

Just some random poetry I've been doing. [262]

Untitled 1

Somewhere deep,
In the dead forest of passions gone
Where the trees bear naught one leaf
And the lonely winds blow through the limbs of the dead.

There is a tiny flower with
Dark verdant leaves on stems of blood.
It feeds on the souls of lost love.
Blooming the purest white pedals.
The leaves, however, stay their glossy hue.

But, the stems, they creep, like blood given form
Ever stretching, ever yearning, to take root
A suitable spot always just inches
Away.

Grow on tiny flower, despite it all.

Asparagus

My! How you twist and mix.
Your dark green twigs oozed
In oils of the tasteful gods.
Bent and misshapen your
Squishy crunch mystifies my delicious desires.

Untitled 2

There is no deeper pretense to war
To pain, suffering, death, destruction,
To battle, tactics, strategy and many more
Of those fruits much too sweet in production

In war, where mud and grime coat the souls of men
And the stink of death, that odor everlasting.
Never allowed to leave their mind, like bloody water in a fen.
Where slaughter is the hope, and deaths trumpets lay blasting.

For despite the butchers, despite the suffering, the shield is thrust
Glimmering somehow, through the dark black looking blood.
Shimmering in spite of bones broken and the blood gushed.
The aegis holds fast, shining with hope that pours brilliantly in a flood

Of holy light that fills the heart absolutely
And emboldens the souls of the blessed furiously.

(I was trying so hard to make an epic sounded poem that rhymed lol)