

## The poetry comes and goes, you know?

It comes and goes, you know?  
The poetry that ebbs and flows.  
So...  
I have to say, since you ask  
Its not a task,  
Really...

It comes from inspiration,  
Instigation,  
Agitation,  
Sometimes, complete disorientation,  
And, yes...  
Even an attempt at clandestine flirtation ;)

But the risk for me...  
If I must reveal...  
Is my nature.  
That I cannot conceal.  
It's the dark, light, white, black, shadow,  
That you and even I don't know,

Sometimes it comes  
In the night, out of sight,  
And as I feel my skin grow tight from the fright,  
I know that I've lost control,  
Afraid I've lost my soul,  
To the violence, evil and desolation.

Have I lost my salvation?  
Can I come back  
From the morbid dead?  
After all is said, am I saved by a thread?  
Or has my sacrilege completed  
My end?

Then there is the flip side...  
One that my friends may chide...  
It's the poems that,  
With passion, burns  
And discerns  
In me for you  
The true color and hue  
Of how I think when the heat begins to rise,  
You KNOW what I mean...  
Its the searing prelude and silent sighs  
That come with gentle touch,

And the brush of so much  
Of you against me...

So when I say the poetry has gone and left,  
Its not truly absent, I am not bereft.  
Its still here, hiding inside, but...  
The question never leaves...  
Which side of me cleaves,  
To the dark abhorrent evil in my mind,  
Or to the bright, passionate love I find.