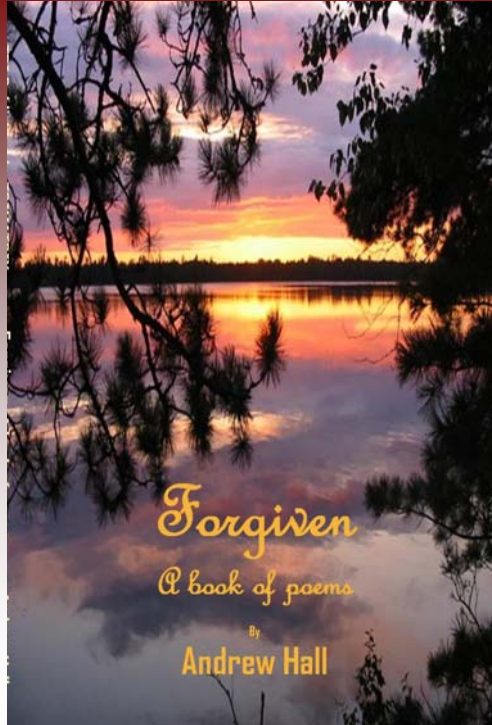


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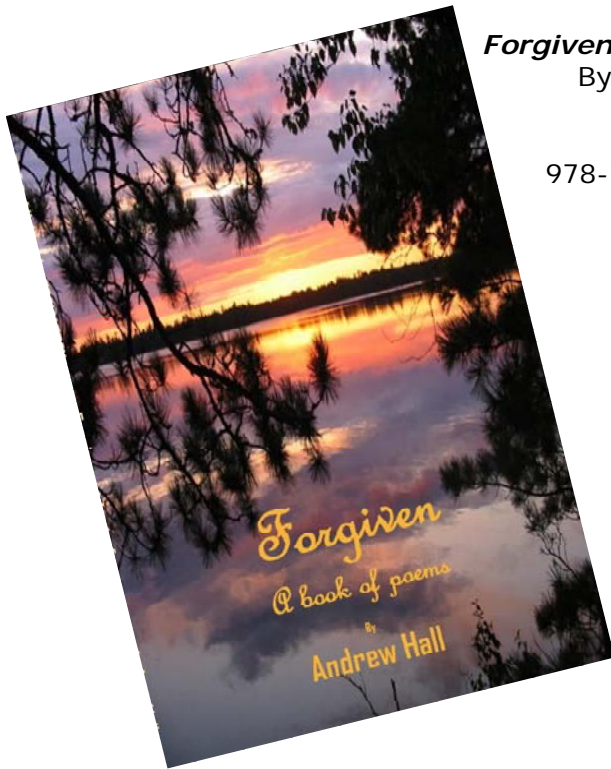
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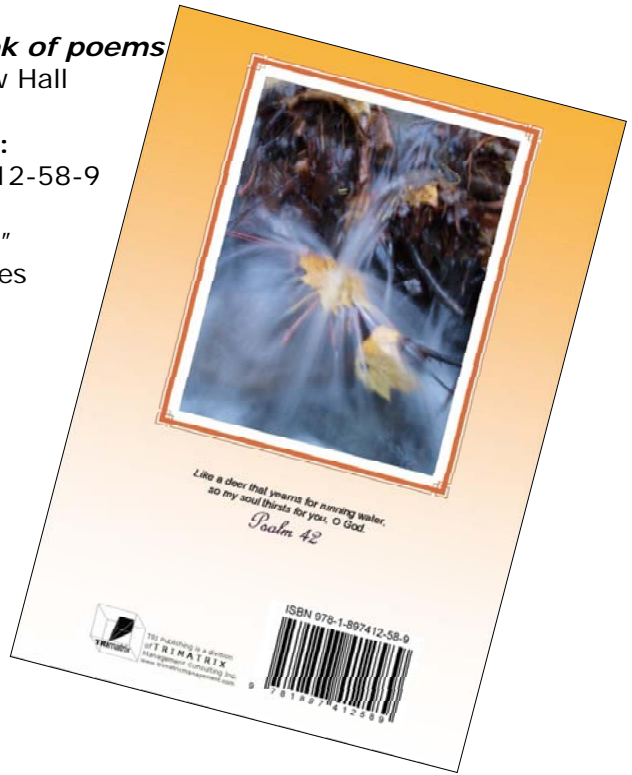
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Forgiven, a book of poems
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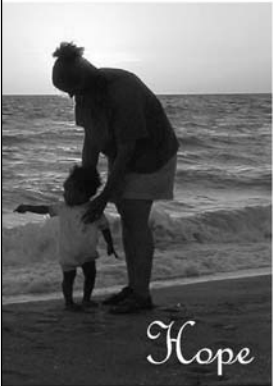
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Forgiven, a book of poems

The Heart Of An Unexpecting Well

Standing in the moment of remembrance,
In the process of breaking out the obligations
That you allow all else deserve to understand
Because if my balance falls behind the line,
That I will deny you the honor that comes with heavenly
You put your hands in mine
To stop the words from bleeding
As they become a herald for photographic images to fall apart,
Not becoming the illusion of soft focus out of focus
The explanations are thin because they are in relation to none
And when theologians seem to wander
That quiet breath is fragrant in the air
In repetition I show into your eyes waiting for a response
These actions were not done out of obligation
For you were present without the slightest knowledge of come
And today do not with me that I open your eyes
To a guilty life that is now dead
With you never knowing its existence until now
Without saying a word you stood still with my hand in yours
And proceeded to walk calmly but with purpose out the door,
Leading me on the last step of a journey
That filled my mind with confusion
Our last breaths still they burned with a scolding temperance,
And we stood in the presence of an unfamiliar beauty,
When you asked me the question "What do you see?"
I never thought to have to give you an intelligent response,
But I answered simply "I have never seen the place before"
You immediately replied, "Just like my eyes will never see your past",
And this night at the start is just like the new beginning that is ours
You took the ring that was given to me from my finger,
In an affinity moment of momentary heading to shame,
And threw it down the throat of an unsuspecting well,
Letting inspiration become deeper and deeper,
Until the water resuspended out of visible sight
Causing the white hand around my finger to finally regain its colour
And the purity that was lost



Hope

**Hope
Is It Possible?**

We are created without the coming but...
We are broken down without the first...
And they are based on a true story
Every time I hear your voice
What I plan to do is what I hope for
I don't hold a grudge against you
As if I am lucky when you are
For goodness is coming to you
And we are standing under a great
You take me to a different place
And soon when you go
I am yours of that place
Attach themselves to the branches,
So when the wind reaches out to me,
I breathe in the evidence of your life
And make something out of nothing
That the things you believe in the things I share,
And we have been growing to make a name
The exercise that leads to an end with a goal
With every progression of activity to make a name
To probably respond until a later time but
Silence implies a return to the
The coming of the future,
So if you're planning on retirement,
Please postpone your plans
Is it possible to feel a hopeless heart's pulse?
I don't think so...
I don't think so at all...
I don't think it's possible in any way
If feeling is called the question,
I think you should learn to read