

How the Rooster got its Crow

What death is this that holds me so close?
Possessing me,
Caressing me,
Pressing hard against my lips.
My mouth tastes its own flesh.

Helpless to its strength,
Overcome by its passion,
I expose my neck.

The arms of darkness have me bound.
Underneath my ripped sleeve is a
tattoo of recognition.
I am of witnessed to my own
resurrection.
Soul to soulless,
Heart to heartless,
The lifeless falls to sleep.
Slipping away, I make my escape from
all I have ever known.

Outside the air is stale and the
world is dark.
Walking the same neighbourhood
filled with cookie cutter pink houses,
I recreate myself with cheap perfume
and a synthetic wig.

Another cross to bear no doubt...

When you make the great escape from
the Vampire of life,
Hiding will only make you safe for a
short time:

Best to grow wings.
Be true to who you are.
Be proud of who you are.

I have trouble letting people know
who I am because I fear myself.
I have trouble being all that I am
because of the depths of myself.

It is the steepest of mountains I will
ever climb
And yet it is worth every step.

It is the deepest of oceans I will ever sail
And yet it is worth every wave.

It is the widest of skies I will ever fly
And yet it is worth every breath.

My soul walks this valley barefoot.

I am careless,
And the thorns tear into my tender flesh.
Ignorance has no place in this world.

Lined up neatly along these river banks,
Are rows upon rows of white washed Motels.
Neon lights flashing VACANCY.
Each cube houses a soul.
Each soul stares blankly.

There is a glimmer of hope in my heart,
As the televisions have a niche in it.
Static fails the monotone message.
The souls blink,
But they fall asleep again.
I do not let this get me down.
It is lonely.
There are so very few of us out here:

Playing in the sun,
Watching the stars,
Singing our song.

You could walk for miles before finding another.

In love,
We hold hands,
And build castles in the sand.
We are the children of the New World.
Aware of our innocence,
We find shelter within.
For we are wise beyond the brick walls that
exclude us.

Growing as children do,
This time around we do not let ourselves down.
Our temple does not have leaky faucets or
rough edges.
All our windows are opened.
Diamonds, sapphires and rubies match
our worth.

Sometimes I find myself pressed against
the motel door.
My hand touching the handle.
Coldness on one side,
And the sun on the other.
This duality keeps me there for a long time.
It is familiarity we all want to cling to in
times of change:

When death becomes us...
When life makes a leap of faith.

Why are you still asleep my love?
Do you not hear me call your name?

Do you not remember the promise
we made?

If one should fall to sleep the other
would awake him.

It was not so long ago that you shook me.

Yes it is true that there are many
waiting their turn.
But you are worth all the effort.

Look I still have the feather you gave
me from life's shore.
I used it to write this poem and tickle
your nose.

I too am growing tired and I am
forgetting why I lean towards you.
Perhaps it was only a wish, a hope or
maybe a dream?

Why must all things fade like the
fading sunset?
Or wash away into the oceans floor?

Let me rest my head upon your chest
And listen to your heartbeat.
Yours is a steady rhythm,
Whereas mine likes to skip.

I thought maybe we could play again:
Tell Jokes.
Sing songs.
Dance to the fiddle.

My eyes that were once opened so wide,
Wanting to know all the secrets of the
Universe,
Have grown heavy with people's extra
baggage.

I will kiss you one last time on the forehead.
Then let us fold our arms,
Drawl the curtains
And close the door.
It is time.

Tomorrow I will meet the sunrise with
open hands, an open heart and an
open mind.

I will let life surprise me with the
LOVE that I deserve.
I will jump off the fence!
I will find my voice!
I will stand tall!

All that will be left to wonder is who will
be the Rooster that Crows?

Cock-A-Doodle-Doo

What is this that has awakened me?
Love fluttering in my heart?
Was this all just a dream?
I, the dark night,
Feeding upon my own flesh,
Feeding upon my fears,
So I may give life to a new dawn.

My eyes opened wider than before.
Colors too spread.
Pins crash to the floor.

Looking around I am in disbelief!
In the mirror, I have not changed but yet
there is so much more!
I feel lighter and life is brighter.
I can dance across the kitchen floor...

The Rooster Sings:
A new day!
A new day!
A new day!

Awakened, I fear no more.
Awakened, I open the door.
Awakened, I fling the curtains wide.
Kissing myself I shout:
I am alive!
I am alive!
I am alive!

Oh yes the clock of time I purchased the
day before.
This intriguing instrument that was new
at the clock store.

Gone are the sounds of sweet birds that
whistle behind closed shutters.
Today is a call that shakes you to
your core!

Aguenus