



THE UGLY BRIGHT SIDE OF BEAUTIFUL

A Testament by
Big Sal

No part of this publication may be reproduced in part or in whole, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, photocopying, mechanical, electronic, recording, or by any means otherwise, without written permission from the publisher. For information regarding permission, email, "Mr. J. Luna", of JLC, an independent publisher:
liliesandlilacs23@protonmail.me

ISBN – N/A

Copyright © 2022 by Big Sal.

All Rights Reserved. Published by JLC, an independent published. Covers and photographs are copyrights of Jacob "Big Sal" Luna-Cantor.

Covers: Jacob "Big Sal" Luna-Cantor
Production: Jacob "Big Sal" Luna-Cantor
Copyediting: Jacob "Big Sal" Luna-Cantor
Research: Jacob "Big Sal" Luna-Cantor

Produced in the U.S.A.
Big Sal Productions, September 2022

I dedicate every poetic piece in this book to my lovely (now) ex-wife and want to thank her for everything she has ever done for me.

You are the most special woman on planet Earth and I am so very sorry I didn't tell you that or make you feel like that enough while we had our time together.

I will never forget you or the good things you brought to life in my cold, dying heart.

I love you to the moon and back, I would still fly to Mars if it meant I could get you medicine, and I will do anything to see you happy until my dying breath.

I love you forever, Erika, and it is because of you why I am still breathing and not a rotting corpse somewhere due to my own ignorance.

I miss you every day and you still occupy my dreams constantly, so if you ever happen to read this, just know I am so very sorry to have lost you. . .

And if it takes the rest of my days on Earth, I will do everything and anything to get you back into my arms again. Please don't forget the good times.

Table of Contents

1. Intro to my Demise [Skit]
2. I Cried Over Cookies
3. Razing Canaan
4. Razing Canaan cont'd.
5. Collapsing in Flame
6. I Killed Him But Brought Flowers to His Funeral
7. Eight Tenths
8. The Palmolive Pantomime
9. She Called Me Baby
10. Pilgrimage to the Springs Resort
11. Rasslor
12. Quote the Ashes When They Speak
13. Sal is Still Here
14. Loyalty is Thicker Than Blood
15. Heart Over the I
16. Sundew Flytrap
17. Plasticine & Pastels
18. High So High
19. Aloe Vera Cloning Gel
20. Sleep Away the Solace
21. The Dream Shatter
22. Upon a Skyscraper Darkly
23. Losing You
24. Doggystyle Dogma
25. Top Me Off
26. Homunculus in a Hailstorm
27. Sugar Tits
28. Overtime Unbecoming
29. Violins Play the Prettiest
30. Growing Old Together
31. Hold On (A Promise of Tomorrow)
32. Scared People Prey
33. Clap to the Rhythm
34. Tryst Through Trost
35. I Miss Her
36. Life Begins Anew – feat. Lil Sal
37. Unamerican Me
38. Apartment #H
39. Lime & Tilapia
40. Erika the Great
41. Lunar Activity
42. The Ugly Bright Side of Beautiful
43. Outro of a Lifetime [Skit]

Intro to my Demise [Skit]

Well, I finally did it everyone. I fucked up so badly that I lost the most special, beautiful, deserving, caring woman on planet Earth, and I did it because of stupidity and anger.

If you take anything from this book, let it be this:

Love yourself wholeheartedly.

Forgive easily.

Heal your own scars and trauma.

Do not let your anger become all-consuming.

Do not let others control you via your emotions.

Learn to be the best person possible if you ever wish to avoid the dumb fucking mistakes I have made. Nobody is perfect, but fuck me if haven't been the Devil at one point or another. A real bastard.

Fuck that 'It takes a real man' bullshit, I just want her back. I just want to stroke her beautiful blonde hair and tell her how much I love the sapphire in her eyes. A stone carved with chisels compares not to the flower bent by wind.

It is hard, yes, but my only goal now is to be the best man I possibly can be. For myself. For my kids. For her. . .

I love no other.

She is the gold and vermillion that forges the tapestry torn by trauma, and she is the only one I will ever want by my side. My wife. My soulmate. My one and only.

If I die alone then so be it, but don't let this book pass you by like I let her do to me. Life is too short to live it pissed off all the time.

I Cried Over Cookies

I love my wife but loyalty is a big tear that I'm buying,
I fucked my life up royally and I sit here as I'm crying,
A painter's voice in any scene to call it but a clown,
My anger poisoned everything and salted up the ground,
Can I break this spell and long to fly, or just drift down as greedy?
Man, I hate myself and wanna die, but the kids now they need me,
Bind the gaff so it's as tender as a letter named for lotion,
I'm an asshole with a temper and I never tamed emotion,
Though I hid fear's falling poem in the void of something gone,
So, I sit here all alone and destroyed my fucking home,
I sat in sin and shivered for the snow that I could count,
I'd rather swim a river when I know that I would drown,
I ducked the war for stunts in a naked cup to crack it,
I fucked up more than once and I made it but a habit,
Throw a wicked flare that's on us as the copper rusts in hue,
So, I sit and stare at products that she bought for us to do,
Come with tricksters to the sprawl that is clearer than the ice,
From the pictures on the wall to the terror in my eyes,
We bled the pot instead of wait for good things in a promise,
We never got to decorate the cookies that she bought us,
Stand with fears still thick as acid as the sky tore up my cause,
And my tears will hit the plastic as I cry for what I've lost,
Once unfurled, dead trees lie when as wooden as a pine,
Fuck the world, let me die, and I'll put it in a rhyme,
Touch her back in flames and conquest by a ringer with a bag,
Fuck the accolades and progress; fly my finger like a flag,
I push on the page and price to see the sand we shall disperse,
I just wanna change my life and be the man she now deserves,
I lived to see her hate me as a dick for fleeing care,
I'm sick of being angry and I'm sick of being scared,
Touch the bare simple toy price when then buying us the store,
'Cause this scared little boy lies with the lions just to roar,
I won't calm a kiss that's now due as I try to eat through that tree,
I don't want to live without you, but I'd die to see you happy.

Razing Canaan

I take up on the gundeck to toss the
pearl something fly,
I wake up on a sunset and watch my
world fucking die,
My thoughts are shambling thus to do this as the
gods then stay the day,
I lost my family 'cause of hubris as I
watched them fade away,
A deviation from this to tear it down in a
Szechuan abyss,
Appreciation is as paramount as the
best you ought to give,
Bed a stranger when you're lazy as a
zephyr set it nigh,
Check your anger on the daily and then
never let it fly,
The things we hate are civil kings in an
aisle just as fitting,
Appreciate the little things and then
smile 'cause they're living,
I knew it wasn't very free for a face to
feed me pain,
I do this as my therapy in a place to
keep me sane,
Send such dirt to spin the birch filled with
hope and love that waters grouse,
When butchered within the words 'til we're
broken up like Slaughterhouse.

~~~



I'm ready for the job lulls with a noose  
upon my chain,  
I'm empty as the bottles that I used  
to numb my pain,  
Touch her lips' deep inferno with my  
seed to see the sand,  
'Cause my kids need a hero and I  
need to be a man,  
Lethal words to fear are tethered to a  
tab that's all the dope rocks,  
We will persevere together on a  
slab I call a soapbox,  
I Sal, give my wife on over with time  
a void in all that's next,  
I shall live a life that's sober and find  
the joy in smaller steps,  
I respond to fear as antsy as the dream  
of a new life,  
I just want to see her happy and the gleam  
of her blue eyes,  
Jaded heavens are not home as you then  
yearn to see her living,  
Take a lesson from my tome as you then  
learn to be forgiving. . .

## Collapsing in Flame

Burn a flame into a flower with a stick to stop the spike,  
Turn my pain into a power like to sit and rock a mic,  
Nettle cover still as red when gelatinous as the remnants,  
Yeah I'll love her 'til I'm dead in the ashes of remembrance,  
No one missed the highest scripture if to fly away as calm,  
So, I kiss the sky and picture as I try to stay as strong,  
Cease to come in in the scenes by the water and the bright flares,  
She's the woman of my dreams; I'm the monster of her nightmares,  
Once I feed the dirt to pit in the rotten wells of wisdom,  
'Cause I treated her like shit and I thought myself the victim,  
Shall we reach the shiny hill with the face to know it sings?  
Now she needs her time to heal and the space to grow her wings,  
Touch no side of her or breast if I stay to crunch the facts,  
But I'll fight for her to death 'til the day my lungs collapse.

~~~

Half alive to show the chains and eat the sand from bough to birch,
As I try to grow and change to be the man she now deserves,
Try fading like a dim light to shade my failure from my sons,
I'm aching on the inside and take the day here as it comes,
Past the storm dead in the stir-up as we suffer for our pride,
Slather corn bread in the syrup with the butter on the side,
Staying grayer than a leaf that is now too bleached and bright,
Say a prayer in your grief if that helps you reach the night,
Budapest to fields of stars in a slow-simmer smile,
Do your best to heal your scars and your lone inner child,
Chew your shirt in blissful winters as we burn the fucking kings,
Do the work to fix your triggers and then learn to cut the strings.

~~~

Pushing art to cup my gains as I'm passing by the clouds,  
'Cause my heart is up in flames and collapsing like a house.

## **I Killed Him But Brought Flowers to His Funeral**

I honor you to summon health with this love and lady late,  
The thought of you with someone else is enough to make me ache,  
Local vineyards then to canvas and grow a great cup in a canteen,  
So, I'll sit here in my sadness and hope to wake up from a bad dream,  
Synch my cells with breaths and such hugs that I turn to tip this crown,  
Drink myself to death on tough love as I burn my bridges down,  
Ignite my fears and come back with a hello in the town,  
I wipe my tears at sunset as they're hallowed on the ground,  
Night eats the sky if east of men with victims in the rains,  
I beatify the beasts again and switch them into saints,  
I tweak the mixture of the tome in a grimy rut of rocks,  
I keep your picture on my phone to remind me what I lost,  
Find a legion with its face cut as its body is enabled,  
I'm the demon you raised up and then thought me as an angel,  
To slowly go nuts once I besieged the sea and tide,  
You showed me so much love and believed in me with pride,  
Catch the evening tea applied to this hell's gate in an autumn,  
As I seemingly denied that my self-hate was a problem,  
Pass your cellmate at the bottom of the pots and blade to rust,  
As I tell Fate that I got him and I watch him fade to dust,  
Men as often hate to trust if they'll cut through in the sky,  
In this coffin made for us and I'll love you 'til I die,  
Have the guts to feel the flies as the camp's replaced by hovels,  
As a bus through still applies as the transportation models,  
Damned to amber chains in motto as I stay cool 'til a payday,  
And the answer waits to hobble to the table with a pegleg,  
Write and wrangle on the same day as I poke the pot's barley,  
Like to tango with the reggae as we smoke on Bob Marley,  
It's the hope that shot Farley with a burning pop and hit,  
With a toke that's not gnarly as we learn to stop and quit.

## Eight Tenths

Touch the cold phlegm on the rust if the thoughts are made of pain,  
Crush the whole gem into dust and then watch it fade to rain,  
The steel pots are cool to freeze as a fire sleeps away,  
I feel lost and full of grief as I try to meet the day,  
Catch the slower beats and words as a couple spit to speak,  
As the snow retreats to curbs and the shovels hit the street,  
Man the muscles rip as weak on a business of the best friends,  
And the pustules split to leak on the listless and next legends.

~~~

I take the pot and beers as I die and fade to eight tenths,
I wake up fraught with tears as I try to make it make sense,
Push a cold cup to the lonely as a dad whose smile is forced,
'Cause I woke up and she told me that we had to file divorce,
Find a dead date weighed in ice with a cross to silence men,
I'm a decade late for life since I lost my license then,
Know the sound of hums will bring but a war first to the town,
So, this clown becomes a king as my horn turns to a crown.

~~~

That's to walk a valued mile if the years lead 'round the race,  
As I honk to tell you 'Smile!' and the tears stream down my face,  
I came to douse no part of me in an older painter's orchard,  
I blame myself wholeheartedly and I hold no anger towards her,  
Leave the West Wing and kick cans into the castle's same sick cell,  
She's the best thing that did happen to an asshole named 'Big Sal',  
A seedy sight and almanac to synch this hell's defeat,  
A weepy-night insomniac that drinks himself to sleep,  
The fatal lies as blind as a couple to seat in fear,  
I stabilize my mind and I struggle to keep it here,  
Caps and kicks to sway the most chicks as I need my wife and candles,  
As it drifts away with ghost ships and I see my life in shambles.

## The Palmolive Pantomime

Ocean fish above the air if to file any budget,  
So, she sits and cuts my hair as I smile when she does it,  
Dancers prance to snub the dead as they sniff the coke ablaze,  
As her hands will rub my head and then whisk the soap to shave,  
With a glass rhyme that'll cut me like a Jesuit in soul,  
It's the last time that she'll touch me and I treasure it like gold,  
Touch the sands I lost to oceans if we both sit down in storm,  
'Cause her hands are soft as roses that she grows without a thorn,  
Bomb this world war of love with a slower jet and cog,  
On this purple bar of suds as I go to get a job,  
Find no feet we use for filing with the lye to strip the hurt,  
I will meet my future smiling as I vie to flip the bird.

~~~

I must spit as real and ruthless if I have to and it's sick,
I just sit and feel as useless as a statue with a dick,
Ask a warlock for his goblins and a trick-trick ten to three,
As I shortcock to my problems with that big dick energy,
Find a bedroom that now drags if the hands are cuffed and able,
I'm like Deadpool without legs as he stands in front of Cable,
Ask the gods for wishes so we will then turn to creep when cruising,
As I wash the dishes slowly and I learn to keep it moving,
Hand the Bic to see me not miss when I flick the costly nodes,
Man, I'm sick of cleaning dog piss and I'm sick of washing clothes,
Could a god disrobe and heal if they're reeling from the danger?
But I stop to cope and deal as I'm healing from my anger,
Own the monster's lair as deadly as the boats spot a trench,
Comb my daughter's hair as gently as a rosewater rinse,
Feed the garden like a lunch with the irony a sunset,
Keep the carbon from my lungs as I try to see a hundred,
Saving burnt birds for the deacon with his mercy and his zeal,
May these words serve as a beacon on your journey as you heal.

She Called Me Baby

A new god drinks the breeze once out when through the cold abyss,
I do not think she sees just how beautiful she is,
Broken flair cut into seams with the water on the farms,
Stroke her hair up in my dreams with my daughters in my arms,
Passion sleeps in on a willow as the ice is busted up,
As I weep into my pillow and my eyes are crusted shut,
Bend the lights with something stuck in the bourbon we can pound,
When for twice I'm fucking up and I burned my Eden down,
Bloody shtick is all we're stating as if armed with something cold,
But she slipped and called my "Baby" and it warmed my fucking soul,
When we broke the bed, I dealt it, and I tell it to the sinful,
When she stroked my head, I felt it, and I melted in the middle,
Find a high beam with the light off as if woe is gone in trouble,
I'm the ice cream on the sidewalk and the snow that's on my shovel,
And my bed has pushed a rock as the ice is wetting order,
Grandma said she doesn't walk and this life is getting shorter,
Strut it sober to a miser that would taunt the fact whenever,
But I'm older and I'm wiser and I want her back forever,
Tasks to fold up and do wrong if it's something to ship from,
As I roll up to my new job and I'm bumping with Big Pun,
I find my wealth as deep as the sky to dine this evening,
I cry myself to sleep as I try to find its meaning. . .

Pilgrimage to the Springs Resort

Knowing art paints in a crisis is the hindrance that I hath hate,
Yo, my heart breaks as I write this in remembrance of our last date,
Spin in semblance of a half-break as I wrest and rend a 'Wow',
In my sentence to the gas tank as I rev the engine now,
Any reason we could hope as I'm watching from the lab here,
Let me breathe in the good smoke as I'm coughing on the bad air.

~~~

We end up like we're Sosa when we're tested by these things,  
We went up to Pagosa and we rested in the springs,  
The finest jewel in palm by the pottery and pleather,  
The night was cool and calm and I thought it'd be forever,  
It's a crook's crimes meant to hit me when it's sunny up the pass,  
With the good times ending quickly and becoming but the past.

~~~

Stand in tug boats with the water and the freedom of a swan,
Man, your love notes hit me harder when I read 'em and you're gone,
Love fantastic as a cook that could steal a fridge and C-note,
But that last trip that we took was a pilgrimage for me though,
Already in the hail too by querying to take it back,
I'm sorry that I failed you; I'm sorry that I made it bad,
Thy needy rivers rose to then burn my fears and paints,
I keep these pictures close as I turn my tears to strength,
A gust through that all fates feel to pay the rest in cash,
I love you and always will 'til the day my breath is ash,
Show the Skeksis it's the dead odes to an ember in the sky,
So, I kept these as mementos to remember when I die,
I swear it's sacred when we pray that you find me in a suit,
I wear a bracelet every day to remind me it's the truth.

"We were supposed to grow old together. . ."

- BIG SAL

Rasslor

Doughy bundles on the table like taco stands hand me cabbage,
So, we rumble and we wrangle like Macho Man Randy Savage,
Once I check the deck as wood stays on a sea as wet as anglers,
 But I recollect the good days and I redirect my anger,
Catch a bee's respect as painter of the dreams I passed and lost,
 As I see the sect and stranger as the means I have to cross,
 Find no snake with an old turtle and the feet to fall as blind,
 I will take on the whole world and I'll beat 'em all in kind,
 That's as deep as holes to mine in a field with freedom cut,
 As I reap the soul in time and I build this kingdom up,
Rime on river rocks to wither with the winters lost to credence,
 I'm a tinderbox of timber as the cinders slough in sequence,
Can it hurt to fear a good few if the words will steer the goods due?
And I persevere to push through as the birds will hear the woods too,
 Anything to not ignore us in crescendo as we both die,
 Let me sing a shotgun chorus and flamenco as the crows fly,
Dance and tremble in a nosedive as we blame it on the shillers,
 As a temple to the Most High when we paint shit on the pillars,
 Time to nip a tip of black dye with the white moss for a stew,
 I'm a bitter bit of bad guy as I bite off more than chew,
 I protect my parts for more years than the fear of fists to fling,
 I respect the hearts of warriors as the lyricist supreme,
 It's the fearlessness it seems in a sick war with their rifles,
With a beer to mist the team when they win more than the finals,
 Humans find love that sold new pain to a town as spirits drown,
You can line up the whole Wu-Tang and then count their lyrics now,
I still feel it's some to stack odds as I drag men from a cinder's slate,
I will kill your fucking rap gods and then hang 'em from the Interstate,
 Such a thing to toss around like a town exhausts its own,
 But the king has lost his crown and the ground has lost its home.

Quote the Ashes When They Speak

Hush the header and the plot in a merger with the wicked,
'Cause the better that I got, then the further that we drifted,
Fan the flame and separate ammo in a battle for a body,
And the pain was set to 'piano' as an anvil that it dropped me,
That's a candle and the sake with the Sappho in an urn,
As I shamble like a zombie with the grackle as I burn,
Dump the gas out on the turn with the dead timbers rumbling,
From the castle to a fern with the red rivers running. . .

~~~

Blow the coop to box them in if I could've broke the cup,  
Yo, I knew I lost you then when you wouldn't open up,  
Touch the herbs as fine as hair in a feral sea and land,  
But this curse is mine to bear and I swear I'll be the man,  
I should split my fucking purpose as an anchor in the rain,  
I admit I wasn't perfect and my anger was a bane,  
Cut the rawest skin for nothing, bleeding past the pus inside,  
But I saw the end was coming even as it was denied.

~~~

I push candy in the cracks with the bird and flame soaring,
I was standing on the tracks and I heard the train roaring,
Stick to hummin' as skies spun in like a bungee on the way in,
It was comin' as I's runnin' to the dungeon of a dragon,
Sudden schemes sold a sorry to the forest of a few,
But my dreams told a story and you swore it wasn't true,
Down to fight fair if for you and adapt to no pity,
Now the nightmare it is true and it happened so quickly.

Sal is Still Here

I should dine in for my death like I'm counting on the street,
I could rhyme it with the best as I'm bouncing to the beat,
Spineless pricks fell to the looting in the eyes of the crazy,
I'm like Big L when I'm shooting with the dice that they gave me,
Couple dipshits still thought deadly with a cup to wet your words,
But you bitches will not get me if I fucking get you first,
Stand by such a threat to search for a savior and its mercy,
And I'd love to bet you birds with the wager for a birdie,
Such a cunning fate of faults by the other plates to use,
But I fucking hate to golf like my brother hates to lose,
Damn the bummy to their deaths in the battles of the ring,
And I'm coming for your necks with the shackles as I sing,
State the price all to save me and sate the knife while I'm fading,
Make ya wife call me 'Baby' and take a life while we're waiting,
Force this shit-sucking rig to dig moss if men stand,
You're a rich fucking pig like Rick Ross with ten grand,
I could pack a fridge with grapes and descend to white wood there,
I would rather dig my grave than pretend that I should care,
Bastions for the wall mirrors, go where we see the sheep,
Aspens are the pallbearers, so carry me to sleep!

~~~

The crooks are sweeping to the ditch if it's finally to the steeple,  
The woods are weeping for a witch that reminds me of the regal,  
Wish the reaper was as broken as a tweaker in their bones,  
It's the reefer that we're smoking in the cedar and the cones,  
It's the imprints of the kids since it's a tent to haunt at dawn,  
With the incense for the ten cents that I spent upon a con,  
Laugh and body the show bouts as you bring Coup DeVilles,  
As I slaughter the whole house like if KXNG Crooked kills,  
Span the brink's hooded shills with the flame on the floor,  
And the spring shook the hills with the rain in the war.

## Loyalty is Thicker Than Blood

I won't sit with spit and spirits by old trauma near this drain,  
I don't give a shit to hear it; I don't wanna hear his pain,  
Reinvent the valley floor with a wish to whoosh the mud,  
She attempts to tell me more and insists it's 'cause we're blood,  
Put this mix on rocks for good if we're finding it's a hundred,  
But this bitch has lost his foot since he's climbing to the summit,  
Catch me blinding when I come in as I sleep away my death,  
As the rhyming is abundant and I seek to say the rest,  
Though it's raining with the sun up and a broken pane or rod,  
Yo, she blamed me for my come-up and invoked the name of God,  
Plus, I'd roll a while in it if I'd fit in on the farm,  
'Cause her Golden Child did it when so wicked in the harm,  
Your business is your wealth when you lie and hate me free,  
Forgiveness is for self when you try to make them see.

~~~

Hearts have risen in the freeze and then sell me thine dysfunction,
Narcissism is disease for a healthy mind to function,
Once I'm wide awake in weather with a side or plate of libel,
But I try to make it better and I try to break the cycle,
With the higher made an eyeful in a sky to stay and shoo,
If the fire lake is final and I ride away to 'Woo!'.

~~~

Too damn crazy with this spit and a doo to whop and stare,  
You can't make me give a shit when I truly stop to care,  
Truth aflame when we have heat in the ink and in the blunt,  
Boot the blame from the backseat and then sink into the front,  
Bomb while feathers touch the sun as the shame recasts loss,  
Mom, I'll never love your son for the pain he has caused,  
Touch a lover in the crypts and still make them vilify,  
'Cause my brother is a bitch and I'll hate him 'til I die.

## Heart Over the I

Whisk the tarts for my baby when I'm stricken with the herbs,  
Kiss the cards that you gave me when they're written in your words,  
Can I feel time to hug close, thinking fear is to fly?  
And I still find the love notes bring a tear to my eye,  
Reset facts that might fool and then paint a deader crow,  
We met back in high school and then stayed together so-  
Kiss the ground and your feet when I'm raw as the quail,  
It's a wow as a read when in awe at the tale,  
It's my maw to the ale and I'm showing you of course,  
With the law at the table as we're going through divorce,  
Such a creed that still applies as the crows laugh above,  
But we need to feel alive when we both lack the love,  
I ignite the guards on day two in a cunning fate that dies,  
I would fly to Mars to save you and I fucking hate the heights,  
Find us cooking with the feathers and a pot of icy parts,  
I'm just looking at the letters as you dot your 'I's' with hearts,  
Can I make it with the rhyme gods and the cost to crash this?  
And I ache for the time lost with a pause and last kiss,  
Mix the cause with bad fish as to stack a bloody rose,  
With your bras I half missed when I'm packing up your clothes,  
While we purchase back land too old for the deadest men to bleed,  
I'll be sure to pack Sambucol and the medicine you need,  
I push on and face the black sea as this ode evolved in ice,  
I just want you safe and happy on this road we call a life,  
Show us honestly pure Ceylon with a pot for wetting tea,  
So, just promise me you'll stay strong when you're not forgetting me,  
Two can bring sacks to the bridges if the fines are paid in nuts,  
You can think back on our kisses and the times we made in love,  
Such trust sees through soft rock with the tarps to tug the knives,  
But just please do not stop with the hearts above the 'I's'.

## Sundew Flytrap

Drown while burning with a coin in of a voice when in a room,  
Now I'm learning she's avoidant with her poison in a bloom,  
Half the shower swells with text as I push by you with some gone,  
As the flower smells of flesh that it looks like you could jump on,  
Read the room and show the sentence of the rototilling currents,  
We assume the co-dependance of a cobra lily's currants,  
Light the kush like it's kindling as I push by the sickly,  
Like a bush viper wiggling in the woods by a sibling,  
Find the cooked rice is friendly to a fella in his grave,  
I'm a good guy descending to the hell that I have made,  
Cut the wicked from the pantry as they fish while washing one rod,  
But I flip it like a patty as my kids are watching *Spongebob*,  
Stand like this to stop my come-up with the freedom of a puppet,  
And I miss while mopping some up as I leave 'em in a bucket,  
Could I ride and see the death strand as a hidden sign occurs?  
But I try to be the best dad as I spit this rhyme for her,  
I must steal this sign and house as I'm posting on my page,  
I just feel and find myself as I'm coasting in a phase,  
Man, I'm boasting of the ways that I dread the sea and water,  
And I'm toasting to the days that I get to be a father,  
I laugh at rain so readily when I crack the brain so hats can bleed,  
I splatter paint so happily and I hack the pane (no apple seed),  
I should feed the flesh diminished, but it somehow is a grudge,  
I could reassess the image, but I'd come out with a smudge,  
A true soul that saw me suffer as the pain rose to the queens,  
I use coal to draw the colors in the rainbows of my dreams,  
Grant a payload to the fiends with a bite of mommy's backend,  
And I stay low for the schemes when they try to draw me back in,  
Rhyme to shoot no shot as quitter when then running track applies,  
I'm like DoodleBob as bitter when I'm coming back to life,  
Build the right cast for thy cracks if the money seems invested,  
'Til we're typecast as flytraps with a sunny seed ingested.

## Plasticine & Pastels

Yo, we decide in good grief if the debt is steep and seen,  
So, reignite the rook piece as we let it keep the queen,  
Pass the stained pus of fears and show payments to strip lovers,  
As the paint runs like tears from mosaics and midsummers,  
Old mavens that hid hunters like a damned son in Cabo,  
So, save this and shit numbers like a tramp won the lotto,  
A ship that's stuck in sand if it's an art we cut in stones,  
I sit and gut my rabbits as I sharpen up their bones,  
Shut the deadened door to money when I stop and dread the swing,  
But that metaphor is bloody and I sought to set the scene,  
Wanna walk up next to me and I'll latch ya to a willow,  
On a mopped-up mezzanine as I pass it to the pillow,  
Need a seed as sound as seers if the fern will show the art then,  
We just feed the ground our tears as we learn to grow a garden.

~~~

Come to ask a team for crass fouls if it's half as clean as cracked wells,
From the plasticine and pastels to the blackest wing in past hells,
Buy some back to lean on bad crowds as we ash the gas on canvas,
I've a knack to dream a mad house like to master mathematics.

~~~

Time to catch a bag of cabbage as I rap it for my sons,  
I'm a bastard sad with habits as I dabbed it to the lungs,  
Stand to look in on the dead from holy skies that can't be cliff firs,  
And I took it to the head like Obie Trice or Gabby Giffords,  
Holding lights and candled flickers if it's written as I'm wheezing,  
Rolling dice with candied liquors as I sip it in the evening,  
Love deliverance while dreaming of the wicked schisms still,  
But it's different from demeaning with the criticisms real,  
Might pay people for a piston, and then finance them in cash,  
Like K-Rino with the wisdom and the diamonds in the trash.

## High So High

I wanna get high, soooo high. . .  
I'm gonna let fly - thooooose lies,  
Ending us in a huff when the love is amiss,  
When you puff and you puff and you puff and you give.

~~~

When we're blooming in a pocket, then I fund a phase today,
Let me zoom in on a rocket as I come to save the day,
Really wake up like a cat this year and come find beds to play,
'Til we break up to the Atmosphere and sunshine yesterday,
Strike the shovel as my calling when I broke in to the sea,
Like a shuttle as it's falling to the ocean in debris,
Find us licking love in grievance-
As I paved a wooden wall,
I'm just picking up the pieces,
And I prayed it wouldn't fall,
Touch a wife's hair with some new 'round the core of risen fear,
But the nightmare has come true now before the Christmas year,
I soak bloody money mortar as I fried and baked our doubt,
I wrote 'Oogie Boogie' for her 'cause I tried to make her proud,
Once the dead birds stir in rain with a leshy in the wind,
But my efforts were in vain when she left me in the end,
Drown my snow run in the depths of the sickest sand and swan,
Now I've no one to impress when my biggest fan is gone,
I could bet the sands are late when they give back to the grave,
I regret the hands of fate with a bitch slap to the face,
Minus kids' fears and their ravings as I shun a debtor's hand,
I just sit here with my cravings and become a better man.

~~~

I wanna get high, soooo high. . .  
I'm gonna let fly - thooooose skies. . .

## Aloe Vera Cloning Gel

I should stand to cry and bleed in the chariots as royal,  
I supplant a scrying seed as I bury it in soil,  
Get a batch of flowers purchased when we're using it to voice her,  
Yet I scratched the outer surface introducing it to moisture,  
Man, I cruise and curse the scenes when we find it's in its section,  
And the roots will burst like beans from confinement that we kept them,  
A deadly opera noose for the dumb fuck in the town,  
I gently water shoots when they come up from the ground,  
Time to duck debt when we move in from the Calico to kettles,  
I'm like Cuphead if I shoot 'em when I sell my soul to devils,  
Santa's found his oldest rentals in the season of no racing,  
And I'm out the coldest temples as I leave 'em a donation,  
Fight to free the town and fountain from the old sieges there,  
Like I'm skiing down the mountain as the snow freezes hair,  
Span a quilt that's for the money and a soldier with his spears,  
And I felt a war was coming as I told her of my fears,  
Go and catch the burdened unborn if we keep shit in a hell,  
So, I scratch the surface once more and I leave it in a gel,  
Strike the snare like dome to dandruff as you face it to test men,  
I prepare to clone the plant stuff and replace it when next gen,  
It's a friend to see ya broken with the skin as deep as stone,  
It's the sinsemilla smoking on the winds we keep as grown,  
Blackened halls to stay in timeout with the wicked as they run,  
Grab my balls and say a rhyme now as I spit it to the sun.

~~~

Spray our own nets bleached by acids if the ice affords the same tea,
May our moments teach the masses that a life is shorter angry,
How we fly to mile two is a place for art in visage,
Now they try to rile you as they age your heart by minutes,
Hope is set to burn like stars stay as we're bowling with a bourbon,
So, just let them learn the hard way that their trolling isn't worth it.

Sleep Away the Solace

Rock the great hall if it's fatal as to stay in school for kin,
Drop an 8-ball from the table as in playing pool to win,
Dam a river with the dead when they're sent into the air,
And you miss her from your bed when it's scented with her hair,
I can dine in hells as fitting as the liquors on my chest,
I then find myself am kissing on the pictures that she left.

~~~

When the one poppy billows with the rust and flames of rime,  
Then the ungodly willows have then touched the waste in line,  
Pass the mansion and the minion if it's standing at the pier,  
As they're dancing in dominion with the damned and with a deer,  
If the rain croons the snow with the flame plume aglow,  
In a game room as faux as the same tune and show.

~~~

The air I feel is nectar's Eden in the pitch and pine,
I swear I will protect her even if she isn't mine,
Match my ten with a carnie and the hearts to confess,
As I send for an army and I march on the West,
I push deep in the tree and the loam that is still low,
I just sleep in the sea with the foam as a pillow,
Etch a home on a willow as I sow a simple cedar,
As I roam with a steel bow and I show my middle finger,
I doubt 'Pac would have a phone if police were in his place,
I now walk the path alone with the grief here as it aches,
Bring a death to life as bitter like an arboretum model,
Drink electrolytes like liquor in this margarita bottle,
Bet on bail as the goals if the fire still applies,
Step on nails like they're coals as I try to feel alive.

The Dream Shatter

Show a cop's broken creed to a heart he'd seen in war,
Yo, I stopped smoking weed and I started dreaming more,
Press and splat the truth in parkour to then end in newer things,
Guess I had to lose my heart before I went and grew my wings.

~~~

Sin a little with no circle,  
When we bring back their graves,  
In a sickle's sicko world,  
And a king's wrath of grapes,  
Matching tar pits in a tomb night when we sob to quake the queens,  
As we harvest in the moonlight when macabre to make the means.

~~~

Soak their graves with the heartless and the bucket sounds or stills,
Note the blaze as it arches and it touches down in fields,
Heat the soup and taste a piece-
Come around for the bowl,
Feverfew that fades to fleece,
Underground in the cold.

~~~

I push limits up the midland in a place that I can numb 'em,  
I just wish it would be different as I'm faced with a conundrum,  
Skin the mason to his one thumb like a trapper as he cleans,  
In the basement of the humdrum as I shatter with my dreams,  
Hands that cut clear are now viewed as the beauty in the vale,  
And I'm stuck here without glue and kintsugi in the mail,  
It's a token thing as simple as a carriage and a cross,  
With her broken ring a symbol of the marriage that I lost.

## Upon a Skyscraper Darkly

Bomb the bramble when it's branded by the terrors on a team,  
Gone to gamble on a gambit with the garrison as green,  
Ashes rare as winning clean in the Hennessey and rum,  
As I spare the sin in scene and I spin to see the sun,  
It's a destiny for some and the petty thing they think up,  
With the men to be the one and the everything you dream of,  
It's in pretty pink and kinkdom as we step in on the steel,  
With a deadly drink to drink from as we kept it on a keel,  
Laughs increased as we cry with the flypaper stuck,  
As we reach to the sky with the skyscraper struck.

~~~

Nigh miss the vault and soil with the legion due to miss us,
I mix my salt with oil as I season food like Christmas,
Stand and seed the stool with dipshits and a golden cup of thieves,
And I keep it cool in business as I'm rolling up my sleeves,
Send the bitch to come and fish for his pain to throw back flak,
When you're pictured dumb and rich like your name was Kodak Black,
"I know Sal's now in a sect that is wicked as our lords!",
I don't sell out for a check and I'll piss it on your porch,
See, the ones once we defy are to set a steep angle,
Eating lunch up in the sky as I let my feet dangle.

~~~

Go with any that are fit if we depict a clown hearse,  
Throw a penny as I spit and see which hits the ground first,  
Dance amiss as towns burn with the fucking ice to freeze,  
And I miss the brown birds with the butterflies and leaves,  
Ending up the guys that wheeze in the forest from an adder,  
In a cup of lies at ease as I pour it in the batter,  
Cut consumerism after if I know the fee will stand,  
But I tour it in laughter as I grow to be a man.

## Losing You

By the scent of older scallions is an end I'd leap to form,  
I'd foment a whole rebellion if it meant I'd keep you warm,  
Put the tea to hold this dim light when we're coping like a corp bum,  
But the sea is cold at midnight and foreboding as a war drum,  
Buy a source with profits bundled if the purse mattered to crooks,  
I was forced to watch it crumble as the earth shattered and shook.

~~~

Whisk a wing in wooded grace as I latch the kiln for lids,
It's a scene I couldn't face like a slasher film for kids,
Grasp a bat with profits waning and a few men that could tap in,
As I sat and watched us fading and I knew then it would happen,
It's a new pen with a black tint like the movers as they call us,
With the movement at the backend and the shooters in a solstice,
I decide to stand so happy and defend my business there,
I ignite the ammo lastly to suspend the bridge in air,
I toss this shelf, begin again, and doubt the truth is on or ready,
I lost myself like Eminem without the puke and mom's spaghetti,
Land the doves to sway the sky in the calm that we hath found,
And she loves the way you lie with that song in the background,
It's a lawn to a damn hound since I'm flowing recently,
With a bomb in the campground as I'm going peacefully,
Such a scent of a loser with their men in a cruiser,
But I dreamt that I'd lose her in the end like a user,
Hand my pen to the shooter for my pride and naked ass,
And I'd tend to the future as I tried to make it last,
Nascent sight to stake the crash like if dealing at the alley,
As I ride to break the glass of the ceiling that'd held me,
Flip the whole riddle forth so it's a tumble into trust,
It's an old crystal torso as it crumbles into dust,
Rhyme the text to separate music with a real box of knives,
I'm the best to ever do it, but I still lost my wife.

Doggystyle Dogma

I sit this on the setting of the crook men that it boarded,
I didn't want a wedding if I couldn't then afford it,
Skies that shot us down in silence with the extra bread and bobber,
I was caught without a license and then left to tread the water,
Sour mixtures stall the stone and the slab to slide the pots,
Now I sit here all alone as I scrap and write my thoughts,
Suck my genitals and nuts as you step and fetch my fucks,
Put the chemicals in cups as we prep to dredge the sludge,
Swing a past tune at ten with the ashes in its place,
Clean my cat's wound again with the scratches on his face.

~~~

Damn my evening cup or card as I like destroying gunships,  
Man, I'm cleaning up the yard and I try avoiding dumb shits,  
Ask a chicken if it's special to a picture that is simple,  
As I tip it from the kettle to the pitcher and a thimble,  
Spin from liquor and the symbol of a simpleton in place,  
In the winter and the window to the Wimbledon of wraiths,  
Grant a sickle sent to grapes still in secrets of dysfunction,  
And the sicko men it saves will then lead us to destruction,  
Throwing back a pass to harm ya by a debtor's lonely wife,  
So, I smack that ass on karma and I let her blow me twice.

~~~

We can flux and send a sentence to the remnants in the storm,
Readjust my independence to a semblance of the norm,
Passion cries and burns today with the fairest that it peered,
As the skies are turning gray with the hair that's in my beard,
It's just fuck it when I feel undefeated at the bottom,
I just pluck it like a quill and I leave it 'til forgotten,
And the cities are then bombed to the rivers in our wraths,
As you kiss me when I'm gone in the pictures that you have.

Top Me Off

So, I stay near this like cookies and I'm quick with a blast,
Yo, I say beer is for pussies like I'm Rick with his flask,
Burning fields to miss the men when then skipping to a hovel,
Burping 'til I live again when I'm slipping in a bottle,
Time the band if it's nearer than to gun your karma's corner out,
I'm the man in the mirror and the one your mama warned about,
As she's giving us a goal that we burn into the trees,
Catch me kicking dust and coal as I turn into a beast,
Bar them in for trades as tragic in the dander of the room,
Mar the men that made it magic and meander to the moon,
Know it's hard when in the years that we verbalize the anthems,
Grow a garden from my tears as I fertilize with phantoms,
It's a perfect rhyme to pass this when we learn the time at ease,
With the turpentine and acids as I burn the pine in threes,
Why depend on heartless maggots if their basis isn't ours?
I cement the starkest status when in stasis of the stars,
I can whittle visions noticed if I'm talking to the parish,
Like the Little Prince's roses when he's walking through the terrace,
So, we smoke and seem as ample as a pit to shit by here,
Only hope you see the candle that I lit to spit fire,
Gas we're lobbing due to violence on a battleship of old,
As we're sobbing through asylums with this candlestick to hold,
Too unseemly for the riches if still finding blood and rubble,
You can leave me in the ditches and I'll find me but a shovel,
Reapers sawing through the damn winds as the anger pours like booze,
Keep us clawing through the cannons with the canker sores to soothe,
Too untimely for a fact if the heart is far former,
You can find me in the back of the darkest bar corner,
Most are living for thy nations as they coast until it bled,
Ghosts are sipping on libations as we toast it to the dead,
Go ignite the peers and dick bags in a venue watching pictures,
So, I wipe my tears with dish rags and continue washing dishes.

Homunculus in a Hailstorm

I stand down and face her dump truck as I grow an icy tide,
I can't count the days I fucked up but I know the nights she cried,
Gassed in love as ladies tune in to the silt I sow and bury,
That's enough to make me wounded with the guilt I know I carry,
Find us capping like I won't cook with the hogwash in a soft run,
I'm just wrapping up my own foot that I shot off with a shotgun,
If we tear back this opinion, then I wear flak like a pinion,
It's the bear trap of dominion as I stare back at the women,
Stand by stans that solely frown at the crisis and the crook,
And my fans will hold me down as I write this in a book,
Rhyme a genius in this sick air and the sunsets as they see me,
I'm like Beavis as I sit there and I butt heads with the TV,
Hocking spit if water's stupid as a funky fad as dirty,
Talking shit on modern music as a grumpy dad at 30,
Wet a plot I reap as special as white bison in the bluffs,
Never thought I'd reach this level like Mike Tyson with his doves,
Show I heard a friend as fine as the earthen wind and wine,
So, I nurture them in kind as I murder men with rhyme,
Push a pressing year as princely as the comets that still sail,
Put your best up here against me and I promise that they'll fail,
Move and sling the cold sliders to the children and their idol,
You can bring your pro fighters and I'll kill them with a rifle,
Where you come to wreck the house with the coolest guy after,
Yeah, you run your fucking mouth, but my bullets fly faster,
Mix with equal sand in season as I push through with a crown,
Give this single dad a reason then to put you in the ground,
Catch 'em kissing in the cut if the war comes now anew,
As I piss it in a cup and I pour one out for you.

Sugar Tits

Bring the fastest dead grenade as we're murdered like a hooker,
 Drink the classic lemonade as we stir it with the sugar,
Find the best smoke like I'm rapping in a cold club and a crash,
 Write the death note on a napkin that I balled up in the trash,
 We feel dreaming's for the dead in a job set to butcher,
 She's still sleeping in our bed, but I do not get to touch her,
 Throwing bottles if beneath us if we run to stay a friend,
Slow ensembles on the beaches as they come to play the end,
 If we're whetting hearts in chains as the rivers rust in secret,
 With the wedding arch in flames as we picture us beneath it,
 Fight like Batman if I'm bad as a cookie cut with pectin,
 Like a madman in the lab as he's cooking up a weapon,
Man, I should've fucked the second that the rain drop was ablaze,
 And I would've struck the wretched if they came up to my face.

~~~

Miss the opera when on time if you're awkward and behind,  
    Mix the vodka with a lime; it's a problem with the rhyme,  
Like they send you deep in vats with your freedom on the first,  
    I continue feeding cats as I keep them from my birds,  
Damn, we do good if we're awesome as we riot in the rooms,  
    And we brew up a concoction to apply it to the wounds,  
Dip with shoguns from the Bureau if we've found a shitty hell,  
Hit the homeruns if we're here though like a Browning .50 cal,  
Come to mountains stitched and swell as you tell it to the flies,  
    From the town in which we dwell as we sell it with the ice,  
    Put the steel and frame aside if we're very fit for ohms,  
    But I feel the pain inside as I carry it in stones.

~~~

Filthy fucking pricks are whacko as a place to bury cola,
 Milky sugar tits in macro as I taste the areola.

Overtime Unbecoming

Bow when carried to the plot if we're dead and so concerning,
Now she's married to her job at the threat of overworking,
Spin a debt that sold the sermon as we teach men it's a crisis,
In the bed a soldier's burning as we leave him to devices,
Acid seeps into the nights if it's a petty prick and punk,
As I reach in with the vises for a deadly grip and pump,
It's a penny flip to funk if we dream about our dreams,
With a heavy strip of gunk as we're cleaning out machines,
Rend the seed and grout for means that are towers to the fences,
When we're weeding out the fiends like we're flowers as they clench us.

~~~

So, I grow a seed as bloody as a potted fir of faces,  
Yo, I know we need the money, but it rotted our relations,  
Time was slowly sent to stone with the wood to fall in fate,  
I was lonely when at home and I stood a solid gate,  
Got a ride to see this movie like a murder in the rain,  
But I tried to keep improving and the further we became,  
I would've thought the past left if I knew it was an answer,  
I couldn't stop the abscess as it grew into a cancer,  
Touch the downed bridge once in death if we focus on the thoughts,  
But I salvage what is left like the homeless in a box,  
Catch the crow if it is lost in the pit of destined dark,  
As I row us to the docks and we set to disembark,  
Tell a cop to soak his phone with the pail folk in ice,  
Now I walk the road alone with the railroad in ties,  
Stand on frail bones and frights with the limpets set in cities,  
And I sail home on nights that the wind is wet to kiss me,  
Feed the fern like it's a dog as its heart is in the green,  
She just turned into a cog as a part of the machine,  
In a deep well's rushing water with a certain soak of lime,  
And I weep now 'cause I lost her as she's working overtime.

## Violins Play the Prettiest

I take to thinking nightly of the trees that fell in mud,  
I scrape my pinky slightly as I leave a trail of blood,  
Light the sail with a tug as we dredge the labor dates,  
Like a snail or a slug on the edge of razor blades,  
Read the room and see the music with the reverence of foes,  
We accrue in a recruitment of the reticence and woes,  
With a weapon tense as prose and a couple that then might talk,  
In an epic sense it snows as we shovel to the sidewalk,  
Come to cuddle with a python if it's sick of chains and dark,  
From the rubble and the right lock as we pick the brains apart,  
Acid strips to reign in art with a life as risen rain drips,  
As I shiv the sanest heart with a knife that isn't makeshift,  
Who then pays for poon or ass still if the mask feels like a fact?  
To then play the tune at last meals with a blast shield in the back.

~~~

Fray thy fingers from the marble as we swear it's in the sauce. . .

~~~

War will wring it in a tie and a notion of the thyme,  
Pour a drink then when I die as you toast it to the rhyme,  
Though we're dicking on the dock last as a god asks if it's worn,  
So, we sip it from a shot glass with a podcast as the norm,  
Sent in sawdust and a storm as to stick the shard as softly,  
When in shop class for the form as we pick apart the body,  
Flip the handy weight to mourn for an orchid in the ash,  
Drip the candy paint in porn as we pour it in to cast,  
Pens beholden to a devil with a hunter's venerations,  
Men will mold it with the mettle of the younger generations,  
It's so fun to end their agents if they're dreaded as a death,  
With a sun to send to nations as they set it in the west,  
Cuttlefish in icy weather as the boulders rose to spark,  
But I'll miss my wife forever and I hold her close to heart.

## Growing Old Together

Go to calm us as they get us in a deadened crypt as calm,  
Yo, the promise was the penance with the penmanship of prom,  
Write the tenants when I'm gone if the sun is up to toast,  
Like a menace with a bomb as I'm coming up the coast,  
If to sum it up at most as a tardy to the test,  
With the rum in cup to host at the party of my death,  
Can I run to feel 'em fall like an ostrich in a chase?  
And I've come to kill 'em all with the cross that's on my grave,  
Ban my gun from peeling bald on the cautious in a craze,  
Stand by none that seal the wall with the laws if in the place,  
Ash a bowl deep as a movie as the lapses hitch us up,  
As my soul it bleeds profusely from the gash in which they cut,  
Hit the compass last in tune as we stomp its ass and tomb,  
It's a monster mash at noon with the constant gas to zoom,  
I must kiss the icy river if I hate the crowd in time,  
I just miss my wife to kiss her as I take it out in rhyme,  
Damn the sum to set the cam as we shed the dust and fur,  
And become the better man that I never was to her.

~~~

Kiss your fate to move the middle of the fairest ones that fake,
It's too late to soothe the cymbal as the snare it drums to ache,
As the terror comes awake to the culprit that it let go,
As the mare becomes a mate when you're molded in the meadow,
Stand to forfeit with a 'hello' as you sell those to decree,
And the horse shit is a cello in the salvoes of the sea,
I am calm as in a mellow as I fell low to the scene,
Firebombing on the fellows with the gallows on the green,
By this pitcher priced as leather as we're sowing souls to tether,
I just picture life forever as we're growing old together.

Hold On (A Promise of Tomorrow)

We're as riveting inside as the codas of a killer,
Serendipity supplied like the sodas in a cellar,
File the folders in the hamper with a wider range to mention,
While they mold us in the matter and then try to change perception,
As the wineries of heaven stand on beaches now a cold swan,
It's the finer things or lesson that'll teach us how to hold on.

~~~

Find my gun to raid the comments in this new night of forever,  
I'm the one to break a promise when I's too high to remember,  
Writing puns to gobble up as they tear at me and pelt me,  
Biting tongues to bottle up isn't therapy as healthy,  
No one cares for me to help me in this pit as vast as stipends,  
So, I share the tea and telly as we sit and have a silence,  
Any ground valued to quarry as I burn Hell in the void,  
Let me now tell you a story as you learn Sal is destroyed.

~~~

When we bang on in our solace and we'll free the lives of men,
Let me hang on with the promise that I'll see your eyes again,
Enemies that suck my sandal, as I walk in - show the cities,
And the grief is but an anvil as I drop it so it hits me,
We've risen from a dark tomb in a separate scene to fly,
Relive it like a cartoon as I never seem to die,
Stand by spots of subtle grilling as the porch will spill the past,
And my thoughts are what'll kill me as I've scorched the hill to ash,
Why depart if shit is spilling in a flow like wine or rum?
I remarket it as healing when I know the time has come,
To the archer as they're raiding in the basement of the room,
The departure of a maiden with the mason in a tomb,
Castigation of the great men as the blaze is in the tune,
As I'm racing to the nation if the maze isn't at noon.

Scared People Prey

Dawn the ball play spread away to the shit we face when prior,
Mama always said to pray with the situation dire,
Past the Darwinism piss bowl when dividing up the pain,
As the narcissism sizzled and provided but the same,
Spite the roses that are mocking as we wander by the step,
Like I'm Moses as I'm walking and the water's my regret,
Nine months dreaded as a knee locks like a weapon in its three shots,
I just spread it to the sea moss as I step in on the teapots,
Quite the reference if I need hooks in the seasons of the winters,
Like a reverend as I read books and then preach it to the sinners,
Wash the ice bundle if still blind to the future people seeded,
Watching life crumble in real time like the Ludovico treatment,
Throwing desert reeds to waste on a week of snow we find,
Yo, she says she needs her space, but I need to know she's fine,
While defectors fill their pens with the tender of opinion,
I'll protect her 'til the end and defend her in dominion,
Seal to sender and a minion and it's scented the whole novels,
'Til December is the djinn when in unlimited ol' bottles,
Then we limp in to cold hovels and could reach through in a next year,
When intrepid as role models that should lead you to a treasure.

~~~

Catch the scene I shout to death with my muse to touch her ass,  
As I dream about the sex that we used to fucking have,  
It's the dirt of nothing wicked as I fade into her rug,  
With the perfect pussy dripping as I crave it like a drug,  
Cut a seamless cloud to preach to the kids bound for the cedars,  
But the dream is out of reach as it slips now from my fingers,  
As I render death I'm facing with a wick to cook and hand in,  
And I temper expectation of the shit I took for granted,  
Though I miss the willows watching, it's an Ent or tree as near,  
So, I kiss her pillow softly and remember she was here.

## Clap to the Rhythm

Rhyme a fact I envision in attack on the penance,  
Time to clap to the rhythm when we're back with a vengeance,  
My cadaver by the phone and a murder when we honor,  
I would rather die alone than to hurt her any longer,  
If the birds are sending water to the adder on the vine,  
It's the verve as many ponder on the latter as they climb,  
Bite the camphor when in kind and the actions break the ring,  
Like a camper to a pine as the aspens quake the king,  
Damn a patch of grapes to bring if we're setting masks when gassed,  
And a bastard hates to sing when the wedding has amassed,  
No one close enough to know you if to change hearts with the lights on,  
So, we're toasting up the homebrew with the fang marks of a python,  
Then we wrap it up to send 'em with our voices to the blades,  
Let me lap it up in venom as I poison their parades,  
Light the whole flame and then cool it with the reaper meant for ash,  
Write my own name on a bullet that I keep to end the task,  
Kites to sever air and crash once skies there are moving too,  
I was never scared of death, but I's scared of losing you,  
Going proudly once I'm broken to then solve the crimes I rhyme,  
So, allow me but a moment to apologize in kind.

~~~

God, I said I's in a prison and had defeat then on my seat,
Bob my head into the rhythm and tap my feet into the beat,
Striking time east of divides at a bridge meant for a mile,
Writing rhymes keeps me alive like my kids then as they smile,
I should write with sorrow once we are two feathers' flowing rain,
I could die tomorrow roughly and you'd never know my name,
A serpent in the silos with a wicked laugh that fits,
A merc then for the rhinos if I didn't have my kids,
Though I dug the wells indeed, I abuse it like a drink,
So, I cut myself to bleed as I use it for my ink.

Tryst Through Trost

I gather pens to walk through as I end the day for free,
I'd rather friends to talk to than for them to pray for me,
It's the beauty seen as rain drops in the gardens of the sun,
If community is chaos, then the carnage is to come,
Read the back of vibrant rebates in a lake to drown in crime,
We attack a titan's teammates as we take him down in time,
Grab a sock to lick and tear up as we walk the wicked mirror,
An apocalyptic era as we stop to ship the terror!

~~~

Wish the ride was never ridden with this one cup or a gram,  
It's the pride that's ever given as it's stuck up in the sand,  
Ash and salt the snow like aspic as we come to skies it seems,  
As we halt the flow of traffic and we monetize the means.

~~~

Bite the hands (no gore) to learn that the ham has flames above me,
I've had friends show more concern than the fam that claims to love me,
Kiss the biggest sign and cock if you row through 'hoods and stare,
It's the thinnest line to walk when you know who should've cared.

~~~

Lycans fell to sacred weapons on a black sea to seem cozy,  
I can tell the baited questions when they ask me to be nosy,  
Pass them blind in sins to station and the blood they're sucking off,  
As they mine for information, they can suck our fucking cocks,  
Made to duck the bombs and weather if to seldom rip a gut,  
They can fuck their moms forever and then tell them hit me up,  
Once I'm swerving in a baler and I'm cruising by apartments,  
'Cause I'm cursing like a sailor, but I'm shooting like a marksman,  
The flesh will start (and soon to be) but to waste in pots to perish,  
I left my heart and wounded knee at the place I lost my marriage.

## I Miss Her

Barely find a piece of cake like a real kid in the homes,  
Every time she leaves, I ache, and I feel it in my bones,  
Please just find us whole as some dear to a leshy in the green,  
She's the kindest soul to come here and she left me in the spring,  
I found out I'm dead as mindsets and the kind it comes to pluck,  
I now bow my head in silence as my mind it runs amok,  
We run and tumble like we're nudists if our other side still shows,  
Becoming humble to my hubris and the butterflies will go,  
I'm buying poppies from thy shelf as they're saying, "We will cut thee!",  
I'm crying softly to myself and I'm praying she still loves me,  
I must hit the high and hoop her as I'd seen the couch filthy,  
I just sit in silent stupor and I drink myself silly,  
Buying hearts for the reaper and I still am cold and cool,  
I recharge when I see her and it fills my soul to full.

~~~

Skies sense those birds in rain when they come in by a brookie,
I mince no words of pain like the onions as I'm cooking,
Damn, the fears still fault a man if he's trusted by his girl,
And the tears will salt the pan that has rusted in a circle,
Send my kush into inferno when I'm rid of broken static,
When I push into the purple and I quit my smoking habit,
It's a dip to float on acid if I wash it as the wind blows,
With a brick to cope and stab it as I toss it at the windows,
I stay the path that's left to see with heavy balls of stone,
My anger hath protected me and left me all alone,
How I'd love to hug her seams with teal eyes akin to Glasgow,
Now I cut the puppet strings and realize I've been an asshole,
How I hurt her leads to things in a road and simple day off,
Now I nurture phoenix wings with the hope that it'll pay off,
Leave the city like a swan with the things she found as swell,
Please forgive me when I'm gone if it brings me down to Hell.

Life Begins Anew – feat. Lil Sal

I see leaves grow along with flowers
and the weeds amongst them.
I hear the rain falling from the trees.
I hear a rooster crowing in the dead of night.
I feel like I'm walking through the forest
when I stand in the cold rain.

~~~

Buy a pound of shells and pin-ups as I'm crying from the absinthe,  
I surround myself with innards as I'm lying in the labyrinth,  
Go define me on a canvas by no god I salt and bury,  
So, deprive me of a mattress while I sob in solitary,  
Passing by a lonely orphan as I post this wooden stake,  
As I try to grow an orchid when the roses wouldn't take,  
Send my notice once to break on the step of every POTUS,  
When I focus love on fate as I prep to marry motive,  
Man, I'm merry where we broke this on the cusp or bridge where frayed,  
And I nary carry voters to the bus on which they're sprayed,  
Such a sight to sense a few in ensemble when beneath us,  
But a life begins anew as I scramble up the pieces,  
Shooting grass here in the courts as I pit the hurt with pals,  
Moving faster for divorce than she did to work for self,  
Calm and lit to search the hells like a kingdom in a bay,  
On a spit for birds and bells that we're wringing on the way,  
Catch me bringing up the day that we sold a river heavens,  
As I'm singing on the sleigh and the gold delivered presence,  
Here we're waiting as a few say that their dreams are made of bad men,  
Where we're praying for a new day and the means to make it happen.

## Unamerican Me

We said it'd suck to treat it in this rhyme or book to part  
She said it's what we needed with this time we took apart,  
Ball a fist to pound the rain and we quake the cost of moss,  
All amidst the mounds of pain as we shake it off in loss,  
Buzzing one way in the harbor with the centipedes instead,  
'Cause if some days are then harder than the memories we had,  
Parting pains then with a poke as we now kiss apple pies,  
Carving names into an oak to then outlive fragile lives.

~~~

When we wrestle through the heavens, it's like brujas fuck the king,
Let me lasso you the lemons as I brew us up a drink,
Resubmit it to serve functions if a painting filled a pen,
We can sip it like curmudgeons if we're cranky 'til the end.

~~~

See my baby with a man and I'm fancying the pain,  
She can take me as I am when I'm dancing in the rain,  
Send a saying if it's stark to the time it took to doubt it,  
When we're playing in the dark and I write a book about it,  
Sow a city like a villain with the words to kill and bomb,  
So, forgive me if I kill him and the urge is feeling strong,  
Bite his neck and paint a bay leaf left of skies that numb the new me,  
I must check my anger daily lest it tries to come consume me,  
Ones still wicked in this race if I know you now are new,  
'Cause I'll spit it in his face and I'll show you how I do,  
I should call a lesson for two to seize hugs like open bags,  
I would crawl to Heaven for you on these stubs and broken legs,  
Grow a risen mound to talk from on a fellowship or hearth,  
So, I kiss the ground you walk on and I hallow it in earth,  
Pour the rum into the scenes with the room profane and nigh bare,  
You're the woman of my dreams and I soon became your nightmare.

## Apartment #H

A gun loan to rearm if the crowds are where we riot,  
I come home and she's gone and the house is very quiet,  
A wicked brew in pots as the weather rotted grace,  
I sit and stew with thoughts that I never thought to face.

~~~

As the simple laughs end and she sees me as unstable,
With my little glass friend as he greets me on the table,
My guts sink like cars so wobbly as we pry the wheel of life,
I just drink my sorrows softly as I try to feel alive,
Rhyme and check we're in the ghetto in a boot we hope would drown,
I'm a wreck here in the meadow like a hootie broken down,
Pass a pill to pelt the pen with the broadest of divides,
As I kill myself again with a promise to survive,
Where we went to walk the park with the lonely views in there,
Every empty spot a scar in the home we used to share,
How she kissed was lots of healthy with a wrist to stir her garment,
Now she lives across the valley with my kids in her apartment,
Ease identity to find us in a saddle to the grave,
Please remember me in silence when the candle is ablaze,
Kiss some good found at the bottom,
With a wife to spread her bonnet,
With one foot down in my coffin,
It's a life I never wanted,
I wish the wisp could fly as I'm holding you to start sweet,
I kiss my kids goodbye as they're rolling through the dark street.

~~~

Friends attack the souls that ramble with a couple bound to bury,  
When my baggage holds an anvil that I struggle now to carry,  
Strike the holy shawl in death with the timbers in the dark,  
Like the bowling ball you left in the innards of my yard.

## Lime & Tilapia

I pick a bone that's book-bound as I'm tearing up for this,  
I sit alone to cookout as I'm searing up the fish,  
Hand a beer to us in fists with the time to break the day glow,  
And appear to love amiss with the lime and Cajun mayo,  
When we look at love in winter to seed the sand with separate dust,  
Let me cook you up a dinner and be the man I never was,  
I'd punch the wall to hit through in the way I flow as fly,  
I love you all and miss you 'til the day I go and die,  
Sober clowns set to book kids with the shit to do a thing,  
So, for now let me cook this as I give to you a drink.

~~~

Tickle, tickle to the fickle as I kick all like an ollie,
Lick a nibble like a nipple with a nympho like a lolly,
I consist of sacred rivers as the apex of the past noon,
I just kiss your naked pictures and I take 'em to the bathroom,
Cut the roll of flesh it's taking to still sift through hills of bomb,
But the hole you left is gaping and I'll miss you 'til I'm gone,
Cast the dark if living grief is in a secret of the tower,
As a heart with missing pieces as I preach it to the power,
Cities need luck just to flower if then one falls to the candid,
If we reap up what we sour with the gumballs in the gambit,
Catch the hunters as they're camping and they perish in a sec,
As the numbers are demanded and the marriage is a wreck.

~~~

We push solely to the country if the terrors are the same,  
She once told me that she loved me with the bearers of the flame,  
It's as fearless as the pain as we eat the ears like guap,  
With the mirrors in the rain as we see the tears we drop,  
Bogus entries with the big three and still shift the view to find,  
So, just kiss me if you miss me and I'll give to you my time.

## Erika the Great

For to find this foal to sow as a fleet of butchers face it,  
You're the kindest soul I know and the sweetest sugar tasted,  
Stand to bleed and look as ancient to the walls with eyes as sacred,  
And I need to book my placement in the halls that I've forsaken,  
To bust through in the room, attack, and bait the ringside crumb,  
I love you to the moon and back and hate the things I've done,  
Kiss your wife with undone options for the snow to drink ice,  
Live your life like someone's watching as you go to think twice,  
Heaven hunts the one member that is never as salacious,  
Measure once and cut never if to sever the relations,  
Tan the leather with the agents of a kingdom found on past you,  
And I weather the defacements as if bringing down a statue,  
Masks I sing about in act two with a simple rule of games,  
As I ring around the map too in a ritual of rains,  
Can I quit this school of names with the same men hitched by grinning?  
And I spit this jewel with flames and the gains in which I'm winning,  
Touch your girl's chills so slowly with your arms calm on her head,  
But the world feels so lonely with her warmth gone from your bed,  
Touch her godly feet as fragrant as a candle on the fern mound,  
'Cause her body heat was sacred in the temple that I burned down,  
I shall earn my shitty throne like a tape deck that it sells,  
I now learn to sit alone as I break bread with myself,  
With an angel's heaven burned as the lawless seeds attack,  
It's a painful lesson learned as the rawness bleeds to fact,  
Going 'Wowie' in the freeze as we're bowing in the breeze,  
So, allow me this reprieve like a cowrie in the seas,  
Thy garden slumps in harvest to plough the sermon into marble,  
My heart was once a garnet but now it turned into a charcoal,  
Though I feel a way for prayers, I just build my life a new one,  
So, I peel away the layers just to feel like I'm a human,  
I pass our sun for bliss as I pace it to go check,  
I asked for one more kiss that she gave with no regret.

## Lunar Activity

While we're debating lullabies on the ropes if they still stand,  
Tired of chasing butterflies in the hopes that they will land,  
No one near to find the chalice like a tidy tee in clutter,  
So, I clear my mind of malice as I try to see the summer,  
Roads that bloom the phlox and grass if they're near a desert hell rose,  
Goad the lunar moths from paths in an iridescent alcove,  
Gut the pain I found in check at the same high wells of flesh,  
Put a chain around my neck as I hang myself to death,  
Sit aside and hear the sign like it thinks that DuPont's selfish,  
It is time to clear the mind of the things that do not help us,  
Send the Soylent to the axemen as they're standing with a patty,  
When avoidant in attachment and abandoned in the abbey.

~~~

*Find me sober in the room as I shamble to my own son,
Like a rover on the moon as I travel by my lonesome.*

~~~

Holy rain drops on the track or the bucket with a ping,  
Pulling chains off of my back like a puppet on a string,  
Masks are clear as weddings right now in a steeple with a purpose,  
As I fear she's getting piped down by the people that she works with,  
Cut us hard and then go pray it's in a thesis as my goal,  
But my heart is a mosaic from the pieces of my soul,  
Read wisely and seem ugly to the Curaçao and loony,  
She's lively and she's lovely, but the fear will now consume me,  
Ask the kids in masks to love her as I patch my pain to blossom,  
As I sit aghast in cover if the acid rain is awesome,  
Man, I'd match the same in autumn if the hands can show denarius,  
And to catch the rain in caution is a dance that's so precarious.

## The Ugly Bright Side of Beautiful

The banality is deadly as a place to spread the flu,  
The finality affects me in the ways I never knew,  
Knowing peace is half alliance with the odd men breaking light,  
Blowing seeds from dandelions as we watch them taking flight,  
Show my wife inside her beauty and still better set than tea,  
Yo, my life is like a movie that I'll never get to see,  
I ink my wealth as deep and I'm broken from the break-up,  
I drink myself to sleep and I'm hoping that I wake up,  
Kiss the rime with a commuter as they sign the past behind us,  
If the mind is a computer, then it's mine that has a virus,  
I keep my health at bay as I'm smoking on this lethal plight,  
I weep myself awake and I'm hoping that I sleep tonight,  
I bet the hotter coals are then carried in a crown,  
I've met a lot of souls that are buried in the ground,  
Though I wheeze in fatal bliss as I bless the pot awake,  
So, I breathe in gratefulness for the steps I got to take,  
I shall bless the skies of Venus, if the list's correct - we ship it,  
I now exercise with seniors and I disinfect equipment,  
What a dance put to the side is to value, fall, and fail,  
Put your hands up to the sky as I tell you all my tale,  
When we bike in and we're gone with a better flow as deadly,  
Let me write it in your palm so you never go forget me,  
Dance for years off in the way then to seed the welting sand,  
As the tears wash it away when we need a helping hand,  
I ride forth to cast rhymes as the limes we sip when sans,  
I cry for our last times and the times we didn't dance,  
A lonely road that takes a mile through the graves and blackened sun,  
I only hope I made you smile on the dates that hadn't come,  
I find out it's a crisis if my job is but the wrong class,  
I cry now as I write this as I sob into my shot glass,  
I've sold it to the folk that still see the plan and pen,  
I hold onto the hope that I'll be your man again.

## Outro of a Lifetime [Skit]

As I sit and write this a day more than a fortnight after the Ides of March, I cannot help but reflect on the curse this month has left me. . .

Baskets of unwoven dreams lie discarded. . .

Apples from the now-rotting trees disperse. . .

Even the bakers have shuttered their windows  
and  
let the flies flout dominion. . .

Control over the skies!

Alas, a lass is last to pass to mass once her heart is broken.  
The tea now spilled.  
A promontory of hopes and dreams now stolen.  
A reverence betrayed.

I can still smell her in the air, and the golden apples once glazed with  
the run-off of our happy adventures are now marred  
by the incandescent and iridescent  
irrefutability that I royally  
fucked my life up.

For good.

And for the life of me, I cannot allow myself to forget (or forgo) the  
damage I have caused and the pain I have sown.

Alleviation requires more than a book of poems  
and  
Accountability dictates less of excuses and more of me.

For what is a poet's pain besides fodder for the hungry narcissist  
hellbent on lapping up every tear from the writing left  
bleeding on the cream-colored page? Answer: A conduit to heal.



