like a faithful dove.

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## A Mini-Epic ' The Kingdom Trinity'

He fears no mortal upon the shores,  
the divine resonates within his pores.  
Like Achilles he stands upon the hill,  
ready to command his men at will.  
Though his enemies attack sure he stands,  
like the surrounding sea's strength of calm.  
MANNING the gates with his stance,  
Heaven reflects at his glance.  
The noon appears though dark the sky,  
dark mists descends darkness `ver` nigh.  
Get ready men! He bravely shouts,  
echoes the valleys thereabouts.  
' GLORY MEN! Glory! He quickly run,  
to the enemies faces fear's shun.  
His balisier shields glitters dim light,  
as if to shield his men in flight.  
The guardian express a new day's adversarial gate,  
' THE GUARDIAN MEN! The guardian end his fate.'  
Swords are drawn battle ensues,  
as if to restore some hope the news.  
Mortals to the ground falls Heaven's dismay,  
he shouts, ' it didn't have to be this way! '  
His hands reaches his face the bloody tear,  
' Watch out sire! ' his men shout with care.  
Balisier's shield quickly raise,  
to shield the arrows in its haze.  
With passion he runs fleet marries Brave,  
as if the Kingdom Trinity to save.  
Enemies surround him dark the cave,  
he fights, utter ' The Kingdom Trinity to save.'  
He dances like a warrior a mastered art,  
as if untouchable or an immortal heart.  
There a strange rumble within the sky,  
men cold, shiver, tremble, know not why.  
THE RISING SUN now emanates from the far west,  
a false sun ghosts appear emboldened enemies chest.  
Some of his men like morbid mortals falls,  
now to God his passion desperately calls.  
But unsure his voice is heard the screams,

the ravages of ghosts defeat all that seems.  
Amidst the ROW - sees no LEE- way,  
but bids his men stand strong this day.  
For the evening sun is far from set,  
so be our swords or courage yet.  
'STAND STRONG MEN! Stand strong! ' He implores,  
for these ghosts are mists of wind nothing more.  
But from dark sun they seem incessantly to come,  
like rain of spectres from the vast sky's dome.  
Destruction their motive evil wild,  
from the nether worlds the Devil's child.  
SILVER THE FOX that leads the charge,  
A WOMAN, A WOMAN supersedes the barrage.  
The hero relentless still fights unmoved,  
surrounded by red he finds his groove.  
Like a true king with Heaven's sceptre,  
one by one he vanquishes the spectre.  
But around he looks seeing his men few,  
to the sky then looks a peeping blue.  
The great sky then broke a hand emerge,  
Angels descend as if evil to purge.  
In raiment soft but hard their cause,  
with astonished gaze evil pause.  
And the hero smiles with renewed strength,  
for he knew his prayers went the length.  
Now the angels unleach their cleansing vigour,  
defeating the dark ghosts phantasmagoric figure.  
And the rising sun quickly descends,  
a new light as earth ever amends.  
Now the hero stands amidst the field,  
his shield to the ground his hands yield.  
For a victory is won upon the hill,  
like Achilles he stands unmoved still.

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# A New Age

The cults are dead! Did you hear what I've said?  
The cults are dead! infinity is born,  
join the human being in its race to divinity.  
Let the light of knowledge be your torch.  
Summon the bearers upon the hill,  
the prophets, the messiahs, the child savior;  
who knows the most among them all,  
who stands on the precipice before the fall,  
who romances Heaven in daily delight,  
the child: Yes, the child is the one bearing the light.

Follow him and you will not be lost,  
let each man find the deeper meaning of the cross;  
the burdens, the burnings of body, its sensations,  
immerse yourself in the spirit's elations.

Immerse yourself in the spirit's elations.  
Again I say, the cults are dead, infinity is finally born.

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## A Poem For Aurobindo

He writes, he captures eternity on a page,  
though he's no more he has escaped the age.  
And in a timeless bowel I believe he dwells,  
a cavern of secret souls locked in infinity.

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# A Poem To My Sister Diane

They both sneak.  
They both sneak in and out of their visions  
and their thoughts  
for their own behalf,  
so as to infuse their minds with higher love thoughts,  
hoping to stir a higher love energy,  
so that they could then come together and form a wonderful synergy,  
where two souls join and mates  
and they call it soulmates.

And where kisses feel like surreal dreams,  
and halo surrounds like invisible beams,  
but real as the magical day,  
like feelings that just won't go away,  
but stays and basks in forever's short moments,  
wishing for more of eternity's erotic enjoyments  
with you and ONLY YOU;  
so let us prove the world false and us true.

And again they both sneak in and out of their visions  
and their thoughts,  
infusing their minds with higher love thoughts,  
stirring a higher love energy,  
and they come together and form a wonderful synergy,  
where two souls join and mates  
and they call it soulmates.

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# A Song For Lisa

When my passion weeps in morning time,  
hear birds singing still my heart it cries.  
Got to push myself to move on,  
tears fall from my eyes on fallen ground.

The roses they no longer smell as sweet,  
our kisses they would no longer meet.  
Your laughter that used to fill the air,  
your smile rainbows couldn't compare

(chorus)

its never been the same since you've died,  
I've tried to go on Lord You know I've tried.  
Lisa though you're gone I know you're there,  
in the sunset or the sky somewhere.

Your memories it flashes constantly,  
those were the days just you and me.  
You were always there when I needed you most,  
when you spoke of me our love would boast.

Lisa I'm writing this song for you,  
if you were me you would do it too.  
I hope you could hear this heaven's ears,  
and one day know i'll join you there.

When my passion weeps in morning times,  
hear birds singing still my heart it cries.  
Got to push myself to move on,  
tears fall from my eyes on fallen ground.

(chorus)

Its never been the same since you've died,  
I've tried to go on Lord you know I've tried.  
Lisa though you're gone I know you're there,  
in the sunset or the sky somewhere.

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# A Star

Mohammed was the prophet,  
the voice in the wilderness,  
just there to introduce the greatness,  
now you are about to witness.  
Not just I but the second coming,  
angels in the background humming,  
my lines are star studded  
with pearls from heaven,  
my favourite number- seven.

Now I am not blaspheming,  
but I am just saying  
that God called me to pick up the pen,  
and write poems to lead all men.  
My words are Infinte,  
men hearts sink in it,  
and swim in the sea of souls,  
diving deeper where treasure holds.  
And my words continue to make gold  
floors of mansions beyond this world.  
So that where I am there you may be also,  
proving me and this scripture true.

I promised I would come back for you,  
and poems were my passage,  
love written my message.  
from Heaven's dimension to earth,  
my sacrifice proved your worth,  
and I would not hesitate to do it again,  
lay down my life to save a friend.

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# A Star Of Love

The star of love burns its last flame,  
yet let not my heart rescind,  
but like a small spark  
be caught in the wind,  
and after awhile  
the flame  
arise once more,  
the star-  
- to love.

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# A Stranger

In alluring beauty, sultry thighs,  
i see her watch me, Indian eyes.  
Distracting the moment, marvel's dazzle,  
Cupid showers, i could feel its drizzle  
upon my heart that knows the end,  
would she be my lover or maybe just a friend.

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# A Transformation

Into a God I slowly become,  
my hands transformed an angel eagle wings  
and like a bird I soar  
like stars suspended  
my mortal thoughts.

My flesh is pierced by the Divine,  
now I know the secrets of the Unborn,  
see the glimmers of the Unseen worlds,  
and feel the burnings of Invisible Suns.  
I then shed the earth like the tree its leaves,  
or like the dying rose its petals;  
yet still I live to embrace a new dawn  
spawned by the impenetrable heavens.

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## A Transition

As beauty fades into disappearing night,  
Escaping into mists of thin air of white.  
But blown mysteriously by a strange soft wind,  
The flower, the heights of youthful blossom spin.  
Remembers the joy, the pains in bosoms locked,  
And dances dolorous dark night's passions stocked.  
As if it were to welcome beauty's dying fate,  
As if it were to summon saviour's powers late.  
An acceptance now of the transient nature of things,  
Though still sings an eternal wisdom ever sings  
Of a rebirth within the relic soil,  
Of hands again to plough the rugged toil.  
To glimpse once more a mortal beauty, the sun;  
Beauty's new face found upon the banks of the old.

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# A True Being

There, moves the prevailing Entity, Eternal and Essential,  
Enveloping the Universe with the maxim of LOVE;  
suffering, sacrifice, sexuality, all married to truth,  
and Reality's essence the sea in which our real selves swim:  
not the fabricated 'I' that we have come to know  
or passionately love with surface attachments bonds:  
a fleeting ego in the transient nature of time,  
like a summer fling whose beauty is cherished only awhile,  
or like an admired actor the pretended protagonist in a play.  
Still our true awareness peeps and haunts our night and our day,  
as if a witness from another secret realm,  
ghostly with spirits untainted and inviolable  
who communicate to a self outside of self.  
Yet our subconscious romances the intriguing existence,  
unravelling slowly its mysteries through the thread of time,  
and dancing as if in a trance of raptured love,  
and articulating Love's mute truth in the language of men,  
that when we sleep we are most awake- divine,  
or when we die we are most alive- sublime.  
And one day consciousness merges with the One and come to truth,  
knowing ourselves unfathomable and luminous.

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# A Twerriffic Twilight

A romantic rainbow painted the silver skies,  
whilst my charms held her and arms pulled the gaze of her eyes,  
as we danced daringly in the drizzle,  
and smiled mixing our heat with the sizzle  
of the sun that dried the wet drops  
that fell on our wet kisses' head tops.  
And we stopped and looked once more at rainbow skies,  
that painted as well a colourful love in our betaken eyes.

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# A Wealth Beyond

There is a wealth that fades within the bound,  
with a clock that ticks faces round.

A knowledge that whispers abode beyond,  
with a well that springs its timeless pond.

Silence deep whispers within the heart,  
surface noise screams distorts the chart.  
And souls are strangled within the din,  
to fail to uncover the silence man's only sin.

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# A Wise Man

So I sat under the tree and asked the wise man,  
' so what about death? '

And he said, ' Death is just an illusion we perceive,

that belies the reality  
of the indestructibility  
of life.

Death is like a barren wife.  
But life flows like a stream,  
an invisible beam  
in and out of consciousness,  
like when we sleep and wake,  
somebody bear me witness,  
and know this to be true  
like the illusion of the sky blue.  
Death is a disintegration  
paving paths for new integration.

Death is like a sombre sunset  
in an eternal recurring day.

Death is like a dark Knight  
in a Shakespeare's play.

And the wise man remained silent and smiled,  
looked at me with calm eyes and said,  
' so be at peace my child'.

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## A Wise Man 2 (Race)

So I sat under the tree,  
And asked the wise man what about RACE?  
And he replied, ' race is like a passing face,  
A thin cloud upon a shroud,  
An illusion that causes confusion.

Race is a figment of your mind  
And it is in there you will find  
The answer to your question,  
The tools to reshift your perception.

Race is like a place that deeply does not exist,  
But only on the surface persist.  
Race is like the colours of a fading rainbow, '  
But still magical,  
That is all I want you to know.

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# A Wonderful Encounter

It was like we knew each other forever;  
The bonds disappeared so quickly  
Melting boundaries in a kiss.  
And the moment awoke eternity,  
It was as though the Sun was meant for just us,  
While the day dazzled like lover's eyes.  
And freedom found us by the sea,  
It was like this was meant to be.  
And so our naked bodies converge,  
And our hearts contentedly merge  
As we lay on the shore of existence, united.

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# A World Of Poems

In a world of poems escapes the world,  
the glimmer, the lights, the swirl.  
In verses fancy, speeches gold,  
so dances the tune, the girl.

Raptured ears and open hearts,  
captured fears as words sink.  
On open pages truth larks,  
plays engraved poets think.

Isolate, alone and the seas,  
on the shore sits the pen.  
Knowledge blown by the breeze,  
as if from some secret ken.

Art emboldened upon the page,  
of strokes of ink not paint.  
Mixed a wisdom like a sage,  
and all a love but faint.

To journey beyond horizons,  
and uncover the Unseen.  
Beyond the sun risen,  
and the rays and the gleam.

So the worlds of poems escapes the world,  
the glimmer, the lights, the swirl.  
In verses fancy, speeches gold,  
so dances the tune, the girl.

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# Affair Une Sexuale

I've hurt all my hurts,  
and cried all my cries.  
I've embolden my soul,  
from all your evil lies.

You said you love me,  
I was the only one you adore.  
You said you'll never leave me,  
that I was everything and more.

But I caught you that day  
sharing our sacred bed,  
having a filthy affair  
with my best friend Ted.

Remember b\*\*tch, how you  
grovelled and cried,  
said it was a mistake,  
'but how come his hands were tied.'

Never mind, it's over,  
I never want to see you  
again in this lifetime,  
or in the world anew.

'cause I've hurt all my hurts,  
and cried all my cries.  
I've embolden my soul,  
from all your evil lies.

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# Age Of Eden

When the Eden has come,  
and the dawn embraces  
once more the pristine air,  
and men have been thoroughly cleansed  
from a toxic past,  
And laughter is purer  
and freer at last.  
And peace reigns in the bosom of all,  
clothed with a nudity like before the fall.  
When Eden has come,  
and the future is present  
and now shines with  
the light of the sun.  
o yes then you'll know  
the age of Eden has come.

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# Amelia's Perfection

Beauty her body captures like a prisoner,  
she walks with a grace that defines her,  
well- fitted into a suit of perfection's flesh,  
she passes the time she passes the test,  
like a perfect flower in a perfect vase,  
she seems to dance with the stars,  
Above the mire of the mundane earth,  
she smiles with me she flirts,  
as my heart flutter and my soul burns,  
my body her body ever yearns.

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# Amuse

To create sound is to be without me,  
for death to truly exist I must cease to be.  
What am I?

I am the silent wind of life infusing all,  
I am the amusing muse before the fall.

I secretly embody indestructibility,  
I change my clothes and call it mortality.

to me no harm can truly come,  
for I have seen the setting of the eternal Sun,  
and I 've seen it rise and fall on Infinity's throne,  
tis was the same light that led me home.

What Am I?

I am the silent wind of life infusing all,  
I am the amusing muse before the fall.

I whisper to the souls of meditating me,  
I am the ink of inspiration that fills the poet's pen,  
I am the boundless comforts of love that removes all fear,  
I am the Spirit of Contentment that simple men hold dear.  
%%% Still I am the conception that evades all defintions,  
I stir the mystery that creates the original question.

yet I dwell in all hearts dancing to the beats to the rhythm of life,  
and I will never leave your side like a faithful wife.

What Am I?

I am the silent wind of life infusing all,  
I am the amusing muse before the fall.

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# An African Male

A diminished impression of the black male,  
indelibly stamped in the minds of some  
is a lingering symptom of a colonial past  
and an ominous present.

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# An Evolution

I feel like a dying seed upon a parched land,  
watered solely by the tears and cares of heaven.

My body becoming more of a cocoon  
and something inside me the butterfly,  
just awaiting with bated breath its moment  
to burst free.

I learn at times reluctantly to detach  
from this transient beauty; the body.

I could feel it slipping,  
my mortal thoughts slipping,  
my mortal desires slipping.

I feel strange at times derange,  
wondering if its only me  
or is this a natural course to be;  
our evolution,  
from earth to heaven's sky;  
from man to divine butterfly.

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# An Untamed Tongue

Gossip! Gossip!  
Chatta! Chatta!  
A Juicy story,  
truth; doesn't matter.

Whispers here,  
whispers there.  
A tongue untamed,  
the greatest fear.

Libels, slanders,  
famous innuendos.  
Where it all started,  
no one knows.

Or cares to know  
its source.  
A friend defamed,  
not my loss.

Oh how fast it travels,  
speed of light.  
Should I tell you,  
I think I might.

Gossip! Gossip!  
Chatta! Chatta!  
A juicy story,  
truth; doesn't matter.

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# Annabelle

The more I live,  
the more cold I  
and my days become,  
but somehow seeing you  
is like seeing a peeping sun,  
that sends a warm streak upon my skin,  
and a small flame ignites my soul begin  
its journey towards a brighter tomorrow.

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# Another Dawn

O sweet light of Dawn,  
shine upon the roses spawn;  
and in your naked rays there they meet,  
a miracle, a fantastical feat.  
An aroma released in silent air,  
birds then whistle to bring the cheer.  
Awakes then the butterflies,  
cock crows and baby cries.

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# Another World

Four summers ago,  
Before the birth of eternity,  
I dreamt of you.

I dreamt I was  
Kissing your sweet lips;  
touching your warm body-  
Yes.

We were lost somewhere on a beach,  
But our drifting worlds found each other,  
Our hearts within each others reach-  
Yes.

It felt real as the Sun as the day,  
It felt real like rays that pierces skin,  
O how I wanted you to stay-  
Yes;

Then I heard someone spoke,  
and from my sleep I awoke,  
and you disappeared like the cloud,  
and my bereft emotions shroud,  
No!

And now I long to live forever in the world of dreams.

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# Answer

I am the answer to the equation,  
society's secret solution,  
some may use the term weapon.  
But I am the Key:  
the key to unlock humanity;  
it's potential exponential.  
Within me lies the cells,  
a dna map that tells  
how to escape the prison,  
and burst into a light of prism.  
An inextinguishable fire,  
soaring above desire.  
I am a beam unseen,  
a beam that touches the unknown horizon,  
and beckons and invites a new dawn,  
a day with a star that points the direction,  
to a boundless world of true freedom.

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# Apocalypse

When the world becomes a lonely widow,  
and all souls murdered no tomorrow,  
buried in a cold desolate dirt,  
no one to sing a rapso to mother earth,  
or to bathe in the warm streams or dive in the beautiful sea,  
this is surely the day I never wish to see.

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# Army

I, I AM AN ARMY,  
I stand against the enemy,  
those who come to destroy me.  
I stand in the firing line,  
weapons in hand, bravado style.

They come; they come from all over.  
They come from India and from Africa.  
They come; they come from right here.  
They come from underground, right there,  
They come through tunnels, no fear.

I, I am an Army,  
I stand against the enemy,  
those who come to destroy me.  
I stand in the firing line,  
weapons in hand, bravado style.

I stand Alone  
against the millions I face,  
but God keeping communication at the base.  
And I attack with full force,  
unmindful of my life to be lost,  
but found on immortal shores,  
it's like the more they kill me  
the more I live ever more.

I, I am an Army,  
I stand against the enemy,  
those who come to destroy me.  
I stand in the firing line,  
weapons in hand, bravado style.

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# Ascension

Can one outgrow the earth?  
Caught in a rapture so grand,  
dancing the edge of the Universe,  
like the glimmer of the far stars,  
becoming now a celestial orb,  
spinning its web of new dimensions,  
spinning your web of new creations,  
creations, creations, creations.....

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# Attraction

Her face is printed in my mind in hesitation,  
Always before the dawn, always before the noon.  
In a sleepless wonder it lingers,  
Like a stronger ember whispers  
Sweet words of love but agony  
Haunts like an idle ghost  
That wants to be the host  
Of love's pain. (embraced by another)  
And I think of her again,  
In a kind of midnight's magic stupor  
It seems my thought energy finds her  
Now my face is printed in her mind in hesitation,  
Always before the dawn, always before the noon.

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# Awakening

The native concept of infinity,  
awakens luminously in nescient minds,  
compelling man from lower to higher states.  
As if providing words to describe the ineffable,  
or the colours in which to paint the beauty of an invisible face.

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# Awe

Harsh weathers that utters the fate of snow,  
that falls upon surface skin like burning ice.  
Who could apprehend the mystery of the Gods.

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# Battle For Trinidad

Descends the ominous clouds and spilling rains,  
over the dead filled land like blood  
flood the unperturbed corbeaus over caucuses  
and screams are heard  
as if carried by the howling winds

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# Beneath The Sea

String of pearls beneath the sea,  
hidden treasures deep inside  
our hearts filled with love  
overflowing upon the shores.  
Depths unknown, unsearchable even,  
like the stars trapped in this Universe.  
Life surrounds it in all forms,  
imperfection clothes perfection,  
a natural order, a cosmic intelligence,  
listen closely and feel God's presence.

Silence, solitude that's my treasure,  
beneath the stillness of the seas,  
yes, beneath the beautiful seas.

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# Beyond The Horizon

Can I touch the shallow skies  
in December when the year dies,  
and live beyond the horizon  
to dawn anew like a resurrected rose.

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# Beyond This World

His consciousness is of a higher order,  
his plane not of this world.

His words travels beyond boundaries,  
to liberate all men his goal.

His ways are guided by the Universe,  
his road rugged but sure.  
His body dies in daily battle,  
but infinitely he grows more and more.

His compassion goes out to all men,  
his prayers are for them to see.  
His gracious heart cries tears of blood,  
as he cries for all to truly be.

His journey would soon come to an end,  
his crucified body would find rest.  
His darkened skies angels' bright,  
would now prepare for him Heaven's best.

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# Blazes Of Glory

Blazes of glory,  
The armor's Knight.  
Eyes of courage,  
Prepares to fight.

The horses gallop,  
Rallies his men.  
Win or perish,  
Fight to the end.

Clashes bloody,  
Weapons hard fought,  
Never surrender  
Impressed in their thought.

Their king's order,  
They defiantly proceed.  
Opposing death,  
Though their soul's bleed.

Smelling the salt,  
Of their wives' tears.  
Promise of victory,  
Quell all their fears.

Now beyond the graves,  
Their ancestral summon.  
Sending support,  
Battle once walked upon.

Then amidst fallen men,  
There goes a victory cry.  
Swords sunken the ground,  
As hearts ask-  
' why? '

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# Bliss

It seems as if stars lighted the midnight room,  
Circling majestically over and above us  
As we laid like lovers artistically on the bed.  
And she was like an angel who stole the smile of heaven  
Said; she became mortal to unite with a mortal  
And to feel desire and passion and love,  
And to feel the touches she could not feel above.  
And as her hair was softly spread,  
Surrounding her restful head  
Like a halo on the pillow.  
And so I felt like a Spartan king,  
Who could not help but sing,  
Of a love faithfully mine.

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# Bowels Of Silence

How shall I speak of doom,  
when the sun over my dark shadow passes.  
How shall I speak of death,  
when my soul above my mortal corpse rises.  
How shall I speak of despair,  
when hope is deep within my heart lodged.

My only resolve is to dwell in the  
bowels of silence  
where the truth  
purest can be found  
and the Ultimate reality possessed.  
Where God can be felt  
and his love experienced.

My only resolve is to dwell in the  
bowels of silence  
and become one with  
my soul and my Ultimate self.  
Where the Universe becomes  
now aware of my very existence.

My only resolve is to dwell in the  
bowels of silence  
and listen as Silence  
silently speaks.

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# Causes Of Entity

Sitting here contemplating the causes of entity,  
from the Bing Bang theory to entropy.  
From a benevolent God to a man with a magic rod,  
I feel lost in a phase of eternity.  
caught like between darkness and luminosity,  
a duality I possess and I am possessed by,  
a life that dies but never truly die.

Sitting here contemplating the causes of entity,  
origins of nature- the original mystery.  
Wandering if my life possesses any meaning,  
and if all this pain and suffering sends my soul streaming,  
opening into a sea of reasons,  
explaining these cryptic seasons.  
Or is our existence inconsequential,  
an accidental non-essential,  
an error upon Nature's page,  
a virus in a treacherous age.

Why- are- we- here? Why am I here?

Sitting here contemplating the causes of entity,  
eventually the answer inside of me  
unfolds like a flower,  
and this was the very hour  
that upon me came an inner ascension,  
and it was like I escaped earth's dimension,  
circumventing society's fiction,  
seeing a new depiction.  
It was like I conquered death and saw what came after,  
I was like a flaming supernova,  
flowing like a free energy entity,  
now knowing the causes of entity.

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# Celestial

She looked like an Indian goddess,  
Who danced in the hallways of my dream's sweet splendour,  
Whispering my name from the abyss of love,  
Touching my heart turning the surreal real.  
As she wore a maiden's golden dress,  
That fell softly on her body's caress,  
whilst escorted two identical angels best  
who were there mainly to witness  
A love born between mortal and divine.  
Now Lo' - she descended- celestial into my mundane life,  
And like the rising sun her majestic gleam was forever upon me.

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# Centre Of My Universe

&lt;/&gt;&lt;/&gt;Crux of my life, center of my soul,  
learn to marry my words to your heart,  
and knit it with the threads of unfailing love.  
For you descended like the dawn,  
and aroused my loveless slumber,  
sung like the sweet bird of summer,  
hung like a surreal dream  
that I couldn't help but remember,  
Where kisses flowed like water upon an ember,  
whilst the heat burned still in our passion souls.  
So we danced like the like the last day in December,  
taking steps and twirls that marked the times of forever,  
welcoming the perennial new years of love.  
Then fireworks reflected in your eyes,  
and in our sizzling smiles, .  
Then midnight's silent kiss,  
an end, I will surely miss.  
Crux of my life, center of my soul,  
learn to marry my words to your heart,  
and knit it with the threads of unfailing love.

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# Cold Hearts

6 billion persons in this world yet my heart is so alone,  
and the misty air hovers frigid breathes a breath-  
-a breath so cold.

But it burns still my soul like a white flame on a lone monastic hill,  
as apparent eternal raging tempest skies still blow-  
-still blow winds chill.

And my formless tears cries tries the ice to warm,  
but freezes its fervent attempt and bids forlorn.  
And I am left to wonder is this a poet's path,  
like the road less traveled on Robert Frost's chart.

Or is solitude my blessing or curse that I shall write,  
and the moon and stars my company the lonely night.  
And in the day shall I seek solace from the seas, the sea-gulls, the shore,  
or the sun in its majestic flight be content therewith and nothing more.

Is it wrong for me to crave a true friendship bond, a human touch,  
or in this world of selfish indulgence am I asking too much.  
For I've found friends more fleeting than the fair-weather clouds,  
and aloneness tears my heart even amidst the mass of crowds.

And in their busyness going about their business,  
they fail to notice me oblivious to the sadness  
that fills my sombre soul and by extension theirs,  
for we are all connected they fail to see but only their fears-  
-of being- - alone.

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# Crystal

CRYSTAL diamond blue rain drops,  
falls beautifully upon my bronze skin,  
and I dance in these wet moments,  
lost silly in this sentence; specchless,  
but my heart and I enter her  
speaks deeply of LOVE.

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# Dark Haven

Build your ostentatious buildings  
and your graves  
to house your strangled souls.  
Build your so called impeccable cities,  
with blinding lights  
that deters the escape.  
Build your fake realities,  
from insecure dreams  
of reaching illusion's pinnacle.  
Few would surely escape.

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# Daydreams

Oh naked dreams, so pure, so little,  
that fills my heart in light of day.  
Jealous night low whispers so little,  
with the daydreams I vow to stay.

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# Dear Australia

O my dear Australia,  
How I yearn to hear your sweet voice  
Summoning my heightened emotions,  
And beckoning my already enchanted heart.  
I yearn to hear you sing accented melodies,  
But no, maybe it may bring tearful memories  
of the wretched seas  
that separates us so.  
Or shall I swim the beauties  
of the deeps to meet your love?  
Or fly like a captured dove?  
Truly my beauty  
I feel like a hapless prisoner  
Lost without love on this island.

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## Dear Jalisa,

Dear Jalisa,

I have been wanting to talk to you for a while now, but your timing seems to be a bit off, as you always seem to pull the customer just in front of me.

Nevertheless, I know last time we spoke you seemed to be having some challenges. But I just wanted to tell you that ' NO TRUE CHARACTER COMES WITHOUT A TEST OF FAITH.'

Trust me in the Bank there will come a lot of challenges, but all these would serve to mold you into a better worker. This may sound strange, but the more mistakes you make, the better worker you will develop into, the less mistakes the worse. Trust me. You just got to ride out the initial waves and the calmness of the sea will greet you eventually. And it is most important to remember not to depend on your job or any external factor for that matter to make you happy, but remember happiness is a reservoir within you that you can always rely on regardless of the circumstance. Yes, these external things are important and helps, but are dispensable where true happiness is concerned. In other words, the world can be collapsing around you, but the reservoir of happiness in you will always remain available to you. O.K. I hope i helped a bit.

Bless.

Mark.

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# Death Stalker

She betrayed death that night,  
she stole his relentless force,  
deflecting it with her soul of strength,  
embolstered by a recently found faith,  
and with that experience emboldened even more.  
Now like a statued goddess she stood,  
injured yet not fallen,  
the world now seemed her shrine  
deepened in her  
prayer and contemplation,  
as she comes ever closer to God  
-the Infinite.

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# Death?

Death is like a sleep that compels our body into the Unknown,  
that propels our spirit, our loosened souls  
hopefully into the majestic realm of the Divine,  
where putrid soils exist no more,  
and hearts are no longer burdened by a sombre shell.  
Death is like a faithful darkened bride,  
that calls us to the other side,  
and we with tears unwillingly embrace,  
its unwanted kiss.

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# Deceit

Deceit wears many forms and faces,  
unsuspecting eyes false eyelashes,  
smiles red lipstick lies mouth more  
kisses  
lies  
sweet words tries like exotic roses,  
but with its pricking thorns that poses,  
threatening the sincerity of the bond,  
truth's true love yearning to be found,  
but still deceit emerges from the ground.

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# Defining Love

How do you define love?

An emotion that hurts,  
eludes your grasp seeming  
to fly away in some  
boundless unsearchable sky.

An emotion that makes you cry,  
and the same time feel sweet inside  
with incense of burning memories.

How do you define love?

capture it in a bottle like genie,  
so it will grant your fantasy's wishes.  
your heart's delicious dishes.

Tell me, and save me from the torture  
of misunderstanding  
and losing my standing,  
falling desperately in LOVE.

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# Dream Love

O lover of my dreams ever lost in a dark night,  
Fading is the beauty of your memory,  
Like the flame of a candle burning in the soft wind.  
Your kisses, surreal, this dream I do remember,  
Though the waking dawn ever bids me to forget,  
As if to say our love was like the thin passing clouds.  
But still, I will long for the night  
To rest in your arms,  
To feel your sweet caress  
Your elusive charms,  
And to capture the aroma of your sweet voice  
As it perfumes with love the already scented air.

O lover of my dreams ever lost in a dark night,  
Harness my deep wild passions  
And like a lion tamed  
I will be your loyal protector!  
Dreams dimensions we shall explore,  
Love's limits shall be no more,  
Boundless shall be our affinity.

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# Drowning

Upon the shores of time I drift,  
My tears becoming the seas.  
Alone holding the shadowy rift,  
With sadness and sun's degrees.

I try and try to swim to shore,  
My hands, my limbs all numb,  
I don't want to face life no more,  
My speech my prayers all dumb.

Wrapped in pain is I all I feel,  
Wrapped in treacherous pain.  
Wrapped in pain is all I feel,  
I don't want to be here again.

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# Dry Seasons

Thirty dry seasons I have seen,  
a world wonderful, so serene.  
The sun rises, the bird it flies,  
the rose blossoms, then it dies.

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# End Of Days

Darkness befalls,  
amidst this horror.  
Life's crimes,  
reigns of terror.  
Hearts break,  
cold as ice.  
Love vanish,  
only strife.  
Violence begets,  
violence all around.  
Justice is weary,  
utters a silent sound.  
Fears run wild,  
imagination takes hold.  
The worst scenario,  
would it ever unfold?  
Prayers upon prayers,  
unseeming answers.  
Knees bending,  
permanent postures.  
Life's threatening,  
these end of days.  
Warns the beast,  
in his evil ways.  
Innocent lives,  
it hopes to feed.  
Murders upon murders,  
never cease to bleed.  
Oh God! My God!  
surely put a hand,  
so that peace may dwell  
once more  
in this wretched land.

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# Equality

As the teachers teach,  
and the preachers preach,  
with their orchestrated glance,  
that makes us dance.  
With our slave trade mind,  
our true religion yet to find.  
Can we pray the inequity away?  
The racism that has become subliminal  
in politicians' rhetoric messages dismal.  
And future looks with well dressed crooks,  
who promise promises,  
shake hands, baby kisses.  
Was Marx and Engels right,  
Should we stand and fight  
against the capitalist,  
the blind economist.  
Should we invite the communist?  
Rewrite the manifesto's list,  
of real equity,  
not just in words you see.  
But in the heart and mind  
may the scrip there find.  
Could you imagine that?  
A world once thought flat.  
A change that unites full circle,  
Nothing short of a human's miracle.  
No longer would millions die because of hunger,  
greed suspended, selfish pursuits no longer.  
A socialist- a mind's evolution.  
A poet- a pen's revolution.  
Enlightenment now becomes us,  
In our inner selves we trust.  
To be our brothers keeper,  
of laws that assist the weaker.  
And makes us all stronger,  
class divisions no longer.  
one we shall become,  
under the sky's sun.  
To unite the earth with the heavens,

embracing the life that is given.  
Freely to enjoy the creation,  
Celebrating the birth of a world's nation.

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# Everyday

Everyday is a window.

where new opportunity lurks,  
to erase yesterday's hurts.  
To start afresh like the Sun,  
to do what was left undone.

Everyday is a window.

It is like Gods uses the days,  
to help us perfect our ways.  
To learn from our mistakes,  
we could do it, whatever it takes.

Everyday is a window.

So be bold don't be shy,  
sometimes you just have to abandon the question why.  
trusting you are on a divine journey,  
swept by the caring currents of God's great sea.

so again I say  
Everyday is a window.

where new opportunity lurks,  
to erase yesterday's hurts.  
To start afresh like the Sun,  
to do what was left undone.

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# Facebook Era

This facebook generation seems to think life is one big photo opt.  
It seems as if they are obsessively in love with themselves,  
trapped in a narcissistic shallow bubble as it were.

The world of onlookers become their mirror  
and when persons fail to notice,  
or notice negatively,  
they feel as if their mirror is cracked.

And no longer the most beautiful of them All,  
they are dejected to the point of throwing themselves  
of a f%#\*king wall.

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# Felicity

Raptured in an orange sky,  
Lost in a felicitous day.  
Above the birds that fly,  
Sounds that beckon stay.

Air filled with the sweet perfumes,  
And magical rainbow's hue.  
Below the blue flower blooms,  
O how happy is that blue.

It dances to the soft tune,  
Daintily carried by the winds.  
It sleeps welcomes white-moon,  
Dark the skies still beauty's tinge.

The stars twinkle all too bright,  
As if pointing to the heavens.  
O how mysterious is our sight,  
An inner call that beckons.

We feel, we dance its rhythms,  
'tis a moment ever real.  
O how deep the feeling fathoms,  
O how deep we love to feel.

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# Finding Love

I had found you on a lost golden day,  
not looking for love not wanting to stay,  
my adrift upon a broken plank lonely shores,  
you dived in and rescued me opened your doors  
of love that sailed with the beauty of the wind,  
and soul breathed my lungs darkness rescind.

I had surely found love on a lost golden day,  
imagine I wasn't looking not wanting to stay.

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# Free To Be Immoral

There must be the immoral crew  
Where moral rules do not apply  
Having fun on naked boats  
Under naked heat of sun.  
And tequilas on their naked breasts,  
And tongues licking like delicious desert.  
There must be the immoral crew,  
Gyrating freely on each other,  
fuelling sturdy erections,  
whilst girls be kissing girls; twirls,  
Putting on a show for the men,  
Tearing down curtains and conventions.

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# Fruit Of Sin

To dream to be spotless free,  
free from the images of sin.  
where pointers and condemners be,  
buried along judgements din.

where a pure life i enjoy,  
free from verdicts most of all.  
A life nude as Eden's coy,  
before Adam's unfateful fall.

o how I dream to be spotless free,  
to dance with the gaiety of wind.  
There I know I would eternal be,  
to eat the fruit of sex instead of sin.

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# Future

Be finders of your future,  
unearthers of your past.  
Creators of your present,  
make the magic moment last.

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# Future Man

To all my half-duty forebearers,  
embracers of a dim light ancestors,  
yet compelled to a freer dawn.  
I wait in liberty's wings,  
I am the future of which you dreamt.

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# Gaza

As the line of Palestine and Trinidad blurs  
Gaza burns becoming now the adored capital engaging youths  
as guns salutes, shoots in valleys, gullys,  
some clutching their bellies,  
while heads tied with rags of blood  
symbolizing the nefarious gangs ominous,  
like the dark skies reflecting their hue.  
and chanthing rthyms echo the likes of Mavado,  
and vicious cartels are formed to oppose  
the vibes and....  
and youths..... die.

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# Genius?

Genius is a by-product of accelerated cognitive abilities,  
in exceptional cases it informs greater bio-genetic capabilities,  
aptitudes thus rendering the individual not only comparatively intellectually  
advanced,

but as well distinctively physically phenotypically advanced.

The term genius and its application only holds relevance  
only in a comparative situation,  
usually to denote a qualitative difference.

However, when the individual as an entity is viewed in isolation,  
the term quickly loses all relevance.

But most importantly with genius the quality of the soul,  
or the energy entity within makes all the difference.

This is the true substance  
- of genius.

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# Ghandi

Shall I sit like Ghandi,  
and react non-violently  
to the violence that tears  
at my soul, my body, my race.  
Must I continue to face,  
the bullets that leave fingers  
and nominates the dead  
to be leaders of the dead.  
Where coffin covers the land,  
and values sink like the sand.  
And love an expired commodity  
found in arid hearts,  
weather-torn, sun-parched,  
but beaten still by an incessant rain  
of self-hate and others.  
So then like a yogi would I now sit  
to meditate, masturbate and ejaculate the hate,  
so that I ...  
I can be like Ghandi.

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# Glowing Star

I am the light and glowing star,  
The breath and soul you are.  
The leaf fallen from the tree,  
All these are part of me.

I am the wind that drives the storm,  
The joy that goes forlorn.  
The waves that surfaces the sea,  
All these are part of me.

I am the universe afar,  
The unknown existences that are.  
The rain that we sometimes see,  
All these are part of me.

I am the child that is often born,  
The sleepless breast a mother's mourn.  
The heaven we call infinity,  
Surely know all these is all me.

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# God Dead But Alive

For them God is not sleeping but dead,  
buried in the coffin, graves of eternity;  
Somewhere in the black holes of space,  
beyond the tenebrous clutches of time.  
Forgotten, along with their prayers.  
But still the cries of the orphans,  
like the voice of innocence and hope  
as if by words to awake the Silence.  
To bring back the light the darkness,  
like a kiss to a sleeping princess  
who was once victim to the dying poisons.  
A kiss that holds secret  
the promise of eternal life.

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# God Is A Genius

Creation; the formal expression of this Divine Energy is a testament to this fact. Study it trenchantly and be prepared to be spiraled into a fathomless abyss of awe and wonder.

Like a child you will become fascinated by the magic that constantly surrounds.

God is a genius.

Even the simplest flower at the height of midday bloom would display such marvelous intricacies of knowledge.

Also, the stars twinkling on the frontiers of a dark night sings of an intelligence beyond man's; one stretching to the far extremes of infinitude.

All is an expression of knowledge.

What else is humanity to do but bask in this beauty; this grandeur, knowing we to only possess a fragment of this Supermind; this Supersoul.

God is a genius.

And I am humbled to be able to view life from the perspective of where I stand;  
- as a simple man.

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# Golden Grove

He sat in prison stoical;  
The dungeon walls became his shrine,  
And he smiled where others cried,  
And his strength was made more formidable,  
Like Samson though at his lowest point.  
And in this four walled crucible,  
God was doing his moulding work  
Day by day, hour by hour,  
He saw the invisible hand  
That was born both mighty and tender.  
For He knew that he was blessedly chosen  
embracing a destiny to change the world.  
And in 7 perfect days behind the bars,  
He was now ready for redemption.

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# Hallowed Heavens

In the hallowed heavens  
where souls abound,  
and haloed angels  
with harped sound,  
celebrate freedom with  
all its glee,  
celebrate peace that  
endless be.  
And within the joys,  
and within the dance,  
see the gleam, God,  
his glissful glance.  
And pure hearts smile  
with love untold,  
now God's immeasurable  
embrace unfold,  
of the eternal now  
and things to come,  
of blissful brow  
and majestic dome.  
He hints of the future,  
its perpetual suns,  
the timeless clock  
of the revolving seasons.  
He hints of the beauty  
that is yet to be,  
his undying wish  
for all to see.  
'tis only a prelude  
of pristine empire,  
untouched by hate,  
or evil's desire,  
where the weather  
rains rainbows,  
and a soul of glory  
all our clothes.  
and back he comes  
to the eternal now,  
but still his smile

upon blissful brow,  
and he touches my hand,  
my raptured heart,  
and said you are about,  
this journey to embark.

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# Haunting Love

When true love haunts you in your dreams,  
And HER soul wants you and it seems,  
That distance is never too far,  
Summoning you like a shining star.  
And you try your best to forget,  
But it rains memories ever wet.  
And her image of beauty is vivid,  
And I call myself stupid  
For letting her slip away,  
I should have fought to stay.  
Now she is in a hand of another,  
And my lonely heart smother,  
For I know he can never LOVE her,  
LIKE I CAN.

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# Hear Me

My son, slave of the horrible hour,  
trapped in the tenebrous throes of time;  
hear me; for I am the light of sound,  
singing sweet words of salvation in your ears.  
Liberation is in me;  
a labyrinth made simple by love,  
like a stream guided by the currents:  
so would you be my son, surrender.

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# Heart Break

The reality of seeing you with another  
made me feel like a rose  
and my petals plucked  
one by one,  
falling like soft teardrops  
on harsh grounds,  
sinking into sands of sadness.  
And then the blossom of the sun turned pale,  
and my believe in love sadly sailed,  
toward a distant shore vowing never to again return.

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# Heart Stars

There are stars in your heart,  
shoots like the wishes of heaven,  
unseen to many,  
but known to the silences of your soul,  
laying secret in its immense silences,  
there, dare to find it.

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# Heaven

His soul escaped into a grand mythical sea,  
danced sweetly upon star-filled shores.  
He saw the diamond gleam flew from heaven's doors,  
and a Godlike structure without face or form  
stood majestic, imperial, dominant, serene,  
singing lofty love songs no words can capture.  
and all hearts spiritual were in awe filled  
there with a love that seemed to possess no end.  
They were surely symphonies of a triumphant God;  
one birthed once in soil and one overcame  
rejections of the clay and mortal minds.  
His embrace was wide, welcoming, beckoning pleas,  
inviting All upon a new journey embark,  
and no longer were the fears that draped a fearless soul,  
and no longer were the tears that drowned a faintless heart:  
a strength anew founded upon a spiritual height,  
like depths of infinite's mystical abyss,  
with a kiss that promise to never fail.  
So now bold became the journey into the Unknown,  
and fairer the skies and brighter the sun,  
and angelic the wings that accompanied flight.  
then each moment an expression of infinity became  
ever more lucid lodged in tender touch,  
and spiritual hearts' soft wide embrace.  
Stark! momentous moments, present all that surely is  
and all that shall ever be now and eternal.

(to be continued)

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# Heaven And You

If anyone doubts Heaven exists or is here,  
I tell them take a good look at you;  
for Angels are dim in comparison,  
and the sky's great blue you seem to worship.  
I tell them look at you  
and their doubts quench,  
and their faith is restored  
in the beauty of Heaven.

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## Heaven Part Two

His faith bid the gate of heaven,  
and the compassion of the Gods above,  
who laid in their impassive, idyllic, still, serene,  
but still ever receptive to his sincere cries.  
Impelled a love movement of spiritual design,  
it was like guardian angels escorted his side,  
bearers of a light and love that never fail;  
bearers of the cryptic word that all things made.  
And in silence they commanded his floating steps,  
his thoughts raptured were led there to meet  
the divine king, the Queen of the spirit's sovereign domain.  
There love was eternal and peace reigned supreme,  
and the skies rained with a golden glory.  
Nothing there feigned, but all was true and pure.  
A real real, reality's real self.  
It seemed the self that assumed the basis,  
of all things made even artificial extensions,  
even illusions that danced perpetually with Maya,  
even man himself and the reign of vain thought,  
even our dreams in a created world that seem so real.  
But this reality was different, deep, profound,  
it was like breathing in the air of truth's abyss.

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# Heaven's Bridge

Building the bridge between earth and heaven,  
with the stone of soul within.

Some say i need to climb the stairs of seven,  
silence the mind from thought's din.

Others say I must employ the architect of love,  
if I truly want to build this bridge.

Also i must summon the spirit's dove,  
to guide me safely across evil's ridge.

then I could build the bridge between earth and heaven,  
with the stone of soul within.

then I could call all my faithful brethren,  
to escape from the world of sin.

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# Heaven's Companion

We seek heaven's companion in our hour,  
to feel the caress of its invisible arms.  
To be emboldened by its spirit, its tower,  
and to be serenaded by its gaily charms.

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# Heaven's Mercy

Toward the sky's passion blue,  
i will lift my thoughts.  
Asking of Heaven's mercy,  
to forgive me as it ought.

So to be free of these earthbound chains,  
and these earth-filled sorrows.  
Asking of Heaven to taste,  
of its salvation tomorrows

or even today's paradise,  
though unworthy be my cross.  
I ask Heaven's forgiveness,  
for that innocence I once lost.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Heaven's eyes of passion then turns to me,  
compassion then placed upon my heart.  
Its loving grace overflows,  
and to me grants a new start.

Humbly I am born upon graces robe,  
and faith becomes my eyes.  
Heaven showers its maternal love,  
and my prayers become my cries.

Love's guiding light I now follow,  
a universal brotherhood.  
Heaven help! Would be my prayer,  
help me love as I should.

And though I may fall  
from love's true course.  
I ask of Heaven's mercy,  
to forgive me as it ought.

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## He's On Fire

Day by day I could feel myself grow more intense like the Sun,  
A luminosity that illumines within soul,  
and my thoughts are made whole  
like pointed rays,  
burning issues with new radiance.  
And now I dance the sundance around a pyre,  
like a Cherokee Indian on fire,  
calling down the heavens  
with a signal of smoke,  
releasing the burdens of this world-my yoke.

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# Hurting

I have hurt so many times,  
that my tears have frozen  
silver upon my cheeks,  
as failing arms failed to comfort  
weak moments alone I embrace  
like the hugs of invisible wind.  
I face the pains of sin  
and uncover the falsities of its dress.  
Yes, I uncover the falsities of its dress.  
Now ceases the hurts and guilt,  
my essence enliven my body tilt  
and I am free!  
free evermore from sin and sad tears.

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# I Shape

I shape the world;

through my writings I mould minds,  
the same way a sculptor shapes stone  
and bathes it in gold.

I am the Michael Angelo of minds  
and the Leo De Vinci of souls.  
Transformed by the brush of my pen  
to them my message I magically send  
and my masterpiece is in the thousands,  
and these thousands light millions,  
but they are much more than mere minions.

Those who hear me are no longer the same,  
they sometimes go by an unwritten name,  
they ignore acclaims and shun fame.

But believe me they are powerful  
and wonderfully made.

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# I Write

I am a writer:

a one of a kind phenomenon; a star without a night's sky.

And it is my dream one day to sculpt pyramids with words making it even more infallible than the Egyptians'; making it a true stairway to heaven, to immortality.

I am a writer;

And the fire rages like a revolution within, hungry to light the candles of readers inspiring indelible change: lighting their minds anew.

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# I Write Poetry

I write poetry,  
I write poetry because silence is what my soul speaks,  
And this silence is deafening like the cries of pains  
Emanating from a fallen world and rains  
That my eyes sometimes reflect,  
And my body deflect, and my soul inflect,  
And the words inject my mind  
And I write..  
I write poetry.

I write as if to speak for this silence,  
As it beckons me to utter its words,  
So that its profundity would be heard,  
So as to escape the din as the world spin.  
A noise necessary though temporary  
As tranquil plans foil soil men's hands plough  
Found forbidden taste, tree, a fruit that they insatiably eat;  
Slowly succumbing to its sweetness  
Poisoned like a sleeping princess  
Oblivious to their demise  
And God's caring cries,  
And sky's blue dies,  
And Silence tries, tries  
To speak but for some reason goes unheard  
And again it injects me with the words and I write:

I write poetry,  
As if to convince men of its beauty,  
Aesthetic quality of formless figures painted on a page,  
As if to revive a poetic age, quell the rage,  
And show the fathomlessness of the unspoken word..... written,  
So that the same word that was said to be in the beginning  
Shall now and forever be in me and you.  
You see I write poetry!  
Summoned by the silence  
Pulled by destiny's immense forces,  
That crosses boundless  
Boundaries of soul and into the world of words  
I write.



Encaptured by light like the Sun in its majestic flight.  
I; I shall now be this light.  
Lord let me be this light,  
And let me this night continue to write.

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# If I Could Only Find The Right Words

If I could find the right words to convey my love,  
I would write them in the stars the skies above.  
For pages too temporary, too finite, too frail,  
though generations lasts still cannot break mortality's veil.

If I could find the right words to convey my love,  
I would send the message to God with cupid's dove.  
Give him piece of my heart bid him to fly,  
to unite with heaven's heart where true love lie.

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# Immortality

I want to epitomize my lines,  
so it would touch the pinnacle of time,  
or so that it may even escape time,  
immortalizing my words into something Divine,  
and leaving behind only traces of a frame of mind  
that once was.

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# Immortalization

I want to epitomize my lines,  
so it would touch the pinnacle of time,  
or so that it may even escape time,  
immortalizing my words into something Divine,  
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# Immortalization 1

I want to epitomize my lines,  
so it would touch the pinnacle of time,  
or so that it may even escape time,  
immortalizing my words into something Divine,  
and leaving behind only traces of a frame of mind  
that once was.

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# Infinite

It's me Infinite,  
Hear the words that I speak.  
Is it me you look for?  
Is it me you seek?

Cease your mind wanderings,  
Let your heart be still.  
Let me take you on a journey  
Beyond Heaven's hill.

I'll show you Infinite's truth,  
Its purest eternal essence.  
Then you'll know that where I am,  
You will always be present.

So I beckon you let yourself fly,  
As you dive off thought's cliff.  
No need to worry,  
Don't even think what if.

As you spread Infinite's wings,  
Resembling an eagle's soar.  
Breaking boundless boundaries,  
Revealing Infinite's evermore.

You'll finally come to a place of life,  
Peace, love, unity words can't describe.  
Known and yet still unknown,  
But rest because Infinite will never leave your side.

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# Journey

In pain I find my soul's arousal,  
in deep throes of darkness- light.  
Each tear forms the well of knowledge,  
emboldens strengthens me- might.  
I continue on in my blessed journey,  
the Universe guides me- sight.  
Blessed is truly my pearled path,  
with no sorrow, no tomorrow- no night.

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# Kiowa Seduction

Infectious desire overcoming my soul,  
dreams of Kiowa too elusive to hold,  
like shadow's illusion though still filled with beauty,  
to honour her wishes would 'ver be my duty.

I'll be her Aladdin, her magic prince,  
flying carpet and All, dropping hints,  
of my heart's pureness unbounded Love,  
hints of the future and what lies above.

For her I'll dance on the clouds, harness the stars,  
I'll take her on a journey, my lightning cars.  
For all would be possible in this unpredicted bond,  
and though her words may say no, i know her heart would respond.

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# Lara

A king is born upon the green,  
A star the sky has never seen.  
With mighty prowess his nature stands,  
The bat, the sceptre in his hands.

He salutes the crowd every century,  
Conquering flags laid in history.  
"Hail to the King! " all would sing,  
Victory to the Caribbean would he bring.

Nations All would truly submit,  
The best, even the greatest admit.  
"Lara! Lara! " their rhythm's chord,  
The world would shout in one accord.

Cricket, wicket our eyes admire,  
His movements dazzle beyond desire.  
To eternally play our deepest wish,  
Part of his kingdom with records bliss.

Truly a king is born upon the green,  
A star like the sky has never seen.  
With mighty prowess his nature stands,  
The bat, the sceptre in his hands.

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# Law Of Affinity

A profound energy traversing time  
connecting those that need to be connected.  
Finding drifting souls, uniting isolate hearts,  
a law like the order of the stars  
or the cryptic cosmos.

And it was this law-  
this law of affinity  
that drew me to you.

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# Life After Life

He stood like a giant in the public square,  
His stance assuming like that of a god incarnate,  
His words were imperial and majestic,  
His sounds made the trees sway and the birds stand still,  
He spoke;

' Some men awaken to the awareness,  
that there is life beyond this earth,  
a life more potent; more real,  
a life we would one day embrace.  
Our life now is only a semblance,  
a simple shadow of this greatness,  
would somebody bear me witness.'

' Amen! ' shouted a voice from the crowd.  
'So what about death? ' asked another out loud.  
'Do you fear death? '

' Death! ' He laughed heartedly at the concept,  
as if his laugh was coming from the abyss of his soul.  
He then uttered,

' Death is like a lover sent by God that will come to eventually rescue me.  
What is there to fear?

- the darkness.

The darkness that will never come.  
For light I am and I will always be,  
and I will transcend to greater light;  
a boundless luminosity,  
a free energy entity.

Believe not me.

Well believe in the mystery of the stars,  
and how it comes to be,  
and you will come to see,  
that all is me.

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# Love As King

Where love reigns eternal,  
and hope leaves a trail.  
Where Heaven cares paternal,  
and hearts cease to fail.

Where men with graces valour,  
inspires faith within.  
Where righteousness is revealed,  
and consumes all sin.

Where our paths are divinely set,  
and from our own works we are relieve.  
Where the son of God is freely given,  
to those who believe.

Where victory silently shouts,  
and echoes through the hill.  
Where peace will be king,  
from thy kingdom till.

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# Love Consummated

It was love without a robe;  
Wearing nothing but a rose crystal necklace  
That exuded a naked quietude  
And a passionate peacefulness  
Danced, filled with a devoted love  
And soon it laid still and bare  
Pure between her perfect breasts,  
And I above like an overarching lover  
Saw a majestic presence hover  
over oceanic beauty  
Embodied in a woman  
Who beckoned my sterling heart.  
And so I dived onto her passionate lips,  
And sunk gaily into the gaze of pearled eyes,  
Whilst swimming freely in her cautious caress,  
Chest to chest and thigh on thighs  
'like a tyrant on her senses' she senses  
I enter her in warm and wild wetness  
Whilst words of sensual pleasure witness  
Filling the carved cavern that housed the warmth  
And that moment  
I lived fully – in her.

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# Love Remembered

In your eyes I see the birth of stars,  
and the lamps to the caves of desire.  
At the sound of your voice all hope is reborn,  
nightmares fade and all my fears perish;  
in your arms I sleep:  
I sleep the sleep of the beloved,  
and the spirits air of contentment sweeps over me.  
When the first light of dawn then touches me  
awake and I turn you are at my side,  
your naked limbs taunting me, haunting me with the reveries of the last night's  
pleasure.

And in the days to come whenever I shall walk alone,  
and the winds of tomorrow shall whisper your name,  
my soul shall cherish the memory of your love.  
The long passionate nights, a tender touch- a kiss -a smile.  
Memories of a love that will forever live  
in the annals of my faithful heart.

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# Love Re-United

Her body was like poetry,  
Dancing stanzas across the moonlit room,  
Smiling like sweet unspoken verses  
Sending hidden messages to my raptured heart.  
And I laid low and naked on the narrow bed  
And beckoned her with my blissful head,  
Giggly, like the smiling stars soaring in her eyes  
As She made her way to my embrace,  
And I kissed her softly on the face;  
Then lips, then body, then hips, then belly,  
Then lips again and again and again.  
And on the bed both one and twain,  
We consummated the fortuitous night  
With passion and love burning bright  
And erotic pleasures so delight:  
Now, Encircled by the Universe's orb,  
All the celestial creatures absorb -  
-We, were the main attraction  
To the angels' satisfaction,  
And cupid leading the winged dance,  
Danced and danced and danced  
Whilst celebrating his arrows in the air,  
Whilst celebrating too us with coy care.  
Then I held her in my redeeming arms,  
Savouring every gleaming charm.  
And the night ended,  
And sweet love mended,  
As the angels once again were sworn to defend it.

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# Love So Deep

To love so deep so as if to be swallowed by the fire  
of desire  
in an abyss of pure heat  
where lusts roor under the sheet  
and bodies swoon join love's raging fire.

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# Loveless

In mindless surroundings  
And loveless groves,  
Where love turns to hate  
That flames the doves.  
And knowledge the light  
Is utterly despise,  
And truth the bearer  
Inspires tearful eyes.  
whilst prayers still go out  
On bended knee,  
Prayers for love's antagonist  
For them to see.  
For flowers will one day grow  
Upon this grove,  
And no longer lost  
Will be the dove.

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# Love's Seal

Awakened the morning breeze,  
The touch of today's promise.  
Sways the cadence of the trees,  
And the seal as lovers' kiss.

Serenaded the morning birds,  
Pierced hearts with sweet symphony.  
Deep the sparkles beholden eyes,  
Like clear waters of the sea.

Resting in moment's embrace,  
Wishing to never let go.  
Ever tightened cupid's lace,  
True love it hopes to show.

Blessed are their fortuitous fate,  
That paths were lead to meet.  
And keys were granted to the gate,  
Where hearts isolate, unite, become complete.

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# Mary

The Universe was saving me for you,  
and you for me.

It wanted me to find you  
so a love special could unfold  
unwrap time and become timeless.

A thousand brief moments of pleasure  
could not compensate for one minute with you.  
you are my love  
and my air.  
and for you I deeply care.

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# Maya

They are like uncertain shadows  
Who dance with the darkened light of Maya,  
Captured by her alluring silhouettes  
Tempting the seer and the saint,  
Tempting the poet and the prophet  
Smiling with Delilah's eyes,  
Singing her faint charms,  
Betaking fragile hearts.  
They are like uncertain shadows,  
Who build their sandy houses,  
Next to the vast seas,  
That laughs innocently at their ignorance,  
That beckons still with love  
To awaken their deluded slumber,  
But terrible and terrific Maya,  
Like a sultry slayer,  
Kills them with her dazzle  
And her immure.

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# Moonlit Showers

Moonlit showers upon secret lovers falls,  
dances daintily midnight's secret water falls.  
Glistfully gliding ripples like diamond gleams,  
reflected in star gazed eyes beams.  
As lovers ever feel the approval of their souls  
and the unifying powers of the Universe holds.

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# Mum And Numb In A Muderous Town

500 killed dead for de year,  
Multiply that by 5 years, dah is... 2500....  
And we doh care.  
Numb, desensitized, hypnotized, paralysed by fear,  
And we still cah wait for carnival each year.  
Now Machel on stage, rags and hands in de air.  
But at the back of the fete, another youth get wet,  
And not with water, but with copper  
Amidst the screams and the inane laughter,  
While we dey busy wining on somebody daughter.  
-Now add one to five hundred.....  
Shucks, before yuh know it this land covered in blood.  
And we with our tearless eyes unable to  
Distinguish the blue of the skies  
Or the green of the trees,  
But we feel the heat of the Sun's degrees,  
Though tainted with a tinge of red,  
And a stench of the dead.  
And we still doh care.  
But blinded, lead like human machines  
With computer chips for hearts,  
Yet fingers still dips and bullets still darts,  
And mothers' screams seems the only lonely hearts,  
And their tears sunk sullen upon a stony desolate ground,  
Together with the pains and dead sons found:  
Yet not profound enough to impact the hearts that seldom feel,  
To peel back the layers of hate,  
An appeal to heal to late?  
Even an appeal from the ghosts and the phantoms,  
Who in the flip side sees no bottom,  
But a fathomless abyss of darkness,  
With a sombre kiss of sadness.  
-Yet bullets still ring in the dead of the night,  
Despite these specters' plight;  
And we still fight; not for the right to live,  
But to die,  
Under a darkened dawn of a dark sky.

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# My Age Is Eternal

My age is eternal,  
numbers are my play things,  
like suns i persist like stars,  
uncountable and beautiful.

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# My Indian Beauty

My Indian beauty from Sangre Grande  
Came and met me in lonely city.  
Now I was African and all too pure,  
But still our love was sealed and sure,  
And our hearts spoke a colourless language,  
We were perfectly matched like a bake and shark sandwich.  
And the detractors were there,  
But we had no fear,  
For we undoubtedly knew,  
Our love to be true.

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# My Prayer

' Hail Mary, mother of God' i begin my prayer,  
but dumbly the statues watches without a care.  
and i clutch my heart in my despair,  
wondering is heaven really there?

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## Mysteries 2

To translate the mysteries of the Universe,  
and put it in a simple language that All would understand,  
to know where in this space and time I stand,  
as an immortal or am I just a fleeting man  
with a phantasmogoric dream of a plan.  
God if you exist, help me understand.

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# Mystery

In frames of mind,  
landscape of space.  
Curious to find,  
strokes without a trace.

The Author unknown,  
yet felt all around.  
Beauty it has shown,  
and a soul we have found.

To live as admirers,  
stunned at its creation.  
Worshiping art's wonders,  
and the Universe in completion.

Anonymous to some,  
yet God to others.  
How came the first sun,  
Mother of all mothers.

A question that dwells,  
within each of our hearts.  
The answer that tells,  
with the question is how it all starts.

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# Mystery For Amiel

A poet mystery must ever embrace,  
basking at times its blissful beauty,  
like a tourist abandoned on cryptic shores,  
describing it the fine strokes of the pen.

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# Mystic Streams

He saw the gleam in the mystic streams,  
and his heart lifted in raptured skies,  
dancing with the magic of the sun,  
whilst his heart beating in tune with time.  
Elation then personified in his free smile  
as he dived in the water welcoming  
the birth of earth.

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# Myths Of Crosses

Myths of crosses  
And spoken dreams  
Are all that seems,  
Like a suit unsuited  
But still I'm told I should wear,  
As well as I'm told I should fear  
The so called Devil dire,  
The rapture, the hell fire.  
Then I am bombarded like a bomb in Iraq,  
And since I was a child I've been set on this track  
-to nowhere;  
My destiny- elsewhere.  
A call that lures me  
To discover the truth,  
Discard the lies;  
Open my mind, my heart, my eyes.  
So as to now see the  
Myths of crosses,  
And the God that bosses,  
Is not without, but within,  
The illusions of sin.  
I then relieve the misbelieve  
Of a fallen God or power,  
But risen I'm the tower.  
I have always been  
And will always be  
A true immortal upon the shores,  
The Divine resonates within my pores,  
But here I pause.....  
So as not to unsettle the cause  
Of the charlatans  
Or the so called good Samaritans,  
Who in their well-pressed suits  
That I'm told I should wear,  
And who goes NOT, BUT with their purses,  
And lacks nothing,  
But the real meaning.  
Life escapes these motherfakers,  
Scam artist, pretentious posterers



Who constantly defend a lie with a book,  
And like a hook snatch the mind of a child,  
And squeezes the heaven that is already there out,  
And the child screams out "Mama!"

But silence....

As she too has been brainwashed  
By the sly suiters with glaring suits  
That again I'm told I should wear,  
But the more I learn is the more I don't care  
About these things illusory, fear;  
But I abandon them like a sinking ship,  
It doesn't matter the size of the Titanic  
That breaks tips of iceberg of truth only for a time,  
But truth will get you- Mother fakers, fakers, fakers.

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# Naked Bodies

When naked bodies collide  
in hot flashes of pre-orgasmic fervour,  
and sheets come alive  
with animated dancing scented flavour,

and hair become wilder  
than picture movies making love,  
and moves defy gravity  
inverting the viewing ceiling above.  
Then and only then you know  
it's sex mixed with true love.

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# Nature

As the pangs of age betakes the cherished beholder more,  
loses its grasp the clutches of surface beauty's illusions,  
fading like once buoyant river now succumbed to dry seasons,  
or like sunset descending behind seas its dying ember.  
And now transient nature its ephemeral face reveals,  
as if to reflect the dark still of night,  
Accompanied by the silent weepings of the spirits so called,  
As if to mark the end of this joyous journey with tears,  
Something like the mourners at a morbid mortal grave,  
Who desires once more the bond of a loved one,  
Or once more the mortal beauty to possess for just  
One more day.

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# Nature Fades

As the pangs of age betakes the cherished beholder more,  
loses its grasp the clutches of surface beauty's illusions,  
fading like once buoyant river now succumbed to dry seasons,  
or like sunset descending behind seas its dying ember.  
And now transient nature its ephemeral face reveals,  
Accompanied by the silent weepings of the spirits so called,  
As if to mark the end of this joyous journey with tears,  
Something like the mourners at a morbid mortal grave,  
Who desires once more the bond of a loved one,  
Or once more the mortal beauty to possess for just  
One more day.

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# On The Verge Of Death

As he lay steadfast upon the bed,  
His soul illumined like a persistent bright star in an overcast dark sky,  
glimpsed I more and more, 'why? '  
His body receded spirit predominate,  
And innocence his head like a halo shun.  
His breath were few, sparingly  
He smiled as if to mock the haunts of death.  
Heedless of sickness, void of fear.  
He then utters a joke that I smile amidst tears.  
"Jeffrey, the tears also come with my prayers."  
Faith on bended knees asking why of fate.  
Asking of God's abandoned mercies – too late.

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# One More Time

Seeing you one more time  
was like adding breath  
to my failing lungs in your absence.  
Your presence dignified by a  
quiet magnificent glow,  
and so my heart your heart  
ever longs to know.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Forgive my dumbness of speech  
hence the poem,  
for words fails my sweet lips  
but not the pen.

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# Open The Gates

Lord, you're so magnificent,  
Like a lover Heaven sent.  
Lord all my heart I give to you,  
for I know you'll always see me through,  
through all my trials all my woes,  
all my haters and all my foes.  
I know that they can never keep me down,  
and one day I'll receive your crown.

So open the gates and set us free,  
give us the keys to eternity.  
And send our spirits soaring out,  
like blessed angels on a faraway cloud.

Lord, I know you're from above,  
you're the only one I'll ever love.  
I'll give up this world just to have you,  
you're my precious pearl painted sky blue.  
that's why for you I pour my heart into this song,  
hoping it would help undo all my wrongs.  
For I'm not worthy, my sins are so tall,  
please God don't let me fall.

And open the gates and set us free,  
give us the keys to eternity.  
and send our spirits soaring out,  
like blessed angels on a faraway cloud.

There were many times my mind was filled with doubt,  
drifting didn't know what I was about.  
My body was under the Devil's control,  
my soul was lost in this evil world.  
Then I heard you, heard you calling me,  
serenading with a sweet angel's melody.  
and I answered your Sublime call,

now I am a living testament to all.

So open the gates and set us free,  
give us the keys to eternity.  
And send our spirits soaring out,  
like blessed angels on a faraway cloud.

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# Origin

They stood as would appear stateless, alone,  
Like nascent beings exuding Nature's nudity,  
Coy, uncovered, culture yet to be.  
They cower at times the sight of a new sky,  
Mystified by vastnesses majestic.  
They feel a freedom, abandoned  
As desires now brood their naked breasts.  
Luring their lustrous faces the beauty  
Receding within a tremendous hush.  
Sweet songs their tongues now somehow sings,  
Innocence, inborn and heaven-torn  
Into fragments of its boundless self.  
Existence the gold-fire so sustains,  
And rays religiously awakes the day.

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# Patrick Manning

He was in front of his tomorrows,  
spiraled by his yesterdays,  
ahead of his time.

This was Patrick Manning,  
a leader and a visionary,  
who saw the splendid shore of an idyllic future;  
a shore he perhaps prematurely tried to sail the island of  
Trinidad and Tobago towards.  
and so he like many other great men who have graced earth's terrain,  
the profound beauty of his dreams may not be truly appreciated in  
his lifetime, but many years after.

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# Peril In The Skies

Do you see the peril in the skies?  
the sombre gray, sun's red eyes.  
The hate, the war that fills men's heart,  
the bloody battles their unfinished start.

Do you see the peril in the skies?  
the love that recedes in disguise.  
The discord that flourishes within the mind,  
setting stark divisions in human kind.

Do you see the peril in the skies?  
how daily away the dove flies.  
Taking love and peace along with it,  
leaving behind prayers the pulpit.

Do you see the peril in the skies?  
Yes i do with my teary eyes.

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# Politics

In an era of political dawn,  
Where shrubs spring in a stinging Sun,  
Fighting for political turf,  
Degrading the beautiful landscape;  
How shall the roses escape?

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# Progress?

In a city brightened by modernity,  
Good values rests in the shade.  
Tall buildings, flashy cars what we see,  
Man now is defined by things made.

To what progress we owe this precipitous fall,  
Love, honour, beauty largely skewed.  
The obsession with money replaces all,  
And selfishness nurtured hatred brood.

Earth's natural beauty always beckons,  
To pierce our blindness with inner sight.  
But our greatness we fail to summon,  
Absolving to material concessions our true might.

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# Rainy Seasons

The pains the rains remember,  
the seasons when it drenched  
and drowned my heart with sadness,  
and love receded within walls rigid scared  
to embark upon another venture,  
risk tender broken november,  
or to invite once more the rains,  
the sombre seasons still remember.

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# Rediscover

Let me rediscover you,  
Explore your body,  
Curve by curve,  
Contour by contour.  
Let me journey your soul  
With my deep kisses,  
Penetrate your heart  
With my body's blisses.  
Sail the ocean of your wetness with my tongue,  
While I enter your coy cavern,  
You close your eyes count to seven,  
picturing the eternal orgies of heaven  
As perfection becomes you  
Becomes us.  
And I travel deeper inside your body's secrets,  
Where no man has dared to go  
And it emits moans of intense pleasure,  
And I now become the only desire,  
And our bodies combine catches a fire,  
And like a heated volcano erupts,  
Coming hotly on love's soil.  
And I discover for the first time  
A woman's inner beauty.

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# Restoration

In our religious inheritance  
And moral upbringings,  
We tailor the cloak of judgments;  
And we find spots in the spotless,  
And paint sorrows on grounds of happiness,  
Like Eve's apostasy from the pristine.  
Knowledge of good and evil becomes our poison,  
Tainting  
and slowly killing us.  
How shall we escape this prison?  
Abandon our religious dress?  
And stay naked upon precarious shores?  
Where threats exist as much as comforts?  
But Lo, through the gates of surrender salvation lies,  
Clothe with beauty of the Sublime,  
Where truth exist all salient and silent and pure  
Ceasing all verdicts and judgments,  
Ceasing all war and condemnations,  
forming inexorably the real united nations.

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# Return To Innocence

When all you see merge as one,  
and you cease to be the 'I'.  
certain enlightenment you have found,  
because you have willed to die.

your thoughts you no longer possess,  
as your mind transcends all pure.  
Your body now finds eternal rest,  
as your soul is born to endure.

Above every word, name and opinion,  
you become an everlasting essence.  
Having true power and dominion,  
you become God's ever omnipresence.

And as you return to the Garden's Eden,  
joyous, nudist, playful unawares.  
On earth you enjoy the fruits of Heaven,  
never again to fall into the Devil's snares.

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# Revolution

There is a revolution going on,  
the wisemen say its darkest before the dawn.

There is a revolution going on,  
the wisemen say its darkest before the dawn.

Have no fear my brothers,  
have no fear my sisters,  
the battle is already won.

Just look within yourselves  
and see the rising sun.

the rising sun,  
yes the rising sun.

For I say there is a revolution going on,  
the wisemen say its always darkest before the dawn.

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# Road To Perfection

We behold a common error,  
imperfection at its best.  
We try to hide our faults,  
pretending to win this test.

Vainly we go along,  
our glory hid in our shame.  
Dare to lift our heads,  
as we play this life's game.

As we enter altar's parish,  
our prayers consumed by desire.  
Earthly wealth our pursuit,  
drenching the baptism of fire.

The Holy spirit now hovers,  
then lands upon us like a dove.  
Our hearts finally open,  
dying we welcome the birth of love.

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# Sad Song

The sad song that summons the tears,  
as if to flow from the memories of her passing.  
The fading ember of her haunting image  
flashes across my mind.  
It's like I could hear her laughter,  
touch her smile and hear her sing the sad song  
that summons the tears.

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# Sadness

When sadness wraps the mind of a child  
and happiness is a foregone conclusion conceived  
in the minds as illusion of those who ignore the plight of  
the poor and store more wealth in their mansions of insatiable desires  
unknowingly lighting the fires that lead the path to humanity's hell;  
but still the capitalist tell  
of their blind prophecies,  
seen by fake degrees  
shining on Universities  
yet still the sun descends,  
failing to make amends,  
when will the suffering end?  
asks the child knelt in fallen prayer,  
like a statue with a frozen tear,  
Dear God no one seems to care?  
so still on the streets he sleep,  
looks up sees the sky peep  
through the dark blanket of night  
promising one day the light.  
the child shivers wishing for the hope of dawn,  
morning comes but only hunger spawn  
stretched hands his daily occupation,  
distasteful scorns his salutation.  
but few there be that lend a hand,  
few there be in this wretched land.  
he watches them with tearfilled eyes,  
whispers together we shall share Paradise.

So when sadness wraps the mind of a child  
and happiness is a foregone conclusion conceived in the minds  
as an illusion of those who ignore the plight of the poor  
and store more wealth in their mansions of insatiable desires  
lighting unknowingly the fires  
that lead the path to humanity's hell  
yet still the capitalist tell  
of their blind prophecies  
seen by fake degrees  
shining on Universities

.....to be continued

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# She Likes Me Or Not

I see her watch me,  
and I wonder what she is thinking.  
The more I study her,  
the more my heart is inking  
sweet words on petal pages,  
like red roses blossoming  
in sunny summer stages,  
when one wonders if she likes me.

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# She Was

She was pure spirit and sweet flesh,  
She was youth-wild and abandon  
and possessed of a nature unhibited and free.  
My days with her were glorious  
and filled with an incomparable ecstasy.  
She was the beating of my tremulous heart  
and the song that serenaded my lonely soul.  
When I held her in my arms the Universe would tremble  
and whenever we had to part all the lights of the world would seem to go out.

She was shy saint and bold sinner!  
Majestic, imperial conquererrrr  
of my heart.  
She was the sustainer of the satin night,  
and the flame that illumined the bright stars.  
She was the seductive secret maiden who danced through the hallways of my  
dreams sweet splendour.  
My love for her was deathless  
and manifested itself in a shameless  
utter devotion.

She laughed gaily at the thought of her awesome power.

She was the rising of the morning sun  
and the sailing of the purple moon;  
the pungent scent of the jasmine,  
and the exotic beauty of the red, red rose.  
Woodland streams sang at her coming,  
and the wild winds played lovingly, tenderly  
with her soft dark hair.  
while her smile painted rainbows air  
the firmament canvas of a sky.  
And her laughter; her laughter inspired birds to sing.  
And in those early days we were together always  
defying convention, and oblivious to the looks of disapproving eyes.

None could separate us!  
Nor alter the course of our deep devotion for each other.



And I loved her so then:  
And I love her so still:  
And I know I always will.

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# Silver Stars

Silver stars, what secret message do you speak?  
Do you subtly show salvation to the weak?  
Do you light our paths upon the dark night?  
Does your fire spark our souls, ignite our sight?

O Silver stars, what secret message do you speak?

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# Soul Mate

Sometimes TWO souls meet,  
and cross like random stars  
lost in a realm of love and wonder,  
and dance to the tune of ONE heartbeat's time.

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# Soul Mates

A love strong enough to unite body and soul,  
Sending them on a magical journey unknown  
conquering time and phases of death,  
and sailing in the eternal wind on Infinite's sea.

A love meant to be  
unpredictable like the courses of surging streams  
Carving new paths, new rivers, new dreams  
Out of a pliant accommodating ground,  
crossing like spiraling stars  
meeting hearts making destiny possible.

A love to some improbable,  
tearing down barriers superficial  
Of wealth, race, age, and more,  
And becoming a living store of strength  
evermore in the eternal now  
truly uniting two bodies and two souls.

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# Soul Searching

I had found my soul under the depths,  
It mired by scarlet and sin.  
I had found my soul under the depths,  
It was not without but within.  
Now; I can write the redemption story,  
Show how God had never left,  
I can be the hope and `ver glory,  
For those whose faith is bereft.  
For at times it seems all is darkness  
And the angels have forsook.  
But God in his immense sadness,  
will throughout the earth look  
for your soul trapped in the valley  
he will certainly find.  
And you will once again marry,  
To that Great Spirit Divine.

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# Spirit Of Life

It is like the Spirit of Life gets entangled  
in a universal bacterial web; a soil; an earth.  
In other words, it is betaken by a virus; a dirt,  
and it must work its way out  
by a higher calling it must believe  
in a beauty beyond the senses.  
It must believe in a timeless existence  
beyond the prison of time.  
It must believe in the beauty of a deeper unseen self.  
One devoid of the diseased flesh and bone.  
This is the only way the light will make its way home.

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# Spirit Within

Terror and wrath and grief to be appeased,  
By the coming of the great spirit within  
that dawns upon the darkness great  
And brightens mortality with its presence.  
And teaches frail us eternity,  
About pearled houses majesty.  
And a oneness envelopes our inborn soul,  
And an unerring light points the way ahead,  
And faithfully we follow.

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# Star Child

Joy alloyed with sadness,  
And sadness alloyed with joy.  
Filled the hearts of witness  
To the birth of this unique boy.

For he possessed a unique genius,  
The very soul of God himself.  
Who knows the beginnings of this genus,  
That resides unborn within all else.

For lightning paled in comparison,  
To the light of glory he embrace.  
It was the light to open dark's prison,  
To lead us to a freer place.

But his enemies will grow with anger,  
For it is not all men he could save.  
And his course would be laden with danger,  
His fate crucified and the grave.

Still joy alloyed with sadness,  
and Sadness alloyed with joy.  
Fill the hearts of witness,  
To the death of this unique boy.

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# Storms

I feel like my soul is caught in a dozen storms,  
like a desert storm erasing the norms,  
trying to turn convention on its head,  
and though I live I'm dead.

A ghost walking; a ghost talking,  
the undertaker stalking,  
trying to drag me to hell,  
lock me in the Devil's cell.

But I fight with last breath,  
to escape the clutches of death.

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# Sublime

Oh eternal everlasting Sublime,  
cleanse this filthy heart of mine.  
Remove my sins in which I wallow,  
so that I may start a new life tomorrow.

And so that I could call you Father  
and you could call me son.  
Connected by your spirit  
into an inseparable one.

Angels would be there  
as spectators to our marriage,  
joyfully rejoicing as we ride  
this heavenly carriage.

And your peace and love  
I should never go without,  
praises will continually  
be in my mouth.  
And your gift of life shall  
be mine to ever wonder,  
as I dwell in your kingdom forever.

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# Sunset And Sunrise

As the sun behind the horizon descends,  
bestows an orange upon the sea  
makes the water glitter like gold,  
but suddenly this fades,  
and the sun disappears  
leaving a black upon the sea.

But wait! the moon appears,  
a different light,  
mellow upon the sea.  
Now silver is the sea like spotless snows  
in a pleasant delight.

A cloud then appears and the moon conceals  
the light dim disappears and never returns.  
Suddenly the golden sun appears  
upon the sea its light once more shines.

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# Sunshine

You're like walking sunshine;  
Golden gleams glowing with every step,  
Bursting beautifully at your seams  
In perfect wonder, and I ponder...  
Can anyone possess sunshine?  
Come close enough to her blazing glory,  
Be the hero that seals the romantic story,  
Contain her heat and her burning urge?  
Like when the soaring star and sun merge.  
O to only possess sunshine,  
What a great thought divine;  
But again I ask, 'can anyone possess sunshine? '

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# Sweet Moon

Looming moon,  
Mooning the blue lagoon  
In a rounded nudity,  
Summoning soon  
The dawn,  
Like a hanging harbinger,  
In the night's sky,  
To remind us always nigh  
of the light to come.

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# Telise

She sat next to me bathed in soft chocolate of skin,  
and I looked into her eyes saw my reflection in  
star-like gazes and a bottomless soul,  
Telise, the one my heart wishes ever to hold.

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# The Cry Of My Soul

At mornings I find it hard to pray,  
on my knees not Knowing what to say.  
My heart numb and fatally cold,  
the results of an uncaring world.

Tears begin to flow as I try to find my soul,  
to just hear a whisper from God my goal.  
Unsuccessful I go about my day,  
empty motions not seeing my way.

I marry the God 'money' instead,  
how to get more of it fills my head.  
Sorrowful, insatiable I go along,  
something telling me this path is wrong.

At the days end I am once more on my knees,  
asking God to free my soul please.  
Free my soul, free my soul,  
free my soul please.

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# The Cyborg Of Existence

We are born into a world,  
like a self-aware pearl,  
into the phenomenon of existence,  
a strong stream low resistance,  
we acquiesce the currents flow,  
our paths we don't truly know.  
Forming psychological strongholds,  
machines the matrix molds;  
We are the machines,  
Yes, we are the machines.

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# The Earth

I know the earth will us pass by,  
like the shrubs and roses as they die,  
like graces faces impermanent,  
to float ethereal the skies firmament.  
And we as well transient onlookers,  
forgetting our mortality,  
praying yet for immortality.

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# The Kingdom's Freedom

Looking at the mountainside,  
the river flowing stream.  
Wrapped up in eternity,  
Inside life's warp dream.

To experience what I will,  
and feel the desire to love.  
To climb Heaven's hill,  
and plant my feet above

the skies that are so blue,  
the many hearts thereunder.  
To find the ones that are true,  
and bid them come hither

amidst the earthly palace,  
God sets up his kingdom.  
Within the nightmare's solace,  
grants to us a new freedom.

An awakening like no other,  
our souls truly blessed.  
To find our true selves,  
path only Known to greatness.

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# The Lighthouse

We stood on the tremendous rocks like a lighthouse overlooking the vast sea  
And saw wild water possessed by glowing green like rubies hidden thereunder,  
And seeing the free skies and smelling the sea filled air of wonder  
Whilst holding hands as new lovers basking in the breath of an ended sunder  
And in majestic awe kissed the edge of a marvelous existence still overlooking  
the vast sea.

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# The Power Of Silence

Angels beckoned by the sounds of silent bells,  
as if it fills the air with the irony of harmony,  
and a symphony that crescendos towards heaven's hills.  
There is a sweet silence filled with Nature's sounds;  
But suddenly, a noise interrupts nature's nonchalant rhythms,  
and constant chatter fills the serene spaces.  
A disease corrupts, like a virus it kills nature;  
it kills silence.

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# The Priest

Alone, he sits solemn in his robe white  
As if battered by age and self denial,  
Like an ornament of the monastery he looks,  
Like candle's flames blown by the gentle winds, the prayers.  
The windows witness the gleams of the heavens, the sun,  
And silence echoes the accustomed noise.  
Soon a child in the empty church filling it with her laughter runs,  
escaping the hands of her over loving parents,  
And in a jolly flight rushes at the priest's sombre side.  
Tears of streams ever flows now from the priest's eyes,  
As the vow of silence solemn sudden he breaks, he cries,  
As he asks the child's heaven forgiveness before-  
- he then dies.

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# The Proposal

You; you were the event that changed my heart,  
you presented the moment that made me know what it truly meant to be alive.  
you were my prize;  
and the glaze in your eyes reflected like diamonds that reflected in mine,  
my unswerving gaze;  
those were surely the days glorious,  
like an amorous unseen sun that shun  
and under it the small world that wasn't big enough to house our immeasurable  
love;  
you were my dove,  
that sailed peacefully into my life,  
or descended like an angel from heaven,  
or from some perfection beyond.  
For each time I swam in your pond of love  
I would feel this perfection synchronising our heartbeats, in our wetness,  
now this is not no freakiness, but just me bearing witness  
to the true testimony of a miracle.  
You were my oracle,  
for you prophesied success in my life,  
some call it woman's intuition, others the gift of a wife.  
But you knew; you knew each time my thoughts would swerve on to the girl next  
door,  
and a stern stare from you my faithful love would quickly restore  
along with an apology, 'I'm sorry baby,  
you're the only one meant for me, '  
and I meant it, for the first time I touched you I could sense it,  
it would as if through your intuitive powers  
I was able to see the showers of a marvellous future and you were in it - a star;  
You were my star,  
I doubt there is any brighter  
none not near nor far in the whole Universe,  
that could contest your luminescence,  
for when I was in your presence your essence was pure magnificence;  
light upon light,  
and night after night  
we would make love,  
and even if we fight,  
I would appreciate the make-up lov...  
I mean sex,

'your the best, ' would be our whispers,  
chest upon chest,  
like tyrant upon senses,  
confusing our sentences,  
that seem so unnecessary  
in the heights of ecstasy;

You're my fantasy,  
for I dreamt of you long before,  
you knocking on my sensous door,  
and I awoke and you really did come into my lonely life,  
that is why I want you to be my precious wife.

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# The Ultimate Reason

Every word ever spoken,  
Every song ever sung.  
Every road ever taken,  
Every sun that has shone.

Every idea ever thought,  
Every smile ever given.  
Every war ever fought,  
Every wish to see heaven.

Every child ever born,  
Every shout ever cries.  
Every death ever morn,  
Every bird that flies.

Every job ever taken,  
Every hand ever shook.  
Every decision ever mistaken,  
Every curiosity to look.

Every fall ever fallen,  
Every walk ever walked.  
Every heart ever shaken,  
Every religion that has talked.

Every love ever kindled,  
Every fire ever burnt.  
Every fiddle ever fiddled,  
Every person who has learnt.

Every flower ever blossoms,  
Every tree ever grows.  
Every summer ever autumns,  
Every river that flows.

Every thing ever connected,  
Every life ever lived.  
Every peace ever perfected,  
So heaven on earth is finally willed.



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# To Die In Arms Slowly

To die in arms slowly  
forgetting the sunrise  
that once was  
and the twilight of sunset  
teared by salted waters  
and soft whispers  
of love vowed to last forever  
beyond fading dreams  
beyond futile pursuits  
to the end of time  
in a timeless harbour  
where hopefully God awaits  
to embrace a glorified soul.  
O to die in arms  
slowly forgetting  
the sunrise that once was.

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## To Kimberly

On a chair perched crossed legs she softly sits,  
her beauty stands like the sun emits  
a radiance as bright as her sweet smile,  
beckoning me love; forever's mile.

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# To Rise Like The Sun

I often rise like the sun,  
To grow not outward but in,  
To shed the hue of my skin,  
And become as colourless as the wind.  
As if an angel or a mortal undone,  
To re-unite with the distant stars,  
To forget the pain, the scars,  
And my ancestor's chains, the bars.  
I no longer await a God to come,  
As in my being unfolds the truth,  
Not dark but divine the root,  
And beyond the heavens like a comet  
-I shoot.

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# Torn Asunder

In a room filled with purple flowers,  
and petal laden floors.  
with silk satin lonely hours,  
and hearts with broken doors.

in a room where love once flourished,  
and touches, kisses the norm.  
Smiles and sweet memories cherished,  
but blown away by uncaring storm

that swept harshly down on our passion,  
raining an anger lightning heat,  
tearing souls joint portion,  
and together our heart no longer beat.

now alone, a room filled with purple flowers,  
and petal laden floors.  
with silk satin lonely hours,  
and hearts with broken doors.

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# Transmutation

As man evolves within his present form,  
beauty changes beyond the norm.  
No longer enchanted by Maya's dance,  
he has broken free, escaped the trance.

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# Trinidad

In Trinidad born to play,  
The skies above all gray.  
The trees bright now sombre,  
Cold the day – December.

No winter just ice hearts,  
And death and gunfire sparks.  
No more presents, no Christmas,  
There love and laughs now dust.

Disappears the ginger,  
The Christ child, the manger.  
Disappears the black cake,  
And the sounds carols make.

Like home with a dark shell,  
So was Trinidad the spell.  
Prayers of few the light,  
Sun's overshadowed might.

Surrounded the dim seas,  
The unreflected gleams.  
And souls as if abandoned,  
On this once beautiful island.

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# Unborn

O Unborn that yearns and turns within me,  
awaiting that day of awakening;  
that day of sweet reckoning,  
where it touches the world with uniqueness,  
and fingers of gold sparking sweetness,  
with the aroma of time perfuming an age,  
its mere existence turning the page  
of violent circles and brutish forces,  
love within with all power divorces,  
and light is sprung divinely from a well  
of unexpected sources unknown premature cell.  
O Unborn that yearns and turns within me,  
awaiting that day of awakening,  
that sweet day of reckoning.

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# Unheard Cries

She walks all alone,  
repeating the horror in her mind.  
She feels like screaming,  
she did once but the world ignored.

Tears fills her brown eyes,  
makes long channels along her pink cheeks  
and drips carefully from her rounded chin;  
pain grows deeper inside her.

She cries, everyone looks at her,  
their eyes filled with despise and hate.  
Someone comes to her,  
takes her in arms.

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# Uninhibited

On the bed he throws her like a porn star,  
He soon follows clothes off, abandoned,  
And they both each other covers caress,  
Kisses, exchanges bodies and souls.  
Light's moments merged with night's embrace,  
As desires brood upon naked's' breasts.  
Now all is still, but the breath  
Enters her,  
Eyes close but her legs opens like the seas,  
And heat boils like a thousand suns,  
And Venus there stands overlooking.  
Guilt burning desires pleasures superseding,  
As freedom is finally found  
-under the sheets.

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# War

Names are seared in swords  
with warm blood  
and tears falls like rain  
or like the red sea  
of pain that fills screaming hearts,  
in vain asking for a fresh start  
again the sword is drawn  
and another war dawn  
and prayers are heard like last wishes,  
and tomorrow vanishes,  
in to a sad dark abyss,  
and mourners are left without a kiss.

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# Who Killed Sunshine?

Who killed Sunshine?

Tore this rising globe from the sky,  
with many sad voices asking-why?  
Now, there is no sunshine when she's gone,  
but only tears to form the rains  
and flooded pains.

No Sunshine to fill the smiles,  
or to shine on the darken miles  
that causes us to stumble and fall,  
that causes us to harm one and all.

Who killed Sunshine?

for there is no sunshine when she's gone,  
but only tears to form the rains  
and flooded pains.

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# Why Did God Have To Die?

'Why did God have to die? '

ensnared by the pains of the mortal cross,  
like a wingless dove whose ways were lost.  
Fallen upon the hate of a sun parched ground,  
his screams to heaven mortals utters not a sound.  
Leaves us then his spirit to combat the flesh,  
is this enough to bear life's unbearable test?  
And again i ask,  
'why did God have to die? '

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# Why Do Poets Die Poor?

Why do poets die poor?

lured into a lonely path evermore,

forced to blossom the sweetest rose in an arid land,

heedless of the blaze of the desert's sun, the winds of sand.

Yet their Journeys still by greatness marked,

legacy's footprints their feet embarked.

Solitude's company as if an exile Moses but not the rod, the pen,

digging deep tenebrous trenches but not the grave, the ken.

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# Winter's Paradise

In winter's paradise where love's cold,  
A fire burns still buried the soul.  
The stark night descends and there it stays,  
The sun its power fail to erase.

Love now feigned upon the bank,  
Tears broken and lo` hearts sank.  
Bonds once forged now no longer,  
Divisions pervade deep the anger.

Blood stained wet upon the land,  
Death stench under the white sand.  
The young cut down green the stem,  
Victims, war between you and them.

Failing to see all is one,  
This cold paradise darkened sun.  
The night descends and there it stays,  
The sun its power fail to erase.

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# Zahra

ZAHRA, beauty epitomised,  
see it soulfull eyes  
or deep depths of sweet smile,  
may our love last a while?  
Perhaps forever's mile,  
ever upward like the Nile,  
overcoming each trial,  
so your heart's # I'll dial,  
and I'll whisper I love you.

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