

Extremes

I first met a girl,
belonging to a world,
that I had seen in a glance,
that I had found by chance.

She told me of her ways,
her years, her months, her days,
of life beyond the cage,
of paradise beyond the rage.

She was a summer's dream,
from a land & sea of green.
Her kind is what I'll crave,
until the last of my days.

4 moments later
I must have crossed an equator,
by my side something I saw,
left my whole person in awe.

The reduction of maturity's mind,
into a child "Knowledge" left behind.
I wondered if this fro real,
or some bad dope she did feel?

I guess life had passed her by,
only the Gods know when or why.
Maybe I'll know someday,
I'll find the answer far way.

But, alas my ears have seen another,
and I think I'll abandon my cover.
I'll say you're beautiful, I'm Shawn,
to the princess with hair so blond.

Shawn

A GUIDE TO WRITERS WRITER'S BLOCK?
CURE THAT SHOCK;
GO FOR A WALK CLEAN A DIRTY SOCK,
PICK UP A PHONE AND TALK.
HEY, DON'T BE A JOCK;
YOU HAVE WRITER'S BLOCK.

-D.

Rhyme of a Desert Tale

"The Gods, they must be angry, for it
seems they R punishing me".

This is what Ujgegur told is soul,
as he stared at the reflecting water hole.

6 long moons past, he had been one
of the last.

To merely escape, the halls of
Vahalla's fate.

Almost in death's bony hand, another
spec of sand in this land.

A shady shadow made in shade,
from a desert princess so afraid.

She falls down to the ground,
exhausted but she's been found.

A gaze through the haze in awe,
must be a damned mirage he saw.

But no, she must really exist,
and now 4 desert thieves insist.

On making her their own, this
sleeping oasis all alone.

4 to one is suddenly the score, how
a picture of crimson and swords.

Ujgegur battles for the weak,
desert dogs for joy and greed.

She would be their best prize, her
firm figure, her jewelled eyes.

Brandishing his death of steel, he
wonders if all of this is real.

Almost in death's bony hand,
another spec of sand in this land.

Shawn

I
M
A
G
I
N
A
T
I
O
N
S