

Poetry Series

S.W. Clark
- poems -

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S.W. Clark(04/05/1959)

Grew up in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. EA Poe is my favorite author and poet. I like to write poems that play with the English language and ones that have a moral.

"login As Entra"

Meandering in this timeless age

Soft spoken sage.

Each day – a page

Never read

Forgotten

Written- none the less.

Wandering through Cronus ` realm

Lying discreet under Ouranos Elm.

In wit – dull yet overwhelmed

Enough said

Trodden.

Some thoughts I cannot express

and others suppress

Avoiding bigoted confronts – they impress

They - Narcissists

Me – Anarchist

Nether – Antichrist

Sign in / sign out

"I do not know who I am. But this I know: that I am equal with all to enjoy the splendors' of this life that the creator has put before me."

S.W. Clark

"the Indigenous Capsicum" (Or "loathsome Meditations")

Presis:

Ah frightens to I nuwe you nore,
Whit Sun nor erth could shore.
My glee did gloat to wiff da snit
dat run to view no moor.

Cammire ya wit an' tell da lore
Let's teeze dat plutos' shore
'n view dat lit dat squince me eyes
'n minds me of erths poor.

Quite Jon 'n Jill ya nasty nits
Lend yar ear 'n ear dis tail.
Its lore to learn to pin yar wits
'n sharpen ya ponny dale.

Tale:

Fangs of Jans-berg stint no more pain den dat of dis jewl.
Lo it comes ner breath o latter noon, preathing creat 'n wetted lips
Drewlin pangs 'n pung. What snew! What dung! Crelling lo,da PrangerStint.
Shewww, shusssshh, hush yar yap, ner dart nor yip yer tong. PrangerStint das
ears awl. Spys awl. Snits awl.

Sense:

Spit and Spin when yar anger steams,
-keep yar pot a boilin.
Though God and Michael defend ya dear,
still nuttin' will stop yar toilin'.

Da Johnny feast 'n swells his pot
'n makes his dear the dearer.
Wilest Jimmy spies 'n wishes hope
'n prays his joy was nearer.

-writers comment: This poem is a play with words, your imagination, as you try to read the unusual words, will bring out a more proper meaning. (ie- 'Though God and Michael defend ya (you) dear.. still nuttin (nothing) will stop yar (your) toilin (toiling) .' Da Johnny feast 'n swells his pot - this would mean that Johnny eats a lot and his stomach (or pot) is getting big (or swells) .

S.W. Clark

A Friend Who Complements

Don't look for people to compliment you,
Look for friends who complement you.
Some may act as though they like you,
Only look for someone who is like you.

S.W. Clark

A Kin To Be Kind

A kin to be kind,

Never found but to find.

Wound but asked to unwind.

Here the Wind sings, 'Aude Lang Syne'.

Then say, "It's never yours but mine."

(Audew lazay, audwine)

- writers note: This last sentence are just some play words - they have no meaning.

S.W. Clark

A Leaf Of Yore

A leaf of Yore
fell upon
the cold old sulken ground.
Fallen mild
upon the wild,
fresh grass, a soften sound.
This leaf of Yore
was once the means of life for this young tree.
'Twas bright and green, gave hope and scene,
the way it was meant to be.
This leaf of Yore
is forgotten now,
it's brown, a blend of ground.
No more to be,
waving free
'cause by death it is found and bound.
Oh, Leaf of Yore,
though I know you not,
yet still you were there for a reason.
Because next year
I know that this tree matures
and fruit will grow in season.

S.W. Clark

A Pledge To Humanity

That there is a death
is enough to make any poor soul
grasp at any belief that might
seemingly give them a handle to help them be taken into
a peaceful eternity.
And who am I to judge the fearful
when there are things yet to be comprehended.
As the judge I fall short to judge myself
yet alone to condemn another.
But since I have overcome some fearful events which have
over taken me,
then may I learn to comfort and assist
those who may travel down that same path
I have already gone
and have survived.
Not considering their weaknesses but my strength.
Taking them across; to the other side of the river of conflicts,
and not back again to the places where they have failed.

S.W. Clark

A Rose

A Rose

Arose

Ahhhh.....Rose!

-writers comment: This is a real poem using a play on the same sound. Each sentence has meaning yet it is spelled different and the sentence has sequence. As the rose is opening the onlooker is awed.

S.W. Clark

Across The Sea

Trying to look across the sea
to imagine what lies afar.
Is like hoping for others what will never be
or touching a shining star.
You can never bear another's pain,
or feel another's sorrow.
And though you try again and again,
you will never possess their tomorrows.
Give until your heart is blue
and your feet can walk no more.
Give but know that it is not you
who must carry this burden for.
You can leave if you want when things get tough
but they
are here to stay.
You can give up when you had enough
but who has the price to pay?
No one is asking for your haughty pity,
or for money to cure all strife,
but just respect and a little concern
for those crossing the sea of life.

S.W. Clark

Ahhh, Crap!

"An Indifference of the bunged curtain
was unfortunately very certain
But left undecidedly unselected
Being interwoven - it snidely unraveled."

These thoughts just rung through my head
and empowered every neoplasm and synapse
Debilitating all reason and rhyme-

Yet I grunted as the tird dribbled and plopped!

And thus I quote myself "Ahhhh...."
Not for my brash genius... No.....
But for the smooth colonic relief :)

Moral - on one side of my body there was genius on the other....well...crap! Each
of us posses the best sides of both worlds!

S.W. Clark

Albatross

Come, Albatross
and see my plight.
Ships are safe by ocean's tide
Let life's wings lift me out
up on thy glorious side.

Alas, still thou dost sail
amidst thy freedom and view not my fall.
Thy wings are spread
Thy beauty assails
but how thy faith is small.

Vulturous belly
but beautiful fair
thou maiden of the sea
You fail not in thine own appetites
but in vain thou
comfort-est me.

S.W. Clark

Appease With Jubilee

Appease the man who stands
alone to fight the ills that wane.
Forgive his debts, what price hath
a soul, and do it again and again.
The one who cares and loves all others
should be free from want and worry
The one with family, friends and brothers
should not stand alone feeling sorry
Appease his fears, his tears, his years
of pursuit of debtors that bleed.
For a little lucre they rant and rave
to satisfy their greed.
The man who has paid
with care and love,
is someone we all should be,
Honor him with hope and dignity
Give him a jubilee.

S.W. Clark

Beat Against The Flow

'twas twenty years ago
when things went well ya know
I beat against the flow

'twas feeling like being me
not like other folks ya see
but it was me ya know
cause I beat against the flow

Life was hard and alone
my friend, a dog and bone
and the only place to go
was to beat against the flow

So to be yourself down here
the wind will blow ya dear
up a river called Life ya row
and the way is hard 'cause lo
ya beat against the flow

S.W. Clark

Benjamin

Lit'l child, were ya ben
O'er the Sun or with yar kin.
O' May'e with yar friends jamin.

S.W. Clark

Bound

Fate has tethered this soul property of mine,
links of fear and guilt make up its grasping line,
Clutching my bleeding spirit and tearing pieces of weakened flesh.
A leech of Life
mock of destiny
budding strife,
caught in your mesh,
kith and kin
to me are to lose again.
Find me, wind me, and I will play and sin.
You choose your lover but never over me you hover.
Bound to fate who hates me and mine,
looks good for you,
but not my good sign.

S.W. Clark

Brapeabody

Frilly with me, O' dilly dolly
'n folly the sea, with its frenzy folly.
With my dinky donkey delusion.
Hush, slush, mush- Gush, flush, plush!

-writer's note: Just a fun play with words and non-words.

S.W. Clark

Breathe

Breathe o'er here, oh, Constant Blue. And let those lips be fair!
Blow yer fife fine, tickle this ear, and let yer nothing be new!
Ida, find that blowing sucker and give `em less than full
Whilst I dance me merry twiddle feet round and round `da stool.

S.W. Clark

But Now

We have learned how to reject what was dearest to us,
And how to accept what we stood against,
That all was without cost, that only things accepting,
and to our appeal did we notice and delight in.'
But now we see the price,
and only things debilitating and of a conflict to us
do we hear or talk about to our disgust.
Our warm; tenderness has turned
to cold; hardness.
We cared not for our own souls,
but now we look for survival.
Euphoria was Utopia.
And feelings were forever.
But now, though, we have conquered our fears,
our emotions haunt us.
And to die with sanity and dignity would now be our only goal.
To die and let live.

S.W. Clark

Cherish The Friend

I Cherish the friend
who has given to me
hope for tomorrow
that I may be
free
to see
my strength
and not
my simplicity.

S.W. Clark

Come Comfort

A farce set night
dwindling twilight
how the light has escaped our eyes.
Our fears draw near
inside the whisper 'they're here, they're here'
But we find only ourselves to despise.
Now midnight creeps over
and silent songs haunt her,
for what could, should but not has been
lying, growing old
Nothing to hold
In this lonely bedroom scene.

'Come, Comfort'
the cry
low
the sigh
As we close
our lives
to the real
'Come, Comfort'
Again
our dreamworld of sin
it is then we become as we feel.

Let me dream once more
of yonder mansion on a misty shore,
Where slithers lay in the basin deep
and forgotten spirits roam the castle keep.
Cold wetted walls of dank and mold
lined with books of lore never told.
The darkened air
evil's lair
But why me care
when nothings there.

S.W. Clark

Constant Blue

Breathe o'er here, oh, Constant Blue. And let those lips be fair!
Blow yer fife fine, tickle this ear, and let yer nothing be new!
Ida, find that blowing sucker and give `em less than full
Whilst I dance me merry twiddle feet round and round `da stool.

S.W. Clark

Crimson Vase

O' Crimson Vase
your primrose fades,
there is dust upon the shelving.
The spider climbs
along your side,
and who knows just why he is delving.'
The friends, indeed, for lonely flowers
are only but a few,
'cause no one cares for a crimson vase,
though beauty lies in you.
'Time has wrought no harm or shame
upon your reddish tone,
but what has made your glory shine
was forgotten,
left alone.'
'Crimson vase
I knew you well,
you were brought here with caress.
They made you shine
'cause your flowers gave hope
to the soul so lost in sadness.'
'But the friends you have for those lonely flowers
are now only but a few.
Oh, Crimson Vase
what unfair fate
that now no one cares for you! '

S.W. Clark

Da Ryme

tawn my hill a dale, un none dale.

aye, me lad, a dale me tawnt.

en see me farce in lit new moon.

enlit she green enlit she blue dar god no man enlit she 'new.

'e fot his heart far naught en lost. it lost hall hope and now tit shot.

'mon now, datty, zat yar name, far shame far shame, 'f that yar name.

look dawn da lake en viz the lady, look yar i's gude, 'n see yer fate.

Ah zzz, Ah zzz, ooooh, Ah zzz. me fate is sad, worrys me.

fergit so neer, yar fate yar doom. enlit dis dank, dis dark, dis gloom. ferget my fate, so now, so soon.

darn dat wish, mend it tic, dit blume on hall, wish, well, wish.

Ah peer dat goot, Ah flail dit dywn. Ah dit it gude, untoo da gruwnd. dit guuudddee!

tate dat en dat en dat en dat yar fittn futt, yu fit futt. naw futtin dye yar darshin dall doot. jus fit up en dew.

S.W. Clark

Death

'DEATH'

Sense the darkness
of twilights' loom,
weaving your fate
filling each room
with visions fainting
and reapers gloom.
Oh, hear the drum
TA-Toom TA-Toom
Silently fading
TA-Toom A-Toom.
Close your eyes
in peaceful disguise
a following fool
pretending your wise.
The spirit that has fallen
will never arise
Hear the blowing
SA-Zee SA-Zies
Silently fading
SA-Zee A-Zies
The world is gone
hear another's rhyme
leaving this life
is no ones crime,
The voices call
The bells do chime
Oh, hear them call,
Your Time, Your Time,
Silently fading,
Your Time, Is Time.

S.W. Clark

Delphis Adelphis (Brother Dolphin)

What could equal freedom in the

life of love of one delphis
Geos creating the superb of all kind.
Having with man the equal mind.
Dividing the swirls of the luster of being.
Moving with nonchalant, smooth, with meaning.
Protectors of all which dance in the deep.
Eschewing the wrong, goodness to keep.
A glow eternal, a countenance of joy.
Sent to man as God's envoy.
Oh, Delphis!
Adelphis!

S.W. Clark

Do It And Live

I don't want to 'do it' because
I tried before and failed
Don't want to 'do it' because
of the times I have bewailed.
For what can cause a broken heart
to feel that healing is there
What can change my saddened soul
what I found that 'it' did not care.
The stories said that 'it' was destined
to favor children of good.
But what they said of 'it' was just
their hope of what they thought 'it' should.
So I don't want to 'do it', not because of you.
But that if I would 'do it' it would take apart us two.

Loneliness has instilled in us a
craving for things unreal.
For another's dream we are told.
For them to watch the hand we deal
but when it is time to fill our pot
they pass us by uncaring
We never seem to get a lot
still somehow it is our bowl we are sharing.

S.W. Clark

Dream 'Cause

Dream of yonder netherworld
touch it lest ye fear.
Dwell in places never real
forget what sheds the tear.
'Cause many nights are lonely, dark
and no one cares your there.
And having no angels o'er you
you will never know what nor where.

Dream of yesterdays sealed book
to see what tomorrow is made of.
Think of how your life has been
and how you could have showed love.
'Cause what is past will come again
the times of goodness and sorrow.
What has happened will always be
but you can always change tomorrow.

S.W. Clark

Dreamer

Found the place to soil the mind
sulking the mental in a cauldron of the untold
No time nor dimension to limit
what I find
It is the area of your control
Dreamer
Schemer
Lusts revealed- sins unconcealed
Your true nature unpeeled.
What you wanted
became
What you feared
unleashed
You, no, you are not the same.
Another, inner, to say the least.
Beyond, before, behind- be
singly occur
In one thoughtful fantasy.
Life as naught it seems?
Do not dream your life,
live your dreams.

S.W. Clark

Drummer

Got this drum upon my chest
someone hear
as I beat a tune
it is me comin' near.

Got thoughts in my head
but who will know
'bout the cure I found
yet the drum beats slow.

Got some new ideas
but can't make them flow
who really cares
as the drum sounds low.

Got many things
to inspire this land
but there be many drums
in the marching band.

Give you some advise
pay attention
March Alone
so someone will listen.

S.W. Clark

Elders

Should elders ever allowed to speak
that mysteries can be understood
or shall the child reign
and tell us all what we shouldn't or should,
Tease the devil and watch him dance
Play his songs and enjoy the romance.
Freedom never held God's hand
it chooses to dismiss any command.
It experiments with lust and veil's hate,
it kills but reasons that death be fate.
Freedom is not strong enough to walk alone,
only it self can it atone.
It must walk with Faith to accept good law,
and accompany Love lest it fall.

S.W. Clark

Eleven Point Rub

Morganthau
speaking from Heaven
says all would profit
from number eleven.

Two rubs at first
til you feel secure
then nine you should add
if you wanted the cure.

No drugs nor diet
no special consul
just an eleven point rub
for the life to be full.

No need for family, fortune, fame
you would not worry
if they forgot your name.

No more prejudice, pouting or pride
No more ads that give you a ride
No more tears about promises fulfilled
No more fears about who would be killed.

Only eleven touches a day
and you will live life's fullest in every way.

Joy, peace, security
comfort, understanding, commeradery
kindness, hope, health, trust
and above all Love
of course
a must

S.W. Clark

Eyes Of God

Through the Eyes of God
our vision unfolds
we sense the truth of living
but somewhere in this confusion of words
we hold back in our giving.
You see them stumble- the fall- the pain.
You see them hungry and dying.
You turn your heart again and again.
You turn your soul without trying.
Stop and think-
look through those Eyes.
You possess that precious gift.
You're the only one who can look
through those Eyes.
Search for someone to uplift.

S.W. Clark

Forever More

'Eternity my sight
Death my plight.'

I want to be always free;
never to stop my beating.
To roam this land
'til mountains are sand,
and dying ills defeating.
I want my life
and forever more
and preserve this miracle of being.
To enter a gate of forgotten lore
and my ignorance emptying.
Live on strong my defiant soul,
against ills that try to bind
this house of clay,
to tear it down,
but I shall rise by latent faith,
and defeat alone shall be my wraith,
in the midst of hope in stedfast gait.
Because what I seek
shall find.
I want my life
 and forever
 more.

S.W. Clark

Give Me More Time

'Give me more time! ' he cried,
'I'm in despair, wretched am I.
A few more days to change I need,
and without a doubt I will succeed.'
Let me return to the days of my youth.
Let me free this cloak of sins.
Let me turn my fate and find the truth.
Let me be someone who wins.
'Give me more time! ' he cried,
'Is this the reason of why am I?
Or will I have the chance to change,
and given more time to rearrange? '
One more year, a month, a day.
One more hour, a little longer let it be.
One more moment I will repay.
One more time is my only plea.
'GIVE ME MORE TIME! ' he cried...
Then died.

S.W. Clark

Golem Land

A golem land of misty dreams.
Solemn and
what it seems.
Abandoned, lonely, possessed with fear
Listen well, hear it whisper 'Come near, Come near.'

Walk more careful, step more slow.
Avoid to find what demons know.
What lies between death and dread
What lies beyond, behind, ahead.
Who will comfort
all have gone
Just you inside this land alone.

Something scatters in the darkness
fast
Someone screams 'Alone at last! '
Someone moans, cries, then yells
'Take me away!
Wicked spells! '

An ugly beast moves down the trail,
Your body is frozen, weak and frail.
Eyes of blood
teeth sharp and wet.
His claws reach out
His victim set.

You die again
a gruesome plight.
You awake and find a moonlit night.
Look around
this you find.
Grab your head
you loose your mind,
'A golem land of misty dreams
solemn and what it seems.....'

Gossamer Son

Take the path
Question none,
Gossamer Son.
Float along
enjoy the sun,
Gossamer Son.
Feel frivolous, faint and free
See the songs, sail the sea
be the big, beware the bee.
A Gossamer's you
and you is he.
So live this Life as God's given tree.
Eat it's fruit
try this gift
you are the one
Gossamer Son.

S.W. Clark

Greatest Hope/Greatest Fear

'The greatest fear one could own
to have the soul thrust to be alone
without reason or knowledge to say
it was my fault anyway.

Wish that none had ever known
what it means to be alone.'

'What greater hope could ever be
than have someone in love with me.

To understand the things I do
and always faithful, ever true.

Wish there was the day I'd see
someone who was in love with me.'

S.W. Clark

Hi Problem, Rhymes

There was a man, who was a man you see
whose only change was insanity.
He had the right to live like you and me
though he had on occasion that problem
and some questions of things he could solve them.
Until his problem became his problem
Well not actually his problem
was his problem
Just the people he killed could not understand him.
His problem was his problem,
not him.
Or was he his problem?
'Insane' he tells them
'Can't you understand? '
'Why should my problem be my problem? '
Some people might say it was an itch of an ear that caused the car to make the
steer.
Others say a twitch of the finger of nervous contention that caused a stinger.
So what causes his insanity to kill all the time?
It is the simple hearing of a stupid rhyme.
Ooops! you spoke too loud, he just killed ten
You caused his problem to flare up again.
He has the right to live
like you and me
though you and me have perfect sanity.
And when he is sane he will not kill again.
Oh! He just did
Well that was your fault not his.
Do not say it was mine because I made this rhyme.
Do not rhyme again and make him sin.
Sorry!
It was nobody's fault. So he has killed someone again.
Not to be punished is he to be, this is insane!
Crime without punishment
Justice should be the victims' hope
not the criminals
When punishment is given for a crime it is not to appease the victim nor change
the criminal,
it is given as a reactive predicament to reveal the shame this crime is viewed by

a civil people.

A should not be just set aside from a community but should be shamed by the community to express their feelings of the crime committed.

Don't rhyme again

Or you will make him sin.

S.W. Clark

Hole In My Heart

There is a hole in my heart where the rain pours in-
Neither God nor man can seal.
The gap was there since you were gone
And only you can fill. -

Your Daddy

S.W. Clark

I Close My Eyes

I close my eyes to this awful place,
and enter a world so free.
I close my eyes and then I go
to a place where I can be me.
I close my eyes and become the man,
who I always wanted to be,
I close my eyes-
no fret nor pain,
observing what I never could see.

S.W. Clark

I Craving

I craving for a mist o' sea,
or ocean faring blue.
This craving be unceasingly
compelling me to you.
Pass this off to your little ones
don't let them taste the sea,
bid them dwell on dreary land
lest they end as me.

S.W. Clark

I Liken My Dreams

I liken my dreams to a filarial wonder
sucking life's hope, what gruesome plunder.
Revealing to me what I could be
but ending it with lonesome reality.

I liken my heart to a pitiless sore
wanting of love and feeling for more.
Trying to be carelessly free
but bound by a hateful society.

I liken my faith to a heartfelt dream
a marvelous cross my guide it would seem.
The marvel, a wonder,
the cross, a sore
but alas Hell's shame if I pray not for.

I liken my life as a battle inside
living a dream in hearty stride
but faith, my Heaven, is driving away
this heart with it's dreams so God will stay.

Take me dear God,
let me lay
on your Throne by your heart
and in faith
dream away.

S.W. Clark

I Went To Still

I went to still the heart of passion
which beat in measures of lust.
The rhythms moved my cravings for you
and to have your soul I must.
What selfish caress, the ceaseless sense,
these feelings a climax of being.
A grasp of eternal, a glimpse supernal
to touch what I am seeing.
I went to still a perpetual will,
to take what could not be own.
To discover the mysteries I knew about,
free the curse of being alone.

S.W. Clark

If Your Dreams

If your dreams were your life,
would you fear no tomorrows?
Would you wash away hate
and melt away sorrows?
Would you ride on the wind
in a midnight cart,
touching the lonely
and sharing their heart?
Would you love all the babes
whose parents don't care,
and build a large castle
and let them live there.
Would you fill it with hope,
dignity and fun?
So the babes could learn love
and faith and to be as one?
Would you fill the hungry, make rich the poor?
And when the needy came to you
would you give them more?
Would you heal all sick; make strong the weary
and those in pain, make life more cheery?
If your dreams were your life,

If it only were,
but no.

But to some it is that their life
is so,

They have the wealth to pay the dues,
They have the health to bring good news,
They have the heart to cure the sorrows,
And have the words to brighten tomorrow.

If it is not that your sick, lonely or poor,
you need to be one with a dream,
who in Life will give more.

In Memory Of Mankind

When bones of men have rotted through
and their towers tier no more.
When roads are rubble and ships forlorn.
The Earth has cured her sore.

He met her with a mighty blow.
To ruin what she did own.
His lust for want and want for lust
destroyed what she had sown.

His memory she'll lose, his gifts will be gone,
the kingdoms will not bewail.
When mankind slips, the world will rejoice,
when it sees the fool can fail.

O, glorious beast,
will you leave behind
a crown for your
wonderful lands.
Or perhaps it will be,
as though we don't see
this filth from our wicked hands.

S.W. Clark

In The Absence Of Love

With extreme prejudice and a haunting gaze
a contenance shakes with withered distress,
steadfast, unmovable, in a single minded
impassioned face neither glint nor glum,
repeatedly, again and again, thinking
'How I despise thee
foe of my being,
destroyer of my heart
mine enemy-
thou accursed lust.'
without waiver- without reconciliation
taking the insatiable hate into the dark abyss of insanity.
The soul was forever lost
and again with tools of deception,
greed and pride.
The devil has again conquered
another unforgiving piece of humanity.
'But with one, ' snides Satan joyously,
' I will convince the multitudes.'
'And with one- armies will gain reason to
do Evils' bidding.'

S.W. Clark

Jay-Pa-Theh

Jay-pa-theh
could never say
why others could not dear him.
Never spoiled by another's charm
and less did they fear him.

Despising what the cantor sung
and hating the bullish proctor.
He rather live his life alone
than follow one he could not foster.

Jay-pa-theh
was never honored with
endearing virtues of glory.
None had cared for the daring truth
nor would listen to the rebel's story.

He could sing and wit
love and hope
much better than the ones with the light,
but being in darkness behind the crowd,
none experienced his wondrous might.

S.W. Clark

Let Us

What would

let us

to kiss.

That the words you speak

are fluent passion,

or something to dream on.

What could cause this bliss

that would bring us to the peak

so that we knew what each

others' thoughts were on.

Lest our

love be

amiss.

And our hearts will become weak

For what could of been

we could not hold upon.

Let us to kiss.

S.W. Clark

Life

Life is a space 'tween now and never
'twas sent, seen, forgotten forever.

S.W. Clark

Life Passes By

Working so hard
you'd rather die
for a little more money,
though life passes by.

People reaching out
you hear them cry,
'Maybe tomorrow'
so life passes by.

It seems we forget though
the things we should know,
then we reap what we sow
a harvest of woe.

Saying 'Who cares? '
and believing the lie,
hoping for change
as life passes by.

Yesterday's gone
you ask yourself 'Why
not do it today
before life passes by.'

Ignore these words
but how hard you try
there will still come a day
that your life passes by.

S.W. Clark

Listen My Man

Speak up, my man, and tell your tale
those things you say could be for sale.
It might sound bleak and somber
but shout it aloud and you'll be heard.
Sparkle it, fantacize it, be a wiseacre.
Drive your point and make it sure.
Demagogue you demigod
Set your throne above
Place it beyond the truth that is
And you'll be the one they'll love.
Speak as though your words are His,
then say just a little more.
Don't be afraid, have no whim,
your strength will surely soar.

These are the words he said to himself
as he glanced at the throne of God.
Yes, Satan, that dragon, though wile he be
the Almighty he wanted to trod.

Who do you listen to tickle your ears?
Who do you wish to obey?
The voice of what has been revealed true,
or the voice of the lies they say.

S.W. Clark

Loki-Loom

In a forest dusk
of pontine gloom
lives a lonely creature called
Loki-Loom.

He listens for to espy
another one named Lori-Lei.

'She calls me low
She calls me high
pernicious voice
of Lori-Lei.'

Loki left Midgarth
were he did dwell
and buried him deep
toward inner Hell.

He met there Minos who asked him 'Why
to go so far for a Lori-Lei.'

'She called me low
She called me high
pernicious voice
of Lori-Lei.'

Loki was handed a ball of thread
and given the chance to go back instead,
but he tossed hope's opportunity aside,
and said 'With my love I'll always abide.'

'She's calling me low
then calling me high
pernicious voice
of Lori-Lei.'

Tears did stream
from somber eyes
This poor lost soul
in surprise

he found his love in another's arm
and feel to his knees from cartiac harm.

'But you called me low
then called me high
pernicious voice
of Lori-Lei.'

So what can we say of this tale of love,

One-sided devotion is not from above.
For both must give if love is true
or one will suffer from a heart turned blue.
'She'll call you low
then call you high
pernicious voice
of a Lori-Lei.'

S.W. Clark

Lovey Things On A Lonely Day

In the morning air you can smell them bloom,
Those bless't sweet Roses,
Beyond a bitter room.
Could tear- filled eyes ever sway
Those lovely things on a lonely day?

S.W. Clark

Man

God has peered down times before
but now is looking to heal a sore.
He will Chastise his child; a bratish sot
Leave him to devastate, He will not.
A rod for this fool; hard and long
to instill the ways of right and wrong.
'Cause man has thought reason a creator
that reason be now and God be later.
That to say thus is from this, cause we have learned,
though possessing a mind never discerned.
The plumb line is drawn
but still man builds without care,
what a crooked cruel home.
More like the Devil's lair.
How the anger forced the fear
and ravaged the rage.
It embellished without reason
making emotion a sage.
That the fallen soul could uplift and grow
How? I don't know.
It should never be so.

S.W. Clark

Merlin's Prophecy

'Merlin's Prophecy'

A ghastly defeat
without honor or pride
leaving rubble and rust
gone are the days; forgotten.
With firm posture, standing securely
alone upon the misty hill and peering beyond a valley of dread.
He shouts to the land with arms raised to Heaven:
Dumb and null
You useless field
This Disgrace you bought
Fruitless to yield.
When the mist has scattered
and waters washed the sin
Only then can you have pardon
and new life begin.
Your plains shall moan
Your grass shall weep
All who lay there
shall in no wise sleep.
Seeds will spoil or
By sun will bake.
So, come, seek mercy
and revenge forsake.'
'By Earth and cloud this I witness.'
Then as the wind sets a mild breeze over sullen brow
Merlin lowers his head and whispers to the ground,
'Ever learned, O' man, unconcerned.'

'The Fowl Curse'

Pages were turned and the wizard pondered
renditions of the clever verse
Noting coarse lines of mystical rhymes
and there found the fowlers' curse.
Ancient crisp leaves read of Parson's brew

he pondered with intent to fulfill
the corvine lore of darkened wings
which made flight with devious will.

'Adonan-zelotan, fly up and
with zeal fan
winds' stream with my dream of doom.
Consult and with might plan convulsive destruction
on those who oppose your room.'

At twilight,
A rumble.
How the earth did tremble! !
With strength the fierce creature arose.
Angels did hide
and
Demons cried
for the victim Adonia choose.

S.W. Clark

Mighty Mite

From Heaven we wrest the most difficult subjects,
and grasp between little and thumb.
Thinking God were as man,
and that neither one were dumb.
And out of consideration we extol the highest,
but have minded all that view,
It is true that God is number One,
but is man number two?
Surely he has forgotten how far behind
that in his being does God surpass,
The human is not as angel or diety,
but more of the intellect of ape or jackass.
With what then do we measure the eternal,
Oh bug inside the whale,
For whatever rule you do apply,
of shortness you will fail.
Little mite as you crawl the floor
be mindful of whose dwelling you trespass.
And maybe if you travel there softly,
God might just leave you pass.

S.W. Clark

Mornings' Eve

When you feast on morning's Eve,
Ponder no more tomorrows.
Let the still of death
relinquish yur debts
and melt away your sorrows

S.W. Clark

My Crystal

Beyond the incandescent tear
plagues an ignorant festering fear.... of knowing naught of tomorrow.

Yet with hope stars lasso
Faith that is so..... and grapple our failures with sorrow.

Bye time, my friend, adieu all's well!
though I sit and ponder `bout you.

Musing o'er the chaste lucid stone
Naught can be but to glisten, its light atone
.....Bid adieu to this sadness alone.

Goodbye, My Crystal, as such-
Your father misses you so much

S.W. Clark

My Secret World

Dream again old mind of mine
let illusions dance to joyous line.
We will find the other world of change.
Where I can control and I can arrange
this lot of woe, my fate of ill,
is in my dream no longer still.
For I turned my life of reality,
into things I desire
with fantasy.
For only I to see,
in my dream.

S.W. Clark

Never Or Ever Love

It seemed to me to be the way.
It seemed to be to me okay.
To do a thing that seemed to say,
'I love you just so much today.'
A gesture of jest, justified gist.
My life more than words,
my speech amidst.
Inside a fear to fail my feelings,
Inside I dear, a dale of dealings.
What I could do is hid forever
in a cold cavern we wrongly called 'Never'.
In there are things I can do that are right,
but above this place the sign 'Never' is in sight.
I'll just reach up above and cross out the 'N',
then my love can 'ever' be shown again.
How easy it is to rid the 'N' above,
What fools we can be to hide our love.

S.W. Clark

Of Wanton

Of wanton passion
to have but not possess
to hold but not caress
to tell but not confess.

Like gifts not gotten
or hopes forgotten
or even like the love you've got in.
It was there but lost then.

~~Of~~ wanton
~~pa~~ssion! !

S.W. Clark

Only Greed

How much it is given in our hands
when our might of gods are displayed
To deem it just to wound and kill
and declare who can be saved.

But Consorts and Consultants are hidden well
who create this hate and slaughter
while in the streets run the innocent
Father, Mother, son and daughter.

Of sure there is malice for the other side
who jeopardize our folk and kin
but what can we say of this whole damn thing
when in war only greed can win.

What has happened here that we failed to see
is that some will never learn
to respect our neighbor and covet him not
lest our love for him will turn.

S.W. Clark

Our Walk In The Woods

A petal, a color, a smell, a flower.

A buzz, a breeze, a bite, some bees.

Too fine a day to day.

When twosome have smelled some,
they do things not wholesome.

Too fine a day today.

Four flurries had scurried away,
though we just came here to lay.

Too fine a day today.

Look up to Heaven, breathe in,
see the puffs,

feel the breeze,

don't you hate leaving,

'cause you snuff and you sneeze.

With what ease those fluffs are weaving.

Too fine a day today.

Let us sleep til the night when
things come to frighten.

And we fear for the things we can't see.

Those four furries now our enemy.

No day was so fine as today,

but the night has turned it away.

S.W. Clark

Perplexity

Vows despaired by frivolous pursuits,
have drawn the dreamers apart
from desired embraces to daunting enchantments
the weight has torn the heart.
How loves are lost
when promises are made.
How great is the cost
after all hopes fade.
To be withheld to hold,
yet feeling so cold.
What is truly the immoral wrong
that vows be forsaken
'cause the other has taken
to not love you as life is long.

S.W. Clark

Play For Me My Dream

In the wake of the sun bright early morn
dreams still travel, they are never lorn
thrusting ill fate to the place of the deep
and uplifting all you wish to keep
Your dream was made of good tomorrows
of a world of love and no more sorrows
of peace, and hope for every soul
no matter where evil took its' toll.
Your hearts' stretching forth
a grasp to eternity
trying to give the drought
of fate a plea:
'Please, please
play for me my dream.'

S.W. Clark

Poem Of The Rich Bigot

He looked and saw
a dark little boy,
naked, hungry and weak.
He forgot his wealth
and turned his head
yes he turned 'the other cheek'.
He looked and saw
a bewildered old man,
dirty and lonely, bent low.
He forgot his health
and remembered the words,
'you reap just what you sow.'
He looked and saw
a neighborhood
of poverty
He seen so few.
He forgot his self
and said without guilt,
'The poor are always with you.'

S.W. Clark

Poetic Sayings

The best part of reaching a goal
in not attaining the end,
but lies in the grappling and
searching: those hardships you spend.

One who finds their destination
also loses their determination.

Retirement is not to be comfort, and rest,
but a time for one to be at their own best.

The greatest pleasure one can give
is to tell good stories of how they live.
The greatest way to feel old,
is to have your ancient stories told.

When the party is over
start planning another.

What is love-
but to give a measure above.

She gave of her living-
that is loves' way of giving.

S.W. Clark

Ponder How

Ponder the hopes of dream filled souls
how visions fade to dust
or how they think that by the movement of
nerve alone that will should posses its' must.

Ponder the loves of lonely hearts
how beauty becomes the beast
or how wanting another with
passions yearning yet to them your favor is least.

Ponder the lives of deprived souls
how without they make their best
or how easily their lives could have been ours
so we should never of their failings jest.

Ponder these verses and forget them not
'cause your life is a dropp in the sea
soon you will be gone into lifeless mist
but your deeds last eternally.

Protect this soul
lay it not aside of thee
deliver special care;
desire its' purity.
Hearts fed on affection and concord
give joy and warmth
Who cannot afford?

S.W. Clark

Postpone The Sword

He swizzled.

"That I have learned No More of that ghastly word.

And all this ... this Being to fizzle." Still.....stalled.

"Laud the contained trombone,

Applaud the dog and bone (the itch) .

And listen to my mouthy air... fair.

And Never, not in Ever, share this anywhere."

He snipped.

S.W. Clark

Praise Me Not

My praise is in the seas,
in drifting weeds.
Floating away and none to please.
My praise is in the skies,
on misty clouds.
Away they had gone to pour their cries.
My praise is past stars,
how far away.
Packed inside lost forgotten jars.
My praise is none,
for alas you see,
I am none to praise.
Praise is for worth of the worthy.

S.W. Clark

Reach For The Stars

Did today an impossible play,
grasped for the fancy star
just to say
'I tried'
but I lied
to myself with the act
it would be no fact
and
who would care that
all I had was air.
Anyway
Such a thing I should spurn
'cause to have a star would burn
but, Oh, to have such a beauty in my life
A Star, so bright,
to overcome this darkening strife.
These things inside my closet of desire
are known only to me you see.
They are piled high and overflow
so the door is locked with a key
To open the door
would be trouble galore
so fantasy, please, do not tempt me no more.

S.W. Clark

Reflections Of A Parent

Chase these years of unconfined tears,
and take away my sorrows.
Let bands of dreams feel for me,
and remember no more tomorrows.
I fear I found a path untold,
yet many I see have traveled.
A road of dust and hopeless things,
of gloom and despair unraveled.
Is this my lot that looks so bland,
no glitter, gold nor glamor.
Without a change,
again and again,
it has no spicy savor.
But yet I know my sweat and tears
are no different than the fate of others.
Still it is great and priceless I've found it to be,
of the proud fathers and mothers.

S.W. Clark

Rising

Ruffled blue, taunted light
While the Night came into mourning.
Seeing naught nor tempered right
There dawn would come again.

S.W. Clark

Rose Garden

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The fragrance of sweet fertility
dazzled from the blossomed pantry of flora.

The scene was saturated with sensual stimulation.
To see, to hear, to touch, to taste and, ahhh, to smell.
And all creation gathered to this banquet of admiration.

While the creator relaxes,
lies back,
and enjoys
the splendor
of
her fantasy.

In
the
dwelling
where
dreams
came
true;
where life
and love
embrace as one.
and miracles
are never ceasing.

As dyed puffed delights danced atop their thorny stems.
The Sun beams down its radiant light for the worshipful hands and
dew drops are spread around the thirsty legs. That this place be Heaven
is a mystery only to those without, and all else be Hell to those privileged to be
within.

S.W. Clark

Ruffled Blue

Ruffled blue, 'n taunted of light
While the Night came into mourning.
Seeing naught nor tempered right
There dawn would come again.

S.W. Clark

Sayings

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in not attaining the end,
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searching: those hardships you spend.

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but a time for one to be at their own best.

The greatest pleasure one can give
is to tell good stories of how they live.
The greatest way to feel old,
is to have your ancient stories told.

When the party is over
start planning another.

What is love-
but to give a measure above.

She gave of her living-
that is loves' way of giving.

S.W. Clark

Science One

We are but traveling Light'
a compressed element in flight.
Perception relative to its state.
From what speed did we initiate?
Can matter be energy at light speed
in a diverse dimension to forever heed?

$E=mc^2$

Where does light come in?
Is this like saying
Cake= batter and icing?
Where is velocity and light,
heat and dimension?
What is Quantum dimension?
Is there a relevance?
Is light a quality or a quantity?
Are there not states to consider?
Things in a relaxed state diffuse and deteriorate.
Things in flux and movement
organize and become.
Maybe energy is Light in a state of diffusion,
and matter is Light in a state of organized flux.
So then we were not created from a ball of matter diffused
but
from a burst of Light.
Light came into this dimensional change.
A flux of Light.

S.W. Clark

Sister's Harp

The Sister's Harp
plays 'Brothers' Ruin'
(an unfamiliar tune)
Without discretion
Leaving close thoughts
with major depression.
The world listens in delight
while brother creeps into twilight.
Why play the chords that tear your kin
just to have others hearts to win.
Protect the things that you cherish,
though your pockets never flourish.
Perish my soul,
but touch not those precious charms.
Keep, destiny, my beloveds from harm.
God forbid should I prosper
if those, loved, I trample over.
God forbid.
Quiet Sister's Harp,
split that beautiful instrument in two
rather than crush the instruments that are dearest to you.

S.W. Clark

Some Day

Some day we will cross that illusive shore,
who can say what we be
when we be no more.
They tell us lots about deaths' lore
but what you say, what is.
Still why are we here for.
It seems tomorrow is today; it has been before,
what they say is not new.
You must open a new door.
That is how it has been
now and
forever
more.

S.W. Clark

Some Time Naught

Some time naught
babes think awhile.
Blue sky bought
their yellow smile.

But in this night
they dream away while,
Angels glide on twilight
Far away and for many mile.

S.W. Clark

Spider To The Fly

'It is I, '
said the Spider to the Fly.
'Come to devour you
by and by.'

'Why? '
said the Fly in reply.

'Without reason, I feel,
you've become my meal.'
said the Spider in a joyous squeal.

'I, ' sighed the Fly
'do not appeal as a meal
if I cry! '

'What do I see! '
said the Spider to the bee.
'Another one for me! '

'If you touch me, '
said the bee to the spider,
'my stinger be on thee.'

'How pesty! '
said the Spider to the bee.

S.W. Clark

Starfire

The star fire does rest
inside the lower of the chest
burning deep, a calm- sleep
Dream *****

Surrounded by a hazy world, familiar yet never seen
Friends around with whom you never before been.
Emotions let loose; others feeling with meaning
They love you though never knew you
Others grasping your fears, eschew you
Treasures to own, companions to hold
Lands to roam, adventures untold.
This place, the wishers well or Dante's Hell
Where the weak ones sin, and the unrepented hasten.
Does the tempter grin? Are Angels crying?
God sighing? *****
The story is over awake, roll over.
The burning is past
if only
it would last.

S.W. Clark

Take A Bath

Take the bath of lonely dreams
Where nothing cleans the sorrows,
Scrub all filth again and again
And Hope for pure tomorrows.

Try to scrape off lot and looks
And memories of beauty's bane,
As if the waters possessed a love
where Life would not be in vain.

S.W. Clark

Tears

At times I see you afar, in my mind's eye,
Calling this heart and affording a sigh.
A bit o' pause, a bit o' rush.
Listen girl, the silence...now hush.
Ah, that my tears had wings!
And my grief be heavenward
My soul blue-ly sings
A price none could afford.
Tears are never bought nor sold
Yet they are sweet, precious and never grow old.

S.W. Clark

Testament Of A Fool

Bequeathing to you some words to ponder
partly because of what or somewhat I wonder.
What bewails the being more?
The mind of understand
or the heart to reveal
The thus from this
or the soul's seeking bliss
becoming bold or bland
wanting to shun or feel.
To possess your desires
and sing with the choirs.
or alone to trod□
some path to God.

S.W. Clark

The Bloom

In the morning air you can smell them bloom,
Those bless't sweet Roses,
Beyond a bitter room.
Could tear- filled eyes ever sway
Those lovely things on a lonely day?

S.W. Clark

The Box

Squared, secured, secret solemn,
the box was the place to hide
though taunted and titillated
and moving was tough
no one heard when I cried.
It was marked with goodness
and looked on as perfection
where none could criticize.
But my thoughts were outside
desiring the freedom
though lost in a chasm of lies.
These walls have held in faith and fame
hid my love and dreams
For what I could be was packaged away
my reflection I saw, it seems.
Wish my escape and pull my soul, just
say the words and I will change.

S.W. Clark

The Crystal Star

"In the center of heaven
Beyond the moon and afar
Above tears and grief
Lies the Crystal star.
It shines for all blessed
To be privileged to know
That in the bleakest of time
The greatest of hearts show
Remember it well
And when you can no longer cope,
Just look up through the darkness
And let her remembrance
Bring hope."

S.W. Clark

The Dance

When oft afar I look
O'er the midnight sea
appearing there is seething mist
but in my mind I see.
Demons dancing on Twilight's shore
with God peering down below.
Mankind amazed at the amorous wonder
yearning to join the show.

Laughing, leaping, praising love
in elegant synchronous motions
of what could resist this powerful scene
leaving lusty notions.

All lost souls who join the dance are taken aside and freed
leaving behind selfish pride, forsaking guilt and greed.

But those who scorn the joy and love
are bound by their hate within
For God only cared for those who ventured
and went to conquer their sin.

S.W. Clark

The End

Chase these years of unconfined tears
and take away my sorrows
let bands of dreams feel for me
and remember no more tomorrows.
I fear I found a path untold
yet many I see have traveled.
A road of dust and hopeless things,
of gloom and despair unraveled.
Is this my lot that looks so bland
no glitter, gold nor glamor?
Without a change, again and again,
it has no spicy savor.
But yet I know my sweat and tears
are no different than the fate of others,
withered dreams
winter's solstices
the fervent heat of summers.
Compost dust and senseless lint
things which the end is made of.
The splint of pain to feet ease
The lust for peace to end the war
The soldier's fight for victors' comfort
The soldier's rest in losers' shame
We come to the end and for fear we tremble
yet when all is over our lessons unlearned.
We strived as rulers and groveled as paupers
but when there is need we are all the same.
The king wears no crown nor pope his miter,
the knights joust and fools jest have ended,
when want of life dooms the heart.
Death is the great equalizer, the mirror of
darkness we all behold, yet strangely we view it differently.
But darkness is darkness none the less.
We have stretched the band and how mightily
it held itself and kept its unity. When it
broke though it was not mighty yet it kept
its unity and was not at rest. This is not your rest,
this is your strength.
Brokenness is your rest, when I am weak then am I strong.

We come to the end
just think how strong we will be.

S.W. Clark

The Garret

What time the mind
enters the garret
The dreamer will never know.
When darkness turns light,
the story breaks night.
As we have entered that world for a show.
No one there dies
with alluring, it lies,
Throws us to death with a view.
We find no escape
as we plunge through the gape,
behold things never seen but knew.
People, the faces
Names, the places.
Fears, trembling our souls.
With relief our eyes open
Oh, where have we been
as we return from the blackest of holes.

S.W. Clark

The Given

Pray O'er me
O' wandering soul
'say a simple word
breathe y'er best
with heart and life
I'll tell if the angel's heard.

Sing da song
O' wand'ring soul
voice a melodic tune
Shout with joy
and remove these tears,
so I feel no more alone.

Give 'n love
O' wand'ring soul.
see what y'er missin'.
Bestow your lot
and you'll see heaven
when you give your gift to the given.

S.W. Clark

The Keys

Many are those who cry alone
and no one will set them free.
Tied to troubles without a hope
who will hear their plea.
Though carrying the Keys
to unlock the chains
of sorrows that binds their hearts.
We walk on by
and without a whim
go on and nothing depart.
As if these Keys were ours to hide
and protect lest any should steal.
Or maybe the truth we refuse to accept is
for them we do not feel.
Toss a Key of care and comfort
to someone along the way.
Then you will gain a friend
who will own their own Keys
and maybe
toss one back some day.

S.W. Clark

The Last Supper

Beaten by worldly greed and gain
the chaff of innocence is seldom gleaned,
Of that possesses a disdain
to gather what it never weaned.

And the guilty stand with blood and bone
to prosper its inherited hoard.
But alas the meek they stand alone
buying little they can afford.

When the chilly gusts of Autumns end
shall drive them past the fields
We will rid our lands of what fools defend
and be minded of what their seed yields.

What will you reap O' man?
What crop will be your favor? ,
Do you wish to eat of hate's pan,
or is love more of what you savor?

S.W. Clark

The Law That Binds

Words among canon become deeds forlorn,
More jovial than clerical
where evil is born
Those who studied the highest
know the lowest best
Those who mastered the scores
have failed life's' test
The ape of ways beyond nature's hold
a creature of myth; unnaturally bold
Pretend the lust is a perversion of mind,
when all indeed possess its' kind
Are we greater to say 'cause we ignore the real.
or are we greater because we do what we feel
If we fail to create the being then create the law
To get them to follow place a hook in their jaw
Is not freedom to do just as we please
or doing it the way someone else sees
Are you perfect to say that you know what is right
And we so feeble for we lack the might
Tell me, brother, if you are so esteeming
That if you stand without sin
then why are you not beaming.

S.W. Clark

The Roots

Below the trees the forest weeps
on dank cold moldy ground.
But wormy roots still drink the soot
And rejoice how life is found

S.W. Clark

The Slaughter

Darkness comforts the fleeing soul
It hides the flesh away
Haunting the feared
The stalker moves
with caution to kill
Without words to defend it's innocence
or weapons to equal it's foe
the weak ones shiver in thicket rest
upon hearing the gods, lay low.
The men laugh and gnarl, they joke
and pun
over things of beauty and grace
thinking themselves as above all earth
the Creators' only beloved race.
Who will speak for these muted ones.
Who will protect their living.
Who will cry when they have fallen
though we all possess the giving.

-(A Hunting of a Deer)

S.W. Clark

The Stinger

It was a whisper heard as I lied alone in darkness cold.

A voice,

wicked, raspy, old.

'Ah sting such a one as thee,

Ah sting such a one.'

I feared to move, hiding under covers,
hoping it would pass.

May it find another lonely soul
and to them may it harass.

'Such a one as thee, Ah sting!
as thee Ah sting! '

Then I heard no more and opened the covers,
surely a dream.

How real my imagination does seem!

And closing my eyes

lying in the silence of my room,
the voice filled my ears again.

'Ah sting dat flesh and disturb thee

Ah sting dat flesh,

And makes me meal with blood and bone

Ah sting for blood and bone.'

I yelled aloud for it pinched my leg
and quickly I moved away.

Then I jumped out of the bed
after a stab in my back

and in pain I swore it would pay!

I turned on the lamp and peered at my bed,
and seen something move under the cover,

then taking the corner

gently by hand

I quietly moved it over.

In horror I viewed that Stinger beast
that pestered me in the night,

with fangs, a stinger and pincher claws,
with all it did prick and bite.

'Ah Sting you fool and make you bleed
and feast throughout the night! ! '

It jumped towards me in a frightening squeal,
but I dove to the side in a hurry.

I grabbed my shoe and looked at the floor,
just in time to see it scurry.
It went inside a little hole
carved within the wall.
I threw my shoe and yelled, 'Go Away! '
but how it laughed with gall.
I packed my things and moved away
and swore I would never return.
For confronting Evil alone and afraid,
is a lesson I never want to learn.

S.W. Clark

The Tongue

The insidious spout

which drained crimson shame,
adorned with passion, pride and privilege.
This odious abyss with brawny control,
luring those who grapple its filthy bait.
She could have sensed its entrapment
She could have eased away
She could have fled,
but she listened,
and drew near it,
and drank some,
and dreamed-
away.

S.W. Clark

Things Carried

Bewildered in a land of dross,
carried to winds of spirit's loss.
Nothing pure but deceit and lust,
carried until we return to dust.
Love to lie,
and crave in greed,
carried so much the grave to plead.
Boasting for nothing,
cowarding fame,
carried for nothing a cursed name.
Frontal pieces of false content,
carried until by trial they're sent.
Hearts of wanton,
gait of passion,
carried with pride in lustful fashion.

S.W. Clark

Thoughts Again

Who can be proved
without the opportunity
to improve.

There are people who dwell in shadows
who have done it best and no one knows.

How the haughtiness of man
deserves the spittle of God.

And we think we can perceive
who it is that will achieve
when inner strength is beyond our detection
we choose the one with carnal perfection.

Some do not give hope to the cripple but pity,
as if the one who gives sympathy is the better man,
not better than other men,
but better than the cripple.
(think about it)

S.W. Clark

Thoughts Of Bractor

Tilt the till

'til

ye thrall and we thrill.

☐The Thoughts of Bractor

'He trained his mind when young, at ease
and found his love his thoughts to please
deared himself to truth and fact.

Did nothing less but perfect, exact.

And discovered his world alone, to rule.

Soon he will conquer the world of the fool.'

S.W. Clark

Tidbits

'The Blue Sky'

Of things that seem azure though belie
They compel us to question God, Why?
Should evil be given the wondrous hue
or darkness exist beyond the blue?

'The Fall'

One stood
another fell
when should
another tell
when another one
will enter Hell.

'Whisper'

Whisper slow
so I can hear,
what makes her shed
that single tear
lest she find
that I don't know
what filled her life
so full of woe.

'Dignity'

What some may view as a mighty soul,
there is a somewhat beaten heart.
Somehow spirits creep in to ruin.
How some play evils' part
Then someday the living will fall away
And on that day some will reject
The something special they cherished in youth
that thing some call self-respect.

S.W. Clark

Tidbits 2

Knowledge increased by fury
who can stand?
Even His Angels worry.

What has made this good apple so rotten,
Aiding alone the bruises it's gotten.

This joy has not harmed them nor another,
so how is it evil when it they discover!

How great could they be
when they fail to see
the greatness found also
inside of me.

S.W. Clark

Tidbits 3

What I have been
What I have seen
What I have weaned.
These three I wished I bettered.

What shall we be after we have become.

What glory is there in a faded picture 'What was is naught.'
We remembered so much we forgot to care.
What saddens me most is to entertain
the thoughts of accomplishment in a den of emptiness.

S.W. Clark

Tidbits Up

'The world is slow to change
it has many parts to rearrange.'

'Who will speak for the unspoken
or those who sleep- will awaken.'

'Attraction found for its' own in some,
If nature repels should man make one? '

S.W. Clark

Time Afore

Time a fore
a pontiff plain
a writ upon the sea,
a Holy Plot, buried deep,
densed with self-esteem.

Time anew
a sandy hill
a lit upon a cove
Blessed sight
conquored grief
to shine upon a woe.

Time to see
Time to feel
Time to open heart
This time I have to make of me
myself
and do my part.

S.W. Clark

To Be

Call it a sin wanting to see
this one in the mirror what he could be.
Though not perfect but frail
to life's winds and rains
even subjected to fight with all of its pains.
But what I am- be
and what this is- is me
it's not what will become
but accepting this personality.
The sin is not thinking of what will become,
but ignoring what is the sum of this sum.
This is the one
now in lights reflection
History with all of its' known or forgotten
There is no one more important than
this one standing here
No one who even deserves more of your fear
But you.....

S.W. Clark

Various Short Poems

I lift my hands
My God, to Thee,
raised with no malignity.

I lift my heart
My God, to Thee,
filled with pure sincerity.

I lift my voice
My God, to Thee,
seasoned with Holy melody.

I lift my soul
My God, to Thee,
your inspiring presence
Oh Almighty!

Palasades of streaming Joy
and a tinseled glowing hue
felt my heart, my mind, my soul,
since the day I have found you!

Leave me blue
touch me red
but call me yellow
and enough is said.

S.W. Clark

Waste

When will we walk
About auburn arenas
Showing shorn sheaves
Tightly tickling touches-
Everyone.

S.W. Clark

What God Hath Given

Years have wrought these fields for leaven,
the fruit of expense is what God hath given
Man has withered his brow and bow,
his weapons empowered by a desire to know.
To know to have, to have to know.
To sow to grow, to grow to sow.
These withered crops, this wanton heart,
that pestering self moved me apart.
I know not what I have become,
not me, but you,
False, untrue,
another one-
Sum of the some,
not,
Son of the Sun.
Searching for a place- they called it Heaven,
I found only a trail of tears-
a trial of fears-
a thrall of peers,
it is this 'O man,
this is what God hath given....

S.W. Clark

What Is Love Without

What is Love
without the air
filled with fresh picked flowers.

What is Love
without you there
with laughter filling the hours.

What is Love
without the caress
that excites the soul to blush.

What is Love
without,
you confess
your very being surely would crush.

For without these things
Love is staled and stern
lacking the essentials that prove,
the fullness of its flavor,
a wholesome savor
its power to make hearts move.

S.W. Clark

When God

When God accepts the stumbling one
Grooping under the Sun
fills his soul with compassionate want
grasping him as his son
When God eats of worm and germ
vindicating the poor defender
Sustaining the famished weary body
Placing evil asunder.

Then all will know
that He is as we
The day He feels our pains
but hurt and doubt will always be
When God on His throne remains.

S.W. Clark

Wild Dove

What lead us to flight on this lit offset night
That hearts rhythm in tune could aspire scenes of Heaven so soon.
Let the world pass for me and you,
the feeling of Love's coming through.
Our ship grounded,
surrounded by an endearing hue.
This is the Isle of the Compassion-ed Two.
Chilled air could not dampen hearts' afire
yet mild chords strung on the lyre.
The Wild Dove freedom bound
whispers a charge,
the silent sound.
'You're mine
and
I am
Yours.'

S.W. Clark

Yesterday's Child

Yesterday's child
I remember so well.
So young, full of hope
of good things they tell.
Yesterday's child
future of life.
Free from the pain
of discord and strife.
Yesterday's child
innocent gift
running free and wild,
mind adrift.
Yesterday's child
soft and pure.
If I wonder away
you're loves' great lure.
Yesterday's child
an adult today
neither soft nor pure
but gone a stray.
What has possessed our hearts so cruel?
Once a perfect child
is now a perfect fool.

S.W. Clark

Yonder Netherworld

Dream of yonder netherworld
Touch it lest ye fear.
Dwell in places never real
Forget what sheds the tear.
'Cause many nights are lonely, dark
and no one cares your there.
And having no angels o'er you
you will never know what nor where.

Dream of yesterdays sealed book
to see what tomorrow is made of.
Think of how your life has been
and how you could have showed love.
'Cause what is past will come again
the times of goodness and sorrow.
What has happened will always be
But you can always change tomorrow.

S.W. Clark

Your Right, Your Wrong

It's been a right to have a soul
to live and die to fight the cold.
It's been your right to live yur way
to sing and dance, to work and play
It's been your right to hear what's true
to find yourself, what lies in you.
Everything has been your right
It's your life, it's your might.
But there is another thing that heads you for Hell
what you did might be wrong as well.
Think to know what right's are true.
They might not be just what's inside you.
The time you thought was the good you had,
might really have been the wrong, the bad.

S.W. Clark