The Twelve Pillars of Poetry

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A look at the person behind the pen

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The Twelve Pillars of Poetry

Imagination is the river

that guides the quill.

Dreams the sailing ship

that unleashes the voyage

through the pages of

a poets mind.

.

To write is to find

the meaning of love.

Where beauty opens the gate,

to a never ending yellow brick road

Of human emotion.

for that is what we seek

.

The pen can create gods

and mortal frailty.

Sunshine is the span of life,

the darkness is forever

and within these letters

we find immortality.

.

The candle burns when sanity sleeps

authors are laid fallow

when the desert refuses to create.

Scribbling among the midnight ghouls

caught in the faith of their conviction.

Love is the demon when curtains close

and the rose a symbol

Of what might have been.

.

Whiskey is the oil for some

that guides the brush.

For love is their canvass,

the bleeding soul their paint

and only the heart knows

the colour of these falling tears.

.

For when the bottle is empty

when the heart can take no more.

Our soul bleeds over the page

solace comes from tomorrow

and our insanity will take its place

.

Beauty is found in pain

hope is an emerald sea,

envy comes from Oscarâ s words

and belief becomes a prejudice.

The pen will drown your epitaph

for the Cyclops knows his destiny

.

The poets of the world

so sweet is your fruit.

yet you remain anonymous

for life is but a dream.

.

Words are a jigsaw of fears,

a confession trapped

in the confetti of poems

Which you shout to the world

all judged in the courts of obscurity.

.

The book is now written

all have prostituted their existence

the devil has been cleansed

This sweet apple has been examined

The fruit has turned into despair.

.

Whiskey has turned to wine

the ark of life belongs to silence,

this gallery has no visitors.

So stay drunk in your bed tonight

.

Words are best left in dreams

and be glad that your life

will dissolve into obscurity.

These are the final words of life,

for the poet has no such luxury

our pain is for all to see.

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