

Here are five poems that I edited for a client.

Black Death

It ripples like the sound of a whistle
Pierces through their eyes of dismal
Denying the stain of our black DNA
The shame and heartache, the slain years; and the echoes of pain

Touché and to say, you too are made of less; you are unworthy of the best
And can cut loose the heart from your chest
A purge or the medieval Black Death

In Spite

They taunt us in cages,
and pay us slave wages.
Breathing under capitalism,
for centuries and ages.
Our blood, sweat and tears,
over the years disdained.
And stained for minimum wage,
so I pray under these Hollywood signs.
And vines to release a homeless cry,
For the nights of the ravenous city sighs,
in spite.

Veins

I cannot contain this pain
That runs through my veins
And as it rains, I pray in vain
That every drip cleanses me pure
And makes me sane

Third Eye

I was searching for clarity
Exclusion from our lonely world
Opened my third eye to society
Reconsidered what I learned
To escape and be heard

What the universe once yearned
Yet a sense of nothingness is all I affirmed
So do you hear their secret hurl?
Divine deities and lavish pearls

Do you hear their secret hurl?

A secular and controlled world

Cold

Why, in a world so cold,
do we believe in love and wait for feelings to unfold?

I die each time;
a new spark, a new light is seen through my eyes - I try to diminish this light.

For I have pride, and a guard I just cannot deny,
every time I see him shine, I wake up blind.

Because I live to die, from the gain of his irresistible sight;
so why in a world so cold, do we believe in love?

And wait for relationships to unfold?

Fantasize about a life buried in the grave of Cinderella's lies,
or buried in the smiles of pretty faces.

The unbearable mask of a suffering child;
why in a world so cold, do feelings strike us cold?

Living for pain, life has taught us to uphold,
love is pain, pain for the soul.

Or is love pain because hearts are cold?