

Poetry Series

**Paul Cutting**  
**- poems -**

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## Paul Cutting(11/26/58)

I was two years old when things came in to focus, standing under my mom as she did the dishes, holding on to the door handles on the bottom cabinets in the kitchen, a woman with a solid heart of gold, light skin, portages and beautiful inside and out, Dad was some were doing something, a Proud man from the west indies, Island of Barbados, Loved and hated everyone at the same time, Two Brother older then me, one 15 months one 12 years older then me, I was that baby, in 1960 in this majestic and magical world of this poor and proud Family in New Haven CT. Its was a beauty filled life as I recall looking back to that day from this one, I know that the love that was poured out on me by my Mom and Dad still pours out onto the pages in my poetry, the closest neighbors to our house were all orthodox Jews, there were days when me and my Brother would have to turn on and off Light, stoves TV's you name it, we flipped the switch on and off, on the very Holy days, I often wondered about my Soul but we did it anyway, so life was good, I had no clue to how poor we were till they foreclosed on our house, but my Dad was good friends with the Mafioso, so had them come to the auction and buy the house and sell it back to us, We had friends from all walks of life everyone loved us, I know there were bad parts but they are not what I dwell on, we all know heartache and pain that life sends our way, to this day I give way to the love I felt from Mom & Dad for my life and its good fortune, Mom and Dad are gone but the love from them cascades on in my words and there healing love I hope you can get a glimpse of in my joy, I have lost hundreds of poem, song, and saying over the years, so I do appreciate poem , a place were I can store them for years to come.

# Above The Clouds

the moon is always smiling against It's darkened shroud  
the stars are always dancing to the abundance they bow  
the clouds are always laughing so elegant and proud

so if your heart is broken and you are feeling down  
and you can't find good reason not to scream to God aloud  
O'God why have you forsaken me underneath this darkened Cloud

then just Run out side right now, go now

Dance with the Stars!  
Smile with the moon!  
Laugh with the clouds!

and just remember this:

the sun is always shinning you need only rise above those clouds

Paul Cutting

# Amen

Amen love with mama Kitty's  
Amon eyes, Mama kitty is  
who amen love with mama's  
Amon eye's, and mama kitty is  
In love with me

Paul Cutting

# Bee Or Not The Bee

The way it came to me was very strange to explain  
it traveled to me through me on its way to my brain  
a quiet thought brought a loud proclaim of an energy  
many of you would say was insane  
however, nevertheless I confess that I did not protest  
the best that I could have or should have a lot

So I wondered and pondered and thought it quit odd  
as I sat on my lounge chair in my back yard  
with the Sun in my face and a slight crisp in the air  
what would happen to Earth if man was not here

Well lets see the bees would still buzz and the trees  
would still breathe through there leaves with the much  
needed oxygenate in the air that it leaves  
the dogs and the cats, the frogs, hogs and the squeals  
in the tree would all be just fine with out us in the world

the Jungles would prosper with no poachers the Animals would thrive  
then I thought of the hundreds of species that would still be alive  
clean rivers would run the Sun would still shine  
the Wales would fill the the oceans again in time

Now this thought really had yours and my Back to the wall  
cause I could not come up with a down side at all  
just then a bee buzzed by my head I went to swat the bee  
Being the human being that I been

Then I stopped and I thought wait one dam minute  
and within that minute I said to my self, you don't think, no  
no It could not possibly be, that buzzing little fellow  
was more important the me

Well what if the bees were all gone  
what would it be like on that following Dawn  
many things would be wrong many flowers and veggie would cease  
thousands of species would die, well at least  
world starvation may begin, that may even be the end of our self  
Man o man how can man be so full of himself

So who the hell do we think we are  
Driving around in our fancy smancy cars  
Polluting the Air spraying our hair  
as the layer of protected ozone diapers

Now wait just one minute there must be  
Some good that we do, Yes there is Religion  
No we screwed that up to

So I ask, a alas the Question  
Directed straight in your  
face  
as almost Shakespeare asked in that famous  
Play  
who is more important to this Beautiful  
Place  
The bee or not the bee  
that is the question of which we are  
Faced

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Prop's to Dr, Seuss & William Shakespeare

Paul Cutting

# Between You And I

between you and I,

All my words are plagiarized, but not from an earthly realm  
they travel through the ether and make my thoughts there Home  
a frequency that inspires me straight from the unknown

I must confess I have access to excess  
To be blessed as blessed as I  
the awesome wonder of Heaven & Earth bring tears to my Eyes

The possibility of possibilities that happen to have happen to be  
and from these quantum possibility  
there is you and there is me

Paul Cutting

# Breath That Breathes

What is that sound, breath that breathes on you  
who is it that breathes on me, that is the breath of  
Her that breathes aloud on you, what is that warmth I feel  
that is the warmth of her who breathes on you,  
what is that ache I feel were her Arm and leg touches mine  
that is the Love you feel for her who's arm and leg holds you,  
it is the Arm and leg of her that holds your warmth and love,  
is the breath that breathes of her the one that makes the sound  
yes she is the one, who is she that I have found,  
she is the wife of you, wake her not, let her sleep  
Do not make a sound

Paul Cutting



# Can You

Has not my hand left you  
Have I not whispered mysteries of life in your ear  
Have you lost what I have given you  
Look in your spiritual pocket there  
See what I have placed in your hand  
Do you feel the power with in you  
Can't you see your destiny before you  
Will you not open up your hand

See door before you  
Can you see the tree that grow  
Can you reach the fruit that hangs  
Can you taste the nectar passion  
Can you feel the vital high  
Eat the skin, seeds and the juices  
Let nothing go to waste  
Leave nothing on the tree  
lick the juices of your face

New fruit will grow tomorrow  
New trees will grow as well  
your seeds of life eternal  
That fall on fertile grown  
I have never left you for a moment  
I never will at all  
You are my fathers children  
I love you one and all

Paul Cutting

# Curiosity

I wrote a story  
But never wrote it down  
I picked up something  
that never touched the grown  
I lost something  
that know one ever found  
I spoke words  
with out making a sound  
I climb up a Tree  
and never left the ground  
I had my favorite meal  
air pudding and wind sauce  
I worked hard all week  
and then I paid the boss  
I picked a bunch of Oranges  
and then made apple sauce  
this to me is an atrocity  
I want to go crazy  
just out of curiosity

Paul Cutting

## Dear Paul

You touch me so, telling me this, sharing what you feel of the Love shining through... and as Love would have it, DearOne, as you were writing this, I was telling another about my strange ways of often being very late in responding to emails, and in that, that person remains on my mind and in my heart, always there, always bringing happy recall and much love. As I continued in the conversation, I related that I knew the great necessity, the utter mustness of my Heart's desire to share that love with the friend, to tell them what they mean to me, to make certain that this life does not pass away without saying what they mean to me, saying out loud or in letters, what being friends with them has given me, taught me, helped me so completely in at last being able to believe that I was loveable, that people could Love me. That Love which you have extended so openly, so Beautifully to me, oh Paul! My Heart falls on its knees, humbled, and in gratitude, these sweet tears fall now, pierced to the soul that I know you. For your caring and your sharing of this Love which we are, this Love which wants nothing from us but to Love and to be Loved, I am filled with gratitude to be here now, alive and experiencing this Joy of knowing and Loving and being Loved by You, Dear Paul.

Paul Cutting

# Did You Ever

Did you ever actually sit and watch the sea give birth to the sun  
Or slide down a rainbow just for fun  
Or Look at the mountains and stick out your tongue  
And say you will be dust when I still having fun  
When I landed on this planet I did not ask why  
I said hey look at this its life going by  
I knew deep inside eternal was I  
And that I will live on forever and never die  
Its fun to be me in love with my self  
You should try it some time its good for your health  
Now I try all the time to give Joy to this place  
But every time I do I get slapped in the face  
But the sting makes me sing  
I just will not stand down  
You could not pay me enough  
Walk this earth with a frown  
I know I know this stuff gets intense  
But I'm not the kind to sit on the fence  
Its Good or its Bad, Its Black or it white  
its Hot or its cold its Day or its night  
so many walk with there head hanging down  
All I want to do is spread joy around  
To all the kings horses and all the kings men  
To there sister and brother and all of there friends

Paul Cutting

# Evil Ideologues

They are bad and we are good  
I just don't want them in my neighborhood  
cause we are this and they are that  
why don't they see how wrong they are  
and see how right is that  
they are blind and we can see  
don't they know, just ask me  
we are on the side of God  
and they are evil ideologues  
my Color is this and there Color is that  
and that's OK for flowers and cats

They must die so we can live  
We don't care what they have achieved  
We killed that man for his beliefs  
what have I to do with his family's grief  
and look at the child with tears running down his face  
don't show those pictures, its out of place  
who are we and who are they  
Oh yes we are all the human race

Paul Cutting

# Face Reality

Face to face we face our fears  
were it ends I no not were  
Tell me to face reality and I will tell you this  
Now listen Clear  
there once was none but now Nations stand  
no thing was made with out its plan  
we must first have an inclination  
Reality is the raw material for our imagination

Paul Cutting

## Feel This (Now It Is Finished)

I hope to make you read this  
I hope to be a realist  
I want you to have to deal with  
exactly how I feel this

I want my words to soul kiss  
your lips flutter to utter  
my words will rap around us  
my heart will turn to star dust

you have my love so tethered  
your an angle pure and feathered  
I've only words to tell of  
my pathetic soul is in love

Paul Cutting

# Flood Of Tears

Each word I felt was spirit fulfilled my eyes with tears  
Each visual created in my mind followed everywhere  
through the valley up the hills up to the mountain peak  
I felt the love the hater the peacemaker and the meek  
I cried with the sky as it fell throughout the land  
I cried for all my brothers both beast and Native man  
I cried for I could not help the reader never can  
I died beside the flooded plains and then was borne again  
I've lived through this with Spotted Bear safely in my chair  
transfixed on every word I read the rains fell down like tears  
feel the honor that I felt to hear this honed Man  
God Bless My Native brothers and Bless there Native Land

Paul Cutting



# Flower

who has awoken me from my slumber,  
is it but the sun that shines upon my face,  
or is it my Friend the bees that doth drink from me  
may be its the rain that brings me drink this day  
or have I been awoken to the hummingbird at play  
that fans my peddles on this wondrous summer day  
or am I dreaming of what the day will bring  
ether way I will Stretch forth my stem and leaves and sing  
Drink in this day as the due drops melt away  
to make the best of this place were I will stay  
for all of my life for as many days

Paul Cutting

# Ghost Rhyme I Caught

Hear me now I speak to thee from mountain tops  
And mighty seas the earth may not spin before your  
Needs Be met by me.

I ride in on the winged wind around this world  
And back and then time may move, I'll let it then  
Be free to move ahead.

It will obey my command from distant worlds and  
Promised lands, different realms not seen nor dread  
Till each pearl of wisdom I have said.

I rest my feet upon the earth and sea, Lightning strikes  
To pronounce me to thee be free by truth I set for thee  
Of he who blends Sea.

Paul Cutting

# Gifts From Above

Death dieing living love  
all the gifts from above  
jest crying heaving blood  
all the price you pay for love,  
the world is spinning demon are grinning  
I have a question for the Girls  
Stars are suns of other worlds  
Guys that don't respect the Girls  
and girls love them anyway  
Please explain that one to me  
God and I are having tea  
Please give Death my best when you see  
one lump or two the universe expands for thee  
whats the next best thing for me  
Death dieing living love  
all the gifts from above

Paul Cutting

# God's Plan

God's Plan is too Complicated to comprehend because of its simplicity

Paul Cutting

# I Sing To You

I sing to you the song I sing is joy  
If you were gone then part of me would die  
I would go on and leave part of me behind  
for you and I are one in twined

I sing to you the song I sing is faith  
But the thought of you would never fade  
the thought of blue sky's would turn to haze  
I would prefer to help you through this maze

I sing to you the song I sing is love  
your very footsteps are notes to a song  
and many loved ones sing a long  
and of that chorus I belong

I curse the stone that blocks your way  
The worrier rides the wind with this mission  
To ask no question no answer need  
Upon the path with lightning speed

I curse the changes that bind you  
haven above and hell below you  
I'll take you home I'll take that chance  
To dance with you if the offer stands

I sing to you the song I sing is Home  
I miss it bad as hell  
But if you leave this fairy tail  
Then I must leave this world as well

Paul Cutting

# I'm Back In The Fight Again

I left my sword and shield in the closet  
there was a lot of dust build on it  
I cried when I saw it laying there  
But then thought I would try it on again  
It felt like an old friend  
so I'm Back in the fight again

I left my soul in the closet  
there was much pain laid upon it  
I cried when I saw it laying there  
But then thought I would try it on again  
I need to inhale joy again  
I need to raise my voice again

I left my past in the closet  
there was a lot of dust built up on it  
then I thought I will leave it there  
I am the Knight, though tarnished armor  
I raise my shield in my deference  
I raise my sword in honor  
and locked the closet door

Paul Cutting

## If You Ever Read This

if you ever read this, just no I miss you, the you that know one knows but I, the you that I love and think of often, the you deep inside that the world may never meet, I have laid my heart before your feet, and I say and pray please let not the last time be the last time we meet

Paul Cutting

# In My Journal

We are a dream that God is having  
We are a stream that life is sailing  
We are a theme that is written dally  
We are a beam of lite that's aiming  
We are a scream that echoes eternal  
Theses are just notes in my journal

Paul Cutting



# It's All About Love

It's healing but not yet  
It's still an open wound  
It spends the day with me  
It stays with me from morning till noon night  
It's never a sleep  
It's always awake  
Its not a giver Its hard to take Its tearing me up  
Its wearing me down Its living with in me  
Its living without you Its hard to resist it  
It's not go-na win its dealing with lose  
It's all about love  
It's paying the cost  
It's how you fall in  
It's how you get out  
It's all about how it can brake your heart  
It's all about how it can all fall apart

Paul Cutting

# Joy

there can be no grater joy then to give joy with something you enjoy

Paul Cutting

# Let There Be Love

And God said let there be love  
And there was love  
that came In waves of light  
sprinkled on the stars  
falling from great highs  
for lovers moon light nights  
when you are in the midst of love  
It revealed to you its soul  
Its physical appearance  
prove Spiritual existence  
and takes what was incomplete  
and makes it hole  
and the love did spade through the earth  
through all creatures large and small  
for if there be no love on earth  
there would be nothing left at all

Paul Cutting

# Lies

(L) is for Lovers hart you don't want to brake.

(I ) is for indignation we save your self from.

(E) is for Easy way out we take that seams right at the time.

(S) is for Sorrow we feel later on.

Paul Cutting

# Life Is

Life is crisp and filled with beautiful sadness and joy  
And fear is but an interruption of the education that life is  
Life is to live and breathe the air, to taste defeat and perceive  
to create that masterpiece, then die why leave any energy behind  
give everything you have for you have nothing to fear and nothing to lose for you  
will leave everything you do and don't do behind for others to share

Paul Cutting

## Like The Rose

Like the Rose so Beautiful and perfect in all its splendor, so was our love, soon its  
Color would fade and the petals fall, I will not think of the thorns that poked  
my heart, But it is you my friend that I will Remember.

Paul Cutting

# Listen

Just a thought for all of you who take the time to travel through  
the open mind, to let the dogma out to run to see the aloof illusions melt away,  
to drive your karma just for fun to ask reality to come out and play for in these  
day were trouble brews, were winds of change can reach cat 2,  
were every night catastrophe now the battle just to stay alive is more than you  
can bare, listen in your inner most that part of you that truly hears,  
love is the gift and not two fear you are safe and God is here.

Paul Cutting

# Lusting

With passion crashing into my spleen  
I make citrus my mistress and her juices are sweet  
I ma blowing hot air to my fingernails from my mouth  
who the hell told me I could be proud of my self

so I am spinning and spring into air  
for now I can fly no sure how high  
I am writing this shit don't ask me why

yes it true what the say about me  
Im a worries with words and they  
your dreams now I am soaring birds

lookout below as I roll over  
just missed that lake  
make a crash landings  
in fields of clover

OK hey now were is my new lover  
ya I see ya feel ya roll that bod over  
thirsting thrusting bursting lusting  
unrehearsed love is always the best thing

its starting to rain here comes the storm cloud  
cant call this game for rain crawl under my shroud  
wont let you go till were both screaming out loud! !

Paul Cutting



# My Brothers Plight

A sad state to be in on the spectrum of life, when a man is not king and his  
Queen lives in strife,

Why we do what we do to ourselves our Brothers who crime is only to want what  
we want out of life.

to live in his home and be king of his castle no matter how small yet sacred at  
night,

so I care and my tears reflect off the light of the Day today I cry for my Brothers  
plight.

Paul Cutting

# My Reflection

What I look like from the out side

The gravity of my sole

The fragrance of my spirit

The juice from the apples core

The frosting on the cake

Inside out you see

Its got the best of me

Quadruple monotonicity

What I was meant see

In my reflection looking back at me

Paul Cutting

# My Weapon Of Chose

Love is my weapon of chose  
cutting through hate with GOD's voice  
bringing your opponent to his knees  
word in flesh sword in sheath  
carry it with you whereas thow go  
the best security will never know  
raise and army that hell will dread  
when hate rears its ugly head  
cut off its head with one blow  
then the roots so it can't grow  
stand and fight till its dead  
in full armor forge ahead  
for his body is are bread  
making sure the sheep are feed  
on hatred shoes I bring this fight  
for all he offers love and light

Paul Cutting

# Need

They say its just chemistry the way that I feel  
the distance between me and the lover I desire  
the presents of her absences lives with me  
there is nothing else that can quench the burning fire

yes need is the word as I ponder of her smile  
my empty arms seem useless with out her to hold  
how are they strong and powerless by my side  
as the minutes turn to hours another day has died

yes the taste of her runs away now my favorite meal  
my eye see things dim from the void of her sight  
how could they not see the one vision that would heal  
as time drags the burden turning day into night

yes I groan and I curse the Gods to articulate my plight  
how long can I breathe breath without a glimpse of her silhouette  
her caressing my face so I can inhale again her fragrance  
as misery envelops me to an unknown distant end

beware cupids arrow is my warning to my friends

Paul Cutting

## Need Ii

□

□

They say its just chemistry the way that I feel  
the distance between me and the desire that is real  
the presents of her absences lives in my empire  
there is nothing else but her that can quench this burning fire

yes need is the word as I ponder of her smile  
my empty arms seem useless with out her to hold  
how are they strong and powerless by my side  
as the minutes turn to hours another day has died

yes the scent of her runs away now my favorite smell  
the days spent with out her are days I live in hell  
my eye see things dim from the void of her smile

as time drags on turning day into night  
I groan and I curse the Gods to articulate my plight

how long can I breathe breath without a glimpse of her silhouette  
her caressing my face as her needs are being met

as misery envelops me to an unknown distant end,  
beware cupids arrow is my warning to my friends

Paul Cutting

# No Time

There is no time to wait as anticipation fades us, as we head into space and time cannot contain us, as we slip the surly bounds as we flip through the ages, we experience the all, as the universe awaits us, As we face the now, who we are is so outrageous.

As we pass through solar systems the planets huge for our delight, a million mile no hours

through this days endless night, all knowledge will invade us as we now can see the light as our memories all fade us like the dreams we had last night.

The power of this moment, the energy of flight, I know are destination is returning to the light

I know this information may be hard to comprehend, let the mystery be raveled there is no beginning or no end.

Paul Cutting

# Old Friend

Well hello old friend I have never met on this time line until this time,  
pleasure to met you, yes i am fine as the fine line between this  
time and last,

Salutations and thank you for the positive vibrations for the  
for mentioned in the paragraph above,  
may the universe bless you with its most powerful weapon  
is Love

Paul Cutting

# One Mans

One mans friend is another mans food no mater how wrong unrighteous and rude

Paul Cutting



# One Too Many Tears

The Night Blooming Jasmine Rides atop the breeze, that flows through a bedroom window breeze. Weather asleep or awake, my thoughts are aware...that there has not been enough laughter..... too many tears, to continue to keep this heart young from despair.

The dawn shines on eye lids that a new morrow has come to bear, it brings with it a gentle breeze that animates your hair, this new day is borne to us and wipes away our tears, your warmth my cold will neutralize and settle all our fears, The crispness of the morning breeze leaves me to wrap myself within the blanket that I have, Remains to be such comfort, In this Sacred place. A place of peace, of love and now I understand and the heart ache is now absent. It's very real, and time enough has passed bringing me to this Extraordinary Nirvana, One I refuse to release in which, one I have found myself to become totally complete. The morning sun has arrived in its splendid style It warms me with its beams of light and brings with it a smile, on this day my tears and fears have all stayed in bed only joy and laughter has awakened in there stead, so on this day that God has made my mission is so clear to live my life with laughter and not one to many tears.

Paul Cutting

# Pontification

Information station what's your pontification  
let me listen to it and give my submission  
very interesting, sounds like the best thing  
I ever heard.

now the conversation is out for deliberation  
By the end of time we will have a summations  
let your voice be heard throughout the congregation  
with just one word of universal communication  
let there be no dogma in me its all hypothesis  
and what I must believe is we all must wait and see

Paul Cutting

# Raccoon

He can't see that well, the masked fellows, as he climbs down from his perch, a fork in the tree, hand over hand, not sure if he can see, arch in his back low center of gravity, feeling his way across the grassy maze carefully, toward the cat food dish, Hello hello and move over my feline friends, let me get my noise in, as he touches his sustenance with soft caress excellence, dealing quite well with the backyard politics, trying to fit in with the at least 30 furry friends, to feed himself with meow mix deliciousness, using both hands, into the dish with a scoop and a flick of the wrist, crunchy hand fulls of wonderful munchyness,

He's a kind old Raccoon polite and so meek, when he done with his food he take a big drink and dip in an in ground hand made sink, and the cats look at him and say hey that's were we drink.

Its a beautiful place my Backyard full of love and old Cooney is now a welcome part of, then wattles a way with his wobbly walk, bids his good bye's in racoonish of course, clings to the trunk as he climbs back up the tree bark, must get to bed before it gets dark,

Paul Cutting

# Raspy For Disaster

We all have the potential  
For surviving and striving  
staying alive to thrive  
a pinch of incident is essential  
for a circumstantial divide  
from the coward inside  
add some honor and pride  
a dash of tragic surprise  
set the temperament high  
stir things faster and faster  
True Life no one can Master  
To create a true Hero  
is in a raspy for disaster

Paul Cutting

# Silence

Words Not spoken  
Leave Heart Broken  
The Power of Silence  
From a slight glance  
leading to romance

The Magnitude of  
The Words not uttered  
Could change this World  
and silence others

A place were words  
Grow into divine  
If this earthly herd  
heard whats on my mine

Paul Cutting

# Snow Flakes

With moisture in the air  
snow flakes will appear  
on a cold winters night  
when the tempter is right

blanketing our lands  
created by Gods hands  
there mission is unclear  
as they travel through the air

complex is there design  
there journey is divine  
unique in each detail  
from heavens floor they hail

so fragile to the touch  
I wonder just as much  
as the dance in moon light  
how they make it through the night

so why are they here  
why not the message clear  
together there a forces  
there beautiful of course

But the tempter will rise  
and right before our eye  
without making a sound  
they all melt in to the ground  
is not life profound?

Paul Cutting

# The Fire

For me its by the fire,  
I can sit and be inspired,  
watching it dance will take me a way,  
to my own empire,  
I just let it take me higher and higher,  
all around the world and back,  
right back to the fire,  
where I sit and just admire,  
the whole world just spinning around,  
its sets my soul on fire, right next to the Fire,

Paul Cutting

# The Global Village

The Global Village Has been Pillaged by the seeds of greed planted deep beneath the religious belief in Gods name this thief feeds the need to be believed as it deceives the sheep that follow the leader that blinds and binds behind the seen and we believe what we see on screen yet muffles the screams of our brothers and sisters that don't believe what we believe I can't believe it any more this monster we have created is the whore that take our trashed for pleasure and we always want more and more with out faith and filled with fear you can't even hear your own voice say things you don't believe due to fear of what I don't know and I don't care to know this greed that pillaged our Global village and causes war for my only creed is to plant the seeds of love to feed my brothers and sisters needs

Paul Cutting



# The Inner You

As you search to find the inner you, you need only go outside,  
where crystals wish to drape the mountaintops as they reach into the sky,  
and listen closely to the rainbows sing as they utter but a sigh,  
and bursting forth its brilliance, our sun star trumpets in the sky,  
and the moon adorns its lofty place where it illuminates our night,  
and as the ocean dances to the shores, an applause seems only right,  
and as magnificence of this existence bring you to you to face,  
ask How much doth our Creator love us to put us in such a place.

Paul Cutting

# The King

The king is the Judge of all he rules  
The Judge is the Slave to the law of the land  
The Slave is the king of his own captivity  
As is The King to his own Isolation

Paul Cutting

# The Song I Sing

The song I sing

I sing to you the song I sing is joy  
If you were gone then part of me would die  
I would go on and leave part of me behind  
for you and I are one in twined

I sing to you the song I sing is faith  
But the thought of you would never fade  
the thought of blue sky's would turn to haze  
I would prefer to help you through this maze

I sing to you the song I sing is love  
your very footsteps are notes to a song  
and many loved ones sing a long  
and of that chorus I belong

Paul Cutting

# The Words

As the words congeal in my mind its time for me to find some time to write these words of mine, and climb to heights divine, that brings forth the signs of our times, to bring sight to the blind of mind, not to shine light that would blind, but to bring straight to discourse the force of truth divorced of fear, to tear through doubt of life and death for they are mine to share, and peer over all that is and is to come, what fun it is to dance upon this spinning sphere, light years from anywhere suspended in thin air, in cased in ozone atmosphere.

Inspired by the wind, inspired by the sun, by my wins and my lose, magnificent of course are we that's all of us, everyone creators, all diamonds in the cold of night, from the birth of a child to the birth of a sun star that shine down on us its loving light, peer upon this sphere upon which we stand is were we landed known as man, woe to man his heavy hand, would not we stand to gain form love of this the earth on with I stand with you.

From the smallest part that man has known, from cell and atoms to living foam we must know the truth be told this whole universe on us bestowed this gift upon rammed earth were we have made our home, we will venture out to the Universe, we will go to worlds unknown, and find the jewels and pearls of wisdom to bring back to our home, to save our selves from our selves stealth it lye before our eyes the answer will we find, and so we're told of heresy, conspiracy, apathy there words mean nothing to me, for only truth will set us free these words burst forth from old.

So here we are and here we spin within the space black backdropp of starlight night, beautiful blue sphere spins on its flight path each night, the awesome answer from above lye's in wait, into its path we will converge were the truth will merge with fact, were we will find that the only weapon to save our lives is Love in fact is Love.

Paul Cutting

# There Is A Castle

There is a castle on a hill that is inside my heart,  
and in a room way up stairs and to the side  
behind the door on the floor underneath a bed  
resides my love for you that lives, no its has not died  
I keep it there so I can cry when I feel for you now and then  
sometimes I die for you and then I live again

Paul Cutting

# This Day

O child of the stars Weep for the mustness of this moment,  
weep for your tears shall dry and crystallizes and add flavor to my soul this day,

Weep for the creator beckons you to your own presents this day  
this day unlike any other day the stars shall rise before you,  
and your own brilliance will shine brighter then the very sun in the very sky this  
day.

Yes weep but not for sadness, no not this day, this day belongs to the you and  
the ages for the old is made new this day, this day in which death its self will  
breath new life in to life.

Please O God I beg you let everyone feel this beautiful energy that comes from  
with in us, let the beam of life burst forth out of us into this day,

for today a friend has died and I celebrate his life this day.

Paul Cutting

# Unread Poetry

It's like presents to unwrapped  
the anticipation is intense  
a star that can not be reached  
a mark that can't be benched  
a safe that can not be breached  
the thirst that can't be quenched

out of the mouths of babes  
it comes from kings and peasants  
mystery's wrapping of the truth  
history's wrapping of the present  
words that have not be mentioned  
from realm's of abstract dimensions

it speaks to war and peace  
of love beneath the sheets  
of honored heroic feats  
of horrifying defeats

and with all the worlds blank pages  
we will write poetry for ages  
through life's many stages  
with meanings so outrages

it brings you high into the heavens  
drags you to the depths of hell  
it slaps you across the face  
and kisses you as well

it pierces space and time  
the circumference of the mind  
brings you to the edge of life  
It Cuts you like a knife

from the spark of inspiration  
to the appearing on the pages  
I give commemoration  
to all poets throughout the ages





# Waterfalls

As I sit by this stream of endless thoughts, passing by as I am taught to listen as they are brought to me then fade away for nougat, these waterfalls of thoughts.

O how I love to be in this Place, were words fall from hidden place,  
barely keep pace with thoughts,

Mysterious mystical yet creative waves, pushing through my thoughts and vanes,  
as I ride the rapids raging waves, as they spill out across the faceless page,  
these waterfalls of thoughts.

Where words Collide with worlds divided it's wisdom's pearls that stir my  
observant soul to row up this stream.

And I am the only audience to write down these true fluid events, as stream of  
consciousness rush pass as fast as fast can comprehend,  
knowing if I don't catch these waves of words and thoughts then non of them  
be heard nor taught, these waterfalls of thoughts,

As I sit by this stream of endless thoughts, passing by as I am taught to listen as  
they are brought to me then fade away for nougat,

These waterfalls of thoughts.

Paul Cutting

# Who To Blame

OK its time for a sit down meeting with the U.S. of A.

We have let the dumbest among us have  
there way.

The drumming down of USA is just about complete.

The country is on its knees and  
knocked off its feet.

So now it is ours to loose or to keep.

We can't blame our Great Grand parents they fought and die and left us a gem.

So Who can we blame the Republicans or the Dem's

Who should we point the finger of blame, when all know the despicable name.

So what did we do when shove came to push, No that is to easy I can't even  
blame bush.

If you take a look from deep out in space, you can see there is no bridge on or  
off of this place.

Yes I'm afraid we can all make our case, but it you and I who have egg on our  
face.

Paul Cutting

# Wisdom

Listen to the word's echo from swollen souls, word's stolen from the wisdom of  
the universal frequency that blows in the ether that disturbs not a leaf, it  
changes our world's history with new profound belief,  
under the radar of what the masses can preserves, distant from no one but still  
just beyond there reach.

Listen to the word's echo from were no one knows and tell not its wisdom save  
the thirstiest of souls that crave the knowledge  
that open the worm holes that time has stolen from us and now  
we're growing old.

Listen to the word's of the young before the world has stolen there treasure and  
jaded there tongue, before the beast of hatred devours there belief.

Wisdom is ours at birth and then slowly it erodes, true wisdom is to know the  
thief that in sheep's close.

Paul Cutting