

Poetry Series

Micah Krahn
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Micah Krahn()

A Mermaid's Song

An ancient myth tells of a once great city of Valantis, laid to ruins by the Evils of Aticus, and the eclipsing wrath of the great Poseidon, this ballad tells of the ferocious battle which ensued.

Swallowed by his legendary monstrous irate wrath, He decimated his foes with a unstoppable devastating force, forever entombing their grotesque souls into the gargoyles within the Greek God's domain. A thousand shipwrecks riddle the canyons of Valantis from the Aticus invasion.

In a quiet hidden isle of Shipwreck Canyon, where the sweetest melodies cascade the shallow laughing waves with such simple ease.

Abruptly cut short, the divine assonance suddenly fades away.. A silver glimmering scaled creature looming in the lagoon. A mermaiden. Her silver elegant fish-like tail mystifying her graceful mystique, brushing her sapphired hair out of her beryl coloured eyes.

She intently listens then swims up to the surface for a quick telescopic look.

Gliding up to the waves, she gently treads her long silver tail, then she sharply turns around to scan the waters for any looming threat.

Shadows hovering near the shoals. One.. Two.. Three.. Come into sight. Only a few feet to the ! Barreling upon her, three enormous Aticus titan battleships break the billowing breakers with tremendous and colossal fury.

No time to think, instinct takes over as she dives down to a safe distance, far below the impending gloom, she waits. As soon as the titans roared past, briefly gracing the surface again. Quickly surveying the horizon for any other threatening titans.

Ambiting the horizon with black sails, bringing fourth a seemingly inpenretable titan fleet of Aticus. Impeding the skyline, a thousand ships descend upon the great city of Valantis.

Swimming safely back to her lagoon, accessing the situation and helplessly looking onwards..

Glancing back at her city, she saw a white silverish glimmer shoot up from the

heart of the city below and clash the waves above with such a climactic thunderous earthquake that it ruptured the tectonic ground around Valantis spewing out volcanic ash and the fury of ten thousand gods onto nearby titans and as His exasperated voice erupted into ship-splintering treachery with every epic thrust at His command.

Only one deity could have the power to command the waters of the seas to do that.

Poseidon.

Arising from the abyss, blindingly shimmering out of the depths, His golden Trident drew fourth and commanded the thunderbolts, endlessly to strike his foes with unbearable skeleton splicing agony.

Twenty thousand souls lost in one colossal battle, twenty thousand corpses strewn across the sea.

As the waters begin to ease and the stormy seas begin to subside, the once great Poseidon exerted his mighty strength upon his foe, with no ounce of god strength left within Himself, He slowly diminishes back into His great, now forgotten holy city of Valatis.

All those men she thought.. All those souls are lost now.

She cautiously darts to the sea-surface, perching herself on a nearby drifting shipwrecked ship piece and, feeling overburdened with great sadness, tears riveting down her silverish scaled body, she lifts her voice unto the heavens, and forlornly begins to sing her mournful song. A Mermaid's Song.

July 4,2013

Micah Krahn

A Quaint House

There is a little house near where I grew up, a cute green cottage painted with the colours of the forest.

It is a small quaint house, not occupied by children or of rowdy teenagers, but of a kind quiet old lady, the kind you wish everyday that she was your grandmother.

Sweet scents of apple pie fleeting through the single pane open kitchen window sills.

At first glance, while walking down the sidewalk near her house. Cute cuddly teddy bears in teacups border around her yellow wallpapered walls, she'd often be playing cards near the window, glancing at each other she would often smile and wave at me.

Sometimes I just smiled and kept walking. We were the highlight of each other's day. Her glorious smile made you feel good inside, a warm pleasant ray of sunshine. A smile which could light up any room.

She would often invite me in for some herbal tea and goodies. A sweet dish of brownies, cookies and candies. Milk was often offered as well.

Her House was the one with the crooked chimney, and the mix matched red bricked European-style shingles; a pond was outside her place, which was almost always inhabited by ducks and ducklings.

I'd often go scatter bread crumbs with her just to keep her was a bit sad after my family moved away, no more visits with that sweet lady.

Some of my best childhood memories were hanging out with the lady next door. Mrs Kendal in her sweet quaint little house.

Micah Krahn

A Simple Kiss

I saw you in the rain, you did not see me as you freely danced in the gentle raindrops. Droplets silver streamed off your perfect silky hair, then you looked up and saw me staring at you. Smiling at each other momentarily we stepped forward and held each other. For moments which seemed to slow the raindrops to a standstill, brushing the gravity-slow droplets aside and watch them scatter like pebbles on a sidewalk. Leaning and gazing down into those sweet sensual soft blue caring eyes of yours and kissed you. We stood there motionless staring at nothing else but each other in a timeless moment surrounded only by our love and our first kiss in the rain.

Micah Krahn

A Treasure Within (Melissa)

Deep within the Peruvian walls of Koricancha dwells a [M]ajestic fortune of no extremity.

Where a vast treasure unlocks the mysteries of the [E]lixir found behind these walls.

Outside the courtyards, down the large stone steps [L]eading to the beautiful valley.

Within these ancient beautiful walls where [I]n explainable riches humbly abide,

Is the temple of the sun, where the gods [S]ecretly dwell among the vast expanse of an untold cache.

Veiled in time from frail thoughts is [S]aid to divulge everlasting beauty and wealth.

Hidden away behind the technologies of earth is an [A]lready perfect universe, where the true beauty remains untouched.

That is the real treasure.

Micah Krahn

A Treasure Within (Sara)

[S]ecretly hidden away in the serene and perpetual precision of the ocean depths.

[A]mongst the coral within the frightening fathoms which haunt the desolate plains of eternal rapture.

Dwells an oasis of dreams where the water of fantasy slithers [R]ealms of wonder surrounded by the tides of elegance.

This glorified paradise awaits only us, [A]nticipating and coveting our footsteps in the sand

Within this ecstasy of grace enfolded by excellence, minuets and moments go by, and yet your hand is still in mine.

by Micah Krahn

Micah Krahn

A Treasure Within: Karl

Karl

A princess, whose beauty has no equal in heaven or below; she stands protected
by a thousand garrisons within the castle's Keep

Her magnificence is far more valuable than mere treasure And jewels.

Beyond her immortal guarded imprisonment is the true elegance of her soul; a
song of Requiem and Love.

Every man has a key for her heart yet only one has the true key that unlocks the
sincere splendour inside her heart

Micah Krahn

Alone

Mere whispers sway the gentle mind as the darkness seeps into the soul.

A perpetual darkness consumes my soul without another soul for equality.

I am without you.

In this world.

Marriages happen.

Soul mates are found.

As the darkness evaporates and shadows disappear; finally the light over shines the obscurity.

I realize on thing,

I still face life alone.

June 19,2009

Micah Krahn

Angel Or Devil

The angel in my soul is darker than the devil in my heart, spread thy wings and ravage my naked dark fragile ambiance.

Pillage and plunder the brokenness inside my bitter thunder, viciousness tears gentleness.

Who or what is within me?

Be it an Angel or a Devil? Curses or blessings, your savage tongue curls within my ear as your instincts take over and prey upon my sin and virtue as they unleash my terrorizing demons who submit to your bidding.

Lightning within my soul clashes with the thunder in my heart, none shall win, not just yet.

Like a slave bound to two masters, truth and deception enrage the snare deep within me.

Who controls you?

Angel or Devil, whichever one desperate, bleeding and starving inside me drags me closer to their destiny, its neither heaven nor hell but a combination of neither and both.

Micah Krahn

Beneath Our Copper Moon

The bronze summer moon was aglow..

Like the edge of your thumbnail, a half moon with a sliver of a white crescent.

A Turkish flag, where is the star near the golden brown glimmering through the Milky Way; thousands of miles away.

Beneath the copper moon; hanging out with my best friend in the world on the eve of the best night of our lives.

As long as I'm with you, Genie, I'm home; under the rusting erosion of the earth's satellite which we both saw on our special night.

Beneath our auburn moon is the perfect brilliant friendship I could've ever asked for.

July 13,2013

Micah Krahn

Beyond Charlotte's Web

Beyond the slithering ascending shadows of the barn rafters, divulged an ideal refuge for the constellation of endless webbing which barraged between each beam.

Vast canvases of web glimmered in the silver moonlight, each silky durable line spun out reverentially twisting into a fine threaded mesh.

Gracefully descending from above the joists from a single flawless silky strand revealing a most beautiful creature; a spider, her long delicate legs humbly caressing the beauty deep within her confines of her own masterpiece.

Micah Krahn

Burn These Bones

High above the mountain passes of Isilium is quite an unbelievable structure, The Asyrium built with pride. Structured and mighty this mighty titan was an important waypoint to separate the two olden valleys of Athyria and Asyria.

Now it stands sorrowful and destitute in the midst of the Atherium mountains, it has been rumored that sometimes whispers can be heard when a traveler travels across the titanic structure. Groans and Creaking can be heard from this once ancient bridge.

Eerily one traveler caught a creaking whisper yesterday as he strode across the wooden overpass. He looked about to see if there was anyone tailing him, there was not a single creature nor soul for miles around. He did not know where the whisper originated from until he swayed his steps. Silence came to the catwalk once again. Creaking again the bridge groaned.

Whispering in a near dull hushed tone to which he deciphered the Atherium phrase 'burn these bones', perplexed he quickly hurried home, telling not a soul until he came upon his village. And it was our village, he fled to. Athyn, a small village of no more than chiliad horde of men.

'Alas my brothers, I say to you. This man who fled from the Athyrium Bridge was none other than Baileth, the son of our chieftain. It has been an obsidian age since an object of creation has succumb to the power of our tongue. Who will ride with me to see this strange mysticism, which one of you, my shield brothers? Which one of you?' Rythe, the older brother of the Chieftan summoned the warriors.

'what was all that about?' Alieh said to Anarrah as they were bathing in the hot springs. 'Rythe said that Baileth heard faint eerie whispers coming from that ancient bridged titan Asyrium.' Anarrah replied as she strode over to the water's edge and retrieved her deer fur robe. Alieh, still soaping her naked body just replied with a simple 'and they went to check it out?' 'yes'.

Anarrah and Alieh were both slave girls and belonged to the priestess and soothsayer in Athyn.

Both young women looked onwards as the viking warriors ambled towards the strange phenomenon which was about to occur Arannah, suddenly spoke up 'are you coming to see this strange occurrence?' Alieh was unsure she wasn't as

enthralled in the magical universe as everyone else and was reluctant about going but after being encouraged by her best friend she reluctantly said that she would see the Asyrium bridge with her if she didn't make a big fuss about it.

The two young women snuck behind the viking warriors as they blazed a path through the woods, grabbing what robes they could before escaping into the forest out of sight and sound behind the fierce-some warriors.

They knew of other ways to get to the landmark but they dismissed their thoughts of this almost immediately because they knew it would be safer incognito behind the men.

Perhaps not all had come to see the once ancient bridge, this might have been apparent to everyone in battle gear and the two young women dressed in skimpy deer fur bathrobes but they shrugged it off because there was nothing a Viking to fear. To fear the unknown was to be weak.

The horde slowed up because the bridge was just up yonder. Sending scouts ahead and coming back empty handed the men crept forward and a distanced yet silent pace for they had yet to understand what type of magical forces lay in hiding, if any yet at all.

None yet stirred. They were upon the bridge yet no one stepped forth. Rythe crept forward and stepped onto the wooden planks, at the back of the barrage couldn't see a damn thing, so they quietly jettied around the men to the stone hedge located above the bridge, the hedge was placed by their ancestors a hundred years ago. When they got to the vantage point they could see everything unfold, and it all started when Rythe placed his foot upon the wooden planks of the ancient bridge.

The Asyrium awaited until the horde of men were fully aboard before it twisted and mangled the tormented souls upon the ancient walkway; vines and planks shot out and curled around the escaping men, shaving their corpses in two and splitting blood from their bodies. Once there were no thriving souls left on the structure, the wooded planks and vines returned to their places as if directed from its master, each one fitting back into place as if it were puzzle pieced together. Diving off the bridge into nearby bushes Rythe escaped virtually unscathed. A twig snapped! He looked up saw the girls. He wasn't angered by a couple of cute onlookers but he beckoned them to stay where they were still unknown to any other dangers around.

Underneath bridge an arched voice could be heard 'centuries have passed since

this bridge has been used, and now I have killed your men because a simple wretch could not grant a simple request'

'And what is this request; that I may grant thy request? ' Rythe's voice boomed out over the bridge.

'I said the time before, 'burn these bones' but that time has come and passed, I will rout out the weeds from my beautiful forest and destroy all your kinsmen. All will be slain and be rid of from this land... ' boomed the unknown creaking voice

Rythe's anger fueled his rage, as he swung his blazing torch upon the bridge where the unknown voice bewildered from interrupted thought blew into a sun scorching inferno, burning everything within its mighty radius. Asyrium let out a bloodcurdling agonizing whisper 'finally my bones have been burnt! '

Anarrah and Alieh now standing with Rythe; the girls both spoke together 'burn my bones must've meant burn the bridge down'

Rythe bewitched with what had just happened to Asyrium and his brave viking warriors simply gazed upon the ruin structure in pity and said 'alas my sisters, yes that is what He meant, if only it hadn't come to this, I gladly would have burned it down'

The three took one final gaze upon what had occurred there and began their long trek home.

The priestess slave girls Anarrah and Alieh, have more Solarian history unfolding elsewhere, keep tabs on them because they may yet just surprise you of what else comes their way, Rythe too for that matter!

The priestess slave girls Anarrah and Alieh, have more Solarian history unfolding elsewhere, keep tabs on them because they may yet just surprise you of what else comes their way, Rythe too for that matter!

Micah Krahn

Chris

Crazy Canuck

Harmonious & Handsome

Rare & Refined

Intellectually Incredible

Sweet & Skillful

Micah Krahn

Describing Poetry

Sweet and precise.
short and nice.

Not always a rhyme.
Not always a mime.

Always vivid.
Never livid.

Maybe of love.
Perhaps of hate.

Always in amusing.
Never a muse.

Always lost in thought.
No poem ever worth naught.

Always of Spectacular.
Never bland.

Thoughts unveiled.
Words devoured.

From my heart to yours.
All I have written is for you.

Micah Krahn

Eye Of The Beholder

By Micah Krahn

From your eyes to the skies, you are beautiful.
From your nose to your sexiest pose.
From your lips to your fingertips.
From your heart to my heart.
From my fingertips to your lips.
From my face to our sweet loving embrace.
From our first kiss you'll never want to miss.
From my embrace to your embrace.

Love will find a way!

Micah Krahn

Eyes Of The Wolf

By Micah Krahn

Soft grey icy snowflakes chilled the thick white frost as the stormy unforgivably wind shrieked endlessly throughout the harsh nocturnal woodlands.

A cool blue glare glowing from behind the copper brown trees, descending from the dark into the silver-white moonlight.

A solitary wolf, disguised in her chameleon snowy velvety hoary coat she coverts into the woods, silently stalking her prey, her cool blue eyes ensnare her quarry with a lightning-quick relentless perplexing glare.

Frozen in fear her prey springs into flight, punitive snapping and crackling of russet leaves atop the shivering silver hoarfrost are left in the wake of her ruthless chase on winter's rigid floor.

Bone chilling howls send shivers up the frigid rime, as the eyes of the wolf enchant her prey with inexorable ferociousness.

Battle cries sound, hope fades for her frantic prey, out of time. She howls a conquering feat, nothing is safe from the eyes of the wolf, and she will never let you forget that.

Micah Krahn

Feeling Emptiness

One of the worst feelings in the world, is knowing you have a chance to know someone, but the more time goes by all you see is dead space.

Every forgotten second spent wishing away, is a memory which we could've achieved together.

Deafening silence between the thousands of minutes you should have together, but instead it is replaced with moments which aren't for sale.

Moments which aren't for sale, moments which cannot be bought or sold, fleeting moments of kissing, cuddling and holding hands

The only thing worth yearning for is the sound of her voice, the touch of her lips, and the caress of her arms in yours.

In my memorable mind, I see her, smiling at me. She... She screams in silence.

An instant you wish could last forever. Alike the wind, every passing second which last seemingly forever crumbles into moments which we thought we had.

One of the worst feelings in the world, is knowing we had a sequence to change the history of the moments which passed us by, but did nothing to stop the inevitability of time itself.

Micah Krahn

Fishing For Memories

I would like to tell you about something I do every Friday, I take my fishing pole down to the river, with my ole' shaggy dog named Sam.

Down by the river, where the soothing streams collide in sweet laughter, where the fish joyfully jump the falls all day.

Sitting down for a moment on a boulder near the river's edge, momentarily pondering about the glorious morning, Stepping into my gear and wading into the water, I begin to reminisce about things once lost...

Fishing for the unknown is like rediscovering things once lost.

Reeling in the catch, anxiously anticipating the surprise at the other end.

Old leather boots together with old broken fishing line and rusty fish hooks.

Enclosed in my tackle box, cluttered amongst the fly's, bait, weights and good memories; are only three things I can't live without.

Pictures. Of us, and those of my nephew and nieces.

Alas, every day spent in the wilderness, fishing for memories, are the best fish I have ever caught.

Micah Krahn

Genie

Great

Excellent

Noble

Intelligent

Extravagant

Micah Krahn

Guardian Angel

A poem by: Micah Krahn

Above the heavenly glories which surround the galaxies of splendor dwell the arc-angels of serenity.

Eternal harmony praises the Father with everlasting gentleness

Behind the magnificent gates of heaven are countless seraphs holding golden javelins.

In the presence of the majesty of majesties are hordes upon hordes of guardian angels that protect us from the great battle.

But here I am in the presence of you.

Forever protecting you from an evil you cannot see.

Swords of eternal flame and my shield of never-ending love must protect us from the axis of evil.

Love clashing with evil.

Amongst the chaos, I hold you in my arms,

Forever I shall comfort you in my arms within the glories of heaven.

Nothing will touch you

Nothing will hurt you.

Invisible love will shield you forever.

Micah Krahn

Having Tea With The Devil

When the Devil comes knocking, be polite or he will rip your deathless life out of your mouth,
damning your foul tongue to stone shattering all your teeth out of your head as they laugh at your torment on the cold dark sidewalk.
Entombed in my devil's eyes, mirrored by a thousand evils whiplashed with maliced fear.
Trembling with my own madness gnashed by his fouling teeth, secretly shredding my sanity.
With these nails in my hands, bleed the horizon from my veins into your godless chalice.
A tea party with the devil; come and eat these cookie-cutter shaped angels; consume your sanity with evil intent.
Watch them writhe as our sin tears them apart from the inside.
He cannot even save His angles, He is the God that failed

Open you delusional book of precious fairy tales and heretic parables; watch them helplessly burn in the fires of my eyes. Soulless whispers scream from twelve empty disciplined chairs and a liar.

Come sit with us, a party of a thousand souls. A dance with the devil, hypnotized by lust, fueled by rage and too compassionate for sanity.

He isn't a demon nor a devil. He is the lifeless death, a sinner's henchman standing solemn in the stead of sin's turmoil. He isn't alive or dead. Don't be afraid.

Satan isn't the evil lurking in your eyes, he is the nightmare coming to life in your soul. Acceptance is the first part.

Come closer my child, let me whisper something in your ear...

This isn't a lie.

This is the truth you are seeking.

Satan is a part of you, scrub the filth of god from your bones. Open your eyes my child, devour your god's lies and let us toast with this cup of tea!

His Death Set Me Free

Bound in chains, burdened from the slavery of sin, I sit alone in the darkness.
The darkness haunts my soul.

Eternal hell awaits my unknowing soul, trapped, no where to go. Every door I
turn to is locked. A destiny of darkness awaits.

A tiny crack of light begins to eat out the darkness. The beam of everlasting light
has swallowed the darkness.

Light surrounds me now yet I am still burdened with the slavery and still bound
in chains.

The light suddenly gets brighter and brighter.

A brilliant light approaches shining brighter than ten thousand suns and lurks
forward reaching into the locks of sin which have tightly chained me down.

Instantly my chains incinerate and turn to dust which is swept away. Astonished,
I look up and into the blinding light and compassion and love surrounds me with
never-ending glory.

I look down at my once chained existence and remember why he set me free.

by Micah Krahn

Micah Krahn

Home

A house is more than a home. It is where I was first welcomed by family when I was born.

A home is more than a roof over your head and a place to feel safe.

A home is more than four sturdy walls and a roof, it is where adventure first breathed security.

It is more than countless memories playing in my room surrounded by my brothers and sisters playing Hot Wheels, Barbies and Lego.

A home is more than a permanent vacation of relaxation and security.

My home is more than where my heart is, its where I met you and that is why I love my home.

My home doesn't complete me, you do.

Wherever i may go, whatever I may do, my home is a part of me just like you are.

My home is your home and as long as 'home is where the heart is', my heart belongs here with you.

Micah Krahn

I Stand Here

I stand here gracefully, birds on my branches.

I stand here for a purpose; my branches sway softly in the wind.

I stand here and look below watching a young boy play.

I stand here listening to His mother read Him a story.

I stand here, the young boy now a teenager with His father.

I stand here watching him speak to the elders in the temple.

I stand here, watching Him grow as I have.

I stand here, He is now a young carpenter building a table with His tools.

I stand here watching Him performing miracles; He heals the blind, the crippled and the weak.

I stand here watching Him eat with His friends; he takes a piece of bread and a cup of wine in His hands.

I stand here one of His friends betrays Him with a kiss on the cheek.

I stand here watching... His blood runs down His pierced flesh as He is forced to walk under the torment of His pain.

I stand here watching Him being sentenced to death by crucifixion.

I lay here naked stripped of my beautiful branches, broken, twisted and carved.

I lay here broken like Him; He holds my carved twisted broken body on His shoulders as He stumbles up the path.

I lay here as the soldiers nail His hands and feet to my hard carved structure of wood.

I was once beautiful and free like Him, now he is broken and twisted like me.

They raise us up on ropes and chains, now I stand here holding Him.

I see two others like me carved and scraped holding convicted men like Him.

I stand here holding Him as His blood drips off me and into the dust.
I stand here holding Him and listening for His last words.

I stand here listening, I here Him say, "It is finished" and He dies.

I stand here the weight of sin in His broken bloody body from the world.

I stand here; He cannot carry my weight so I humbly hold him.

I stand here lonely in the blood stained dirt, He is not here, and I saw the
soldiers roll the stone in front of His cave.

I stand here, a cross on a hill and He is raised, I have seen Him!

I stand here with outstretched arms praising the Lord yet still watching; I see a
dove in the sky it lands on my arm.

I stand here fulfilling my purpose in life and I will see Him again.

Micah Krahn

I Wish We Were Closer..

I wish we were closer, and then the kisses we share could be moments of perfection surrounded by sweet memories of awe. i wish we were closer so you could whisper in my ear and tell me that you miss me. Life is as it seems quite unbearable without you. I wish we were closer than the ill fate of being connected though the ripples of time and space, for the distance between us is but air and the breath of love in our hearts. I wish we were closer so the footsteps that i take on lonely beaches will have eternal moments attached to yours, like barnacles tightly grasped together in sweet harmony under a pale white moon. I wish we were closer so the heartache of living alone in this world will soothe our souls forever. I wish we were closer to you and you to me. i wish i was closer to you,
I am already in your heart, awaiting the day that my footsteps will meet up with yours.

whispers and shadows fall unto dust i refuse to let our love idly die within the grasps of time without first telling you i feel about you.

Eternal kisses for you my dear.
a poem by Micah Krahn

Micah Krahn

In Remembrance

On these snow covered hills through the endless diamond shimmering hectares of trees. Frosted with early morning delight there lies a road, a sad and lonely road which has endured through time and testimony. Children laughing and playing in the snow, the jolly noise fills the air.

Weddings have also taken place on this road; brides have often walked down the dirt road in spring with the flowers blooming and waving quietly in the warm breeze. Photographers followed the brides at a quiet gentle pace with the sound of the cameras clicking repeatedly. Sadness and pain have also left a mark on this sad and lonely road. Cross upon cross can be seen in the fields on both sides of this road.

We remember the wars once fought for our freedom, many souls were lost so we could live ours in true freedom. This road was there when our soldiers fought and died there. Some wounded were taken to safety on this sad and war torn road, in remembrance, we ponder the sacrifices of freedom this snow covered road endured, the bravery, the compassion, the laughter and even the sadness. At the end of this road lay endless fields of crosses and along the way a single rose at the side of the road. Yes, in remembrance, we choose never to forget the true sacrifices of freedom which our beloved ones, died to protect on that sad and lonely road.

Micah Krahn

In This Castle

In This Castle; where I live, it is my fortress, The King's Keep.

Impenetrable. Impossible. Inescapable.

In This Castle; where no beasts of fury invade these walls. Willful imprisonment behind these walls,
these fragile stems of glass, castle of glass.

Trapped inside, shackled to technology.

Why does this feel like a prison, and not a castle?

In This castle; I feel like a voodoo doll. Stab me with a knife, witness how the absurd begins to unfold.
Bloodied by my forsaken electronics. My head is stabbed full of pins and needles,
all this stuff is just stuff.

In This Castle; where the demons trapped in my eyes forsake their limitless screams in my ears.
forever entombing their lifeless shells in my gutless humanity.

No cure in sight. I must get out of this tomb.

In This dark and gloomy Castle; where magic is an escape of torrid consequences. Imagination runs wild.
Ruling beasts and slaying dragons, saving the princess and protecting the kingdom from evils unslain.

Alas, In This lonely tower of the King's keep.
It is where I am, for in my head where this story takes place is known as the Castle in which I live.

Micah Krahn

Ireland

by Micah Krahn

Ireland is a place where poetry runs deep, much more than what simple words can define.

From stormy seas to soothing streams, an elegant panorama of untold beauty where Celtic crosses and Gaelic stonehenges captivate the untouched souls of our heart's dreams

this grand country is where the imprint of perfection, stays a lifetime, what was once unknown is now newfound and heartfelt. We belong here, it is earth's heaven.

a company of people brewing onto the city streets over spilling with clover cheer, as they disperse and evaporate into the exuberant crowd.

From magnificent intricate ladders of ivory foliage clinging to Ashford Castle to the majestic sweet chime of forty-nine bells of St. Colman's Cathedral, elegance knows no end.

Aloft the flowered cliffs where the nectarous ocean breeze soothes the countryside, with a sweetness only Ireland can deliver.

Alas my lasses and lads, Ireland is the home within the heart, and the heart within the soul. And the soul within us all.

Micah Krahn

Jonbeard

Jonbeard had always wondered about the day he would pick up the intrepid Sword of Ilariah and slay the dragons of Isah, aspirations for an uncanny life. Jonbeard audaciously stood at a mere 5 feet tall, his beard was almost as tall as he was; most of the other elven childlings unspeakably had no reasoning why Jonbeard was just as old as them but still had a beard this confounded the discussions of the little ones who often played with him.

Many years ago.

In the province of Tykara, in the outskirts of Ferynguard was a small mining town, where unchangeable circumstances were about to have an impact of dire consequence.

This town had nothing to offer to the gods but the wicked reinforced tariffs that had beckoned the land with a devastating drought of a once lavish and prosperous life, still there was a glimmer of hope peaking through the sands of time.

Ferynguard was famed by the gods to have extraordinary and exquisite young women, whose captivating beauty had quite often silenced the quaint the majestic dell.

However in this defiant scarcity of vast proportions, beauty had been its curse, little did they know it but this unsanctioned spell was about to get a violent awakening.

Micah Krahn

King Of Many Colours

by Micah Krahn

Embodied in a vast blue elegant vested cloak, his tuxedo of many colours defines his beauty.

His splendor is something to behold. Strutting humbly alternately scouring the ground for earthy edibles. It is here where the peacock struts.

Feathered in luxurious nobility, this king majestic in all his charm hypnotizes anything in its path.

Greatly admired for his distinctive iridescent coattails making him irreplaceable among the fowls of original origin, it is here where the peacock struts.

His homeland originates from Africa to North America. Alluring his queen with bizarre mating rituals is where the peacock struts.

Incredible display of affection for his mate, he will never have another mate like her, with her nestled beside him, is where the peacock struts.

Jubilant passion exuberates from the love struck fowl, is where the peacock struts.

Known for laying between four and five eggs, their speckled shelled offspring will often call home in tropical rain forest trees. Lavishly roosting high above the dangers far below is where the peacock struts.

Mother knows what is best for her young, not far from the nestlings is where the peacock struts.

Nestled and where its warm and cozy; the eggs begin to move as they start to hatch. Of all the love surrounded in one nesting, their chicks emerge in light fluffy ivory colour.

Part of the family now is where all the peacocks strut their brilliance.

Laura

Lovely

Adorable

Understanding

Romantic

Amazing

Micah Krahn

Lick My Razorblade

Cut me up into little pieces, lick my razor blade. bleed the horizon from my veins.

As i walk in the shadows, and in the darkness of my soul, begins to tear away
the flesh from my bones

blood, ever so crimson, its pure red taste, drowns my universe as I slip away.

This is no suicide, but it is a suicide, not of whom but of what.

no not even the blood of my blood whimpers its creeping theory to the death of
my soul

Bloodless harmonic demons chime within; drenched in my blood, as they cling to
my broken body as if shattered from an unknown sharp universe.

Lick my razor blade, your curdling blood screams for release from your bodily
soul.

Two souls converge as one.

You and I, bleeding away together.. This is no mere Romeo and Juliet..Purified in
a darkly bloodless chime.

Two souls united together, bound by legend, intertwined by blood lust and in fused by love.

Mesmerized, I have seduced you my little puppet. you cannot run away, your legs fall from under you. Alike the puppet strings they are, I am your puppet master. your strings have been severed by the blade in your fingers, as you awake from this bloodlustly daze, you realize that I am your soul of conscience and you are your body.

Nothing left, but to fade away into the darkness.. We are.. Our souls unite as we become the pollution which begins to escape from our bloodstream. You seduced your tongue to lick my razor blade.

Micah Krahn

Looking Up

I wonder what Emily Carr saw when she looked up. Enticed by the surrounding ecliptic beauty of the Pacific Northwest's wildwood.

Alike a poet putting pen to paper, Emily painted the dynamic poetry of sight capturing the soul of mother nature with each stroke of her paint brush.

Her vast canvases spread from dark forests of Goldstream Provincial Park to the coppices of Haida Gwaii. Each brush stroke meandering through the intricately woven tapestry of British Columbia's beautiful skyward woodland impression.

She painted the colours of Stanley Park's palette reflected by the prism paragons of Vancouver's elegant forestry scape of escape.

In Goldstream Provincial Park; she described her love of the forest. 'The sun gets no look-in for several hours after rising and winks a goodbye'

In my own expressive words; British Columbia is the expansive beauty of my exquisite and vast home. Quite simply, it is the best place on earth!

Micah Krahn

Love Me Soon

Love me soon and love me now you are the only one for me

Love me soon and love me now your beauty enthral's my soul

Love me soon and love me now our hands intertwine as we begin to kiss

Love me soon and love me now my faith in you knows no bounds

Love me soon and love me now hold me close and kiss me dear

Love me soon and love me now kisses and cuddles await you in my loving arms

Love me soon and love me now my love for you is as beautiful as you are

Love me soon and love me now My heart is locked and you're the key

Micah Krahn

Making A Sandwich

The most unlikeliest of poems, often come from the tastiest ideas..

When preparing food, i first wash my hands, the more soap the better.

Appliances. Waffle maker or Toaster? Toaster. Tool of choice. Stainless Steel Knife.

selecting my ingredients for my conjuration of eatery, is the next goal on my itinerary.

Bacon. Unpackaging the bacon, from the fridge, putting a few strands on the ning to sizzle..

Bread. Unwrapping, the loaf of bread, selecting the slices of ng them inside the toaster. Snap the switch goes on.90 seconds of wait.

where's a clock when you need one?

Ejection! As the toast arises, sweltering and encrustingly quickly slathering the mayonnaise across the crusty surface of the toast.

Both slices.

First Layer is lettuce, greenest, tastiest part of freshness.

Secondly then the juicy blood red tomatoes.Is the bacon ready? Yes! Thank goodness, crispy awesomeness.

What else? Umm.. Cucumber!

Slicing the cucumber with , two.. this is no spa treatment, cut more of them! three, four, five, six. That should do it.

Mmmmm, looks good.. already see the mayonnaise oozing out..clean up time before the real enjoyment begins.

Wrapping up the loaf of bread and neatly tucking it back into the pantry, grabbing the lid for the mayo, tucking it back into the refrigeration oes back in the fridge. Lettuce also back in the veggie portion of the back in the fridge.

What's left? Ahh, clean the counter, Hot wash en finally clean. Open the cupboard take out a the sandwich on the plate.

Now. That. Juicy. Sandwich. Belongs. To. Me.

As I move in and take the first bite. Delicious! Each taste, worth every bite.

All finished.

Nothing left but the plate, and I'm not gonna eat ng more but not relishing making another mess.

Maybe Next Time...

Micah Krahn

Mari

by Micah Krahn

Marvelous

Authentic

Rocker

Influential

Micah Krahn

Mirrors

Reflections of a past unknown are yet, better kept in an illusion of the future day's present.

Of what is this am I to look at? From reflecting glimmers to clear silver shimmers mirrored souls beyond my window; are shattered within my eyes of glass.

whose clone is this, I cannot identify a mirage impersonates my soul by multiply

Subtract this moment of doubtful activity when my mind distracts optical illusion.

What sorcery is this how quaint and odd. To form a perfect mockery of exact proportions.

Calculating how to add this up. Scarcely cannot seem to conclude that demons and angels; of many I cannot count

Are fighting their battles around me in hand; though invisible to me I cannot comprehend.

what gadgetry is this I cannot believe. Is it real or is it a disease.

What marvelous chameleon is this, bewilderment unravels revealing this obvious gadget of ghostly glass

For without this mystical tool of wonder, none can witness no supernatural obscenities.

Then I ponder at this instant time travel thing mimicking of my slightest movements, and again with lightning speed, the more i become puzzled at what it is.

who do i see? what do i see? who do you see when you look into my silver soul of gadgetry? No answers can contest of what is fascination this, no one but I can ponder up a name for this wizardry of who came before me and gifted me this wonderful exhibit of mastery.

May 19,2013

My Requiem

By Micah Krahn

Blackened heats fall silent, and hushed whispers prevail as the prequel to my requiem falls under its own demise.

The dark poison in my heart stabs me like a thousand daggers, each one disgorging a soundless symphony from my abiding soulless plight.

I lost my path before me, each step a piercing clash of titans from within.

My soul is at war with itself, each gnash slashing a splintering jolt shattering my spirit into jagged pieces.

Each piece is wrestling for dominance within my core, an elemental spar between good and evil.

Sweet silence succumbs to my soul as the dark skirmish withers away into sinister and shadowy night.

Black suits and black rain, solemn souls and saddened hearts an elegy in flight, within my interment no infringement is near. As my sight from this world fades away, my body is lowered into the earth i love so much, i foresee a universe far better.

Consumed with grace, my soul drifts heavenward, forsaking the world that foretold my requiem.

Micah Krahn

Oceanic Paradise

Beneath the soft laughing waves of solitude awaits an elegant oceanic refuge.

Gracefully swaying beyond the coarse jackknifed coral, laying motionless camouflaged in the sandy depths dwells a manta ray.

Her vast wingspan placidly whispering across the forgotten frontier liberating herself from an apocalyptic prison.

Within this colossal constellation of mesmerizing beauty spans an untold universe abiding near the tranquil harmony of the ocean.

Surrounded by the spectacular awe of God's perfect paradise all around us; the gentle waves humbly dancing never-ending marvels in admiration of His creation.

Habakkuk 2: 14 For the earth will be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the Sea.

Micah Krahn

Only Dust Remains

Solemnly standing in this wintered desolate land. Deadened by loneliness; this body of mine unwinds my tightly threaded soul as my requiem begins to unravel.

The demons in my head are the angels in my heart. The apparitions in my soul tear away at the spirits within my being.

Fractured by these winter chills which numb my body and begins to crumble into an ashen wasteland.

An evolving war cry sounds through the echoing oblivion which surrounds me as the glorious and beautiful sun rises over this bitter apocalyptic barren waste.

My hollow siren screeches and scars the wilderness as my deafening vampiric scream vaporizes the fragile air as my lips turn to dust.

Dust is all that remains.

Micah Krahn

S Is For Hope

There will be blood, when the world decides it no longer needs our are we to decide when we choose how to suffer from our deviations?

I was there when we walked with legends. In a time when deities were more than just a childhood myth. No fairy tale, fable or bedtime story.

When earth was lain to ash by our youthful transgressions of our own frail of the befallen ashen dust of our worlds, where no angels wept for humanity's fall. The God of our fathers, the immortality of the gods left us long abandoned. No immortal deity had stepped fourth on earth or in her heavens for more than a thousand years. If there was a god, He chose to leave us to wither within our unsound frailty on our godforsaken dead planet, the old world called Earth. To where would we now look with hope in our eyes?

A man emerged from the ashen of decimation from our own humanity, A hero saga. He saw the value in our mortality, even if we had not yet chosen to see it.

Krypton's last eulogy gave fourth from her last breath, a foresight of faith. A son born of hope. He came to us as a stranger, a messenger not of this world but a savior who came to save us from ourselves.

And there he stood. Gripping inequality menacingly with a perfect balance of equality.

Defiant in the age of depression, misery and despair. Earth's eventuality would be its own epitaph. His ascension will crush all of our human iniquities. Where he came from, S was a symbol for hope. Tyranny would never drown our resolution again.

He is our Titan of Legend, Arbiter of Ascension, Paladin of Providence and Man of Steel. Our last hope for all nations divided. A godhead of divine greatness, reconciled for a birth of relevance. Destitute and forlorn humanity without hope have stood in earth's desolation, a prequel from terra's evanescence.

Out of the dust and ashes we arise, on the backs of evil's affliction we stand steadfast with defiant valor and an invulnerable unwavering faith in our ultimate hero.

Guised in red and blue, Superman is our never ending shield of aspiration.

S is for Hope.

Micah Krahn

Seahawks

Seahawks

12

Football

Seattle

Blue and Green

1976

Bird of Prey

Richard Sherman

SuperBowl 2014

Flight

Jubilant cheering

Die Hard Fans

Legend of Boom

Winners

Micah Krahn

Some Kind Of Animal (Edited)

men are a messed up animal, abuse is a one way street.
a one way street with no dead end in sight.
savage and bloodthirsty, we are a breed of irate consequences.
we are tied to a leash of filth.
we yearn for sex like a tasty dangling wishbone
chained to a post with a pathetic 50 dollar hooker.
the collar we wear is an inseparable cruelty and filth is an inescapable disease.

men are a messed up animal, cross us and you'll learn to regret it.
we chew up the scraps of our savaged existence. A man desires what he cannot
have.
not everything is absolute, boyfriends and husbands are temporary
and are nothing but a mild hindrance.
if we desperately crave someone enough, there is no where they can hide
there is no collar, leash or cage that can contain us, we are the hunger within us.
survival of the fittest just became a dog eat dog world.

men are a messed up animal, force us to change and we'll ravage your sweet
innocence
you'll be gasping for air before we rip you to shreds, come look at the animal
you've let us become,
we aren't as sweet and adorable as we once were, you're the animal now.
nature has reversed its course on us, the tables have turned now
you are the animalistic savages slaving our humanity
its time for you to wear the collar of degradation.

men are a messed up animal, we are the brutality of a junkyard dog.
thrashing the trepidation that which once lived within us.
we prey on the terror drenched in your eyes, you fall victim to our Viciousness.

Men are a messed up animal, we snort and we hiss in irate fury
we are your only nightmare, pure hatred without hate.
go ahead, whine and moan it won't help you here.

men are a messed up animal, malicious hell hounds bent on ravaging your sweet
frail humanity
to transform your civility into the barbarous dog you once were.

Strippers

Scandalous

Temptress

Ravishing

Incredible

Provocative

Penetrable

Erotic

Risque

Sensual

Micah Krahn

The Axian Age

March 28,2014
by Micah Krahn

In a time where trees could talk to each other, where the post apocalyptic world employed their occupation on more pressing matters and threats than atmospheric debris and toxic gasses which were deadly to the human race but showed no more than a curious and mystifying mystery to Earth's founding fathers.

Trees were such a blunt cruel term for a race of biological guardians which stood the real test of time. They were known by a different name according to ancient testaments, these earthly paladins were known as Elysex or Elysians. Tablets have been passed down from generation to generation, but have long since vanished from our history books, as historians have found other written knowledge to publish.

These once great Elysians flourished as in adamant man-made objects, subjected through the decay of time and human error they stood great and unique, hidden in plain sight these majestic forests of green sprouted from a weed known as the Elyx.

Sixty years have passed since the bombs fell worldwide, devastating one hundred and ninety four countries worldwide. Many have become obsolete. Earth isn't defined by 196 countries anymore. As the last chemical bomb to fall in the world was over Washington DC, United States. As the last bomb made contact with Earth's floor it emitted a chemically induced toxin which created the weed called Elyx. No one knew who took credit for dropping the first bomb but we know that it unleashed terror worldwide as bombs went off in a chain reaction of quick succession.

As the weeds began to attack the city lain to waste from bombed dominance, humans had no chance retreating back into the subways, historic buildings and tall skyscrapers which used to define this city. One weed sprouted upon the lawn of the White House ngly undetected it swayed between the blades of grass and

anchored itself onto the base of the White House American Flag on top of the structure. What happened next was immediate. It thunderstruck through the White House roof with earthquake precision, splintering the alabaster historic structured building from perfection to nothing short of a disintegrated toothpick fortress. To the Elysians this great sight would eventually become known as The Axian. Which means Crippled Nation.

Axian's roots flooded George Washington's lair from the North wing to the South wing, crippling the building under its weight, tall, mighty and majestic. Winding upwards Axion's trunk twisted around the flagpole and snapped the flimsy pole in half as it fell from its perch, it ricocheted off the slivered wooded speared timber which was once perfect and clanged onto the stone steps below.

The tattered American flag wrapped around the peak of the Axianed branches and the bloodied war-torn resilient tattered flag, still admirably flying despite being shredded remained utterly amazingly intact. This would be the beginning of The Elysian Revolution, a time where the battle for Earth reached its focal point of dominance. Perhaps one day soon we will see another Elysian rise to power, somewhere beyond the scope of the United States of America.

Micah Krahn

The Black Unicorn

Deep in the ancient shady forest where the summer breeze flows ever sweetly dwells the scent of a black unicorn

Peacefully grazing in the thick frail blades of meadow grass, this majestic creature gently lowers her head into the grass

Minuets and moments whisper by creeping through the breeze which swishes back and forth down her great mane

Her great dark wings extend as she senses a nearby predator lurking deep within the shadows of the meadow trees

Tension charges through her beautiful black sleek body

She raises her head and stands at attention revealing her true divinity

She begins to tread hard on the meadow grass with her dark hooves

Sounds of deep hard thunder echo throughout the ground as her hooves pierce the soft ground again and again

Fiercely she shakes her head back and forth, snorting with irate fury

Withdrawing back into the shadows of the meadow, the predator flees

Silence once again returns to the meadow hidden in the dark ancient forest

The gentle breeze soothes the great majestic unicorn, as her tension subsides and her wings gently sway down guided by the gentle wind

Beginning to relax she lowers her head and resumes grazing

As the evening begins to fade away, the night overshadows her and the soft breeze gently lifts her beautiful scent across the frail meadow into the moonlit sky.

Micah Krahn

The Cookie

It is often round.
It often has chocolate in it.
It takes like a little piece of heaven.
It can often make the tears go away.
It is often flat or bumpy.
It is often eaten with care.
It is often complimented.
It can bring a smile to your face.
It comes in many flavours and colours.
It is often found at parties.
It is often loved by animals.
It is loved by certain Muppets.
It is sometimes found at camp outs.
It is often at picnics.
And I love it lots!

Micah Krahn

The Discovery

by Micah Krahn

In a quiet shire, in the southern Province of Thaltik on the tip of The Chieftan Mountains. where the Imperial Kalatihgs and Riftmen keep watch over the Thaltik thoroughfare.

The faraway town of Thalnica bordered between the Chieftan Mountains and the Icillian Mountains had seen its share of ageless and winless wars even from a distance, the ravaged bareness of contention still followed within the scent of its aroma.

Thalnica was an important vantage point in the Icillian Isles, as it was the first and only outpost located between the Two Giants. It was said from legendary tale that; two giant brothers of Rock and Stone; one called the Chieftan and the other Icillian. They fought their last battle versus each other, as their spirits fell from the heavens, so they did also. And their bodies fell upon the earth with a climactic earth-shattering thundering clap and as they perished side by side that's where the passageway to Thalnica became known as The Two Giants.

Thalnicans felt secure in their surroundings as their village sat steadfast in place, with glorious views of the Icillian Isles in the front, Chieftan on the left and Icillian on the right. Nothing awaited hostile forces in the rear but a steep mountainous trek downwards.

The population of this little township, was little more than four hundred strong. And upon this little ole' hamlet is where this tale takes place. For within all this rich and diplomatic history. Our fabled chronicle begins as such, and is not of one wealthy or wise Thalnican but of a young lad who by pure chance came upon a discovery of a lifetime.

Peronitus was the Captain of the Riftmen guard, not much is known about this man. Other than the verity that he had but one son and not but two wives. His wives bear no particular mention to this adherent proclamation except that of one, the younger of the two he shared his favour with her the most. Perhaps it

was because she was kind to him and listened to him more intently than the other did, for this reason only her name was scripted to be noted. Helena was her name and perhaps the only important relevance this has to our story is that she is the mother of our young hero.

Peron, was a small gamin. By no way did he think of himself as extraordinary and yet he was no more than four years young. He enjoyed the simple pleasures in life, walking and playing beside the town's only riverlet beside the passageway of the two giants. On one particular spring morning, he arose with delight in his heart and joyfulness in his soul, he had remembered that the day before Peronitus had promised to teach him something new. Father was going to teach him how to fish today he thought, near the riverlet his father was already at the riverbank preparing the lines with bait. Reaching downwards toward his tackle box he baited another hook, looked up and saw Peron with a huge grin on his face, smiling from ear to ear.

He smiled back. He came over to his son. Lifted him to the sky and exclaimed to the guards nearby that his son was the best blessing the gods had bestowed upon him in this world, the guards took note of this.

Peron and his father didn't get to spend a lot of time together, Peronitus was always busy commanding the guard but of what little time he did have he chose to spend it with Peron. Helena cherished these moments in her heart. Seeing them so happy to be in each other's company was the best thing she could have ever hoped for. Finally a family, worth being a part of!

Peron started baiting the hooks and asked his father if he could find a spot to snag a fish away from the prying eyes of the guards. His father agreed, but cautioned him to not go very far and stay within sight and earshot.

Agreeing upon this, his lad wandered away from his father's side, Peron did not go very far, perhaps no more than a fathom's throw from the steady gaze of his papa.

He found his spot near an old aging tree, when all of a sudden he heard a strange sound, a faery song perhaps? He knew what faeries were as he was born

at the Lighthouse of the Whispering Pines as a small babe and seen the Niques training the dragonflies there. They were no more real than the nose on Peron's face. He thought it was an elegant beautiful voice whomever it belonged to. So without any further ado, he secured his fishing lines near the olde tree he was near his fishing spot. Following the voice which trailed up the riverbank no more than a few yards from his fishing gear.

He came upon an olde intricate tree stump with an unfastened door attached to it. Carefully opening it he saw a multitude of faeries joyfully singing to the heavens, gracefully he gently touched one of them, who looked back into his eyes and smiled. As he climbed up the stump toward the unhinged door, the faeries began to flutter out and amongst him. Awe flooded in his eyes as he relished this new experience. As they fluttered away, singing and filling the heavens with their graceful and majestic melodies. Peron's eyes fell upon a gaze which was upon what the faeries had been gently sitting on.

Untouched by age infinitium; was a golden scroll of moirai. His young eyes had never seen such beauty in a sculpted masterpiece, of the gods he had thought, who else could have put it there for him to find? Grabbing it, weightlessly it remained unbothered by its new placement. The Parchment of Infinitium was what it was called, but the insignia meant little to Peron, who was just learning how to read and knew nothing of what it meant. Inside the scroll, was a golden quill in which to write on the golden papyrus.

Shouting with delight, he ran to his father and showed his discovery to him. Bewildered and disbelieving, Peronitus opened the scroll and saw the beauty which unfolded. He then took the scroll to the High Queen of Icillia, Vectyria. Because of her royal bloodlines, only she was the only person entitled to uncover the secrets which lay beneath the golden ink of the Parchment of Infinitium. Little was known at the time about this artifact, so when Vectyria opened the scroll, the golden quill magically wrote that the scroll would only speak to Peron, and not the unenlightened.

The Queen was furious, she ordered it to be destroyed but it couldn't be destroyed. So it was to be kept in the royal palace until Peron became of age. At age 15, Peron became the youngest heir to the Icillian Isles.

The idea the towns people came to understand about the enlightened scrolls of proclamation is that the magic scrolls would only respond to the person who discovered it. Whatever was written on the scroll, would become truth. As Peron would age, Lord Horan of the Icilian Isles would name him his heir as Peron would become the most influential person in the world of Solaria, and within his shire of the Icillian Isles.

And so we depart from this extraordinary tale...

We have not seen the last of this young hero, so do not let your hearts be troubled, perhaps when the pirate lord Rouve takes upon the waves of the Icillian Isles, perhaps only then will we then see or hear upon what legendary tales of Peron, the boy who became enlightened.

Micah Krahn

The Gods Have Fallen

by Micah Krahn

The Gods have fallen from their apocalyptic cloudless heavens. Their religion no longer bind our souls together, they are no longer the voices in our heads. Their biblical testaments are now nothing but ashen manuscripts which have finally resolved to the endless lies. We have awoken from our dreamy realization and have declared that your Gods are nothing but wood, stone and an idea sent to demonize our world into submission to an unknown deity in which our fragile lives have been grasped in the frailty of our own weakness.

The voices in our heads are the same ones tearing out our souls inside from the confines of our sanity.

The religion of life is to no not save the world from apocalyptic circumstance but to be consumed with our inner energy which plagues our soul with zen everyday. When the gods have fallen from their immortal form, when they become no more mortal than you and I, these once immortal godless wretches will face the same fate they have bestowed upon ourselves. Death waits for no man, living, dead or even once immortal.

They once stood on the threshold of the heavens condemning the world for their sinful inequities, starved without prayer we now hold their life in the balance. They were once gods, but to the realization of their deceit they've become nothing but demons parading as gods.

Godless demons now await their entwined fate with unnerving consequence. In a time where we would look to the heavens for guidance, they now seek their reciprocated fates upon our steadfast and unshattered will.

And to think, they became powerless to their might because we would not worship, not kneel or pray to their immortal lies, so they have become human. They are the God that failed.

Micah Krahn

The Heart's Universe

In a sinister and broken place where words devour feelings, thoughts become
withered,
and the soul remains shattered.
Is a place where sadness and fury dwell.
Where simple words penetrate an already fragile universe.
A frail cosmos colliding with fury without forgiveness and vengeance with no
motive.
A time bomb ready to explode.
There is no light in the darkness.
Only loneliness remains.
Hope cannot fathom a better world crushed inside this macrocosm.
Swallowed by sadness and loneliness,
she cries watching her tears wash away.

Micah Krahn

The House With Skeleton Shutters

At the end of the lane was a house we always stayed away from, I'm sure it was
a elegant house in its time
but it had fallen to disrepair and had been the neighborhood's eyesore for
decades, as the generations grew up
and moved away the house stayed the same.

There was just something beautifully tragic about seeing a tormented rundown
abandoned house
at the end of the lane, nothing bad happened to any of the occupants who lived
there it was just long
since abandoned. Or none that we had heard of.

Of Victorian era, the house was its unique style was apparent to the rest of the
neighborhood as many of the
houses were built to resemble realistic modern houses. The oyster cinereaed
house ruined from decades of brick
and mortared decay. Barely structured, the rafters were the only thing left in the
house that wasn't completely
rotted out. The anorexic house clutched onto its skeleton shutters with a deathly
hinged grip. Windowless
impressions lay dormant where windows once were placed, the juttred window
frames splintered the frame of the
house sending wooded slivers throughout the vintage styled mansion.

Throughout the years children would often throw rocks at the windows, trying to
best each other through childish bets
and feats of bravery. Teenagers would often dare other youths to enter the
house and see how long they could last in
the residence, which was claimed to have been haunted but clearly wasn't; or not
that I had ever really thought about it.

It wasn't until my seventeenth year, when I was in my 11th high school grade in
which I had a school assignment on
Victorian Houses. I knew of just one house that fit that description. Yep, that
one! In my class, my friends always
complained that essays were the worst assignments to do because it all came
down to researching and telling in you
own words of what or how the essay affected the overall progress on the current
project. A matter of perspective actually.

Upon researching the house I came across an alarming statistic. The house was originally built by a Victorian lord, he wasn't necessarily royalty but he was a nobleman, and of most noblemen of that century, many were well off and rather wealthy. This man however was quite wealthy, before he even purchased the land. His name was Aiden O'Brien. Irish born, he traveled to Belfast in his early twenties and got a job as a steel worker and began nearly immediately forging strong Irish steel into the undercarriage of the RMS Titanic.

I can only imagine what came next for this flourishing young man, Aiden O'Brien.

Rising through the ranks quite quickly he went from laborer to foreman in quick succession. The Irish Shipping Board rewarded his steadfast and favorable devotion towards perfecting every steel plate unto the grand mile long ship with making him an Able Seaman on the RMS Titanic maiden voyage. Three years passed upon completion of the vessel; Aiden now a family man, his wife died from childbirth midway through three year building commitment. Giving birth to his little angel, Esther Rose O'Brien who was but two and a half years old when the christened ship left Belfast on her maiden voyage. The date of 14th of April, 1912 forever chiseled in stone and ever etched into the mind of Aiden O'Brien. He awoke among a commotion in the hallway from the neighboring passengers on his floor, he got dressed quickly and proceeded down towards the officer's rooms.

Esther followed Aiden outside and asked her papa what was going on, He picked her up and hustled down the long messy corridor, people scattered amongst the decks in the dark frail cloudy snowy weather. Upon his gained knowledge of the recent occurrence, he ushered his daughter to his long term Irish friend Elizabeth Johanna Welsh and told her to get into a long boat with Esther, he would be along shortly as soon as he got the word from his commanding officer. Receiving the word he headed to his longboat and proceeded to fill women and children onto his vessel, careful enough not to overload for fear of capsizing all precious cargo inside.

Words cannot explain the horrors of what he saw that evening. People fighting like animals, desperately trying to cling onto their

escaping humanity which was slipping away beneath the frigid wintry waters of the algid Atlantic Ocean. Guilty from the horrors of not readily acting upon saving survivors from the wintered tragedy.

Days later, heralds and newspapers everywhere across the North America documented the tragedy in immense details. Aiden, Elizabeth and Esther just wanted to move on with their lives, far away from the prying press and nosy people. Settling in New Haven, New York. Aiden bought a large twenty acre plot of land in which he had high hopes to build a house and live the rest of their lives in peace. Construction began in 1915 and finished in 1917; they had lived there no longer than eleven years. When Esther got married and moved away to Bridgeport, New York. Aiden and Elizabeth never married but remained close throughout the decades after the Titanic tragedy.

Winter plagued the township of New Haven in 1928, so cold that vagrants and homeless men and women often caused turmoil with land owners in the vicinity of New Haven. One especially cold night, Aiden and Elizabeth awoke to a commotion inside their house. Aiden persuaded Elizabeth to stay in bed and he would go down and investigate the disturbance. Quietly moving downstairs he came across a group of well weathered men and women who were freezing bitterly from the wintered blizzard wonderland outside their door. Aiden walked into the kitchen and walked right into a barrel of a colt waving bravado. That was the last he saw of this world, he felt no pain. The intruders stepped over his body rushed upstairs and shot Elizabeth, scavenged what they could and escaped before authorities could track them down.

Weeks later Esther Rose O'Brien held funeral services outside their home, where they were buried side by side. United upon tragedy they lived their lives to serving their community and raising their beloved daughter. Esther planted two weeping willows beside their graves as a reminder for the two parents who unfortunately died too soon. Esther took over the house with her husband Christopher and their five children. The children grew up and moved away to Meriden, Fairfield and Stamford. Christopher passed in 1991, Esther followed him a ten years later but not before asking a young man to take care of their residence and look after the graves of her parents.

That young man was me, sometimes on pale cloudy days I can still see Aiden and Elizabeth standing by the window of the house with the skeleton shutters.

Micah Krahn

The Invisible

This is a bizarre story about a man I once called my friend, let me take you back a few years and really get this story going. Trust me, you'll want to hear this.

It has been said many times that a man who is nameless is indeed no man at all; he had ever but one only known name, for no one knew his second name nor did he create an invitation to discover his last name. Thus, this mysterious gentleman was called Ethan. The city, where I lived back in the day is where I first met him. He lived near the flat I rented, not really sure where but I knew it had to be close as he was outside every day greeting me with a smile. Which I unknowingly dismissed and waved off without realizing because my schedule mattered to me most when I was running late for work, which was nearly every morning.

I reassured myself that he wasn't homeless. A fact I was none too thrilled about when I learned that he was indeed.

Our paths would never have crossed if my typical quotidian mundane worlds wouldn't have been electrically charged and collided with his like a shuddering quiver.

That particular Monday was especially offbeat, for no reason except I forgot to brew myself a cup of coffee which thankfully for the right reasons spiraled my day right out of control and played right into Ethan's world.

Slamming the door and in a panic, like I always was. Fully expecting that familiar routine of a simple 'hello how are you this morning?' and that humble recognizable smile which never came, caught me a little bit off guard, slipping on the last step leading from my condo and landing head over heels onto the city sidewalk. Bewilderment had me sitting there for a few minutes, unsure of what to do next.

No resounding laughter or comments from the shuffling crowds outside my building, which would usually happen to anyone in this part of town. I could have sworn before that I lived in the comedic part of town with a joker living on each street corner shouting out their newfound humor of the morning. I was momentarily disabled from ascending to my feet. In that single moment is when I caught something most peculiar out of the corner of my eye.

Amongst the busyness of everyday people ushering back and forth, etched into the sidewalk for but an instant was a shadow that belonged to no one. I saw shadowed shaded shoes imprint the sunned sidewalk but for a second. Such a short instance in time is all that I needed to allow my curiosity to run wild. With no time to waste, hobbling after the shadowed shoed figure, careful not to arise suspicion I crept onwards. Forsaking my sworn duties to my current employer at least for the rest of the day was barely a footnote in the back of my mind; I would call him at a later time and leave some sort of excuse which warranted any good thoughts I would have at the moment.

As the crowd began to dissipate at a street corner, every person from the crowd finding their own path to walk, separating from the herd of everyday minions aimlessly walking to work. The figure was ahead of me by at least ten paces and then something happened. All of a sudden, with absolutely no warning a man from the crowd walked from the crowded sidewalk and right into the lanes of halted traffic. All this would usher nothing upon more than a cautionary warning from the crowd for the man to get back onto the sidewalk, except for what happened next. The man ambled to halfway across the crosswalk when all of a sudden a shaded blur flashed by the man and pushed him backwards catapulting him backwards, spiraling through the air and ploughing through the crowd like a rag doll, sounded the pedestrian with several dull thuds and a lot of astonishing chatter about what had just occurred.

Picking ourselves up off the ground like meaningless bowling pins near the intersection and paralleled sidewalk, baffled thoughts erupted into explosive chatter as the crowd began to move about, aimlessly ambling back to their dull themed jobs and mundane lives.

After walking several blocks, the figure edged around a corner and stopped just short of the enormous green trash bin. Glancing around the corner I saw the shadow instantly reappear to a humanistic form. He was a tall and stunning man, dressed in an all black suit, save for the grayed vest and casual white long sleeved shirt which was neatly tucked in and the cuffs rolled up to his forearms. Ironically he looked a lot like someone I had seen much earlier that day.

I couldn't put my finger on it, I knew that face! Where had I seen him before? Could it possibly be? Nah... It couldn't be, but could it? My mind explored every possible scenario. Puzzled thoughts evaporated when I saw he throw his expensive fabulous suit & tie into the gigantic dumpster, bending down he retrieved his some grubby garments and put them on.

Complete shock empowered me at that very second! It WAS Ethan! Still unseen, I quietly backed away silently trying hard not to make a sound but my feet neglected a crunched up pop can, and as soon as it rattled from my shoe to the concrete, that was that. Startled he looked up and looked around, not a soul in sight, save for one. Me. Quickly dodging out of sight, I escaped his 360 glare I looked up again and he was gone. No where to be seen, thoughts were swimming in my head about his whereabouts. Perplexed and confused one question still ogled my mind.

And yet perhaps, was he ever there to begin with?

Micah Krahn

The Lady Of Autumn

Each season is the start of something beautiful.

A fragile seedling, in need of water and sunshine to begin to out of her en caged shell of captivity.

Spring the start of something anew! The birth of a flowerling, her delicate elegance towering over the grass inception of all living things, beheld in wonder and amazement as an esprit steps out of its pod anew.

A stem of fragile grace, an axil of awe to behold. Her lifesong is a melody, a symphony of sonnets.

Spring is Juliet's Romeo.

As Summer strengthens into the warm awesome heavenly rays of summertime sunshine, yearning and outstretching herself to feel strengthened an aura of radiant illumination.

As Summer begins to fade, the perfect soul of a Faeried flower into the Lady of Autumn.

Summer is Romeo's Juliet.

The dawning of her beautiful season, Fall.

Lady Autumn who strengthens herself from the four seasons of strength, each giving her an exquisite new genesis to her entity, the life of her most treasured season, as her body transforms into her bridal ceremonial creature of essence.

Her seasoned dress, already whiplashed through the cyclone of three colour scented seasons, gone as fast as they came.

The green foliated trunk of her dress gathered from seasons of thrice. Woven into a rippled intricate vines of the golden fabric of Fall. Streaking all the colours of the sunset, a trace of all the painter's pallet of paints, painting the ever stained the autumn leaves with the bleeding heart of summer's last sunset.

Every new beginning comes from some other beginning's end.

As Autumn evaporates, Winter becomes one with her world. Glistening into a shimmering winter wonderland, her blindingly grand stemmed dressed body. A Faery Queen of of the Meadow. Reflecting the sunbeaming rays upon her withered and turmoiled her friendlings and blinding the creeping frost slithering around her majestic stalk,

Winter is like a spreading like a plague, a disease of blackened silver rot will not become the death of her.

The last of her kind. Awaiting Spring. Her final gift of life, are the seeds within her. This is her ultimate trifecta. The circle of life.

She will live again through her the lives of her offspring; she gives birth to her children, seedlings of faery flowerlings. Her children will multiply ten-fold. Greatness will empower them as she remembers her life.

She remembers her life as A Princess of Spring. A Empress of Summer. A Lady of Autumn. A Queen of Winter.

And her Legacy of Queens will continue!

July 23,2013

Micah Krahn

The Lighthouse Of Elivara Isle

Somewhere out beyond the phantom swells of the undulate breakers, past the silver studded raindrops which elegantly charm the ocean breeze.

The raging billows effortlessly plundering the feeble windswept lighthouse, alike Zeus unleashing a never-ending lightning wrath into the depths of the sea with unimaginable catastrophic consequences.

The earth-shattering waves desperately clasp onto the slippery shoreline as the tidal rush escapes from within its clasp.

Hell hath no fury like an ocean scorned.

The short muddy path leading throughout the numerous orchards to the lighthouse

The Lighthouse of Elivara Isle had always been a quiet cove if it had not been for the torrential stormy swells that kept pounding the inlet.

Olde blue paint streamlined around the pedestal of the weathered tower, white paint chips underneath often outlined the prior colour at the base. Unadorned white steps with an imprinted intricate floral dull copper railing spirally clinching to the tower's keep. Elaborate ivy curled around the exquisite dull copper banister as it crept onwards.

Micah Krahn

The Loss Of Us All

Shed a tear for me and the loss of my brothers and sisters of humanity, wear a purple heart, a pink bow, or a solemn smile.

I wear these emotions on my face like a badge of honour, tears of joy or sadness, of either we cannot comprehend.

Shine with integrity, honour, humanity and compassion. Despite our loss; We who are still at attention, salute you. Not your funeral procession, not your requiem guests, or the coffin in which you lie.

We salute you not for bringing us honour, but for being there when we needed someone, as you were there for us, when we needed you.

As a Grandparent, an Uncle and Aunt, a Father and Mother, a Son and Daughter and a emotions explored and dissected.

Our loss isn't dedicated to the empty shell of the person we once knew and loved, but of the friend we knew and loved with every once of our soul.

The loss of us all isn't in a funeral's last requiem but in the shattered souls of our humanity, in which we all fall destined unto the ensnaring captivity of time itself.

We will miss you, but we will see you again. In this life or the next.

Micah Krahn

The Mark Of The Lion

Sir Hadrian Quitulias of the Imperial Legion of Gaul; stationed in Lutetia. He had always thought that The Middle Ages in which he currently abide his time and ability, was too harsh a reality and name to call his era. Standing six feet tall, he was considered to be a giant of men, in the Middle East.

Then again, He wasn't paid to think. As a Sellsword and the son of the Earl of Lutetia; this meant very little to him. The latter stages of the 11th century crept upon the era with a vengeance. What happens hence fold is therefore but a glimmer of a glimpse into the early age of steel.

Bannered from his stallion, suspiciously veiled upon his robed cuirass is the seal of his father and Lord. A father whom he has called Lord; the Lord Earl of Lutetia.

The Lord Earl was a wealthy and powerful ally, no expense was spared for the greatest legions of Gaul; more so was spent on his only son.

Hadrian's Arabian Andalusian Charger, was a beautiful creature. As quick as an Arabian sandstorm; a befitting demon of fleeting fathomable wickedness. His light brown sandy colour befitted such a grand name.

Zad-el-Rakib, the name and horse; descended from the royal bloodlines of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Arabia's first true genesis of greatness. Standing at attention, patiently awaiting any command given. The world would fall into its own demise; submitting to his will and might. Every nation would be plagued, blackened behind his heroic shadow.

Laced and lined, mare upon mare, the infinite number multiplied tenfold, every soldier destined to perish thus far, as the gods yet prevail only a few will they spare. Valhalla is but a crimson strike away.

Only officers inherited their choice for the best breeds of stallions or mares.

The Lord Earl commanded 200 legions of men. Lutetia had one million men at its disposal. The Surrounding Gaulish regions would multiply their totals to include twenty five legions to Lutetia if Gaul was ever invaded.

As yet he was a mercenary. He was still feared by many, respected by all, loved by some and hated by a few. For mercenaries; there are no company of heroes, no band of brothers and no days of glory.

War was upon them.

Messengers were posted from Lutetia, gossip was spread thick, talk of war, impending doom was afoot. It was true. They would soon be at war with the Arabians and their allies; the Turks.

Bloodied from battles from which he bred, he swung his mighty claymore, and severed his foes with crimson which ated bodies from thinking heads, surviving and slashing as his blade severs thin.

Gored corpses together of honoured souls fall in the name of Christ and Allah wars past thought and battles past sought, these men who have fallen who such bravely have fought.

For the sons who have died for their freedom of cost, grieved upon their horses by their mothers of whom they've lost. From land to land their plight ever true, what they may never know will never lose flight.

A war of the ages, no one knew how it started but only that it was upon them. Lieged in a sea of tyranny, agony and bloodshed; The once elegant city of Lutetia, crumbled to her knees, broken and scarred battle-born in the wake of devastation.

Endless seas of arrows reigned heavily overhead, day after day. Striking Gauls behind their heavily fortified keep, her damaged walls showing her age of lengthy

captured hostility.

Still alive yet for a moment, He survived the endless riveting demons of death piercing his beloved Letutian city. A call to arms, the Arabs and Turks had somehow shattered through the crippled city walls.

A last city-wide defense, to send their enemy to their accursed godless graves. It did no good, they were outweighed heavily by the Arabs and Turks, which kept on pouring in faster than they could flush them out. Hadrian, in a desperate attempt to fend off his attacking foes, he gathered his generals and trusted men, of which were of one hundred officers. Protect the Lord Earl at all costs, even their lives were forfeit for the sake of their great retreated back to his Cathedral in the city center; The Lady of Letutia. Barricaded inside awaiting his last stand.

On horseback he waited, anxious and terrified both emotions toyed with his mind. Clashing and thrashing heard behind the solid oak doors of the legendary Notre Dame Cathedral. Piercing screams chilled the frozen air with pale thoughts and whispers.

If this was to be their doom, they would take as many of those bastards with them. Armed to the teeth, slashing their shamshirs through the Letutian mercenaries outside which kept guard in from of the doors.

Battering down the thick oak doors, which fell with a thundering heap atop the rubble entrance to the church.

This is it, this is what it comes down to. Glistening from the darkness, poured in the overcoming sunlight gleaming of the Arabian ing for a few seconds the soldiers camped within.

Upon a bow, arrows struck, which sounded its target with deadly accuracy. Not once did the arrow strike true but thrice. In the chest it took the air right out of Sir Hadrian's lungs whip lashing backwards, yet he did not falter. Steadfast and true, he faced his glorious death, long awaiting the songs of Valhalla to fill the melody in his ears.

Only when his men finally had fallen to saber and arrow, did the spear strike his beloved Stallion of Solomon, thus throwing him from his -el-Rakib, pounded and thrashed his master's foes wildly irate with the fury of seven screaming demons. In a final flight of desperation, Zad-el-Rakib protecting his master from impending doom, rearing up and hammering his enemies with his hooves, crushing their heads with colossal fury.

Schimtars everywhere, out of no where, a Turk from behind took a nearby claymore from one of the fallen Lords grabbed it with two hands; fashioning it like a dagger he came up behind his enemy and thrust the claymore through Sir Hadrian Quitulias' shoulder blades sinking the large sword through his chest with devastating psing to the ground, bleeding out in the pool of memories and songs of Valhalla beginning to fill his ears.

Looking upwards was his last sight of his life, towards his great steed of Solomon.

Speared seven times, yet still alive and wounded. Strength quickly fading from his muscular body, alas he fell with a tremendous commotion. Thus crushing the ever bleeding corpsed body of his master. Not far from his mane laid his owner's shield, upon its crest was The Mark of the Lion.

Always there, yet never needed, to this very day, his shield represents the heart of his best friend. A horse with the Heart of a Lion.

Micah Krahn

The Norsemen

Walk over the brittle bones of the gods, crushing the fragile skulls of your ancestors. The last etching splintering thought of freedom impaled from their tongues.

Transfixed upon the brutality of battleborn battle axes forged by nature's fury delivered with irate slithering bladed vengeance. Ivoried braided bladed scabbards descriptively detailed Norse idiom beautifully intricately in scripted upon the entirety of precise bladed deliverance.

Our gods have risen to ascension, striking Thor's hammer upon Odin's might clashing steel upon bronze and iron. Disintegrating resilient elm shields to nothing more than wooded slivered eradication. Valhalla waits for no man, not even upon his withered prayer of prophesied stagnant death. Bloodied from battle, these adiamorphic demonizing beasts decapitating every millennial village in their savaged wake.

Lady Freyja united with ever a horde of millennial weeping Valkyries sought to usher slain forlorned ghosts deprived from their fractured soulless forsaken corpses they once had lain claim to. Forged from the steadfast will of their gods, their fear-splintering titans quaking through Ægir's waves of boundless watery wilderness. Solitude surrounding the vast garrisons of titan ships, with nothing but the onslaught of tremendous swells corkscrewing the mighty titan back and forth like a sodden flaked phellem.

Upon our battle bred oaken ships, shields arrayed along the gunwales strengthened our flight from stormy affliction. We will Rise. Rise. Rise above. Rise above the forsaken waves of Ægir's fury. Tethering our anchored savagery upon your wretched motherland; ravaging your homeland of your refined treasures and enslaving your women and slaying your children, before crucifying your castaway pariahs on the beaches of your city as we sail away.

Vengeance will not obey your fragile mind, as your tattered body hangs fastened to your shipwrecked mast. In the 11th century our kinsmen would eventually befall to the histories of forgotten sagas of nothing more but of Viking lore.

Alas my brethren this is our tale, for our deeds will live in Valhalla evermore, as we sail towards Valhalla's morning star our funeral ship burns less bright as the ferryman acknowledges payment upon our coined corpses eyes.

We are The Norsemen of this mighty Icelandic poetic tale.

All Hail Gods of War!

Glossary:

Freyja (Old Norse 'Lady') is a goddess associated with love, sexuality, beauty, fertility, gold, war and death.

Thor (Old Norse 'Þórr') is a hammer-wielding god associated with thunder, lightning, storms, oak trees, strength, the protection of mankind, and also hallowing, healing and fertility.

Ægir (Old Norse 'Sea') is a sea giant, god of the ocean and king of the sea creatures in Norse mythology

Micah Krahn

The Power Of Be

Be Unique

Be Powerful

Be Your own World

Be Your own Definition

Be Exciting

Be Extraordinary

Be Amazing

Be Enchanting

Be Magical

Be Poetic

Be Lyrical

Be Independent

Be Fascinating

Be Excellent

Be Marvelous

Be Incredible

Be Awesome

Be Astounding

Be Surprising

Be Fantastic

Be Beautiful

Be Irresistible

Be Inspirational

Be Yourself!

Micah Krahn

The Red Candle Murder

(laid out like a Crime Scene Investigation Report)

Anonymous Phone Call

A steel worker named Ellie Geisner, called The Port Coquitlam Police Department to report that a body found was found on a construction site, when she arrived for work on the site at 6: 30 am.

Response

Police Officers responding to a 187. Homicide. Detective Hardiman is called in to investigate the murder. As he firsthandly witnesses the scene of the crime he sees everything fall into place and begins to recount the events which might have occurred late last night.

Crime Scene

An unfinished construction site, on the crossroad intersection of Oak Avenue and Charles Street, The work site is unfinished and has steel everywhere, rebar has been lain but not set in concrete yet.

It had rained the night before, the scene itself is quite muddy, rain water everywhere. Current weather conditions are cloudy.

Scattered amongst the body are what appear to be her personal effects. Contents of her purse spilled everywhere. Red lipstick, eyeliner and other make up, wallet and concert tickets scattered everywhere.

Red Candles are placed around the corpsed lifeless body.

The Victim

According to her driver's licence, her name is Anberlin Stone. She was an

assistant manager for the Metricity Bank located on Bell 23, an attractive Caucasian young woman married to a lawyer named Jeremy Stone; and pursued as a suspect as Detective Hardiman would discover later on.

The Victim's naked corpse is held together by four steel strands of jagged rebar protruding through her through the neck, one through her chest and another through her lower abdomen and the fourth through her left leg.

Upon closer inspection, Detective Hardiman notices that there the killer poured hot red candle wax on her eyelids, which had hardened. This would later become known as the Red Candle Murder; yet for now remains unsolved.

She was wearing one of her black Chanel heels, the other was nearby. A black miniskirt and white blouse assumed to have belonged to the nearby as well.

The Coroner on site, Courtney Remy. Later suggests that this was a crime of passion, a possible affair. Upon further study at the morgue, she will discover more clues. On site however, she noticed that not only had the victim bled to death but also suffered trauma to the head from a blunt object.

Murder Weapon

Although she may have been pushed to her death caused by the head trauma she had suffered earlier, then falling onto jagged rebar. Bloodied rebar was also recovered from the scene on the other side of the street as officers laid out and canvassed the area.

Conclusion

Though this case remains unsolved, it will be revisited at a later date. Officers still need to catalog all evidence to this case. Perhaps Detective Hardiman will solve this cold case. Time will only tell.

Micah Krahn

The Soul Of Katana

A long beautiful silver angel who slices harder than a thousand screaming demons.

Her grace has befallen all who prey upon her.

Her blade fury unleashes the light as it severs through the darkness like a hushed whisper.

Mortal and Immortal gods have fallen with their brothers of humanity.

All have fallen to her whispering sex of her blade, is neither male nor female but of true light.

Born with Purpose, wielded by destiny, empowered by radiancy and delivered with absolution. She is her curse, her blessing and steadfast will.

Alike Excalibur, all have challenged but none achieved to bear the Soul of Katana.

Micah Krahn

The Sound Of Poetry

Come my child and let me show you a garden of melodies. For not far from where we are is a scared, hurt, wretchedly twisted and rusted instrument. She has no name and her destiny is not known yet to her.

She sits over yonder, she is but to the naked eye an in adamant golden oak violin sitting on a lonely stationary swing set.

Through all the decades of all four seasons she lay motionless until one day; upon utter chance I discovered her and told her of all the dull colourless worlds I had seen.

A voiceless thought interrupted my detailed voyages of journeys once sought. She spoke and said, if only I could see these places you have seen, only then would my eyes be unblinded from the untruths of this deadened world. I am but a blind instrument.

Upon telling her that she had all that she needed to see the beauty all around her, she told me she was is all the sight you will need, believe that it is so. And it will be.

Truth and belief cannot be seen, it can only be felt and heard. Sight is for the unbeliever. She had but only try. And so she did. Striking a cord witnessing what one tiny twang of rhythmic melody looked like. The first wasn't pretty but screeched more like a scream. But for her it was music to her soul.

I sat with her from Spring to the end of Summer. Play for me the sights of Autumn.. This was her destiny. when the leaves take flight and begin to glow from green to orangish gold to brownish red.

All Autumn long she lived alive as she ever played her lifesong; her angelic symphony.

Her life, no matter how insignificant can change the world. Her soul was the sound of poetry.

Micah Krahn

The Streets Of Sweden

This poem is about my experiences in the streets of ings in the capitol of Stockholm, cloud the city streets; like stacked up moving boxes.

Sweden is a goddess and an empress, her vast beauty lain before your eyes, so that the only, words that escape your lips is a voiceless whisper of wonder and awe.

Intimate apartments, stacked one by one, below, above and beside each other; paved with unique charm on her captivating cobblestone lanes like bluebirds on a telephone wire.

Elegant and quaint, cozy and touristy; makes this home away from home far too hard to resist.

From the extravagantly enchanting Milan Cathedral to the bold Drottningholm Palace to which Swedish architecture has no compare.

Arches and tunnels, steeples and statues, canals and fjords, if this is where my heart belongs, where does my soul dwell?

The streets of Sweden, have called friend to many. Athletes and Celebrities, Royals and Common folk.

My soul oh my soul, where do you dwell? In the Streets of Sweden my lovely forgotten love

July 11,2013

Micah Krahn

The Tomb Of The Solstien Prophet

A horror of horrors, a final day for the requiem of forgotten souls.
Encased in a casket, like stale bread in a basket, unjustly born from
whence it came where maggots and worms once lay.

Remnants of a lifeless shell of century aged humanity, burrowed from within its
crypt,
amongst all the golden virtue astray, no king would ever be found lacking in a
place as this.

Mountains of golden treasures overflowed from everywhere from within this
crypt.
As if whoever was forgotten here had drowned in the flight of his own greed.

No signal of there ever being any looting, as an enduring century-old aging
witchcraft protecting the prophesied temple for
five hundred years.

His personal slaves, and his nine wives and six midwives were buried along side
in the same tomb;
alike the Egyptian pharaohs. Even the crypt labourers were killed and entombed
within the confines of the crypt.

Their sacrificed corpses mortared the sanctified walls layer upon layer until the
12 foot
thick walls of the main burial chamber were serene and perfect. The tomb, made
of stone, had vast array of
treasured jewels encased the deathly black obsidian walls within this Solstinian
Prophet's tomb.

For an age his tomb lay in wait, awaiting to be discovered.

Shrines were built to pay homage to the Gods, graves were for all commoners,
tombs were excavated and set aside for the wealthy; the holy and the sanctified.

Not much is known about the thus foggy whereabouts of this unnamed yet
detailed Solstien prophet before his
deathly decay; many had but a name to pin to their distant humanity but not this
soulless prophet. More will
be revealed about this Solstinian the ever present days of the Aquayan calendar.

The art of prophetic humanity is subjected to remain pure therein for the gods,
thus he who has a name cannot
be a loyal servant or a worthy sacrifice.

His ivory obsidian sophisticatedly engraved coffin encased in ten thousand small
emeralds, pearls, rubies,
Soleum nuggets and Obsidian diamonds. The coffin securely placed in the middle
of the burial chamber was
surrounded by eight seraphs clutching golden scrolls and laurel wreaths in their
talons.

A once famed prophet in the height of the Solstinian era, fallen from greatness,
resurrected from legend,
his crumbled ashen remnants lay befallen to the decay of time.

Micah Krahn

The White Of Seven

By Micah Krahn

The White of Seven she was once called. It happened long ago before the iron age of dominant desolation. Before the tyranny of her darkened time, where the kingdom was plagued with an ageless blackened vile deathly decimation, devastating every creature in its wake.

Too long the people had been shackled in the tyranny of fear, prophesied was the coming of the one who would defeat the blackened death which consumed the land and bring back balance back to the land.

Aged prophesies and fables evaporated into legendary song, where the menfolk of surrounding villages would drown their inequities in bottomless barrels and endless flasks of golden ale.

A tale almost forgotten, of much more than mere bravado begins with the chronicled fore age of yester sinless ren of the lost borne to the lash of indecency and decay, upon their very life they gave birth to noble accord and justice for all free peoples within the sovereignty of the empire.

Long ago there was a solitary king, save for his only daughter. her name was Snow. He sceptered his kingdom from all provincial colonies within his domain. On the eve of a forte decade of his reign while grieving the loss of his queen. There were unsettled reports of scavengers infecting his peaceful realm.

A mysterious army which came from out of nowhere. Each village this unheard enemy desecrated His people with no quarter and without the possibility of surrender. No prisoner of war was left alive. Vindicated by injustice, the armies of the King rode out to conquer this untamed vicious and heinous foe.

Annihilated his enemy save but one, a young enslaved girl fettered behind the main escort of this demonous destructive enemy. Over encumbered by her

extravagant beauty he wed her the next day, neglecting the counsel of his advisers, replenishing the void in his heart left by his late queen. Upon his devotion to her, he bedded her.

Captivated by her beauty, and unaware of any threat while bedding his new queen. His vulnerability reigned supreme, she thrust a hidden dagger into his heart and watched his soul drain from his eyes. Simultaneously she replaced him as nothing more than just a memory, killing all advisers, enslaving the crown lands with her deathly plague of stagnation and imprisoning the King's five year old daughter in the castle's dungeon.

Sixteen long years passed, as Snow aged in the castle's dungeon living the life of captive rather than of a princess. Every few days a guard would come to her cell and dish her out some rations, only enough to survive for two days. This guard had a weakness for young beautiful women, he watched Snow every few days and would often talk to her. His weakness would be his eventual undoing.

On Snow's 21st birthday, she escaped the castle's keep when an opportunity presented itself, the guard let his eyes wander a bit too far by the time he recovered it was too late. She stole his keys and knocked him out.

Fleeing to the forest, wandering the glades for what seemed like days she came upon a small cottage. It looked cozy on first sight but on closer inspection. Unhinging the door from its shackles, she stepped inside. Too exhausted to care about the dire circumstances of an innocent looking cottage, she braced the door with something heavy found the closest bed. Which was puzzling to her because there was not one bunk but seven. That was her last thought before collapsing into a bed from acute fatigue. The beds were too short for her slender petite figure, so she slid three together and lay on them in an outstretched position.

Unperturbed by an approaching crowd of jubilant caroling alienating from beyond the grove, just behind the cute cozy cottage. As the joyful noise came closer, the unknown group was just outside the door. The door handle rattled but the door remained unaltered. Bewilderment surrounded the group began to chatter aimlessly amongst themselves. 'Who locked the door?' one said. Another said 'there is no lock on the door' the last voice, a rather bashful one said 'perhaps if we used brute force we could muscle the door to give way' puzzled looks among one another for a few seconds and then with a one-two heave they burst into the

cottage with a large roaring commotion. It hardly produced no more than a hushed moan from Snow.

Perplexed at what the group saw before them. Wildly yet in hushed tones they began chattering and discussing as to what to do with this new problem which faced them. One burped loudly. A sleep cut short, Snow yawned. Silence erupted.

Stretching, sitting up she opened her eyes. Revelations unfolded. Seven mining Dwarves! A lady? Neither party new exactly what to do. Snow got up, ushered them out of their own house.

Cleaning the cottage from top to bottom, from spic to span. Finally she opened the door and told them they wouldn't be allowed in their own home until they had bathed. Laying down the law.

She would become more than a mother figure to these dwarves, they would love her more than a friend. She was

And so the legend follows henceforth...

Micah Krahn

The Winds Of Miracles

By Micah Krahn

In the sands of time are the ghosts of the giants they once were; spirits shape shifting into the winds of wonders.

Where great people have done great things, great deeds disappear into the winds of miracles.

Legends are made so that they can finally fade away like shadows in the mist.

We walk on the backs of shadows and in the presence of ghosts and men.

We are the winds of time shifting into the winds of miracles beneath the winds of wonders.

Micah Krahn

The Witch Of Silvenguard

Within the icy harmonic hills of Silvenguard where the chilling shadows of winter's sleep await its defiance

The lone citadel of Aranoriah quietly anticipates the insolence of evil amongst the moonlit sky

Inside the dark courtyard a glint of silver is reflected off the spring allied by the horde of trees.

Ahead of the steps in the cascades, a faint whisper can be heard...

Intrigued by the whisper the branches begin to intertwine silently toward the soft murmur

A young girl cries softly upon the steps of the fountain surrounded by three sirens gently chanting

"Ilenariah, drink thy immortality"

Gazing into the shimmering waves, she soothingly drinks in the cold haunting water.

Strident shrieking could be heard past the courtyard and through the shadow of winter's vendetta beneath the skies Silvenguard.

"It's poison, she screamed! "

The poison spread like wildfire to her heart, transforming her dark hair to cotton white, dark wings begin to crawl out of her shoulders.

Horridly hissing at her, the sirens vanish into thin air, laughter disappearing into the bitter wind torrential twisting and leaving chills down her spine....

Micah Krahn

The Wolves Of Dracula

Deep in the dark primeval forbidden forests of Transylvania where screams inhabit night and day, is a place where vampires feast on the living.

Through caverns and across canyons fortified inside the Citadel of Count Dracula secretly dwells a horde of wolves.

These barbaric rabid savage creatures prey on the night and feast on the screams which echo through this ancient woodland of dire evil.

Starvation has run rampant.

The scent of fresh blood fills the valley, as an exodus people frantically run through the woods.

The taste of fear is imminent in the eyes of the hunter.

Irate furies tear through the horde of waiting wolves, as hell is unleashed upon the helpless.

Blood splatters the leaves and the rocks as the wolves tear flesh from flesh and bone to bone.

Hunger becomes the dominant species.

As pure hatred and evil take over in a callous slaughter of the frantic innocent.

Pure evil dwells in the mountainous terrain of Transylvania, behind the protection of Count Dracula.

Micah Krahn

Time Continuum

Time

by Micah Krahn

Motionless He stands, neither living nor dead, but a part of both worlds.
History erodes the universe, yet still he remains.

He is neither male nor female or substitutions of both. He is not an IT either, he
is as in adamant as the endless
He is himself; all that he is, a perpetual era reigning within his own ageless
juncture.

A boundless continuum eternally longer than death but shorter than a mere
existence. Life is but a instant, death is a footnote.
And everything in between is a reference.

He is a guest, a friend and a thief. He knows all moods and all languages. He is a
ghost, an angel and a devil.
He is your puppet master. Inactively He stands motionless at the junction of a
path leading to the future and from the past.
A destitute destination, in which he is both presently, behind and in front of you.

He stalks you as you would tailgate a car, always there; a common annoyance,
yet never moving aside.

There is no escape from him, he converges upon you, there is no where you
cannot run or hide, He is everywhere,
in everything; he is in all things. Gods and mortals cannot exist without abiding
into His defining presence.

Forever and Never, He is as He is. Even He agrees that..

Even though he is TIME, Karma's still a joke.

Micah Krahn

Torn Wings

I Tore Off My Wings
And gave them to you!
Now you are the angel, and I am the "fallen one".
You fly throughout the heaven's glorified galaxies.
shining brighter than the radiance's of the sun.
Bestowing grace and purity in the hearts of the "fallen".
You are the wonders of wonders.
The galaxies of galaxies.
You are a treasure of treasures.
You are far more precious than I,
for I tore my wings off so you could fly.

Micah Krahn

Twelve Black Birds On A Wire

Close to my house, on nearby splintered telephone poles, perch twelve black birds on a wire communicating amongst themselves about the ever-long sun setting wilderness awaiting behind them.

At nightfall these elegant creatures foretell the coming of the blackened eventide.

These sabled aerial souls endlessly alternating conveying between each other as the world revolves around them, neglecting the weather which would suffocates all manner of life around this quiet place. I often pondered what it was like to live on top of the world like these gorgeous black birds did every day.

A nearby flock of blackened birds took up residence near the twelve and began constant communication. Happily chorusing between each other in idiom unlike those strange humans. Yearning towards my upstairs window, I often pondered what they would say, while laughing or singing. Alas I knew that whatever language they spoke they were happy and content with living their simple life. But the exuberant cheerfulness was short lived.

Unknown frightening sounds echo throughout the valley erupting the peaceful chattering winged-fantasies into a frenzy of a cloudless inked onyx; blotting out the sun like it never existed to begin with. Alike a hand came down from heaven and painted the sky a deathly obsidian.

These fair winged tarred beasts rhythmically fluttered until dusk was neigh, escaping the hazardous noise before inhabiting a new wire on the other side of the road, nestled until dusk these twelve black birds rebounded to their original wire, it was a homecoming.

I welcomed them back, acknowledging my appreciation they joyfully chirped amongst each other and alternating between my childish voice of sing song melodies.

It was right outside my window, where I marveled at this spectacular beauty, its
where I learned to talk to twelve birds on a wire.

Micah Krahn

Velvet Tail Of Metric City

The captivating eyes of Mayumi Nishiko often had often struck lightning in the eyes of John Pilgrim as he sometimes wandered into the Skin City erotic lounge. The kind of thunderbolts that often jolted Pilgrim 'back to the future' in his favourite DMC Delorian riding shotgun with Michael J Fox. Taking control of his mind at the helm.

Skin City Lounge was converted from the aging Metric City Hall, completely renovated into a brand new all black exterior, the only other colour streamlining horizontal around the building was a ten inch blue illuminating streak, criss-crossing every ten feet with a perpendicular vertical four inch strip starting from the sidewalk and jetting up the sleek demonized obsidian walls.

The furnished mahogany stained semi-solid doubled doors held such a intimidating and glorified presence outside as they did inside. Three inch spherical vertical handles beginning at the bottom of the door and reaching to the top of the door, often guarded by two tall dark stocky bouncers. At night the sidewalk was lined with a red velvet carpet and velvet rope. As if lining up to get into The White House and/or Buckingham Palace.

Inside the lounge itself, was a beauty to behold. Carved mahogany golden ceilings, red curtains and a private bar for exclusive clients only. The inside walls were lined with pletsi glass dance rooms to provide safety for the dancing scantily clad City was the largest adult club in ten districts, about a quarter size of large department store. The two level club easily made 250,000 dollars every two weeks. It was the highest grossing business of the city; with no more than fifty dancers. Every performer preferred her own music. Growing up a rocker, Mayumi preferred classic rock, rock and some metal genres. On Sunday nights she often came out to Europe's The Final Countdown. Kind of ironic she thought since it was wrapping up the week. Mondays would be Rock you like a Hurricane by the Scorpions. Friday evenings would start with AC/DC's Thunderstruck. Pilgrim's favourite night was Friday at the lounge.

Not many could resist those sweet green seductive eyes, hypnotizing her stage audience in imaginative stances.

When she first applied for the job at Skin City's genesis. The lounge's owner Jacob referenced her as being a cute velveteen bunny; with an extra smooth tail. The name stuck. Until she showed him her goods. The beast was out of the bag, she was a beast disguised as a beauty. Tattoos and piercings, what kind of woman doesn't have either? Obviously not a REAL one. Tattoos engulfed her sensuous figure from fingertip to toes, every time she sweats under the heat lamps on stage; the eagle inked on her back leaps off her back flies away in a sweat filled evaporation. Heavily inked on her chest was a vulture, its wings spread wide on her perfect chest, its metal talons protruding out of both her bosoms. The bird of prey, had but one name around its name. Pilgrim.

Pilgrim would sometimes sit in the front row, close enough to Mayumi to whisper the sweat off her body. She would often lean closer to him than any other guy because he knew how to treat a woman with respect; regardless of her occupation. Even if he cared not or had very little for himself. Together they were a perfect Bonnie and Clyde. She had never quite known anyone quite like Pilgrim, war does that to a man, hardened in such a way that no bullet or light touch is penetrable behind a toughened exterior.

Drugs had gotten her to this point in her life, shattered by misconceptions and false illusions of a perfect life, she resorted to a life induced toxicity which bled her emotions dry and empty thoughts of suicide. If it hadn't been for Jacob she wouldn't have ever begun to spin her life around. She thought, we always have those kind of people in our lives who care too much, Jacob was that kind of man. Sober from drug addiction was coming onto 13 months this September. Crown Royal and Jack Daniels was just about the only hard liquor she would touch, though she liked a good beer now and then too just to break the cycle of normality.

Her life wasn't a gorgeous one. Younger years were a never-ending pendulum of drugs and abuse, ticking back and fourth between one and the other, like a ping pong ball bouncing back and fourth from striking paddles.

Velvet Tail; Mayumi's stage name. Although she knew of a dancer at the Skin City lounge named after a Canadian rock band. Alexis on Fire. Velvet's stage name wasn't intended for music, although she would often get remarks like 'baby, i wanna see your 'Velvet Underground' ' which was an American rock band formed in New York City. First active from 1964 to 1973.

Velvet Tail was often too long of a name or nickname to remember or care to remember so she often just referred to herself as Velvet. She smelled like honeyed sweat. A nectarous body, no angel smelled sweeter. Her strawberry scented hair hung from a ponytail, darkened ebony hair with purple streaks made her look more irresistible than the other dancers. Being at Skin City since the very beginning guaranteed her the very best clients, unfortunately sometimes she chose to work day shifts too and would often get the common rabble as well.

She was always swimming in greenbacks and Canadian monopoly money, sometimes as well. She meant no disrespect but working in a strip club often meant tossing respect out the window. Lousy Mexican scum, never tipped, came for the free show and often left broken beer bottle glass on the stage. She had never been unsafe at the Skin Lounge until she encountered Mexicans.

Americans were rowdy pigs, when she came on stage they would huff and puff all night long and she would blow their house down. Every time! There were few Canadians who came in and saw the show they were at most part polite and well mannered. For a exotic dancer, its a turn on. Them crazy Canucks were often extraordinary tippers.

Of all the nationalities that came in and saw her perform she had a sweet spot for all UK and Australian men. Mayumi; being of Asian decent, still had her preferences. It had to do with their accents, they could talk a mile a minute but it would go in one ear and out the other if they didn't at least slow down once in awhile. She had heard of typing 80 words a minute, but speaking 80 words a minute was a whole other ball game.

More to Follow Soon.

Micah Krahn

We Are One Voice

We were poets once, when the world chose to listen to our voices and the heavens parted ways with the wind.

From every ink blotched penned stroke accompanied almost always with a melody from angelic hearts.

No gods among men or empress of women but children of a ian or poet we had neither name. Nor theory of motion upon what we could dream.

From Mozart to Keats, our work was not undone. We cared not for the frailty of human emotion but of the captivated beauty we captured from our souls, which we kept in our hearts.

Poetry isn't just a mere manuscript of untold fables, when spoken in one word; it moves the skies and parts the seas.

We are one voice, through ageless echoes and timeless thoughts; so depart from your dull aware world to a place of creative theory. Step into our souls and encounter with us, the hidden treasures which lurk behind the pages of our reality.

We await your imagination with great anticipation.

We are one voice, open your mind. Listen and you will hear us.

Micah Krahn

When Death Speaks

I am the blackened curse of all knowledge, the sinner of saints, the destroyer of worlds, the blackened heart of your gullible conscience. i am you, we are one, you are your life and i will become the death of you.

I was born for dying!

As i speak the words of your belief, your precious words which penetrate your fragile mind, twisting it into the haunting entity which consumes your shattered soul, the last life to escape your bone chimed body as it evaporates from flesh to dust.

You had no memories of the life you lived because you never lived your death full of life.

The moment you die is the moment everything changes. No white lights, no tunnels, no heaven and no angels.

Man in black comes around. Blacks the light. Blacks the sound. Fear the thought of it never ever coming back.

The thing about living is when you realize you were never born to begin with. Your wretched decrepit soul was mine to control from the very genesis of your putrid existence and brought fourth into a sweet symphonic deathly silence, one felt as deathly as alive.

Death is alive, death is alive, death is alive in me.

I am a ghost, a mirage and a thief; you'll never see me coming. I am a guest, a friend and the ultimate survivor.

When Death Speaks... its like a ghostly silent whisper riveting shivers up your spine, as you drown in my summoned fear. i am in you, every second of your essence i lay in wait before i devour your lively abundant soul and tear your

shredded living essence unto my gnashing teeth.

You cannot escape the course you life is set n, when I tell you to listen.

Death speaks to us all, in all languages. Those who choose to listen cannot outrun their impending doom.

So let it be written, So let it be done. To kill the first born Pharaoh son, I'm creeping death.

Yesterday seems as though it never existed. Death greets me warm, now I will just say goodbye. Goodbye

Time is the biggest curse, Life is the longest prison sentence and death is the sweetest symphony.

Micah Krahn

When I Remember Remembrance Day

When I respect and reflect our fallen heroes on Remembrance Day. I begin to ponder what it truly means to remember. With heavy hearts and utmost ultimate respect, we humbly wear our red poppy. In Remembrance.

Endless white crosses line the battlefields of wars once fought, some marked and yet sadly some unmarked. The agony and treachery of bloodied wars fought and forgotten by our younger generation, is sadly overwhelmingly apparent.

Dying alone on a battlefield, or surviving the daily onslaught of horrific complications only to perish in pure agony of a field hospital; we know nothing of the horrors of war, even a simple poem such as this does no justice.

The tens of thousands of Canadian soldiers who fought so bravely for our freedom. We are beyond grateful and forever in your debt. A debt that cannot ever be repaid. Its tough to stand steadfast and not shed a tear for your ultimate willing sacrifice to preserve our freedom.

Thousands of bloodied war-aged stories and poems from unknown soldiers will never be told, no soldier will ever be forgotten in the pursuit of fighting for our freedom.

When people say Happy Remembrance Day... In reflection, there is nothing happy about war. Achieving finality of freedom, yes. But not war.

As I teach my future generations about the devastation of war and our true heroes. Instead of reciting the typical response, I will say 'we remember your ultimate sacrifice, we honour your fallen friends and family. Thank you for being our heroes and freedom fighters'.

Canada remembers.

I remember.

Micah Krahn

When We Were Once Gods

March 2, 2014

by Micah Krahn

When We Were Once Gods, they scourged our might with perpetual prayers, ever replenishing our empyred heavens with unimaginable amaranthined valor. Intrepidly fortifying our strength and power.

When We Were Once Gods, our beloved exalted us with their blessings, erecting statutes depicting our strapping momentous celestial supremacy.

We were watching when the ashen hailstorm reigned over Pompeii, prevailing fear from raining death. Their screams fell silent as our faithful lay frozen entombed in their inescapable pallid souls.

we lay waste to such atrocities the world had never yet before witnessed. We stood on the precipice of heaven's edge as we watched the Persian armies descend upon the defiant King Leonidas and his loyal three hundred and yet their bravery did not go unnoticed.

We were anchored to the bindings of our immortality when the young Trojan prince danced away the horizon with Helen of Sparta, reciprocating an unforeseen tragedy by burdening his city of Troy to be devoured by devastation under seemingly false and vengeful pretenses.

When We Were Once Gods, we forged the legendary genesis of Perseus, neither fiction nor fable. The all powerful Zeus had never foreseen an offspring so fearlessly gallant yet so humble and selfless that no misdeed goes unheeded.

We were always watching when this Son of God, who was a God himself. Rejected our testaments and prophecies calling them false. Enraged that this mere immortal deity challenged our steadfast, unshattered might. We watched as he undertook the weight of the worldly sin and died upon a cruel, injustice of

forsaken friendships and death on a wretched wooden cross.

In our own immortality, our tongues lashed out upon the tyranny of Roman edict, although adoration towards a bloodied empire of true absolutism reigned supreme. We were there when the unconquered and unchallenged Rome fell to ruin.

We were there when the faithful lost their faith, yet again and again. Countless to compare the inevitability of it all. Defiant and rebellious they toiled their spiteful souls in joust towards our heavens to no avail.

When We Were Once Gods, their structures touched the heavens without defiance. When we were once gods... we were once immortal, mighty and unchallenged. Now alas, we were once the Gods of legend and ancient tale.

Forgotten, ruined and lain to waste by the world's oncoming eternal tides of insolence, not yet erased we await a time when the world will discover our worlds again.

The time is sooner than you think.

Micah Krahn

Where The Meadowlark Sings

Of golden fields of grain, perched on olden wooded posts of discontinued rusting fences is where the meadowlark sings.

Upon the rolling cornfields from where the forged wind sways over every eared husk, beneath bushels of each stalk is where the meadowlark sings.

Above the animal stalls, where the rafters strengthen the barnyard cobwebbed beams is where the meadowlark sings.

On nearby windowed sills where children ponder their dreams and sleep is quite neigh, is where the meadowlark sings.

From cloudless day to stormy treachery is where the meadowlark sings.

Untreaded plots strewn with abandoned tractors atop the roofs where the robins chirp; is where the meadowlark sings.

Cobwebbed meandered trees where eagles once flew is where the meadowlark sings.

Nestled near the glade undergrowth of forlorn field ribbons, heart shaped pendants and other treasures lay is where the meadowlark sings.

Treasured above all, where the lark gently nests, beneath her embrace is where the meadowlark sings.

A story of love, nurtured by song and discovery lay await as night turns to day, patiently waiting until her eggs begin to hatch where she once lay.

Awaking one precious day to a chorus of song; or choir of hymns upon his delight his family rejoices for all in the name of love is where the overjoyed meadowlarks gloriously sing.

Micah Krahn

Winter Falls

by Micah Krahn

Deep inside the Scandinavian cascades of silver triumphs.

Where the laughing streams clash upon the soft ripples of serenity.

Haunted by the shallows of the vast harmony which meanders like strung out hair.

Whispers of October stray the thousands of leaves which gently touch the silky waters with such silent symphony.

Riddled with wrath the torrent twists and turns with immediate haste.

Damned into despair this secret phantom of torrential fury writhes with astonishing consequences.

Slashing the laughter of the river, it transforms solitude into the opera of colossal and climactic thunder.

Deep within the Scandinavian masterpiece of perfection, dwell the silver remnants of the winter falls.

Micah Krahn

Yoda

Green I am.
Backwards I speak.
Dwarf small I am.
A leader I am.
Very old and wise I am
Telekinetic powers I have.
Great knowledge my mind has.
With you may the force be.

Micah Krahn