Fallen Soldier

Fallen soldiers lining the fields in their ranks;
Bent and crooked blades sweep past, unstoppable in their rampage;
Careful, calculating in their strikes;
Soldiers fall without a chance;
Months spent preparing for this day;
As the shorn cobs pile up, fallen soldiers are left in the wake.

Inspiration

I’m looking for inspiration
I find it in a myriad of things
I need it like a drunkard needs his wine
I need it like plants need rain and sun
Do you have what I’m looking for?

I’m looking for inspiration
I find it in ordinary things
A pen, a stone, a field
Do you have what I’m looking for?

I’m looking for inspiration
I find it in the oddest of things
The old run-down house on the corner
Do you have what I’m looking for?

I’m looking for inspiration
I find it in the most ancient of things
In the tales and sagas of old
Do you have what I’m looking for?

I’m looking for inspiration
I find it in the most common of things
A word, a phrase, a lyric
Do you have what I’m looking for?

I’m looking for inspiration
I find it in the heart breaking things
A crushed spirit, a death
Do you have what I’m looking for?

I’m looking for inspiration
I find it in the most beautiful of things
A sunrise, a peaceful winter day
Do you have what I’m looking for?

I’m looking for inspiration
I find it in the emotional things
A new life, tough times
Do you have what I’m looking for?

I’m looking for inspiration
A subject to fill my mind
One to grow, develop and mature there so that I may share it with others
Do you have what I’m looking for?

Music

A song is heard echoing through the valleys;
As the day passes and the rosy twilight disappears, the music remains;
As the candle gutters out, the music is still heard;
Through the night the music plays;
Heralding the new golden dawn, the music carries on; 
Through the day and storm the song continues; 
Through the eras, when darkness falls, the song remains; 
It plays on in the hearts of men, ever-changing, ever-playing.

The Pen and the Page

A blank landscape of nothingness 
A white, snow-swept tundra 
An unmarred length of cloth 
Ideas waiting to happen

A mark appears 
Lines and dots begin to form 
They connect, spelling out a language 
The lines and dots appear more rapidly 
Connecting and speaking 
Ideas come alive

Ideas become words 
Words become images 
Images become dreams 
Dreams become reality

Winter Morning

Dense clusters of trees reaching with wispy fingers toward the sky; 
The ruddy hues of a magnificent sunset piercing through the trees; 
Birdsong heralding the new dawn; 
Rich soil around ghostly patches of white; 
A gentle breeze fingering my hair; 
Lights twinkling on the opposite horizon, man’s attempt to capture what light they can to
fight the darkness.