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English B41A

19 March 2018

Introduction

Blessed are the carefree, for they are

The fortunate ones.

They have discovered the truth that cannot be found

By using words or thought.

The truth is only contemplated by rationalization,

It is not attained by it.

Words are a vain attempt at gaining understanding of

The truth.

Yet, the words are the things that yield the most hope.

For the unfortunate ones, words are a solace, an escape,

An excuse for an answer.

At the end of the day, words are all that ever remain because

Words are the beginning and the end: the

Supreme Deity.

Madeline/Judy

Her golden hair glimmers and glows in the sunshine,

Her rose-coloured lips are soft and plump, and

Her eyes cast spells.

Her stride is elegantly calculated, and it is

As finely tailored as her black evening dress that

Presses against her curves.

Then, one day, she was no more,

Yet she was everywhere and everybody,

Like a phantom seductress. . .

She is alive again, formed by the mould of a

Man's fond memories: Once more she was

Born out of conformity.

Like anew, her hair was golden and her lips red:

She was one and the same with her past, and she could feel

His warmth one more time.

But this time was the last because she slipped and fell;

Death, in her black habit, took her away—

This time, for real.

Sleep

Thanks for coming back, I missed
Your presence in my life;
I could not wait any longer for
You to return, I couldn't handle the strife.
You are the reason I can
Get up and live;
Every day, I look forward
To your warm embrace.
You are like a drug, like a
Warmness washing over my body
And my nervous mind,
(Like a lover's caressing touch).
Please, come back again—
You are my only true friend.

Lover's Lament

My Lover does not even know my first name

But I have memorized every inch of her face;

She is the oxygen to my burning flame,

She trapped me with her sweetness and grace.

Will I ever say anything to her?

I don't know if I'll muster up the courage,

The task seems too terrifying for sure:

For I may be denied, then discouraged.

But, the flame atop the candle of life

Burns far too quickly for idle cowardice;

All of this thinking causes stress and strife,

Prithee, let me shed my foolish cowardice.

Let not the tricks of the mind dictate me,

I must act in order to be happy.

Lady of the Night

Lady of the night, with an ice-cold heart,

Who carries shackles in her hands of death.

She grabs your right hand and gives you your soul,

She takes all you have

And leaves you all alone.

(It's all in a dream, it's not what it seems.)

Lady of the night, with and ice-cold heart:

You can't touch her hands, you can't feel your mind,

Fire glows in your chest, deep inside your body,

But, the Lady has turned

you into ice.

(It's all in a dream, it's not what it seems.)

Coda for a Lost Love

I dread the day when you will leave, and go
Away from me; For I am not so sure
That I will see your ivory smile glow
Or touch your soft, peachy skin evermore.
Our time together was truly divine
Because we became more than just two friends;
During our brief affair, your soul and mine
Became one, and I thought it would not end.
Now you have made the choice to leave me for
Another man (to whom I cannot compete);
Next to him, I look like a foolish bore.
It's no wonder you decided to cheat.
I should have known this was going to happen,
My heart was foolish for letting you in.