



Golden Caskets
Observations and Musings
In Verse and Verbiage

By

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(The Illiterate Poet)

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Golden Caskets

The Alchemy of Dreams

The cornerstones of humanity

A concoction

A brew

An ethereal stew

Of things we are willing to live for

Of things we are willing to try for

Of things we are willing to cry for

Things we are willing to die for

And you

For Ellie

**Continually we walk silently unto the darkness
With hearts afire and minds aglow we tread softly
And hasten quietly unto the night
We meander endlessly down the path following the shoreline of despair
We meander endlessly down the path following the exciting road to nowhere
We view the good, the bad and the ugly with the same disdain
We stop momentarily to view the Armageddon of our lives
We stop momentarily to survey the state of our wretched dreams
We stop momentarily to take stock of our passions for God, for Gold, for Glory
Then we sigh
Then we continue
Hearts afire, minds aglow
Along the shoreline of despair
On the exciting road to nowhere**

Rotted and Rusting

**I happened upon
A beautiful wreck
A wondrous creation, a testament to God
Created with care, with beauty and style
Now rotting and rusting in the possession of fools
They are pompous and privileged, callous and uncaring
They had used and abused it
Till all that remained
Was this beautiful wreck
Rotting, rusted and damaged
Used and abused
On the verge of collapse
I begged and I pleaded
To fix and restore it
But all of them laughed
At this fool with a heart
They wanted to keep it
Rotting and rusting
It would give them all pleasure
Till it functioned no more
Used and abused rotting and rusted
This beautiful wreck
Tore the heart from my breast
I shall search high and low
From here to the heavens
To find it and fix it, this beautiful wreck
I shall repair and restore it
I shall spend every moment
Though rotted and rusting
It shall glisten and gleam
Because I still love it
Because I still need it
Because I still care for this Beautiful Wreck**

Behold the Redeemers

**Behold the redeemers ... those dullards in the darkness
Adrift on a short boat to nowhere
Adrift on the river Rubicon
Watching and waiting as the parade of life goes by
The rich man, the poor man, the beggar man, the thief
The friend, the playmate, the soul mate
The wife, the lover, the harlot, the whore
All pawns, playthings afloat on an endless river of time
Now behold those dullards sitting in the darkness
Meeting, knowing and caring for each as they pass
Each running to or from the darkness
Each running to or from the light
Words full of spirit fall upon their hollow shells in the night
Pearls before swine are cast in the darkness as voices echo
Calling each unto the gates of heaven or hell
All hear ... all answer
But not so for redeemers
For none call their name
Deaf sit these dullards in the darkness
Watching and waiting as the parade of life goes by
Behold the redeemers
Behold dullard in the darkness
Saving lovers from love
Saving losers from loss
In the end saving no one
On the short boat to nowhere**

As it should be

**They pass in peace
You pass in peace
I pass in peace
Without recognition
This is good
This is how it should be
For I can not
For I will not
For I should not recognize even myself from moment to moment
Faceless demigods pass in peace
Actors acting out the plurality of all that is make-believe
Enter and exit stage left and stage right
Across the cosmic
Glistening and gleaming stares
Head light ... foot light ... lime light
They pass in peace
You pass in peace
I pass in peace
We pass in peace
Without recognition
As it should be**

In the Cathedral of Humanity

Poems are the theatre of the heart

Hallmarks on high

Their words house the hopes

House the dreams

House all the heartaches, heartbreaks and agonies of the writer

They declare the divinity and or the mundanity of the mind's eye

They hold the joys and the jublations

The prayers and the platitudes of the dreamer

They attempt to define all that is divine within the poet

They attempt to detail the destiny and or the diversity of all mankind

Sweet, wonderful, romantic, painful poetry

In essence the earthly manifestation of all that is majestic

In essence the earthly manifestation of all that is divine

In essence poems are the theatre of the heart

In the Cathedral of Humanity

With Bell, Book and Candle

My morning is midnight

Fancy and Free

Lust without Love ... Good without God

A puppet without strings

Far beyond the fountainheads of faith and fear

With bell, book and candle we peer into the depth of an allegoric abyss

With bell, book and candle we seek the falsehood in the truth

With bell, book and candle we seek the truth in the falsehood

From the art and the heart of darkness we cry out to hasten tomorrow

**From the art and the heart of darkness we cry out to herald the departure of the winter
winds**

Morning mist and summer dew shall wash the wasteland of our spirit

Morning mist and summer dew shall wash the wasteland of our soul

From the art and heart of darkness within the Ivy Manor

With bell, book and candle we shall hasten tomorrow

With it's mid-summers hopes

With it's mid-summers dreams

With it's mid-summers passions

That eventually fades unto it's mid-summers night

Consider the Stars

**Darkness shall always fall
Darkness shall always come**

Darkness will always prevail for the darkness is always dark

Darkness will always prevail for darkness is always wise and always true unto itself

Still in its darkness

The darkness shall always bring forth light and illumination

Consider the stars

Invisible to the eye in the light of day but radiant and bright, shining forth in the night

Twilight however is ever the essence when wizards walk and witches wake

It is when the Gods watch and wish realities into existence

Twilight is the tangent and the timeline of creation

It is the wife, the temptress, the vixen and the whore of the gods

It treads softly on mist covered meadows giving birth to both the darkness and the light.

Call out my Name

**Call out my name in the night from afar and awaken my lust
Let us move mountains
Let us move the universe
Let us move our bodies to honor that which we once were
To celebrate again and again that which we can be in dreams of the night
Again call out my name from afar
That our bodies may move and merge
Let passion dispel the time and the space and the days gone by that separate us
Awaken in me my lust with the laughter of your spirit
Awaken in me my lust with the poetry of your soul
With the music of your mind
With the scent and science of your sex
Again call out my name in the night and awaken me
Again call out my name from afar in the night**

Statue of a Fool

One day I will build a statue
A statue of a fool
It shall stand there made of granite
Looking handsome, brave and cool
As you stand back and stare
You will note upon its face
The simple markings of a fool
Who would not join the race
It has let its life just slip away
Just slip right through its hands
For it would be a monument
That in the park just stands
Yes one day I will build a statue
A statue, handsome and cool
To get dropped upon by pigeons
And act just like a fool
It would not have the common sense
To be sheltered from the rain
I guess just like the scarecrow
It does not have a brain
NOW! Consider the pigeon in the air
The wind is soft and the weather fair
It has traveled two hundred leagues at best
It is tired and hungry ... It needs a rest
So it flies on high, then swoops down low
When over the statue it lets one go
Then relieved and rested it continues on wing
It starts to coo ... It starts to sing
It remembers the statue, its best friend indeed
For where there's a fool there's a pigeon in need
NOW! This poem has a moral
And morals are oft times true
So even if you are not a fool
Please pay attention too
However if you are a fool my friend
Refrain and do not look above
For a pigeon flying past a fool
Will let loose a load with love

Complex Fools are in Great Demand

**Complex fools are in great demand
For universal laws are not formed from the particulars, the parallels or the
perpendiculars of any one given conclusion
Every great thinker is a moron in the eyes of an idiot
Idiots all who worship the lunatic who has shown them the ropes
Pull the string ... Pull the string
Make a puppet of common sense
Take liberties with the laws of universal logic
Teach the children that wit and wisdom now stand in disgrace
Teach the children that wit and wisdom are no longer trustworthy
Let those who are mundane rise through the ranks to eventually become king
So that they may respond to silly questions with foolish answers
Then let the king's mediocrity and sterility become part of the joke
Then let the king's mediocrity and sterility become part of the ecstasy
In the School of the Comparatively Inconsequential
We seek great advancements
In the School of the Comparatively Inconsequential
We seek great adventures in learning
In the School of the Comparatively Inconsequential
We seek great things
We seek to calculate our own irrelevance
Then we conceal our findings so as to bolster our own self-worth
Complex fools are in great demand
They are needed for a comprehensive study of all that is absurd
Needed for a comprehensive study into the plurality of all that is fictitious
Endless and pointless probabilities ... Endless and pointless possibilities
Infinite in scope ... Eternal in nature ... Sublime in mediocrity
We all plagiarize our comparative creativity from that which is divine
The Gods incognito sweep the halls
The Gods incognito paint the walls
As students bask in their unseen glow ... In their unseen glories
They fill classes on the art of splitting hairs and slicing soup
While the Gods incognito who sweep the halls and paint the walls
They dwell in darkness
The School of the Comparatively Inconsequential is very important
For complex fools are in great demand
While every great thinker is a moron in the eyes of an idiot**

Coptic Text

**Blithe elements of the night materialize
They tread softly upon and beyond lurid pools of delight
I drink deeply of their pleasures
I drown in them for they run as deep as the waters of the river Styx
They engulf me with angelic voices
They beckon me unto Elysium's gates where vision becomes vortex
Where vision becomes twilight and then midnight
Then velvet dream and velvet storm
Ever so quaint ... Ever so curious
Destiny's Daughter crosses my threshold and consumes me
With wild abandon this parasol princess engulfs me
She slays me with her night song then renews my spirit
She replenishes my soul
Elegant flashes of enlightenment illuminate memories in the mind's eye Paladins and
penguins march endlessly across the chess board of time
Castle corridors quake as they are endlessly assaulted by the siege engines of tomorrow
Towers tall as twilight cast shadows across pages of hidden knowledge
Coptic text annotated by cryptic notes
Desert Sage and Forest Dew speak fairly lie for lie as bleary-eyed mystics pace frantically
Pace tirelessly upon the cobblestones of yesterday, today and tomorrow**

Tarnished and Talented

**As the forces of nature rage against time
We find ourselves chained head and heel
Pummeled constantly by rain and snow
The wisdom of the ages lay at our feet
Yet still we are too proud to look downwards
What highbred insanity causes this plight?
Are tulips and taxes our only concern
Blood on the streets and blood on the tracks
We stand conflicted and addicted
We stand tarnished and talented
Building bridges to nowhere in hopes of one day walking on water
We till the soil unto the end of days while more prominent citizens celebrate
They hold their self-righteous celibacy on high with their partners in crime
They sit in ivory towers coping and copulating with innocence
Say your piece
Speak your minds
But take us not for fools**

Kiss of the Cobra

Death be not proud

Death be not loud

Be charming

Be calming

Be quick

Be quiet

Be wry

Kiss sweetly my lips

Inhale my last breath as you engulf my last thoughts

Let me find comfort in my last, final sigh

You have traveled life's road with me

Ever present

Ever silent at my side

In the end my dear friend

Unto oblivion my caring guide

The Bordello of Time

**Darkness is my midnight
My mistress and my muse
It is my heaven, my hell and my purgatory
This midnight Mata Hari has betrayed me
It has made me intangible and unverifiable
It has imprisoned me
A ghost train rider
Station upon station passes
Stop upon stop I call out to passers-by
Those who are tangible do not hear, see or react
They sense that they can not make me whole or happy
They know just as well as I that their reality
That their mundanity is of no help or use to one such as I
One who stands trapped and invisible within the bordello of time
Trapped in the darkness between womb and tomb
Trapped in the darkness of lust and love
Trapped in the darkness between the beauty and the bounty of pure passion
Darkness is the ghost ship upon which I sail
Darkness is the ghost train upon which I ride
A lost, forgotten and forsaken spirit
Intangible and unverifiable within the bordello of time
Alone within the darkness**

Sweet Sugar Snap Mommies

**Sweet sugar snap mommies go out on patrol
Perfect aged cougars hunt in the night
All East of Eden ... all midnight bound
Harsh gothic mama's hunt gaining ground
Hot wicked waifs one on one flirt and flee
With intense Ivory anger ... impassioned take flight
No part time surrender shifts the sands of tomorrow
When sweet sugar snap mommies hunt in the night**

The Most Precious of all Things

**The most precious of all things:
Cannot be bought
Cannot be taught
Cannot be thought
It must be learned and earned through experience
Life is the doorway to midnight
Midnight is the doorway to dreams
Twilight the opiate of the ages
Of the Sages
Of the Mages
In Twilight we ask the final question
In Twilight we discover the final answer
For me, it is Love
The final solution as I stand before the doorway of dreams
In the Twilight of Life
At the dawn of a new day we all stand facing the doorway to midnight
Sages and Mages and Mundanes
Lovers and Dreamers
Lions and Tigers and Bears
Each seeking the most precious of all things
That cannot be bought ... That cannot be taught ... That cannot be thought
It must be earned and learned through experience
For me: It is Love**

My Spoken Words

**Yesterday I had sex on a friend's tombstone
I honestly didn't know the man, but still, he was a friend
He was classmate from an earlier time in the school of life
I had never met him, talked to him or even seen him
If I had I probably would not have liked him ... HOWEVER
Under the circumstances and under the ground I figured he would not mind
Today I hear his voice carried on the wind
The words are never truly clear
Still though the message is strong:**

"I lived, I made my choices and now I am gone"

**He was a classmate of mine from an earlier time in the school of life
Today I look into the sky and I see his imagine in the clouds**

HE IS SMILING

**He calls out to me here on Planet Earth ... The Oldest Living Cemetery
He calls out to me saying:
"The Parade of Life ends at the Doorway of Death
With each step we march upon the bones of our forefathers
Join in the parade and celebrate life"**

**There is a very thin line that separates the daylight from the darkness
At any given moment ... in the twinkling of an eye each may cross that great divide
Remember how precious friends are and how fragile life is
Reflect upon and learn from life's journey
Cherish all that is around you
Always take the opportunity to say:
Hello or Goodbye
Never miss an opportunity to say:
I LOVE YOU
And most importantly
Never miss an opportunity to:
HAVE SEX IN THE CEMETERY**

Shades of Grey

**There are only two absolutes in purity
The darkness and the light
In the darkness comes light
In the darkness we see light
In the darkness we become light
Shades of grey however are infinite
Shades of grey however are inconsequential
Shades of grey however are cowardly and mundane
One can not bask in the glories of grey**

Petty Thoughts to Replace the Nightmare

I like a woman who thinks about sex in the morning.

Every morning I get off at 8:00 am.

Personally I think 8:00 am is a great time to get off!

**One day I hope to walk out the door of work and bump into a long legged waif who also
feels that 8:00 am is a great time to get off.**

Some people have a God shaped hole in their spirit that only God can fill.

My soul in this instance is not lacking

My spirit in this instance is not lacking.

There is however a waif shaped space in my heart that needs to be constantly filled.

**Perhaps one day I will walk out the door and find a waif created by the gods to make my
heart truly complete.**

Till then I get off at 8:00 am.

Don't you think that 8:00 am is a good time to get off?

I like a woman who thinks about sex in the morning.

The Spirit of Madness

Again the spirit of madness is upon me.

Blithe spirits dance afar beyond where kind hearts and coronets might dally.
Cinnamon sights and diaphanous delights tell tales in a room full of questions and
answers.

Twinkle, twinkle little star

Brilliant pin pricks of light in the night view history on high and laugh at the litany of
foolishness and folly.

The infinite universe mirrors the finite reality

The headless torso of time and a thousand tomorrows stands beyond the tranquility of the
twilight temptress

The headless torso of time and a thousand tomorrows stands beyond the silent mind and
her silent mouth which has now become timeworn and tedious.

Sweet dreams of immortality blind and bind the powerful and prosperous to days of
future past.

They meet huddled and hunched in darkened rooms endlessly negotiating

Endlessly bickering

Endlessly bargaining and bartering

The nuisance of now for the nightmare of never

Tomorrow

**Last night I saw a mighty wind consume a slice of life
Last night I saw a tempest strong destroy a field of rice
Last night I saw a hurricane ravage house and hearth and home
Last night I saw the heart of man beating all alone
Last night I saw the hand of God point out another way
Last night alone in my darkest hour
I saw the break of day**

Hollow Roars ... Hollow Men

**Polyester paramours
Endlessly pushing unlabeled buttons
Selling untold tall tales
Tales that tout untalented toothless tangerines
Fanciful fruits ... Witless and pit less ... Pointless and proud
One day they shall behold courage
Endless battles apparently lost
Heroes standing alone covered with unseen scars
While others abed yawn
Hollow roars from hollow men
In the end they shall reap the wind
In the end they shall harvest the Harpies
Hoot and Holler ... Comfort abed
In the end their comfort shall be their shame
In the end their Harpies shall be their Hangmen
Yesterday's scales sway while today's scales tilt
Tomorrows scales shall indeed weigh the balance
Judging the scars of Agincourt
Judging the scars of Armageddon
Judging the Polyester Paramours and the Toothless Tangerines**

Unto the River of Life

Tomorrow beckons as a river young, strong and straight
Flowing unto life
Flowing unto the unknown
Countless tributaries rich and poor
Countless tributaries deep and shallow
Good and evil ... Gross and grandiose
From the slime we each emerge
Sub-Proletariat filth with lofty yearnings
Abstract and ethereal in thought and word but base in nature
Nameless faces emerge hungry for earthly vice
Hollow cheeks underscore feverish eyes that accent wicked yet whimsical smiles
From the muck and mire we emerge
Clawing and scratching ... Nibbling and biting
Eventually standing
Straining at the bit for real, imagined or contrived opportunities
Chaos abounds
Chaos runs rampant BUT
Chaos favors a taste for irony
From chaos
From the catacombs of cosmic conspiracy comes order so that even in chaos none die
nameless
Slowly we crawl, aged and weak, back unto the river of life
Could have ... Would have ... Should have abound
Counterfactual conjectures are always true
If not for this That most certainly would have been
Alas however We are who we are
Alas however ... We are where we are
Having lost, abandoned or given away all but our ethics
We crawl with lofty yearnings for earthly vice
Abstract and ethereal in thought and I word but base in nature
With hungry and hollow cheek bones that underscore feverish eyes and accent a wicked
yet whimsical smile
We crawl
We crawl
We crawl
Back unto the slime from which we once emerged

For Llani

Ebony Night Song

Nubian Dawn

Rainbows glisten beneath every drop of perspiration

Entwined and engulfed by your lips and legs

Hair as wild and free as a desert storm

Surround me Consume me Care for me

Compare yourself to none for none are compatible

You are the wind that I have sought

You are life that I have wrought

You are dew drop that nourishes

The one who cares without caring

The one who see without looking

The one who feels without feeling

You are the Ebony Night Song

You are the Nubian Dawn

Silent Words

Silent mind

Silent eyes

Silent mouth

Silent heart

Forever trapped in twilight

Forlorn and forsaken love

Could have, would have, should have

Wasted wishes ensnared by the nightingale's song

Entrapped and enslaved by the mocking bird's call

Lost and lonely lovers beware the monkey's paw

Silent mind

Silent eyes

Silent mouth

Silent heart

Silent night

Tears and Fears and Great Expectations

**With tears and fears and great expectations
We seek out and view the moonbeam of madness
The darkest delight in the pit of our soul
With slide rule and abacus we total emotion
The quadric hypocrisy in all we are taught
We measure and master the tempest of time
Laying level foundations in a domain of dreams
With tears and with fears
And with Great Expectations
We travel the timeline of folly and fate
We seek out and view the moonbeam of madness
That darkest delight in the pit of our soul**

With Ties That Bind

**With ties that bind
Antediluvian delights entice me
They enslave me as the delirium of ecstasy beckons
The thought of living all probabilities excites me
The thought of living all possible sequences boggles my mind
Afar beyond the reason and rhyme of all that is rational
I nibble generously upon passion's forbidden fruits
No longer do I take refuge in things familiar
No longer do I wallow in the security of the redundant
Let others be made obsolete before they become practical
Let others languish in the temple of all that is mechanical and mercantile
Let protocol be damned
The delirium of ecstasy is upon me
Let it encase me
Let it engulf me
Let it enslave me
With ties that bind**

You'll find it's true

**Sinners and saints abound around mid-night
Travelocity runs rampant in the heart of humanity
Min-night in motion moves from heart to heart filling the void
Variance Variance
Viva la difference
Midnight comes Midnight goes
Midnight matters in the timeline of life
What day is it?
I do not care!**

**The timeline of life that I've come to know waxes and wanes unto the end of days
Still! These days I find comfort and reality in the heart insanity
Webster and Johnson and Funk and Wagnall all agree on many things
Cleanliness is not next to godliness
Godliness is in fact considerably closer to gargoyles than to cleanliness
This however is not a point in question
This however is not the point that gives me stability, peace and happiness
Tranquility in this matter comes with this startling realization
Between madness and mundanity
I find magic
Between "I" and "WE" I have discovered "U"
Check the dictionary You'll find it's true**

The Tempest of Twilight

**Few things last forever in this world
Not life, not love and certainly not youth
Only the wind and the rain and the cold endure
Good and evil endlessly struggle and randomly prevail
We in the long run are but the casualties in this cosmic conflagration
Collateral damage of friendly ... and or ... not so friendly fire
We in the long run are but comic relief for the cosmic forces at hand
Puppets of paradox trapped in Pandora's Box
Time and tide wait not for mankind but rather cross its path continually
Time and tide in the end sweep us unto the great beyond
Unto the Infinite Unknown
We are but specks of dust in the eye of the storm
Displaced and dislodged by the tears of eternity
In the end trampled in the tempest of twilight**

Galaxy of the Mind

Salient supernovas and seismic activity rock and roll my universe.

Galaxy quests and starships dormant lay at rest in the mind.

Vacuum and vortex replace heart when the soul and spirit escape through the mind's eye.

Scorpions sting golden orbs in the night as flowers wither and fade.

**When the tide of loneliness crashes upon the shore the sands of time stop falling within the
hourglass of love.**

The Maria of pain floats softly on the glistening wings.

Circling ... Circling like a ravenous vulture waiting and watching

Circling ... seeking to devour all that is good within the spirit of humanity.

We rage against the ages and fall prey to the endless darkness.

Beyond the horizon, a telltale heart beats rhythmically within our breast.

Clocks tick and wind chimes make music that is sweet unto the ears.

Elegant moments of love and the aroma of honeysuckle are filed under days gone by.

Today we live, we love, we work and we laugh

Tomorrow ... Alas we cry ... for days long gone by.

Glistening and Gleaming

**In teardrops and smiles
Glistening and gleaming
We find the inner essence and elegance of humanity
We stand blessed with a living lexicon of logic and loyalty
In the eyes of the universe we stand
An unwritten and unfinished symphony in the litany of enlightenment
We stand blessed and free in thought and dream
We stand blessed and free in the center of divinity for what modesty forbids
Imagination allows
In the mind's eye we may walk without feet
Run without legs
Fly without wings
For in teardrops and smiles
Glistening and gleaming
We find the inner essence and elegance of humanity**

The Gulls have flown

**Black Belladonna, Nubian Nightshade
Ebony eyes set in deep Carmel landscape
Sweet chocolate canyon formed, fondled and fingered before me
She licks her lips as I lick mine
Midnight moon
I long to taste her, lick her, eat her
Nubile fingers part the pathway to paradise.
She beckons me but I am befuddled for she is counterfeit
She is a pretty and petty poison
She is a plastic mask
As much as I want her she is not the huntress I seek
Come huntress, find me and slay me quick with arrows sharp and deep unto my heart
As day dawns, minute by minute, second by second, hour by hour I await your footfall in
the forest of my dreams
I listen and my heartbeat quickens
I feel you close and know that the gulls have taken flight off sandy shore
Venture now unto the green misty mountains and take your rightful place by my side**

Why

**In a house of deceit we stand silent witness
We examine and ponder the mysteries of life
We wish for substance as we wander the highways and byways of this dream within a
dream
With graves grain in hand we search for meaning
Upon endless pathways we seek the mistletoe of life
Where shall we find the kiss of spirituality as we search the twilight of insight?
We capture, hold, restrain and bisect the vision of wisdom
We search for that which will allow us to keep our sanity
As we stand upon this spinning ship of fools called Planet Earth
We call out for the elegance of life on Golden Pond
We realize that perspective and consequence are the only realities in a universe filled with
all that is unobtainable
What stroke of random rational has created us
What stroke of random rational has led us to this given chain of existence?
Thoughts and memories flood the senses
Past, present and future become a surrealistic blur in the mind's eye
We face, we focus on and we fight off the ghosts of days long past
Standing ever in motion
Without making progress
In this bottomless quicksand pit of time**

Whoooooosh

As ever so many toys
We lay unattended
Stored in the coffee tin of endless time
With baited breath and blithe spirit we await the universe
Cantankerous and condescending clowns
Brave and beleaguered soldiers strict in their ethics and stoic in their stance
Beautiful ballerinas and wanton women
Artists, assholes and airheads
All cowering with fear
Carried through eternity by some unknown and unseen child who walks
Nay ... Runs along the endless road to no where
The child runs towards the endless expanse of limitless tomorrows
Runs towards uncertainty
Day by day the gods play: Kick the Can with our fates
They laugh
We bruise
We remain terrified
Afraid to stay
Afraid to go
We stay trapped in a pop-top tin
Whoooooosh
The can opens and our souls are sucked out
We fall screaming out onto the playing field of life
The calendar unfolds before us
Second by second
Minute by minute
Day by day
Our volume and essence decreases
Our day breaks diminish
Whoooooosh ... our time is past
Once again
As ever so many toys
We lay unattended
Stored in the coffee tin of endless time

The Eye of Saint Augustine

**The Eye of Saint Augustine peers deeply into the night
It bridges the gap between the earthly and the ethereal
Some lives and some personalities are destined to resound though infinity
They clench tightly the thorns of today seeking the wonder of an ever so elegant secret
They posses and savor the pain and the passion and the scent of tomorrow
They posses and savor the scent of a rose not yet in bloom
The bud not yet formed
They clench tightly the thorns of today
They reflect lightly on the shadows of yesterday
They ponder deeply the wonder of days yet to come
They see far beyond the blood upon their hands
To dream of spring time and flowers yet to blossom
While the Eye of Saint Augustine peers deeply unto the night**

Random Reflections

The icon weeps and teardrops fall gently upon the dance floor
Forgotten faces flash before me
Sailor suits and Samarian pants glow in lights black as the depths of hell
A white boy with red hair carries a white rose while wearing a red dress
A temptress in a top hat whirls and twirls
Likened to an epileptic dervish
I'm late I'm late cries the rabbit as mercury fills the mad hatters mind
Celluloid nightmares flash across the screen I see a pig and a girl with ponytails they flop
up and down
Rhythmic ecstasy encases me
It is enhanced by ego and ergot
Vanity and virility pulse through their veins as they float on high above the mists of
madness
The insanity is joined by Wicca wannabes in the night
Dry eyed friends say goodbye for the icon has already shed all the tears
Sad faces Sad cases
Even the Prince of Darkness dances the dirge
No ties bind this night
No damsels dance
Lights pulsate in peculiar rhythms
The Prom Queen, noticeably absent has fastidiously faded into the Smokey Mountain
mists
We endlessly search for Brigadoon while false smiles conceal the emptiness
Endless epitaphs spew from the mouths of the living dead
A lady in violet ... pale as vampiric vengeance walks in the wake of the storm
Her long neck wistful and free seeks release in the vampires' kiss
The Grinch need not steal Christmas this day
The Grinch need not steal virginity or chastity this night
Go-Go girls in Goo-B-Gone lip gloss blow kisses at passersby
Each and every one of them a child of the night
Centerfold silhouettes swaying aimlessly to and fro
The smell of Knockwurst and nightshade fill the room
It sickens me far beyond the noise serendipity
Only silence can permeate the spirit
Empty hearts and minds encased in lackluster bodies appear before me as misfit mania
runs rampant
One red rose marks the spot where the final teardrop shall fall
It lays alone waiting and wilting while the echo of laughter haunts the halls
Bitter reflections ... Emptiness and Limelight and Suicide
In the end darkness and death engulfs us all

Naked Jungle

**Workaday vamps hold no tolerance for fools
They muse by machines eating sweet chocolate swirls
Sweet honey drenched harlots eating grape nuts for lunch
Washed out young faces with frosted flake smiles
Unlike vain vegan vixens who languish in the sun
They stand ever dreaming of Fruit Loops and beer
Deep in the distance scream dark naked jungles
They tremble in terror as dark secrets draw near
A chronicle of defiance ... flowers, faith, hope and fear**

Masters of Midnight

**Not all the dead are harmless
Not all the dead are blameless
The nature of the universe does not change
Not from the outside in
Not from the inside out
The masters of midnight know this
Collapsed galaxies bond together in evil esoteric combinations
One sucked in ... doubling dementia
One cast off ... to hunt and suckle alone
Each body is a galaxy glorious and gleaming
In life whirling and twirling
Worshiping and wishing
In death collapsing
In death constant
In death hungry for life
The masters of midnight know this
They dally in the darkness
They linger and lollygag with the dead and dying
Vicariously feeding off the ever fading elixir of life
Vicariously feeding off red, white, yellow, blue and orange dwarfs
Vicariously feeding off dying stars creating souls and holes blacker then their own hearts
Blacker then their own night
Consuming all the energy
Every essence
Every light**

Indeed

In the end

In the long run

The long goodbye shall come upon us quickly

It shall not come upon us with pomp and circumstance

It shall not come upon us with banners and standards

It shall not come upon us with kites and kerchiefs

It shall fall upon us quickly

Like heavy rain Chubby rain

Prolonged and drawn out

A bad movie in the making

Plan 9 from Outer Space

Heavy rain Heavy water

No rainbows shall mark its passing

Demon's tears shall fall not gently

They shall not fall as evening mist

They shall not fall as morning dew

The gods shall no longer brook the offence

The gods shall no longer let pass the slights of humanity

The gods shall no longer stand empty as we turn and walk from them

Without pomp and circumstance

Without banners and standards

Without kites and kerchiefs

A very bad movie in the making Indeed

One Day Soon

**That which is most important is this thing called love
Family, friends, house, home We love them all
At times we are even capable of loving our enemies
Sometimes we even fall in love with love
It is the fortunate man or woman who is loved in return
I sit and listen for the sound of love
But I only hear the sound of a teardrop falling on an ice encrusted wasteland
I listen for the sound of a footfall on a dew covered road from Nowhere
I listen in silence
I listen in the still of the night
I listen for the heartbeat of a soul mate
Softly muffled by the sound of dawn's sweet falling dew
Nevermore ... Nevermore
One day soon
Nevermore**

One day

**One day I shall run out of words
One day I shall run out of time
One day the last page of my calendar shall fall silently to the floor
All that I will leave behind are:
Those that I inspired
Those that I helped
Those that I loved
AND
Those that I made smile**

Paying the Price

**Haunted today by Christmas past
Shadows of oppression loom vivid upon the horizon
Lists and letters offered as proof
Innocents accused and abused for power, profit and expedience
Behind the mask of self-righteousness and virtue lie big ears
Big Brother ... Big Money ... Big Crime ... Big Time
Little People ... Set to fail and fall ... Liars listening ... Liars lamenting
Liars lusting after power
Preserving privilege and possession at all costs
Big Brother ... Big Crime ... Big Time ... Big Money
Little People ... Paying the price
Politics and Principle ... Passion and Pride
Oppression looms vivid and large upon the horizon
Death and Despotism march slowly across amber waves of grain
They shall arrive one day soon
Unnoticed and unchallenged
Ignored by the unconscious
Ignored by the subconscious
Welcomed by the woeful and willing
All others have fallen
Big Brother ... Big Crime ... Big Time ... Big Money
Little People ... Paying the price**

Midnight at the Oasis

A gilded cage glistens as music resounds and wafts through the darkness

Bodies swing and sway in the night

Passionate delights

Dark and mysterious women beckon

Night rider Sweet Glider

Auburn hair as long as her legs

Ponytail princess ... Birthday girl dream

Long legs and short skirt ... A fairytale fantasy

Dance princess dance ... Gilded cage glisten

Painted Belgian Blocks and plastic shackles

Night Stalkers and New-Be's

Painted ponies and Painted Ladies

Would-be Prostitutes and vixens

Late night low riders and secret secretaries

Dream of dungeons and dragons

Chain them to the wall with paper link chains

Hear them scream passionately

Force them to flash dance in fishnets

These delirious damsels ... These wet dream delights

Sway sweet heart sway ... Sweet passion in plaid

Dance darlin' dance ... Pretty poison ... Poison me

In Their Image

**Even the Gods feel the pain
Even the Gods feel the emptiness of loss
Even the Gods lay wounded and smitten by denial
By betrayal
Devastated by lost love
In the image of Gods we stand created
In the image of Gods we stand free
Creating and recreating the image of ourselves
Creating words and phrases and characters
Patterns and Illustrations
Paragraphs and pages
Leaf by leaf sowing the seed and telling the tale of eternity
The endless story born of the love and laughter of the Gods
For even they feel the pain
For even they feel the emptiness
Devastated by the loss of love
Wounded by the betrayal ... Smitten by the denial
In the middle of the story
In the middle of the storm
In the middle of infinity
We stand free
Alone to love
Alone to lose
Alone to feel the pain
In the image and likeness of the Gods who created us**

Born of the Abyss

Please Note ... Short Poems are miracles

**We are born of the Great Abyss
For wonder ... Joy ... Hope
And Love**

**We are born of the Great Abyss
For a planned partnership with Planet Earth
The contract reads: Life Death
Connect the dots**

**----- Fill in the blanks
With: Wonder, Joy, Hope
AND LOVE
Expect to be enchanted
BY
Wonder, Joy, Hope and LOVE**

Emo and Gothic Zombies

Another season of darkness is upon us

Those on high lay with lies

Those on high lie with half truths

Those on high tell twice told tales

Again and Again

Emo and Gothic zombies walk eyes cast downward

A Cambium Yellow bus waits at the intersection of Nowhere and Nevermore

Soon it shall take them to their part time prisons

Emo and Gothic zombies ... Eyes cast downward

No books

No pens

No crayons

No hopes

No dreams

No futures

All sit silent in the season of darkness

Questions remain unasked

Answers remain un-given

Another season of darkness

Another ice age of twice told tales

Dark Muse

**Skeletal faces encased in red ribbon bows
Brightness and brilliance beyond sparkling eyes
Tattooed silken thighs enshrouded in black
Let darkness prevail beyond black velvet door
Let skeletons dance upon my face as a floor
Let red ribbon earmuffs entangle my head
Let red ribbon earmuffs entangle my soul
Dark muse surround me and brighten my day
Let red ribbons and fishnets guide the way home
Let red ribbons and fishnets row cross the Rubicon
Sweet savage innocence dark muse prevail
Dark muse surround me and brighten my night**

Upon Morning Sky

**I am exactly what the gods created me to be ... unrepentant
So bless me father for I have not sinned
There is no sin in twilight
There is no sin in midnight
There is no sin in nightingale's song
Nightshade's lust inspires me
Belladonna bemuses me
I write with inkless quill
Upon morning sky
Mystic and alchemical text
Script hidden from prying eyes
Obscured from wretched souls by morning mist and dawn's dew
Sisters of the nightingale's song shall know of it
See it
Read it
Translate and understand it
They speak the language of punctuation by star and planet and moonbeam
They shall know
They shall see
They shall read
They shall translate and understand the message and magic of moon glow
Into twilight
Unto midnight ... Amidst nightingale's song
Belladonna and Nightshade will bemuse me and inspire me
As I write with inkless quill upon morning sky**

The Darker Side of Paradise

**Say goodbye to Sister Sun
Never again sweet Brother Moon
We look to the sky for hope and inspiration
On the darker side of paradise where the rubber meets the road
Love withers and dies as autumn leaves fall like rain
Dreams of happiness dissolve and vanish as snow
Carry me home ... Carry me home ... Sweet mountains mists carry me home
Say goodbye to Sister Sun
Never again sweet Brother Moon
Love withers and dies as autumn leaves fall
On the darker side of paradise where the rubber meets the road**

From the Gates of Hell

**History is the betrayer of time
She holds no tender mercies for sarcastic nobility
She holds no tender mercies for peasant princess or pirate king
From the bowels of Hades and the gates of hell where boundless bravado lay long gone
She will kiss and tell all that is witnessed by the sky above and the mud below
From the Bowels of Hades and the gates of hell she shall kiss and tell
She will reveal and cast light upon all that silence, contradiction and enigma have held
secret for ever-so-long
From the Bowels of Hades and the gates of hell she shall kiss and tell
She shall give up her secrets
She shall tell her tale
She shall yield to a yearning
For redemption AND ... For Paradise Lost**

Dreams and Schemes

**Dreams and schemes of a thousand yesterdays
Lay conspicuously withering in the throes of death
Before their eyes flash ghosts and visions of Christmas past
Ten thousand stars on high mark the mangers of ten thousand saviors
Living, laughing, loving, crying and dying
Ten thousand saviors seeking only to save themselves
Ten thousand dreams and schemes give up the last gasp
Ten thousand dreams and schemes give up the ghost of ten thousand yesterdays
Ten thousand ghosts Lost and failed souls recombine
Reform and reunite
Better dreams and schemes are born and blossom in hopes of fruition
Better dreams
Better schemes
Living, laughing, loving, crying and dying
In hopes of a better tomorrow**

Gravesend

**The white horse stands so proudly at Gravesend's golden gate
Calling softly beckoning quietly that each may ride**

Fools all fools

**Many have tried and so much more
Kings and Queens and Princesses
A jester and a whore**

**The King set out with his armies
To wage a glorious war
He found his way to Gravesend
Seeking glory beyond the door
The fool found strife on the other side
Where he wages war eternally
He dies each day in Gravesend
Approximately at three**

(That's Eastern Standard Time by the way)

**Now the Queen and Little Princess
They are quite the different tale
They took their lust upon the wing
And unto pleasure sailed
They Sailed and Sailed
And Sailed and Sailed
Unto Gravesend's Golden Gate
Where now their lust is Lunacy
And the moon is always full**

Fools all Fools

Many have tried

**For the White Horse stands at Gravesend
Calling Softly, Beckoning Quietly
That each may ride
So many have tried, so many have died**

So a question remains

On the Jester friends

And the Lady of the Night

**For they did not ride - Walked side by side
And since then they can't be found
No doubt they are making love somewhere
Quite Happy - Quite Safe ... And Quite Sound**

The Mathematics of the Mundane

With Pythagorean precision the children listen and learn
The Euclidian Mystery calls out only to those of the doctrine
Calls out only to those of the discipline
They ponder its meaning
They gather and sow
They strive to understand ... they conceal ... they disclose
The wit and the wisdom of the wicked and the wise
Fools bound on high swing this way and that
Universal pendulums sway to and fro, ever unable to find the perpendicular
The sub-linear mind seeks the perfect point of mediocrity
While masters of perspective seek only the isometric wonder of center
In the circle of life
In the vacuum of time and space the conspiracy of nature is to expel the emptiness
In the vacuum of time and space the conspiracy of nature is to equalize the experience
In the vacuum of time and space the conspiracy of nature is to fill the void
Far beyond the rational of the sub-linear mind
The fools bound on high in ignorance still sway to and fro
Marinating the motion ... the enigma of energy
Creating the pattern ... creating the balance ... dividing the divinity
Defining the duality with the diagonals of destiny
The nature of seduction defines darkness and daylight
Maintaining the motion, the enigma of energy draws in darkness the first mystic rose
So begins the solstice of seduction
The tsunami of stupidity
The Equinox of hypocrisy as we beg for the wages of wisdom while seeking the sincerity of
science
In the temple of deceit we unearth the answers to long forgotten questions
Textbook theologians blunt the wonders of thought
Textbook theologians bludgeon imagination and intuition
They kneel before the altar of their certainty
Celebrating the celibacy of the singular mind
Celebrating with certainty their covenant of conviction
Standing in the center of the circle of life
Dividing the span between good and evil
Dividing the span between the wicked and the wise
Dividing the span between the darkness and the daylight
Dividing and defining the glories of the cosmic experience
Creating the mathematics to measure the mundane

We Waltz

**Afar beyond the gates of serendipity the golem of mediocrity awaits
Toothless jaws agape with the wonders of all that is pointless
The universe has gone Poseidon
Topsy-turvy ... askew
Reality looms large in the rear view mirror of yesterdays long gone by
Tomorrow! Today's hopes and dreams will vanish into the distance
Wit and wisdom will stand speechless in the face of philosophic annihilation
In the wasteland of nothingness we waltz hand in hand unto the gates of serendipity
Where the toothless golem of mediocrity awaits
Jaws agape with the wonder of all that is pointless**

Daddy Calls

**When reapers pass Ellen Sweet
Nightmares ride and daddy calls
Psyche deep when doors unlocked
When reapers pass and nightmares ride
Dark hallways loom and shadows crawl
When nightmares ride and reapers pass
With terror's cry nameless faces scream
Helpless bound in horror's eye
Behold your life when reapers pass
Count your blessings
When daddy calls
For nightmares ride
Ellen Sweet
When reapers pass and daddy calls**

Rainbows and Lollypops

Rainbows and lollypops do not exist within the shadows of good and evil. For Denmark to live Hamlet must die and the sins of Ophelia must be laid bare at the foot of the castle. Sweet moaning midnights meander afar as licorice ladies flash, flame and fandango to the devil's delight.

In the end however only the soldier and the student survive. As we all know the gates of heaven require very large keys and before the gates of hell the universe does not intercede in the name of love.

The gardens of good and evil endlessly battle. They grow gaining ground as weeds and weeping willows flourish afar. Beyond the bounds of reason, righteousness and reality they overgrow Eden.

**They endlessly expand the garden
Where rainbows and lollypops can never exist.**

The Poem and the Pearl

**In the arms of insanity sleeps the fool
For I am no more than dust and rust
Drawn unto earth only as a matter of cosmic coincidence
And the force of gravity
She is the ether ever wafting between wind and wave
Alighting only momentarily to stand between the rose and the rainbow
She is a girl, a lady, a woman, a songstress and a chanteuse
Damn those French! ... They have a different word for everything
She is in need of nothing
Yet still she walks alone upon the beach seeking something
What does one write to such a girl, to such a lady?
What does one give to such a woman?
A songstress and a Chanteuse
Ever hovering
Alighting only momentarily to stand between the rose and the rainbow
What does one write?
I have only my words
Perhaps one day they will be read
I possess only one gift that is born of the sea
Born of the wind and the wave
Perhaps one day it shall be worn
By she who alights for only one moment
To stand between the rose and the rainbow
I have nothing to offer but this poem and a pearl**

**Golden Caskets
Observations and Musings
In Verse and Verbiage
By
T. Crawford-Crawford
(The Illiterate Poet)**

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