

"This Creature Called Man"

Before the candle's luminous altar I kneel; a world's
darkened weight resting upon me.

None can truly know the despair deep within that I feel,
O son of man, can you hear this creature's dreadful plea?

Across desert sands you gleefully walked, of course I've
heard the talk - to enjoin all men in a peaceful hand,
And lead 'em off into some euphoric and blissful
land.

Some say you walked upon the waters, even calmed an
angry sea.

Then tell me O son of man, why haven't you been
able to calm these troubling waters within me?

Cold and shivering, kneeling before a candle's hypnotic
glare. Amber liquid dances within the spoon's cradle,

Ah! That sweet, bitter sting, how it washes away all
life's suffocating shame.

Tell me now O son of man, of your master
plan - Just how you are to save this pitiful
creature called man?

With your powerful inner vision, can you see these
empty shadows dancing about me?

In all your knowledge and wisdom, can you tell me that this was how it was truly meant to be?

Madness! Defiantly it stands before me waiting, like an Executioner; life's only witness. Overtly he stands at the ready to lead me to the gallows; life's waters so shallow, far too many shadows.

A spirit caught up in a whirlwind of memories and shame - a darkness so consuming, so suffocating.

No escape from this world so inane; it's existence I wonder whose to blame?

If you couldn't, or wouldn't pull the spikes from your own hands and feet; while helplessly family and followers stared in agony - with wringing hands lost in defeat.

Then tell me O son of man, how are you to pull the spikes from these veins?

From disdain, how many of your followers I wonder, actually remains?

If you - O son of man questioned your own Father's loyalty before surrendering unto the waiting arms of death, then how am I to believe that you'll save this misera-

4
able creature called man in his last breath?

David J. Bauguess (12/20/2012)

"Where Silence leads"

How many leagues must I dive, far beneath life's troubling seas;
How long must I linger in a world so dead, yet alive?
How long before I'm set loose from the madness which surrounds me?

Will you tell me please, how one might escape this world's
chaotic disease? This land of immoral dreams and
empty lies - A land filled with dark and sinful
lullabies.

How far must I ascend unto the sea to discover that
land where peace knows no end?

A land of silence,
where it will lead us unto spiritual deliverance.

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