

SHADOWBEARERS

The **shad**ow upon the nighttime **bring**
Darkness comes **th**e raven did **sing**

Far and above **th**e pains **behold**
The **pot**ent **blade** **free**zing cold

Twists and turns deep **with**in
Striking **he**art of corrupted **sin**

Hatred greed the **face** did show
Behind a veil **h**ides **y**our **foe**

SaVas

1st Day of **J**anuary, **1999**

ASHES of the DERANGED SOUL

Ashes burning bridge of tears, contemplating a life of fears
Ashes burning bridge of tears, eroded dreams over years
Gray and black animal living deep within;
No one belongs, no one behaves,
Say mister, what's with the mask?
Stay in hiding shadow of your cape---
Nothing giving but an empty face
Bring on the waves of doubt; laugh out loud;
I have a fragment of your soul
And a ticket to Hell just for you!
Ashes burning bridge of tears, contemplating a life of fears
Ashes burning bridge of tears, eroded dreams over years
Death carries over a generation next unknown;
She watches from the widow's walk
Through crystal ball of lead;
Tongue cut out so she cannot talk,
Drink of absinthe green and pure
Life snuffed out by hand endured;
Shoot to kill, shoot to kill, shoot to kill—
Blood shed of crimson hue
Nothing at all we can do;
For man of black robe and blade of steel
Calls to you for your last meal;
Order taken for soul bruised by self
At the source of the pain
Her face of beauty all too vain!
Ashes burning bridge of tears, contemplating a life of fears
Ashes burning bridge of tears, eroded dreams over years
The cries of children caught by dark;
Howling wolf; biting a rabid mark;
The bite immortal from the pill;
Taken one too many lying still.
She said face your fear or run like Hell
And swallow instinct, no need to dwell
Your consecrated body was stolen
By the hounds from within the fires—

Someday you will forgive...
Someday you will forget...
Someday you will regret...
Everyday you can bet...
Ashes burning bridge of tears, contemplating a life of fears
Ashes burning bridge of tears, eroded dreams over years
Envisioning ebony horizons;
The millennium is coming dark and foreboding,
Knocking with the diligence of the Devil—
He knows you're at home
He follows you;
Torments you;
Ingests you whole
And spits out nothing but a smile.
Fiery eyes and claws for pain
All to gain, all to maim!
Control of you and me;
Souls he keeps as screaming treasures;
The trophies anguished and torn of flesh;
Lies we told.
Ashes burning bridge of tears, contemplating a life of fears
Ashes burning bridge of tears, eroded dreams over years
Stories we keep for ourselves;
His empire like the sea—forever;
Mansion of brittle bones;
Eyes seeing torment everlasting night...
The windows speak for themselves;
Enter through the door—you'll never leave...
Evil has the only key,
Always locked for eternity...
...for eternity...
...for eternity!
The ashes of ashes;
The ashes of ashes;
Flesh burned to ashes;
Never to walk away—ashes...

2nd Day of July, 1997

CHANCES MADE of CHOCOLATE

Chances made of chocolate
Melt in the noonday sun;
Mistakes will be made,
And never undone.
Sometimes the road is paved in Hell
Due to a wrong turn taken
A life of simplicity is uneventful
Like a favorite flower without scent;
No breeze to rustle trees;
Carpe Diem as the wise one says--
And yet I am seized.
Held fast by saddened lock
Behind a door...
I have no key.
I stare outside myself;
A tormented spirit;
A flawed and tarnished soul,
And yet from within a light shines bright
Toward a sea of promise.
Chances made of chocolate
Melt in the noonday sun;
Promises made;
Never undone.

The MIND EVERLASTING

Body chilled as the sky turns gray;
Burning fires begin to warm
The mind everlasting.
Awareness deepens the lust;
Passion pronounced;
Excitable...
The mind everlasting.
Fueled by encompassing love
For the life I see standing before me--
Laughing...
Laughing...
See into my eyes and envision yourself;
reflections in the mirror of--
The mind everlasting.

ALONE

I disappear from the view of others
My face hiding in the shadows
The recluse inside cries out
For its place alone amongst the masses
After good-byes are spoken aloud
My island of desolation comes out to refresh
A mind in need of mending
I am alone at last
Away from that which is bothersome

ECSTASY

Cradled in your arms feeling the warmth of your touch
The rapture of the evening an aura of colors exploding
In ecstasy from rhythms of the night's affections.
Ardor flows from body to body in the darkness and the grasp;
As the moan begins from the slightest tremble.
Penetrating the dreamer's stroke in the afterglow
She embraces through perspired scintillating brow
Clutching tress with quivering hands she whispers in divination
Of two souls joined as an entity of one being more in the end.
The petals of the blossom bared to receive honeyed rewards
Sweetened to perfection like spring flowers in ecstatic bloom
And excited from the gentle touch emitting aromatic nectar.
Tremble becomes quake as heightened climax breaks the boundaries;
And quiet gasps become the screams of enchantment

FLOWERS for NYANA

Together as one in dreams we wept
Until the day she parted the realm
This life not meant to be taken so young
But blue skies turned inertly overcast;
Waiting;
Writhing;
Wanting no more;
Evil cloaked in Raven black-
The pill bottle lay empty
As did the lifeless body
Consumed by wretched misfortune.
Wasted goddess with fine hair of fire;
Statuesque form depicting Venus in pose,
So exquisite like precious baubles,
Now lies with best dress and pallid complexion
Covered by roses of deepest hue
That mourn with saddened tears
And still feeling isolated in shadow-
Alone;
Despondent;
Shards of broken glass
Once formed the frangible heart
That cared for all;
Yet none seemed to notice
That we were essential saviors.
She who never showed the fear instilled by father-
Beaten;
Raped;
Guilt felt from fault not hers.
She shuddered in the corner
When day became darkness
And the immoral one returned.
Tears burnt tired hazel eyes;
All too much for a loving soul to endure
Forever in thought;
Not able to shake the bruised love,
The pill bottle lay empty
As did the lifeless body
Consumed by wretched misfortune.

Solace

Where am I supposed to go?
Which path is the right one...
The passage not overgrown with weeds?
Failure is the name of this adventure
And its success isn't likely for me
But I find myself more entangled
Somewhere in the darkest obscurity.
As I scream I make no noise above...
I am buried somewhere beneath the ground
And I cannot see though the gloom
My pain excruciating and silent
Unable to move an inch
Like this empty shell I have become.
My soul wounded and tired from what life meant
Gives up the fight no longer proud
I can lead but cannot follow.
Hidden underneath a crimson shroud
As my verse carries a world of lies
Unlike any other and told by the masses
It promises victory or complete demise
Leaning more towards the latter
Tears well up behind proud eyes
From the inside there is no way out.
Huddled in a corner watching the floor
I dream of what could have been and try to shout
Do I have a chance to even the score?
In time now I lock the gate
But I still find myself outside unsheltered
Beaten by something I did not create
One dream is shattered by another
Deserted and lost
I have nothing more to give
My soul is worn and tattered
Even more so than the body it protects
My only solace is the slice of cheesecake
I so eagerly yearn to devour

29th Day of December, 1998

I the CONTRIVER of LOST WORLDS
FIND the VALUED TREASURE
FROM WITHIN the REALM of NONCONFORMITY

He soared upon the wings of lucidity
Ignoring the confines of the heated sun---
Free from the insanity of domination.
In the glory of his time respecting more
More than those not willing to follow.
Gone is the rationality, yet his soul does thrive
Pointing the way for others trailing
---Wanting---
---Needing---

The desire for imposing visions
To enliven the mural of the mind
The door to the infinite beyond
Lies open; the latch unlocked
Waving in the artisan of imagination
With whom I study for he is me
Having traveled on my pilgrimage
To understand the ideal beauty
Of a place only I will ever know
Hiding within my vivid intellect.
I the contriver of lost worlds
Find the valued treasure
Form within the realm of nonconformity

29th Day of January, 1998

Paved in Hell

If you have seen where I've been
Then you can understand--
I hide amongst the shadows
Watching unnoticed.

If you have seen where I've been
Than you can relate--
There is no place to hide for long
From the past that haunts.

A visionary with a lot to give,
But wanting no one to ensue;
I'm running out of space;
I'm running out of strength.

I wake up uncovered;
The dreams intense.
The bed damp with perspiration,
And yet they point the way

If you have seen where I've been
You would hesitate
To follow in my footsteps;
My realm deteriorated.

If you have seen where I've been
You know I struggle
For knowledge undiscovered.
I scream for the night to end the nightmares.

In time; this dream; I will not rise
But I fear not the end
Instead all in all in vain,
As others take this road paved in Hell.

-----3rd Day of November, 1998

WRETCHEDNESS

Showing the wicked

Hiding the saint:

Showing the pain

Hiding the pleasure

The shadow caresses the dark

Showing the guilt

Hiding the smile

Showing the lonely

Hiding the eyes

The shadow fears not the sun

The bell tolls for a gathering

Under beams of moonlight along the shore

Chants ring through the breeze

Calling phantoms from concealment

Awakening the nightmares of dreams

Toss: turn: toss: turn

Burning without fire

Toss; turn: toss; turn

Screaming without noise

Toss; turn; toss; turn

Begging without escape

Showing the fear

Hiding the light

Showing the misery

Hiding the will

The inclination to fight

Showing the war

Hiding the peace

**Showing the blood
Hiding the solitude
My demise seems imminent**

**The water's reflection mirrors the monster
Grabbing hold of a beaten heart
Interrupted by the ripples from the pouring rain
Masking the anguish possessing me
Aiming towards a place more faint with each step**

**Toss; turn; toss; turn
Feeling without touch
Toss; turn; toss; turn
Seeing without sight
Toss; turn; toss; turn
Hearing without sound**

**Showing the wretchedness
Hiding the joy
Showing the anger
Hiding the love
This soul is empty of effervescence**

**Showing the weakness
Hiding the strength
Showing the iciness
Hiding the truth
Bludgeoned by the unforgiving**

**The sheets now still lie crumpled
Ashen and lifeless the visions cease
To explicate the horrors seen
Behind pained and clouded open eyes
An exanimate worried body at peace
And a needing soul touches the heavens**

25th Day of February, 1999

All pages and text copy write of Steven A. Vasali

The DREAMS DEEP WITHIN SELF IMPOSED EXILE

I peer through the dense haze unable as of yet to conduct my way
to the clearing;
Bearing unknown within this amorphous fog encompassing the
emptiness.
In time I know for my heart speaks of this place where I can end
the search
As my ship thus far finds no place to escape the doldrums of
this kingdom in view.
Run aground the reverie cries its silent tears of the missing
past,
And desert sands whisper upon the shore of the rising tide of
separation.
I try to become free to traipse all I envisioned from deep
inside.
I lay sedate for I now contain the answers needed to set foot on
solid ground;
To reach out of the cauldron sea of demonic shadows of
squandered miracles
Where lines of demarcation are more than broken dreams and
vicious nightmares.
I have rowed to the center of the earth to be forgotten and
alone; to find myself—
Mine to behold that given malevolence of those I leave behind
As nothing becomes the treasured everything no longer lost from
vision.
Absent in time the seconds no longer count as indispensable;
I've grown into the sun more resplendent than the everlasting
spirit,
Consumed by the convictions from my waiting, no longer frequent
thought.
I have found the rapture among the self imposed expatriation
From where no one else can enter by lids now shutting off the
others;
My eyes closed as the ship inside the master sails into the
setting sun.
On the golden horizon the moon of splendor creeps into view
Void of characteristic surroundings I am allowed to see only
once
And perpetually kept inside the vault of memory's safekeeping.

Translucent images of the mirrored pool of realization overwhelm
Those without the perspicacity of the magician's pouch of
drifting dreams
And souls transacted by the corrupted bargain for the knowledge.
In my isolation becoming the apparition of my former self
No longer the one of character in touch from feelings of pain
and hatred,
I have now gained the freedom to choose the route needed without
attrition
To my world growing in prolific imaginations of mental
awareness.
On the seas of flickering golden candlelight upon the walls of
fantasy
Is where my ship has sailed me through the fog that for most is
unfathomable
And in leaving this place of peace I return as a prophet guiding
others
To solicitude that grants the seeker with knowledge of one's
place in the heart.

25th Day of September, 1998

The GAME THAT'S PLAYED

The burden lies upon the convicted man's shoulders
In the register somewhere between lost folders.
What he knows and what is said a magnetic field;
Back and forth now more encumbrance to yield.
His emotions run with knowledge of his crime--
Personal cell within face withered from wasted time.

Playing the game
It's all the same
Like a moth attracted to a flame

The stage followed by the act behind his fate,
Hidden aback the cloak so says his dismal state;
The proof contains the truth to blame--
Desperation to let go without much shame
Soon buried deep under deprived dry ground;
No marker allowed and never to be found.

Playing the game
It's all the same
Like pain ensconced within Death's name

The fires inside burn brighter than ever before
From his mind locked behind to even the score;
Soiled from the journey forever descending,
There is no luck for a genius in need of mending
From voices that plague the unconscious lair,
As a man of one overflowing with dreamed despair.

Playing the game
it's all the same
Forever a life never able to tame

He tastes the tears weeping too much of hate;
His place in society he encountered too late.
Enticing turns drift from what's considered right;
His spirit no longer capable of maintaining the fight.
The rules shattered by the labyrinth confused
The wrath of supremacy continually abused.

Playing the game
It's all the same
A soul lost in search of its claim

Locked in a room with fear of self destruction
All he fabricated lacked form and construction.
ashes descend from a sky enraged by lies
Struck down and entombed, the gray melancholy tries
To procreate an army more revering sinful dread--
Loathing , suspicion, anxiety, the one who sins, well fed.

Playing the game
It's all the same
The call too much to pace the fame

Befriending the night for the shadows protect;
No doors welcome him within the secluded sect.
Huddled in a corner inside a damp paper home
This End Up like all the others with nowhere to roam;
Depression in packs runs the wayward being--
No other way but disguise that insane feeling.

Playing the game
It's all the same
Murderous rapture is ready to maim

Thinking of what is meaningfully removed from reach,
His arduous lessons learned with no one to teach;
The deluge drowns out his cry for unheard aid;
The pied piper chimes the hoax with followers made.
Existence is perpetual mortality all too frayed
From what is kept unknown by the game that's played

Having played the game
He learned it's never the same
For it's knowledge forever unable to tame

Stephen A. Vasali
30th Day of October, 1997
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The Water's Edge

*The water's edge mirrors what I disguise
From myself there is a tomorrow which cannot come
There is no blood for which I cry, but my own
Shed by vicious tears encompassing the beauty of truth.
I cannot watch my dream's own denial
I cannot feel the water
I cannot touch the ripples of a thrown stone lapping the shore
The edge is lost for the fight is over
I saw it coming before and covered my eyes
As fear inside grabbed the sun and night fell dark
And no match was found to flame the light.
The voice I hear is not my own
As the conversation deafens thought
Of what the future beholds for me
My version of truth skewed by untold lies
Fathomed by others clouded in angry notions
Standing in dark pools of which are not water
But my essence flowing forth bludgeoned by greed
And as my eyes peer down
The water's edge mirrors what I disguise*

*-----Stephen A . Vasali
15th Day of May, 1998*

TOMORROW

The laces of time are neatly tied
For tonight leads to another tomorrow;
Today will die in the glory of the setting sun
Another day I once more ask to borrow.
Through the eyes of time yesterday now done.
The past is gone but in memory lives on,
As we dance before its watching eyes
The fool's folly in no way undone.
A poker face never tells the truth
For fabrication is the favorite defense
Of those within the cover of darkness
Where that which is seen remains limited
To colourful imaginations like the vestigial bloom
Hungry for Dawn's vigorous inception...
The rising sun sees all bow before it bearing life
Praised more while the dividing line we stand
Shades the eyes from bluest skies above;
Somewhere a memory lies hidden
By the glare obstructing recollection
Of the dream from deep within.
Tomorrow free the fears of remembrance
As need flows upon the wings of freedom
For the silent cloak of night follows
With revenge for its expulsion.

-----Stephen A. Vasali
5th Day of March, 1998

UNTITLED

The laces of time are neatly tied
For tonight leads to another tomorrow
Today will die in the glory of the setting sun
Another day I once more ask to borrow.
Through the eyes of time yesterday is done
The past is gone but in memory lives free
Dance before time's watching eyes