

My Eyes Burn

(3 Haikus)

My eyes, how they burn
I don't know them, yet I feel
I cry, still they burn

I would like to rage
My eyes may burn, but my heart
She craves for justice

Hatred from strangers
Sadly highly expected
I do not fear them

Dog Queen of DogTown

(Shakespearean Sonnet)

Have you ever heard of the Dog Queen of DogTown?
A nomad, a wanderer, born from the wastes.
Only ten years of age, when she brought the Bandit King down,
Violence and War are all that she tastes.

By twelve, her kingdom made, and she lived in a castle.
By thirteen, her legion spread, leaving all her enemies dead.
Age fourteen, the land is hers. No owner, no vassal.
Age fifth-teen, Mara's eye gorged. Her dogs are now fed.

A decade gone by, but her dogs, they still howl.
To all those weary travelers, enter her lands if you dare.
For the Dog Queen of DogTown sees Humans most fowl.
To all those weary travelers, I caution you to beware.

For if you meet her gaze, pray that it will end fast.
The might of her dog's bite will surely be your last.

The Door

(8-lined Imagist Poem)

So much relies on the weight of this door
Standing strong from the tips of the ceiling to the bottom of the floor
Blocking out the outside noise which sounds like a bore
Straining my eyes till my shoulders feel sore
Yet still I keep looking, hoping there is more
Becoming another task, a meaningless chore
As I rack my brain and feel tense within my core
And yearn for the day I can go beyond that door

Types of Love

(Choice Poem)

Eros; Eyes like fire, intense and strong. *Red* lips, tender and bruised. *Our* bodies, our passion, our rage, our existence. *Sensations* arise and I am wild, I am free.

Agape; *Arms* raised outward, stretched towards the sky. *Giving* you are, your love unconditional. A blanket of silk, a bed of clouds. *Passion* be tamed and yet I am still warm. *Everyday*, I wish for this blissful innocence.

Pragma; *Patience* is a virtue and you wear it so well. *Regal* like a sovereign, how you rule over my heart. *Always* understanding, committed and balanced. *Growing* together, we are stronger than ever. *Matured* you are. *Aged* like the finest of wines.

Ludus; *Longing* for our hushed whispers and quiet summer days. *Under* watch, we run in fields of white daisies. *Deep* down we know this cannot last. *United* flying together, our heads in the clouds. *Stealing* looks, freedom takes us and I am bound to no one.

Storge; *Strong*, sturdy walls. *That* warm, familiar heat. *Only* here, wherever you are, I am safe. *Remembering* your scent, your voice, your soul. *Gathering* memories of my pack, my pride, my home. *Existing* forever embedded in my heart.

Mania; *My* eyes deceive me, but my chest sucks in sharp breaths. A cold, lingering touch. *Now* it burns, my heart is dying. *Ice* now fires; drowning, struggling to breathe. A river of black and I fall deeper and deeper.

How To Not Be A Vampire

(How To Poem)

Step 1: You're not a Vampire. Vampires don't *exist*.

You are **human**.

Step 2: Don't allow those thoughts to *persist*.

Don't think about it. Don't look it up. Avoid it as much as you **can**.

But you can't, can *you*?

The thirst calls...it **beckons**.

Step 3: Leave. Wander. Do not feed and whatever you *do*,

Do not look at her neck, it's only a matter of **seconds**.