

Mogolehir:

Lost Words

Dedicated to Arnie:
Without whom, the shape of my soul would be unrecognizable.

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To Lose Us, Together

Our path together lead to paths apart,
yet not rejoined by chance or by heart.
Moonlit shimmers reflect back your trace,
a thought we denied, wavering glance of your face.

We were too different, I admit we were told;
the warmth of our hands would steady my hold.
Have you hands wanting to reach out for another half,
or felt a shadow outreach too, wanting hands you have?

Absence of words over words of absence,
silence we each hear as here each we silence.
Since years last we met, meet we last year's sins.
Twins now that have part, a lonely part that now twins.

My hands tremble out here in moonlight,
but here glows a secluded place to reunite.
Am I alone how I mourn how alone I am?
Must the water's calm show me a sham?

Then we became our most strange stranger,
every exchange tinged with unease and danger.
Now I want peace but not to encage her,
is our mutual silence a fear to endanger?

My slightest caress to the water's edge,
your face shivers away from my dredge.
You are all alone! I am here for you! I allege,
as the Moon laughs at the flaw in my pledge.

All these reflections leave me nowhere to go,
mirrors are walls despite what they show.
Oh, haunting illuminations of my lonely ordeal,
how do I leave your cursed visions to heal?

Small Frogs, Big Pot

Oh how I savored my young summers seen,
soiled slush submitted to sweetened green.
Sleeping snug in a shaded simmered scene,
scrambling over rocks, down a deep ravine,
I relished my carefree fun with no between.

But bit by bit... it began to begin.
A spoiled scent from near within,
springs and falls taste more thin,
and the melting snow less a win.
A subtle sense that something's broken.

I tried to not notice too much back then,
to enjoy summer's warm presence again.
Praise days with a sunny strength risen!
That was a plan,
I was but a man.

Couldn't not scan,
it's warmer than...
Soon, my summer fancies were done,
its searing seasonal flavor I did shun.
A trace of its stifle, I stomached none.

A distaste for summer helped no one.
Nature didn't change its tune,
even winters weren't immune.
My rite, I mourned each noon.
The world moved on.

I wish for a fresh dawn
to savor seasons all yearlong,
but this seeping taste does prolong
and so my days proceed to simmer wrong.

Wristlock Rebel

I wish to write of the wonders I've been witness,
but my voice seems to lack a certain fitness.
I know what I know and I reap what I sow,
which failure of mine slows down my flow?
Mind, please let us praise the kindness kindred,
those shy pearls for whom my words have rescinded.

I scream to halt the horrors I hear at this hour;
the world is warring, warning and warming,
as we've fought for happiness whilst conforming,
but my body appears afraid of its own power.
Body, please let us fight the stronger hatemongers,
those feral menaces for whom I only find a wrong verse.

I pray to pry myself of my internal distractions,
as forces external demand factions and fractions.
I've stopped myself from weighing necessary actions,
thinking I needed to be owed in worldly transactions.
Soul, please let us develop the resolve we expect,
to fight the weaknesses of which I'm subject.

The Aspen Core of Orpheus

How unfair we discern so few hues
that my memories touch and transfuse.
Why did your hair share its colors with rust,
to convince me all love turns to dust?

How do my neighbor's roses
already know
all the same tones
as your blood in the snow?

Your blazing briquette
I oft wish to forget
and yet I'm still met
with this debt at sunset.

I would never harm the wonders of the world;
can't I avoid those shades of sorrow swirled?

Each morning I see,
my neighbor how she
bends down on bruised knee
tends the bloody blooms I flee.
My secrets will stay with the flowers and me.

I Never Etched On Blades

I hope God pauses
long enough to sense your warmth
before the Doors close.

My Angel Is

Before you died, I rehearsed as if you were gone.
I'd hide myself away, act as if you'd passed on,
too scared to improvise my life without you.
While my preview was heartfelt through,
this practiced pain I could subdue
with your kind return to view.

As you died, I held you close.
My world drew to our last engross.
You got up, you approached the door,
was it your adieu... your desire for more?
Soon enough I was alone to wonder what for.
I had no regrets, I had given you my loving most.

After you died, my mind was left fraught,
a thousand demons emerged from thought.
Our love shielded me while you still could;
now, I hold you in this carved box of wood,
watching with angel eyes only I could spot.

Before I died, I missed stroking your hair,
grabbing your sweater, hearing your breath, cooking your meals.

Before I died, I fell apart endless ways.
I changed and wept and burned, but you would still know me.

Before I died, I returned to you again and again.
I'm so grateful for what we shared. You shaped everything I was.

As I die, I hope I will leave with laughter.
As I die, I know I will wonder of my worth,
what I've reckless left and lost upon my Earth.
But now, I mostly hope to see you after.

Dear Dead Daedalus

Dear Dead Daedalus,
how did you handle this?
Doubt if I can dismiss
what's derived from my calculus

I'd call it aftermath if I wanted to be cute
but they're not here to enjoy that,
and my point would just dilute.

How can I long for the maze I made,
after I worked and wept and weighed and prayed
until we escaped that damned decade?
Should we have stayed in the shade?

We learned how to fly,
yet couldn't devise a good bye.
Only our tears as rainfall
could reach them at all.

These golden threads and wings
can only solve the simple things.
How often I've determined nothing
to resolve my tense heartstrings.

The path out of the maze
is that which I'd take back in.
Of all the ways to get to you,
why must the dark beckon?

Dear Dead Daedalus...
is darkness our only chance for bliss?
I'd trade the sun's cruel shine for a Kiss
to return to their embrace in the abyss.

Dominos of Minos

Hurt people hurt people
and flee for their steeple,
far from their shared woes
still do they sleep ill.

Too close to close
hurt hearts to all those,
those poor hurting people
through whom hurting flows.

Another brews another bruise,
echoes, excuses and booze.
Nothing changes always
for whom the hurting did choose

Mourning days, morning daze,
how dared I set them ablaze?
Compassion for a short fuse
in a weaving hurting maze

Hear their ode, here they're owed,
those from whom hurting flowed,
these wretched hurting people
with pain they saved and sowed.

Bars

Skeletal wall to peer through,
wouldn't appreciate any view,
glass half empty, I'm the zoo.
Caged here behind this lattice,
these days, all I can see are...

Bottles mirror my closest home,
another drunk within this tomb,
glass now empty, time to roam.
Booze wards thoughts of status,
these days, all that I seek are...

Drifting through another store,
all I can't pay and can't ignore,
black stripes encode what for.
Would I feel better if I had this?
These days, all that I fear are...

Out by stormy shore all alone,
no connection with my phone,
delete what's left at the tone.
Thank you, modern apparatus,
these days, all I thirst for are...

At sea level, weighing down one;
cosmic dots wink, equal to none.
Dreamt I'd too soar past the sun,
my mind flies beyond the stratus.
These days, all I ever feel are...

Scared to be asked what's wrong,
uncertain where I should belong,
only share what's shaped in song.
Trapped in madness and sadness,
these days, all I can think of are...

Christ's Sake

I'm left last in this sushi place.
The server avoiding my face,
uncensored CeeLo Green,
six scenes on one screen,
and me, myself and I, on a Sunday night

I miss my dad, more the old truth He was,
not just the sake leaving me abuzz.
Asked if I want more;
if not, it's the check and the door.
Another round then, on a Sunday night

I miss my dad, even the fresh husk he is.
Cannot say what's mine or what's his.
Made us martyrs,
renounced us as nonstarters,
and me, less and less, on a Sunday night

The hard stuff weighs on my beer gut
but my flesh is not one to spare it.
Such duels and trials
frequent my distant exile.
My last one, I swear, on a Sunday night

What would he say? What have I missed?
tapping my right knuckles, a soft fist.
This weak end almost gone,
lies the darkest night before dawn
and me, and the long tail of a Sunday night

Cannot recall much past drink five.
Behind some dumpster, I revive.
Brushed gravel off my cheek,
as the Monday sun starts to peek.
Me, and the stale silence of my Sunday night.

Your First and Only Responder

Sing sincere soon, oh sinful simpleton;
for sweet synonyms of cinnamon
cannot save your skin again.

So your serpent schemes seemed to serve you more,
but alas! Here we are, your throat pinned to grime and floor.
I'll smack you with a metaphor
one you've never met before
Whatever clever game you score,
I'll match you with stalwart wit in store!

Such sweet songs sung to ooze besotted,
but seeped a sport that skews so squalid,
your flesh the worms refuse though rotted!

For your intellect is derelict,
wasted on the plots you picked,
torching trust of those you tricked
and leaving yourself a con addict!

Now you've got no fibs to fob, no bids to bob,
nothing but your wretched sobs,
I won't spare you the space to rob
this mob their justice for your glib gob jobs!

Wiled your years and wild your youth
left you naught but guile uncouth.
How your slick syllables did twist and turn
and now, we have but you here to burn.

Ascertain Asymmetry

Lies can be made true,
lied the white Cockatoo.
Died before the truth did,
‘deed his lie would outbid.
Deem facts how you know!
teem we with a wisdom faux.
Them and us, theirs and ours,
Thee bestowed truthful powers.
Tree tops screech in infant tries,
True notes sung within louder lies.

It Follows

A difference in quantity is a difference in kind,
it whispers through the seams of my mind.

A moment of weakness is nothing to fear,
What of ten moments, a hundred, a year?

As the faucet drips, you lose just a drop,
a torrent will follow, lest put to a stop.

Lost another day, gained only your life’s misery,
tomorrow should arrive, I await its kind mystery.

I can answer this struggle, a couple, a bit more.
I’ve responded each trial I’ve been given before.

But another compounding,
this menace fast surrounding,
the Difference approaches, too close to ignore,
its features grotesque as it whispers the score.

Monkey Kings

They wanted to be Elon but ended up alone,
misguided miscreants dreaming up a tacky techno throne.
When thorns grow ceaseless from head to heart to phone,
where can I find solace in this forest overgrown?

Typewriters chime and chatter in constant rings and dings.
The drunken chimps screech louder, spilling as they sing
Our skills are un-paralleled, we are monkey kings!
Monkey see! Monkey do! Monkey take over everything!

Abandoned sheets of paper scattered in the trees,
punctured pointless papers, clatters with the breeze.
Insects frightened to silence, creatures ill at ease,
for we are all surrounded by artificial disease.

Trees robed in fallen kin, sprouts birthed in shade
all which eats or grows, something else must trade,
call it a replacement, a plague, a cause, a raid
the monkeys want it all, for that I am afraid.

I am too a monkey, sitting down to write.
This another could make, without wit or rule or fight.
I shall not shed struggle, I will not feed a blight.
To mold with monkey mind is to form my might.

Hate The Had Matter

See thee the Seethe
Hate the very air which they breathe
White wall in flashed teeth
As they reckon us beneath

Examine the min-max machine
Hate the bleed which makes all seen
Not the deceit you can read
Ask which side goes to feed

Sink in the skin of sin kings
Hate the earth they pull with strings
Their tin crowns are hollow through
All the better to foil you

Follow where the wolves flow
Hate the fire that wards the woe
Even I'm swayed by elements untold
Most prefer a warm stronghold
To loneliness and wild cold

Realize how the reel relies
Fish should spot the why's
Hooks do not deserves replies
Vast waters need deeper eyes

Doppler Doppelgängers

...so I awaken mad at the world,
they've all moved on, full steam ahead.
Forlorn and Foregone, twin kings in my bed,
breaking my dawn, clouds bursting red.
...and so I wake with fists curled.

...I've been here before.
Anger's a fuel, as I'm awake and aware.
Burning bright, I can current see where
my challenges are, beasts best beware
of me and my mad mentor...

I'm catching up to the pack...
I let waste fall away, as I fit into place.
At last, my return to routine and the race.
But first, let me reaffix my mean face.
As the red fades back...

...I look out at the view
Struggling faces force their days past;
function of fear, fight their stead fast.
All I forswore were dreams I amassed.
...what I see shifts blue.

...I've been here before.
To churn and burn, it doesn't fulfill
and someone's fallen to the floor...

...
...Hey, we'll be ok...
...We've been here before...
...I want to be here for you...
...I'll wait with you...

...

Incoherence of Colorless Greens

Ribbits dancing through their static stance,
croaking silently, *oui, we merit every chance.*
Which *parabola* invites the truth?

Partial stars and comets above fed verbatim,
remisoversaid on an uncertain ultimatum.
No mark, line dance to find a sly sleuth

Formless ghoti fear what's found inferred.
Please don't take me _ _ _ _ _ my word.
Will river mouths make out what they wish?

L_st options of mine open further docks;
each harbor cluttered with soggy clocks.
With those, I'm meant to charm our Babel fish?

Thorough keys pile up into pained Gordian locks,
though knotted algal gravitas ease such talks.
Floating on free flows, where do I drift near?

God, these tools remain as mere blocks.
Damned, how could even He defy this fluid approx?
Words, can you explain *Mogolehir*...

Used to My Self...

My words
don't float like a wood thrush's song:
too heavy, too steady, too many, too wrong.

My eyes
don't share how I did when I was young:
too deep to seep beyond my tongue.

The machines can dream
more than I can;
does that make me
more or less of a man?

My thoughts
emerge as cubes and spheres:
shapes too simple to represent fears

My cares
cling to me like sweat from my pores:
too generous how poor portals pour

These edges of my mind
leaving me behind,
can I ever say
what I'd like to convey?

I don't know if I can cry like I used to,
if I should fill this glass like I'm used to.

To lose is not only a loss,
careful what you let come across.
What you gain may leave you in unease,
what you concede can often reprise.

Obsess Abscess

It is a Friday night.
As the lake's surface sings,
Moonlit shimmers reveal to me
the empty throne rooms of blue kings,
how they too lose and reflect on water alight.

It is Saturday night.
Slow deaths wash ashore,
reddened Moonlight urges me
to look at the bars and scores I abhor,
how bloodstained steel continues to fight.

It's Sunday night.
I've been here before,
the Moon, spirits and me,
wicked Moonshine draws my sight,
how I can see-

The Moon's glowing face, cratered and pale,
phasing and phrasing, consuming, waxing, waning,
everywhere I look, casting shadows of light so frail,
yet its light lures me towards the waters remaining,
but this rotund face I worship at the banks of this bay,
it hungrily bears its teeth at me, as if I'm the...

...through the eve, bright glows water's sheen.
Moonlight aids me as I wash myself clean;
my act disrupts that mirror of the beyond.
I indeed can see this water as only a pond.
Along the river, I walk North from the banks;
as my seminar ceases, I bid the moon thanks.

A New Rhythm

My edges withered away, as fallen dead leaves.
Every strand I have, all that interweaves,
slowly pulled in.

My body shook fierce, as floodgates reopen.
We gathered together, silently hoping,
for what would happen.

My eyes held closed, as my dutiful martyrs.
Whatever colors I had left to barter,
they'd look better in the dawn.

My head bloomed red, as a blood rose.
There I was, all that I composed,
shaking and flowing and going and...

My hand reached up, gently plucking my bloom.
My feet shuffled mindless with my heirloom.
My soles heard the songs of the Earth,
so I planted my beauty in *Mogolehir*,
and went to find new worth.

Mogolehir

A boy and a turtle and a stream,
together, happy as sun beams.
They swim through shallow waters,
sing sad songs about fathers,
a boy and a turtle and a stream.

A boy and a turtle in the sun,
the days, they relish one by one.
Sounds of splashing laughter
and cozy naps right after,
a boy and a turtle and their dreams.

A boy and a turtle on the rocks,
both worried, both thinking 'bout the clock.
When will the waters cool down,
what's happened to my hometown?
A boy and a turtle as time streams.

A boy and a turtle hold to hope,
together, they help each other cope.
This isn't what I wanted
but won't live a life so haunted,
a boy and a turtle and extremes.

A boy and a turtle and a pond,
quiet, who knows what lies beyond.
I hope that it's enough for you,
a lovely place, there's room for two,
a boy and a turtle and their seams.

A boy and a turtle intertwined,
those days, they had to leave behind.
I wish you were here with me,
our love is more than memory,
a boy and a turtle and a stream.

Notes:

Every poem in *Mogolehir* is grounded in the author's personal experiences and carefully crafted with diverse worldly connections, including Greek Myths, Classic literature, current events, and religious imagery, in addition to a variety of linguistic techniques.

Mogolehir intends to provide readers an opportunity for satisfaction in exploring its creative layering, while being approachable and compelling even during a first read. Every piece was originally written to stand alone, but have been deliberately revised and organized to form the narrative of *Mogolehir*.

Thank you for reading.