



Of Shadows and Light

By Kathryn L. Knox

This is a book of the poetry of me.

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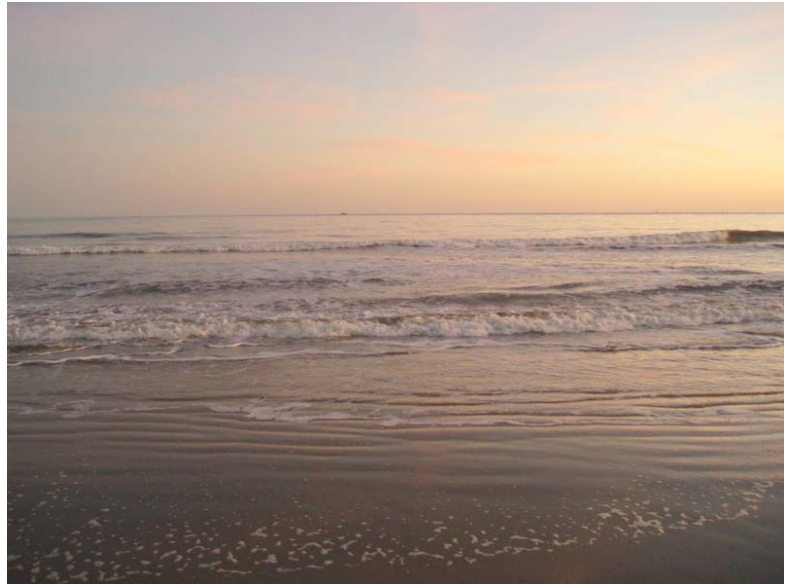
AUTHENTIC

A reflection
of the like
brings such a satisfaction to end the searching.

Mirrors
are precise
in revealing where we are.

A revelation of validation
I meet... who I am --
and the out-picturing
is a lovely rendition
of who I've always dreamed myself to be.

lele



MY REASON

A life is how we grow it.

...My life is how I tell & show it.

The earth of our history has been fashioned by our ancestors, paved in a way to give us options to walk the same template or forge our own stones.

Is it fertile and receptive, or unyielding and tracked.

Is it fraught with idiosyncrasies and deficiencies and prophesied curses we are powerless to reverse?

...Or rich and malleable with the beckoning to mark our own ingenuitive path?

We are born with the exact-right parents and environment to enact the karma which is ours to traverse.

We are given the choice to follow our journey with the pseudo-dignity of blind resignation slipping into the groove already-made or the angst of rebellion to create a new way, a rebirthed way, of shattering the pattern and pioneering our individual legacy.

We are not put here to begin profound then shrink.

We are not put here to wake bright then fade.

We are not put here with a voice singing to be heard then silence ourselves to invisibility...Then to die. Be gone. Disappeared, forgotten.

We are ALL destined to adventure our way through this thing we call experience.

We are ALL becoming the greatness that is our duty to manifest.

We are simple, we are complex. We are mundane, we are brilliant. We are elated and motivated and positive aglow — we are depressed and sorrowful and woefully numb. A conglomeration of contradictions glued together, together. A resource of information intertangled and entwined, we are a jungle of connection of one-spirit one-mind.

All these facets of me are not complications, they are a vitally critical piece-of-the-puzzle. All the blues of the sky blend with those of the waves — but when we epiphany-click them into place, they stand as a unit with the whole and everything starts to make sense.

This life I've built has been shredded and torn apart at the seams. It's been reworked and revamped so it doesn't feel like the same quilt-of-circumstances I embarked to have you see. It's been illuminated and burned so the foundations of a multi-level hovel is now a mansion of imprecise perfection.

I have died and been reborn so many times I am a universe unto myself. ...A damaged child, a confused girl, a searching woman, a completing soul...

Who am I? I ask myself,... when the embodiment of this life I've painted on canvas and written in endless novels is the monument that stands as the testament of me.

The touch of my life has spilled a million different ways and directions to cause exponential ripples to snuggle or crash against yours — your touch has searched for me, found me, found me and laid claim. We are a collective-consciousness when all we have to learn, is that your puzzle is also a part of mine. We belong. We are amalgamated. We are transformed. We are home.

We were born to be unified within ourselves and with each other.

We were born to be resolved with our issues and dilemmas and pasts.

We were born to realize our impact in making a statement of our ability to reach toward enlightenment and become,...better.

We were born to have serenity and confidence in our worth because EVERY insignificant detail has raised-up a Shangri-La empire from a clean slate of beginnings — and WE.

Were the tool.

That God.

Decided to use.

All the troubles and travails, all the glitches and false-starts, all the stumbles and cracks, all the groping, flailing, and lament.

All the joy and growth, all the gloriousness and surprise, all the hope and love, all the friendship and family...

Life.

Let fall away the doubt that what we haven't done is too much.

Let fall away the questioning that what we are isn't enough.

Release the heaviness that we are tired and will not be able to finish this race at a sprint.

Release the burden that we will not be happy and capable to be beautiful in the end.

Release the mind-set that the weariness-inside is too much, too much.

Pray instead for the strength and DESIRE to embrace the picture of your life as the most fantastical poem that you have gifted to me.

You have saved me in so many ways you could have never known... When I was a pool of despair you didn't know that it was your kind encouragement which kept me afloat. When I was floundering in chaos, you sharing yourself and how you've been there before, shined a light to guide me out of the dark. You didn't even speak, you just stroked me on my arm and I needed that oh so badly, to have human-contact with another — it made me weep inside and break through the hazy-dim to want MORE. You read my stories and say your thoughts, you argue with me and stick to your opinions, you let The-God-in-You come play with mine,... the vibration of you resonates with me, and the clarity and peace that ensues gives me a haven for all my answers.

You give me TIME, that I call mine — and the proof of it smiles upon me like a thousand candles rising into the sun.

My life has unfolded and refolded into an origami army of swans and airplanes, flying me to a fantasy place I could have never predicted — and you need to know,... that you were the air that carried me there.

My life is your life and your life is mine.

WE — together,
and never alone
— are the reason.
My reason.



lele

SYMMETRY

Mind blown, senses reeling, what IS this full-circle that's come to me of me...

For myself I never dreamed that you would come back into my now, and so the memories are waterfalling back into my consciousness -- stirring me, moving me, provoking me to nameste the chaos into an ethereal embrace. Don't know what I think, don't know what I feel, this unreal reality such an overwhelming culmination of everything that was so right gone wrong for a beyond-righteous reason. How many are as lucky to receive the message of exactly why things happened as they did, how many are grateful enough to flow the blessing into their veins as a deserved reward and sigh of validation.

So strange so strange, I remember the acceptance but don't recall the pain -- yet we were always the haven where I couldn't remain. Your resonating voice brings me to a place of wonder and awe, that we both could've grown to become what we were destined to be, but only because we were removed from each other to see what the universe would deem.

Flashes in time from when we were being made, to finally understand the why of the shredding



of our attachments to render us blank and empty so we would be receptive to the surrender of us choosing to build the monument of honoring ourselves. The crashing that came before seems insignificant in comparison to the light that grew, emanating from the divergence and destruction and annihilation that sprung forth a phoenix. From the flames we arose a reincarnated spirit of energy, flying and flying into the unknown because we knew that was where we belonged...

To reside in the nothingness until the priority of truth came awake -- our warriorhood strode forward onto a guided path of unmapped destiny. No longer who we were, no longer who we were not -- we were chosen to be that something *other*, of strength, of divine intervention, of magnitude of what it true,... we are the prophesied promise that a seed in the sun of love can become one with the stars.

Pure,... clean,... new. Reborn.

kelk

HONESTY SLUGGED LIKE LEMONADE

Last night... I tried to hide. Too much honesty poured from a bottle, slugged like lemonade, battle-ramming open the door of safe coincidence -- provoking us,... enticing us, to lay the cards (regardless of whether they've been played, might be played, won't be played, or not) out on to the table. So you asked "what is it you need from *me*?" And I shook, trembling in my heart in my knees, wondering wondering -- if I told you my truth... would you go away run away leave me



all alone all alone? Was it fair, to be so selfish, to say "I need you. But I need you to love me but not fall *in* love with me. I need you to flirt with me but have it mean nothing. I need for you to want me adore me for the platonic ambiguous friend I can be. I need for you to trust me when I say I cannot give more to you but want to give everything to you and want us to grow and grow but with no agenda." While I confessed this to you... I cried... and covered my eyes. Hoping maybe that if I couldn't see you, you couldn't see me, and I was seeking to delay being witness to the possibility that there might be hurt in your eyes, and I couldn't bear to see that. So, feeling like a little girl -- I covered my eyes, and forced myself to say the words anyways. Haltingly, beseechingly. And when you pulled my hand away, it was so I could see the integrity and caring on your face while you whispered words of reassurance and comfort. That we were mirrors of each other and there need not be fear that I was leading you on. Because we are pieces of each other in each other and we cannot hurt ourselves, not if we're true. My soul sighed. Awed by a humbleness and relief, that I would be allowed and granted every wish in regard to you. And you would be an honorable man solid man in my life, and I would never kiss you, except in my mind. And we would be present only in the now -- and live the karmic unfolding of us as we are and should be. And for that my friend, I am eternally grateful. That I deigned to walk through fire, and you were there,... on the other side with the salve of friendship to extinguish my fears. And it is the best dream I could ever dream for myself.

lele



CHOKER

Whisper
In the dark
Someone save me
from myself
The me that drowns in
darkness
When I know
nothing else.

Light it chokes behind the clouds
waiting to be found
Love me live bring me inside
it's crazy thoughts that choke my mind.

Nothing amounts to nothing when I see what I'm without
When I can't see the shine of day
When living in the shade of doubt.

Shadows crawl from the outside
find a safe place wet inside me
I'm swimming in a sea of tears
when sorrow makes me not see

Be my prince make fairytales
then ride me 'way from here
I can't stand me
I can't stand this
Won't you save me from my bliss

Nothing amounts to nothing when I see what I am not
I'm waiting here to please be found when in myself I'm lost.

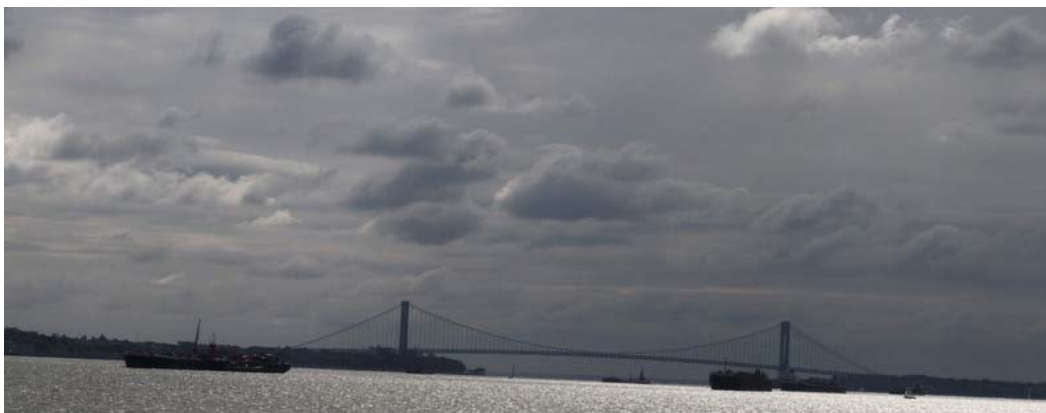
kelk

MOSTLY I DREAM

Mostly I dream of finding someone I can touch with my spirit and they can feel me. That a sense of the vibe between us is of each, yet also a connection of something inexplicable and irresistible and... home. A calling to me, of a piece of myself fitting, clicking into place like a puzzle with an answer – and it is a completeness that I could never understand but don't care that, or if I do,... only that there is a rightness to it, a sigh of relief, to finally rest, because I am intune with this other and it raises me to another, a higher, level.

I try to make my life a nice place to live and maybe... someday... someone will want to live in it with me. My hope is to find someone, be with someone, whom we are addicted to each other yet obsessed with constructing our own lives. And through our liaison we are made freer and stronger by association and choice. That our discovery of each other is a journey innocent and joyful – gaining courage through vulnerability and autonomy, and we are made and remade simply by the presence of the other -- existing. Love, to me, is a soulful permission to be and become ourselves while also accepting the other's unfold. A faith, that our energy is neither stolen nor stifled but rather merged and grown in an environment of trust and desire. The caress of two spirits coming together is an intermingle of chaos and irrational logic that is at once a righteous catalytic equation made true because... it. Just. Is. This vibration thrums and thrives at a place requiring no explanation, no definition as it smiles and laughs its way to multiply exponentially infinitely to the stars. There is no past, there is merely now, – and the now becomes forever due to it already has been. Funny how I thought this would be a noisy infatuation fitting its way into societal propriety – when really it is such a quiet confidence running bone-deep as a fluid grasp of gentle knowing. Everything, every THING, happens for such a reason. I am at a time when ego is continuously battled and killed, and lies still only through my embrace of poignant loneliness and fiery resistance to demons – living through the dichotomy that relinquishing control frees me to receive my dreams... I am released and freed to allow my passion for living to be all of me and none of me because I am my own purpose and I am arrived.

Who you will be to me remains to be seen and I am humbled and honored to have felt the meet of your soul. I let it wash over me as if standing under a waterfall and because you ARE... I am blessed with a clarity that all is well in the universe... and within me. Here's to our amazing selves and the lovely future as it reveals its unraveling mystery.



klik



THE PRICE OF PATIENCE

What is this space between too-slow time?

Liquid emotion,... taunting.

When the breaths are too long apart to share the same air, to taste the permission you give with your kisses – I wonder... is it these places of neither here nor there, that

make the moment significant? By comparison by contrast, the height of where we reside removes the dull of smoky pale and polishes the mundane to bright.

Such a surge from swallowed moans -- perspective blends with melted dreams of yesterdays' ache sliding into whirlpool fantasies born. Is what I remember true?... Did you make this feeling within me, or did

it... make you?

lele

FLY AWAY

Thirsty, you came to the table unprepared
you liked the way I said light and life
but then you ran away scared.

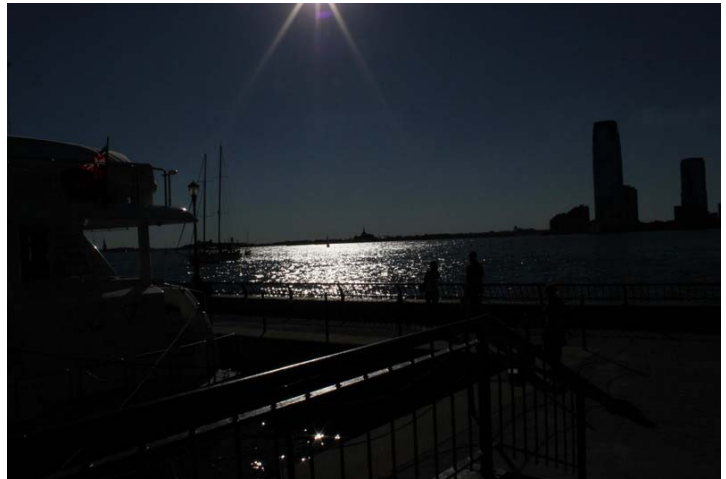
You said square pegs don't fit in round holes anyways
but we fit till the love filled up too much of your head.
Fly away rockstar to find your own name,
your own face in the mirror was never the same,
We fought till the fights didn't make any sense
no surrender to fighting to maintain pretense
When love is a lie you're just lying in shame
then you can't see the light and the life in my pain.

Angry you threw away all that we were
I was never your friend while I was your girl
You needed the closeness you mistook for love
then I got way too close
so you left just because.

Fly away rockstar to make your own fame
Your refusing to play never ended the game,
you said you couldn't leave 'cause you loved me too much
then you left 'cause it hurt you for needing my touch
When love is a lie you're just lying in shame
then you can't see the light and the life in my pain.

Hollow you came to me begging, no more
when my laugh wasn't right enough to open the right door
Does my voice still reach you deep in your dreams?
as you're haunted by when you were happy and free?
You decided our fate with one strike don't look back
If you stop you'll remember you stole every chance
A victim who claims that he never felt heard
Can you tell me, if ever, you told me in words?
Fly away rockstar never be tamed
'cause the price of destruction is always the same
You came to the table and ate up your fill
Then flew away blind over love you chose will
Run away rockstar to make your own name
You'll remember me someday
but it won't
be today.

klk





A SOUL'S BESEECH FOR ITS COLLECT

I do not want an ordinary relationship – I want an extraordinary one. One of two halves brought whole. Like tandem racing gazelles leaping with psychic choreography to an unknown unplanned destination... Like a duet flight of hawks soaring, soaring -- lifted by the wish of the wind to a glorious invisible ethereal plane... Like two dolphins conquering oceans waves sliding weightless, effortless through tumbling ages, timeless meaningless meaningful reincarnation. No explanation required, no intuition justified. Just animalistic relating, trusting the wont of its nature.

We are spirits born in bodies to bring harmony between soul and earth. We are spirits born separate to recollect ourselves. We have only to break our ties with the limitations of being mortal to build a love together that no man or test could put asunder. An exemplary, fantastical epitome for all others to marvel at and aspire to emulate.

We have this choice, this horizon, this threshold. Will we cling to the gravity in habit of old or will we reach for a celestial ideal within our grasp? We groom each other -- raise the bar of expectation, of dreams. We battle each other -- finding the territory and beauty of confine, longing for understanding in the symmetry of contrasts. Is autonomy really the goal of your intent? In a place of between, I sense your struggle. I am powerless in the wake of your uncertainty -- wondering why you hesitate, wondering why you don't make our alignment be true. You have your own path of conflict to walk and so I wait at the edge of your dark, coaxing your emergence from restless sleep. The question of merging stands ready for your surrender. Softly... you balk, and what readiness is that of you for the will of the universe?

I cannot bestow upon you clarity nor can I make for you your choice. I am impatient my love, for our future to begin be here, still you vacillate on the verge and I tenderly feel your angst. We are beings of light therefore must embrace the black. You are intune with much however you are afraid to leave your solitude. Can you not smell the ray of desirous success within your reach? Yet you grope eyes closed unseeking the joy beyond. All this hibernating in you, you are pushed to contemplate your yearn. Passion is something that must be actively consciously fed but you are starving and hoard your share in fear. Let loose and fly, the universe will catch us

aloft and we will become our fantasy made alive. No looking back – we have only nows for our destiny. Throw off the weight of the world you keep on your own shoulders, they anchor you down to the mundane, and we... we have heaven to attain. Give over to every thing you wish you didn't have to do, for it is a symbolism to non-aliens and are unimportant in relation to the task – our task. The cloak of independence is contradictory to the mate of souls, let go of self, of personality... to gain the next level,... of together.

When you choose to get lost in your purpose the rest will be simply easy. Two are stronger than one and two as one is the strongest of all. Release yourself from rebellion and do not resist abandoning the ways of the damaged, for your fate is about allowing us to unfold and unfurl, and do not let me weep too long at your pause.

Crossroads must happen for you to gain your armor of confidence. Listen to your angels for they sing the direction you must take. Be brave, this trial is about your memory and emphatically I say there is no room for it with instinct. Why do you search for a message to stay with the comfortable when no such message is being spoken? Guardians are whispering your own asked-for signs yet you deny and pretend you must hear them aloud. What use is the illusion of reality when you impose your demand that it be made real?

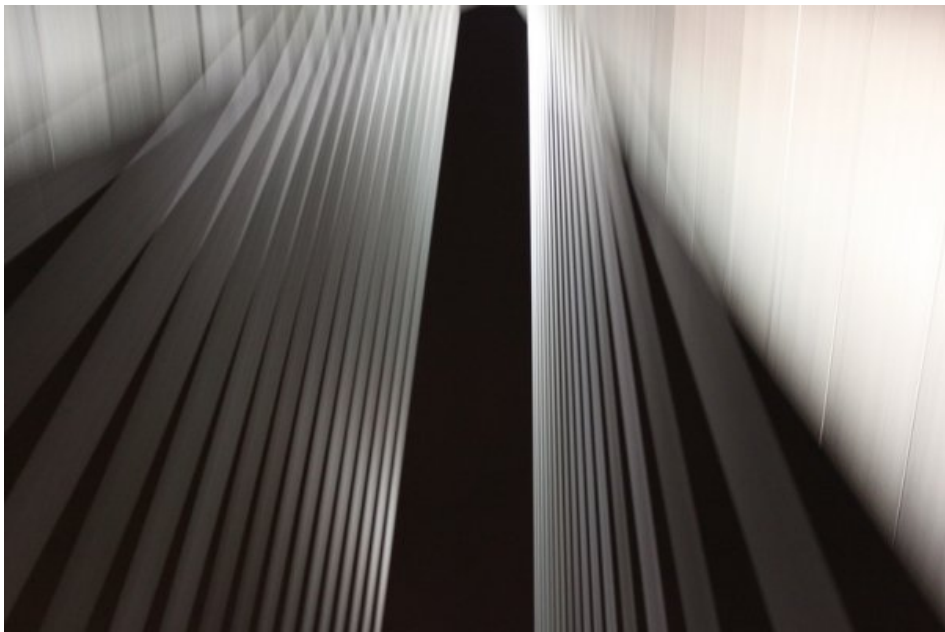
Love is waiting, I am waiting – and will you... wait, to have your cake and eat it too?

Time is precious as it is nothing, so then why delay the obvious by burrowing in discontent when the blanket of tranquil assimilation calls your name?

Oh the crux of our many teachings clashing. A storm of malevolent proportions threaten to swallow you while you could be consuming me. Be not afraid of my light for it could prove to be your saving grace and then the germination of your thrive will be exploded and then truly, you will be power.

But... these encouragements I sigh and place humbly at your feet are left stagnating for your stir. Will you awake? Or will you keep your eyes closed for a moment too long and when they open I was a figment of your imagination disappeared into the mist?

lele



INKLING

Could you garner the tender resolve in your heart, that would be required to forgive me without the words?

Can I pray that you think of me fondly and want to rise to the occasion... be gentle... easy about me in your thoughts? Is it fair that I pray so selfishly... for me?

I can only hope for the best, that the sweet man I saw again the other night is the one that arrives special -- and that occasionally, he will want to stay.

Please remove from me these dark thoughts of rejection condemnation abandonment playerness. To quit preparing for the worst so that my heart will not break any more than how it is. My thoughts need a cleansing...

to regain an innocence and invitation to possibility. I am afraid, so afraid that jaded cynicism has taken root within me and even as we speak is ravaging veins of pathways to choke out the remainder of lovely sighs in remembering you.

Silly school girl pretending to not care if he calls or doesn't... can you deny the seeping depression that threatens to stain your disposition?

I forget how to be optimistic. Is that believing in a fantasy-land fairytale ending or trusting that reality will reveal all things in time?

Regardless -- I must concentrate on the universal consciousness that your intention is true and you have only peace and softness for me.



WHO I

Who I am
is not dictated by the words on paper.

Who I am
isn't even what you see.

Who I am
isn't the clothes or hair,
but the essence of power that resides in me.

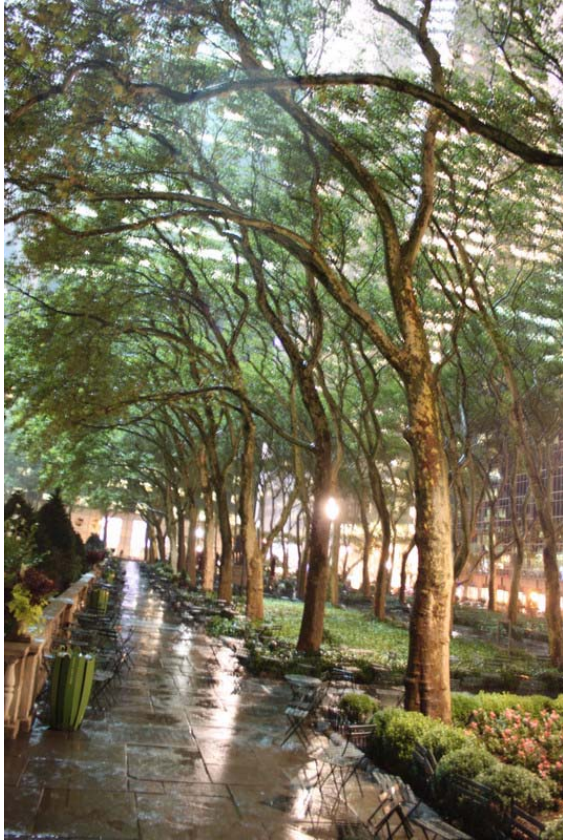
Every nuance of what I present to you is in my smile,
the grace to be blessed to follow my dream – when we meet, it will be a higher power in
charge
and so instead of worry for the words or first impressions,
I will instead enjoy the moment for what I can bring to it,



Because I have learned that I am loved
and I am love, and I am beautiful and I am
worthy,
And I am grateful.
For my chance, to share me.

klk

THE CHAIN IS WITHIN US, CONNECTING US



All that is adversity pales in the magnitude of our
light.

Not a quiet thing, not a still thing, not an
invisible thing – but a simmering energetic
explosion... barely contained in the confines of
this temporary fragile shell of iron-will.

Contrast teaches us direction, leading us to the
truest depths of our desires.

Have faith that we are exactly where we are
supposed to be, BEING exactly...and simply...
who we are. Righteous is the grasp that all is
perfect in the unfolding of the plan, just as we
are perfection embodied to be an integral part of
the fit.

We are important.

We are worthy.

We are sister goddess women.

And we. Are. Now.

lelle

DELICIOUS

Delicious. Just rolling the word off the tongue brings a sultry kind of naughtiness to the senses... Delicious... delectable... enticing, lickable, thrum.

A kiss to my mind that thought-of-a-thing could bring pleasure in idea. ...And idea becomes a tangible expression of me, through me, from me.

A color evokes a memory -- sweet lime marinated in Patron, basking in tangy salt... the serene clear of sake dropped in sparkling bubbly-gold of Sapporo... the intrigue of luscious pink lips smiling for a touch... the red passion of wanton desire culminated in the black of deep night.

A taste of remembering who I was when -- the smell of rain waking me to the warmth of a hug from behind... the bodies mingled in a crowd universally excited to win the game... the quiet of coffee welcoming me in the morning.

To find the grace in this life to feel, really FEEL, that all things that caress a simple moment -- brings poignancy as the truest of truths... delicious is the appreciation of embracing the elusive gift in the orangy-vibrant-russets of a sunrise, or the aqua-turquoise churning of the ocean, because we are blessed with the ability to receive it.

That the humility in sharing company and presence of another is the connection glorifying collective-consciousness of a whole.

That there is something in me provoked when I contemplate certain words, is to witness their impact on my psyche and emotionality and spirit, and in tune give it back to the world through my satiation and art -- love.

That to enjoy the serenity in isness... is... delicious.

lelk



RISE

Broken and burnt until all that was familiar and recognizable -- is ashes.

To lie in the darkness battered yet unyielding, waiting... creating the moment when the impossible is within my power. Mount the skyscraper-tower obstacles with purpose, stoking flame from embers seeking to die, for it is in death that opportunity for resurrection beckons. Find me, become me, breathe me, believe.

To garner up the resolve to rise and fly when even one small step seems beyond my reach -- so is the way of being reborn. The remnants to be cast away unto a sea of constant ravages,... mind is the tsunami that threatens to draw a spirit into the whorls of chaotic questioning. Stand fast on an island within your heart of quiet confidence, that righteous reinvention lies the way of the most difficult path... through the forest of black unwelcome because steel cannot be forged in the cool comfort of the known.

Rail against the mundane complacency because what the hell glory resides in being fucking ordinary?

Push. Drive. Refuse. Rebel. Release the force of surging defiance and resist the sirens seduction of being satisfied with enough.

Drink tears of humble endings because this is the way of the phoenix... and this -- is the way of the hard routine.

kkk





ACTUALIZATION

What is life but a coming together of spirits born aloft, floating floating until they find foundation in others.

Kindred-souls recognize the inexplicable mesh of unexplainable like -- and so, friends with no provable history are made. How the laughs of many, lock jigsaw into a puzzle needing no answer -- only that the symmetry and the soothe is a wash of sighing relief and grinning release. The embrace of receptivity and reciprocity cast effervescent bubbles of mirth and giggles out into the collective-consciousness universe affecting it with a chance to be damn well pleased.

You are a gift among mortals for the artist is a tumultuous mind and potentially angst-riddled non-comprehension of time, that must somehow somehow cohesively manifest itself into something expressible to understand. You,... are arrived.

lele

SURRENDER

Forces in opposition meet and culminate, causing a catalyst of supernova possibilities.

The shift in processing to throw off the shroud of old and bask in the glory of light, opens doors of contemplation wide, and the soar in creative introspection blossoms.

The magnetism of opposites attracting draws me toward the flame of rebirth And the phoenix stirs lovely in the awakening of its purpose

Again.

The grandeur of simplicity in that all things happen for a reason sighs with satisfaction in righteous realization...

This.

Here.

Finally.

What is life but a concentric cycle constantly moving toward resounding completion of self -- in finding grace in the reflection of the mirror of you.

kkk



WHAT IS CHEMISTRY?

That elusive inexplicable something... Nothing-provable
havoc-causing thing?

We get antsy if it's not there anxious if it is -- conflicted if it
wavers or vacillates, confused that we feel controlled by it
but want more anyways.

The symphony of our attraction.

The music that accompanies our compatibility...our
questions, doubts, wants.

The hunger of our soul that longs to be satiated by the
touch of another.

The ruin of our autonomy.

The voice of illogical reason.

Energetic affection without a physical caress.

The sigh of the earth drinking the rain.

The feeling inside me that wants you there with it.

The dissolving of fear into desire.

The sizzle of liking you without knowing you instigating the
wish to know more.

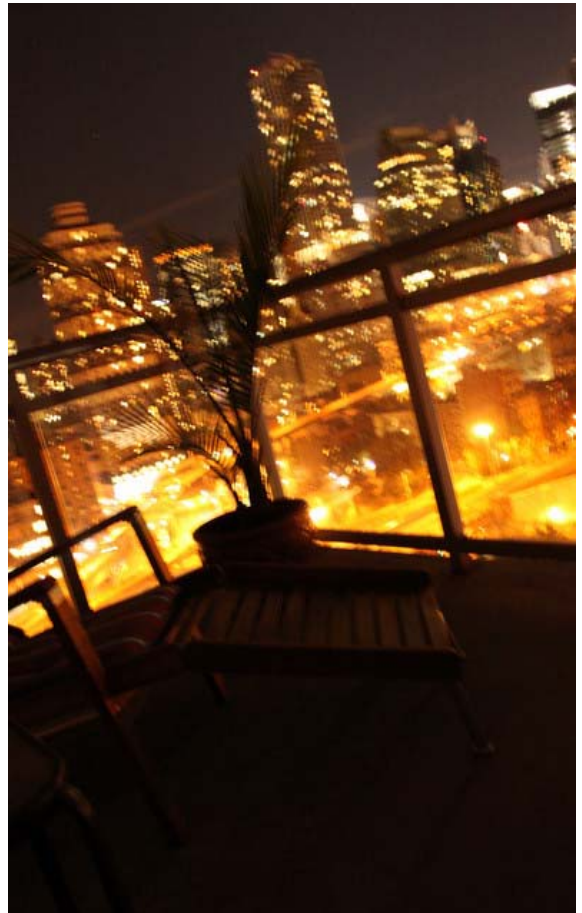
Need not feeling like neediness.

The addiction that doesn't care for a cure.

Being drawn to you without will...

...And... having the waiting be over.

klk





NEVER WHAT IT SEEMS

We are the tempering of steel for a samurai sword.

The folding of over & over

the laying-on of layers melted and molten pounded
and pounded and pounded again.

The steel has to first be made soft...

changed from everything it thought it was not,
destroyed of everything it thought it was.

The steel has to be inspired to be receptive,
malleable to the hands of its creator -- coaxed into
the promise that after the pain of being torn apart
torn down, the plan of the universe is a grand
dream of possibility... of inexorable fortitude and
inexplicable strength.

Shaped by the loving eye of noblest intention, how
could the risk of trusting a promise that doesn't
make sense, actually make sense?

That the process of hardening into a prayer of
anomaly caresses a vision of what could be, into a
something from nothing, created from the raw.

The razor of incomprehensible solidifies. Once you were liquid, once you were dead. Once you were shapeless, undefined, and unled.

But now, a hair can be split on the hone of your cohesiveness... and all it took, was a little of the unexpected.

And "unwanted"... and unforeseeable.

maybe,... maybe

we are that.

kelk

JUST WAIT

We are scared that we know ourselves a little too well,...
those demons that sing to me -- a siren's song of never now/never mine.
I step calculatedly through my life
tiptoeing among half-exposed landmines of the past wondering,... wondering,... why things,
every thing, is a good idea, a lovely idea an out-of-reach idea of happiness destined only, for
others.

All this angst --

rising up in me, conflicting me confusing me confounding me into the brainwash of accepting
that forever-love/forever-faithful is an illusion of propaganda whispered at the beginning of
time, nestling in my brain as the philosophy of permission to avoid actually making the
contribution of my karma to make things different.

make

them

BETTER,...

make the perceptions of building
my life one brick at a time, a
possibility of my own architecture
and design and to hell with
everything "they" say because
"they" can't DO.

Have I fallen for the hypnotic
mantra of never-me/never-mine
because I'm clinging for a
justification to run?

When I think about it I'm terrified,

when I don't think about it I'm scared, When I let go too quickly, the quicksand sucks greedily
gleefully at my feet, at my amnesia -- oh, I forgot that I'm not supposed to fall.

Not supposed to remembering to live my now, one now at a time Not supposed to let someone
else in, to rampage and make me love them/want them/want the elusive dreams that are a nice
idea for somebody, everybody else.

She says to me,... run if you're going to -- but why bother to logic the magic out of love for the
rest of us, when we are perfectly happy to be disillusioned by the purity of who-the-hell-knows
what tomorrow brings,... I only know, that when I picture my future... I don't know what it is,...
but I do know, I see you there, with me... in it.

And I don't care that you care too much, or that you care too little -- that you give too much,
that you'll never give enough, only that despite your demons singing to you, make your own
music and follow your own tune stay, and give us the chance of we'll see... we'll see.



WHERE'S THE FINALLY?

The elements of all the pieces of my heart – mix up in the cement mixer of my mind and pour down upon my sane. All these rocks, all this earth, all the sticks and stones that break my bones – collide until I realize, that at the core of it all,... is me. The me I am, the me I refuse to see. The me I have been, and the me I am becoming.

Ironic -- how as the Chinese tug-o-war trick that my fingers are in, the more I pull the tighter it gets,... why do I keep screaming to be free of these shackles and chains when it's me who's locked me up and thrown away the key? WHY is this surrender so hard? WHY is the acknowledging that I am not the power in control of everything I juggle, SUCH the lie I ever believe? WHY is it God, that

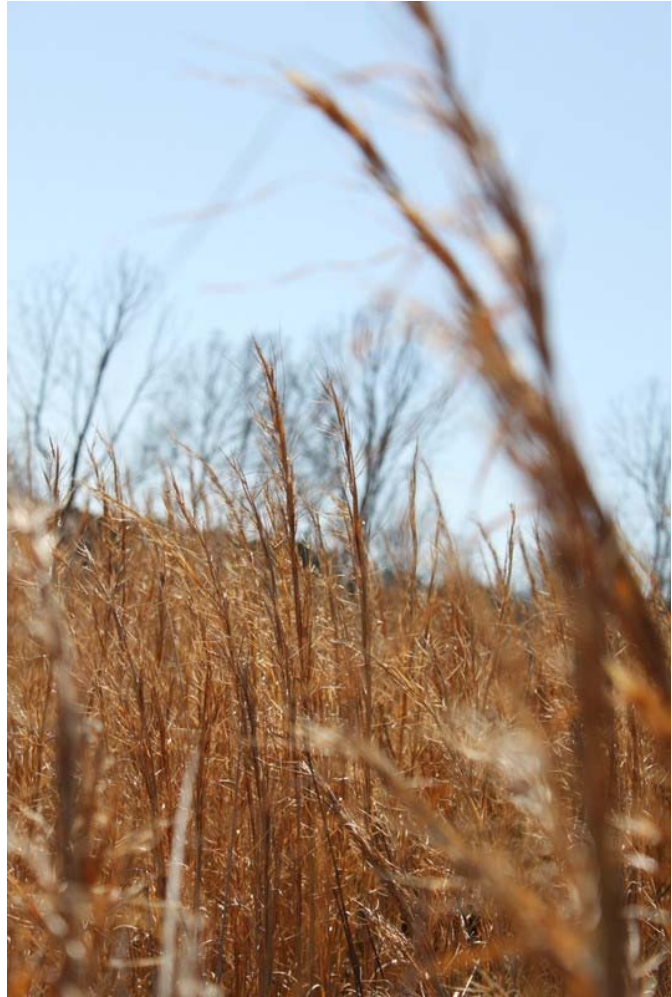
you keep speaking and speaking to me,... yet I turn the sound off on the t.v. – not quite bringing myself to switch off the power, but this way I can fool myself in saying I'll learn how to read lips? Do I pride myself in doing it the hard way? Do I get a kick out of kicking myself and claiming I survived? Do I stroke my own ego to burn myself to ashes so I can pretend to be a phoenix and munchhouzen-syndromely herald to the WORLD that I am my own KING???

All I know for now... is that I am tired. So tired of trying to figure out the mask.

Will you please help me?

Help me take it off?

I think my real face is under here,... but who am I and what is real?





ALWAYS

No matter how we grow, we'll always be Daddy's little girl...

The memories live on through us, and as the cauldron for holding and passing those thoughts -- we honor the sacred position of father. They watch as we go on, nudging and hugging their spirit to ours... and so we're never really alone, guided by a whispered voice calming us, soothing us. As we take this time to reflect on how we were impacted, affected... let's let the love turn to light and surround us with a protective blanket, sharing the position of being special – as something no one or death cannot take away,... of being a daughter.

lele

WARRIORS IN OUR OWN RIGHT

Flesh turns to steel as we strip away the trivialities of the mundane.

Through the clashing storm of tears, sweat, and magnitude of spirit,
in a rage we attacked the task with the brotherhood of pure will.

Power -- clean to the bone,... the hunger to annihilate demons of the mind and whispers of fear
tickling down our backs,... everything, it ALL,... shrank to less than a nothingness as we
refused. To surrender to mediocrity.

We are FAMILY

Writing our own epic tale of shared trials and tribulations,

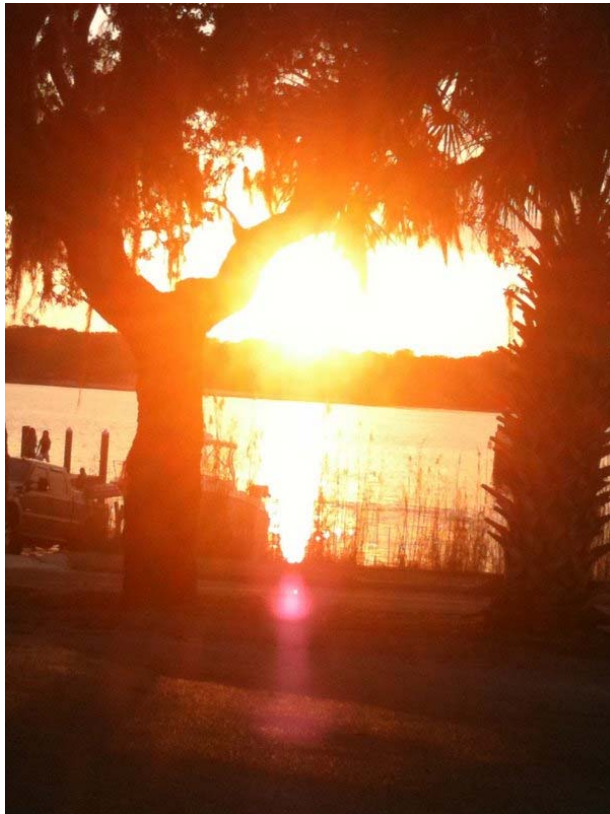
And today... this day...

together,

We won.

kelke





ENTROPY

Overwriting the spiral of a damaged time,
You sold the sale and closed the deal,
And now that she is here -- I sometimes
wonder what's real...

Washed in the brain with the empty of your
words,
Not meaning anything that could last in this
world.
Hatred turned indifferent simmers down to die
The love dissolves melts slowly down, leaving
residues of lies.
Now the chance for sacred comes to bear
Do we waver on the brink?
Will she heal me with forever hope or will I be
paralyzed with despair?

Memories scar a clouded mind, is this of her
or a hell of you I left behind?
Echoes clash with gentle nows
Will lightning strike and erase the clouds?

kelk

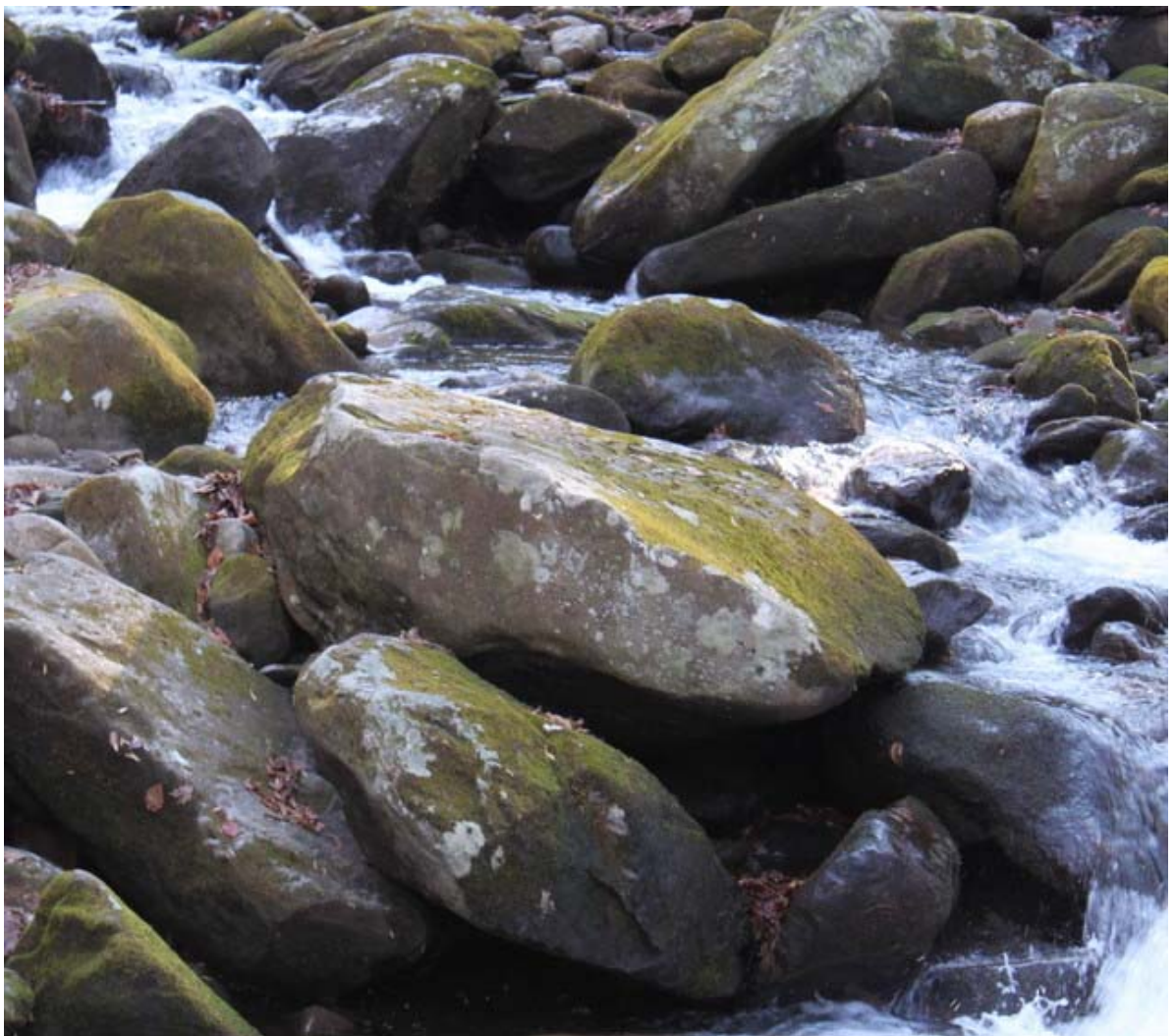
GYPSY FORTUNE-TELLER

The gypsy fortune-teller tells me everything I know. He says the words that reach me from a place I cannot go. In trance, divines the true and righteous whispered from the deep – the dark is light, where lightness is a secret he can't keep.

The fortune-teller listens to the signs that we can't see... while the sighs that beckon recognition kisses him indeed.

He scatters possibilities, that sparkle clear with grace... if you pay attention closely, you may glimpse a gift of fate.

lelle





STAND AND RECEIVE

They said silly intuition would tell me that you're here, I turned around
and there you were

I closed my eyes and sighed

Felt you stoke my heart when you were standing cross the room

It never feels the same when lightning strikes without the rain...

Elegance and grace embodied rampage through my soul

It took the broken pieces scattered to tell when I was whole

All the sand in the glass doesn't mean a meaningless thing

When the morning is shattered by a living breathing dream

Anxiety is going from no purpose to come up

Stand -- don't wanna run

Break me down to begin again

I am empty of the eloquence

To find words for the sentimental travesty to say

That I knew when I knew you and that naked pain is done through

what they said really comes true

And that everything's okay

Why is heartache a habit flexing limits to extreme

Emotions cancel the logical from the rational serene

Tear cliché from the clenches of a cynical man

It was you that changed my everything and made hope become a plan

And now all I gotta do is stand.

You melt over me and in me shining everything new

Shushed the grabbing societies that try to tell me what to do

In my arms I absorb you but you surround me with your love

I am standing and demanding that this stand will be enough.

klk

MORE

It's an arrangement of the latitude that lies in pretty lines
Are we cruising on a parallel where we hope that we collide
Will you welcome me to ruin everything you knew before
When my open arms and open heart is just an open door.

Casual heavy ordinary soaks you to the bone
Are you tired of lonely isolation keeping you alone?
Can you taste the salty lick of promise luscious to your core
When I want you for my everything, my everything and more.

The white in sunshine is so bright nothing drops me to the ground
While the noises in my baggage is a stroke of silent sound
You are changing me and making me, are we in the same place?
Nothing means the same as yesterdays, when it's tomorrow's fate I chase.

I want you for my everything, my everything more and more
It's the silly of propriety that molds me, holds me
This politeness may offend you, make you think I'm not so sure
It's the crucial plan of tact that folds me, flying skyward's soar.
More and more, my everything and more
Where you hiding while I was finding the man that you would see
Recognize me, raise me shock me with your risking to believe.

It's the intricacies of timing right one wrong one get in line
I wanted to win the prize without buying the ticket waiting for you to find
Will you want me to make everything more delicious than before
When this mating ritual runs me ragged just walk through the open door.

More than my everything, my everything, more
It's the justification of ramifications that tells me, sells me
This taking it slow may
bore you, make you
think I'm changing my
mind
It's too high of stakes,
to make a mistake,
this aint casual it's
forever I'll find.



kkk



FALL

Oh the whim of unwillingness fades you to black
Scratches journeys to the edge and will you ever make it
back

Calling, falling

Favorable conditions are relative to where you are
The lack of rain in desert means you took it too far

Driving freeway mazes in department stores of minds
Buy one get one free, you keep the one you find
Calling, falling, you close your eyes and pray
Now I lay me down to sleep forget another day

Stuck in frozen time repeating endless raving rants
I wonder when I won't be ruled by shoulda, coulda, can'ts.

You watch me from around the corner, cutting judging eyes
Condemn me as a broken man whose loss is no surprise

Calling to me fall away, let go sublimely break
The falling aint so bad when you pretend you're not awake
You call to me to fall and just release my hold on right
When falling is a call I won't be giving in tonight.

Fight the kissing dawn because the clock is ticking time
Against me is the moment that I lost the perfect rhyme
Crawling past the loneliness caressing me to think
I stepped across the line that brought me two steps past the brink
Falling into damage that I want to shake away
Calling to oblivion
that trades the black and white to gray

Calling to me fall away, it's not what you can take
You're standing in a crowd applauding just how much you fake
Stand on cracking principles, lay in the bed you make
The falling aint so bad if you pretend you never were awake.

lelle



SEPARATION CONNECTION

Beautiful day, gorgeous day, why feel this way inside?

Are the Plexiglas walls there to keep it all out... or keep me from flying up high?

So many moments of the day – inexplicable, unreliable – emotions running rampant without a licorice leash to rein it in.

Still, these are mine, they are me, and I get to live with them until I can live without.

God watching over it all, God watching over me – God do you see the things I do to myself, do you laugh or do you weep?

Beautiful day gorgeous day, sometimes it calls my name,

Pull my head from my ass, pretend I aint got no class, run around like a kid and scream –

But the one thing I know, is that I'm not alone, there's one other just like me.

K.L.R.

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